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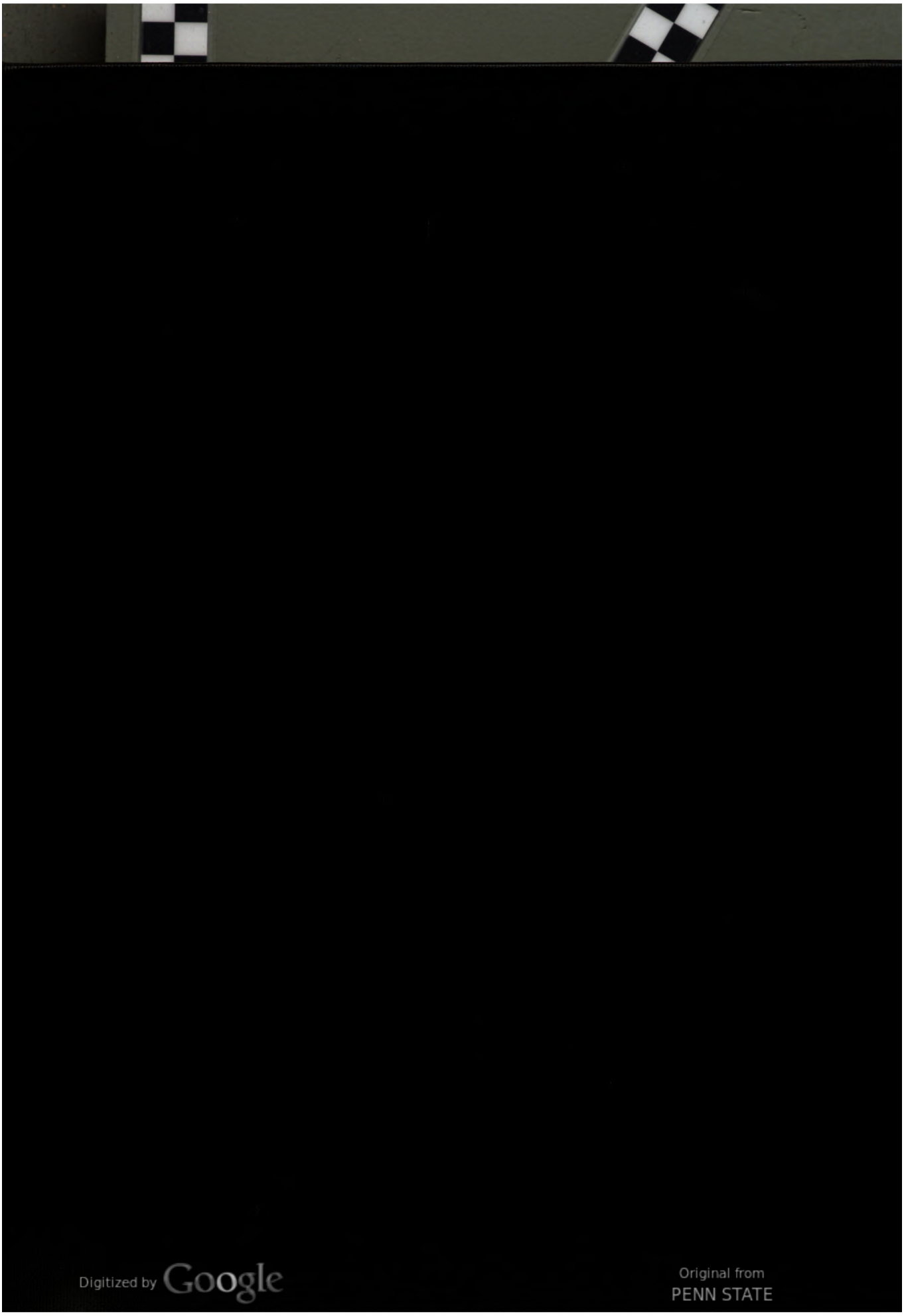


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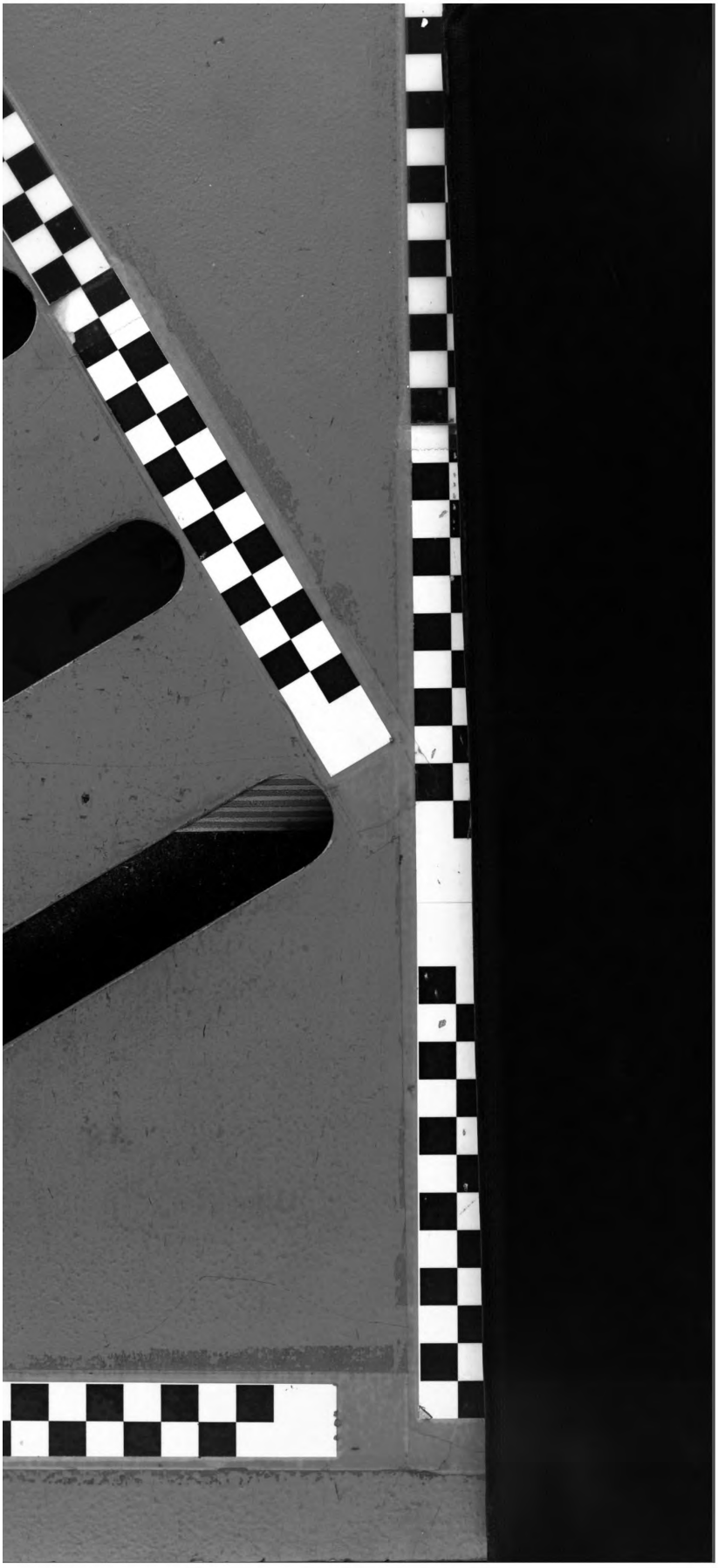
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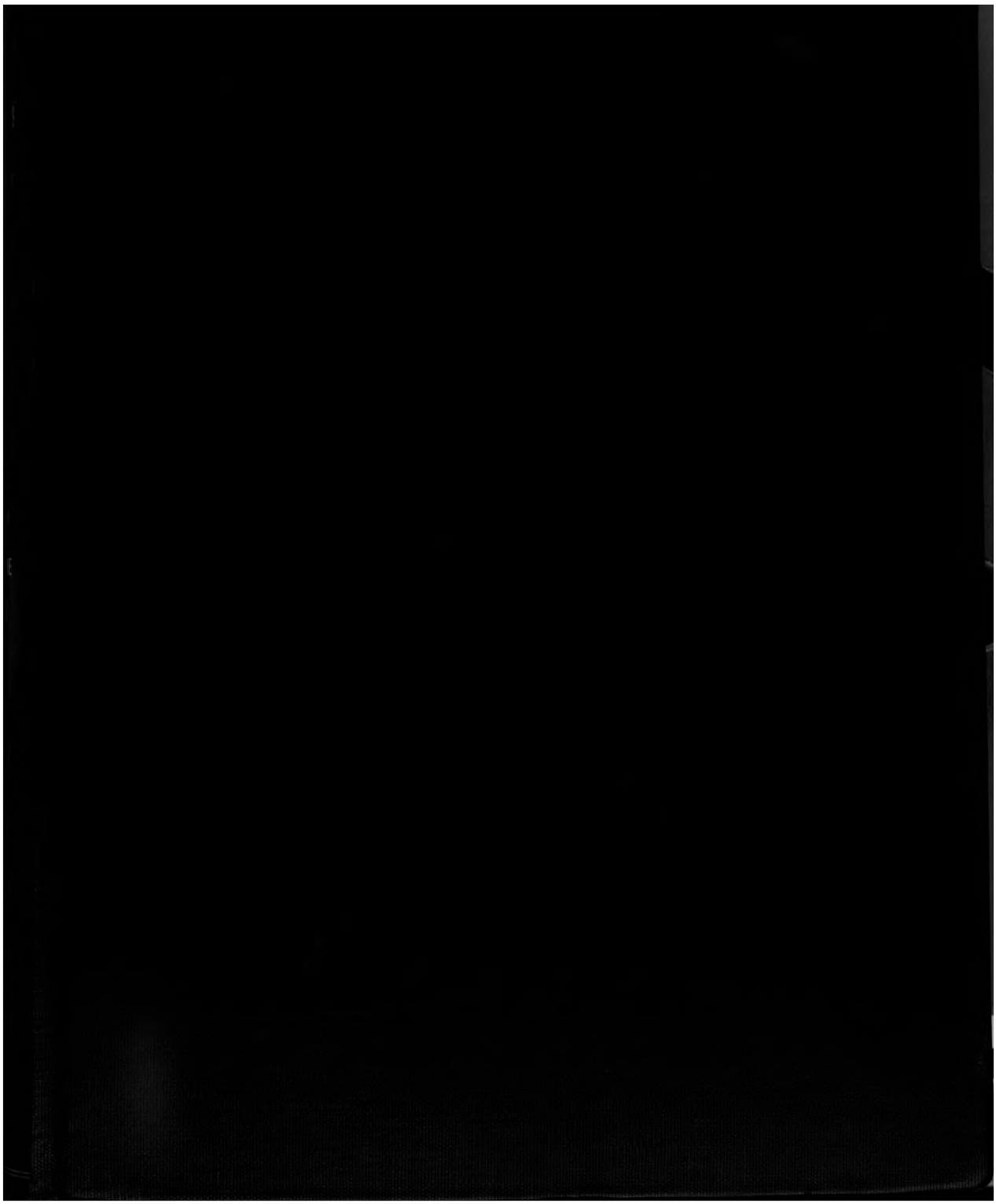
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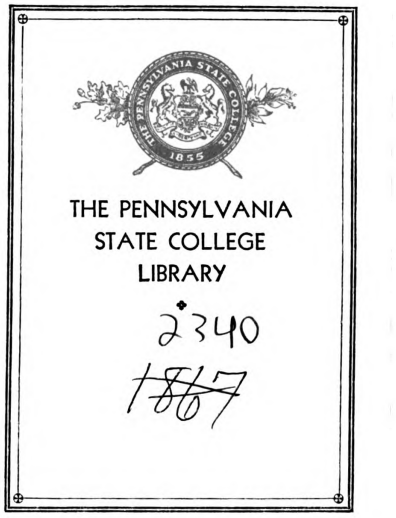
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DANGEROUS PARTY SPIRIT.

A FREE people whose government is habitually carried on through political parties, and whose political life consists mainly in the struggles of political parties for power, will under ordinary circumstances look with leniency, and even with a certain pleasurable appreciation, upon those marches and countermarches of political strategy, those manœuvres for position, by which skilful party leaders seek to secure an advantage with a view to coming contests. Nor is there any harm in such manœuvring, unless it be positively dishonest, or in its effects detrimental to the public interest. But when in a situation fraught with serious danger to the public well-being, party leaders think of nothing but how they may embarrass or injure the opposite party, no matter how their political strategy may affect for weal or woe the general interests of the country, they cease to be patriots, and the public judgment should visit them with the severest reprobation. There is at present a most important case in point before the American people.

The glaring failure of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels to come to an agreement concerning the restoration of silver as a part of the world's commercial money, and the evident certainty that if the conference should reassemble on the day to which it has adjourned its prospects of success would be as hopeless as they were in the beginning, have put the American government under the necessity of deciding without delay whether it will continue to attempt that alone which other civilized nations refuse to attempt together, and which it is at least doubtful whether they could permanently accomplish even if they jointly attempted it. Since 1878 our government has exerted itself to keep up the price of silver by monthly purchases of the metal, first at the rate of two millions a month, and since the passage of the law of 1890 at the rate of four and one-half million ounces a month. The experiment has proved a most dismal failure. Instead of rising, the price of silver has enormously fallen. It is evident that nothing can stop this downward tendency so long as the production of in to seek investment in proportion to the opportunities offered. Our exports are paid for to an abnormal extent in returning American securities. Gold is flowing in large streams from here to Europe at a time when, under ordinary circumstances, it would flow from Europe toward this country. In short, we are suffering from that insidious disease, a lack of confidence; and that lack of confidence arises from the single fact that while we know what our money is worth to-day, we do not know what it may be worth in the near future if our present financial policy be continued. The remedy is obvious. It is to remove from our financial policy this threatening element of uncertainty, and the first step toward this end is to stop the monthly silver purchases by the government. In other words, the laws imposing on the government the duty to make these purchases should forthwith be repealed. The necessity of this repeal is recognized not only by every sound business man in the country, but also by the first financial authority in the Senate of the United States, Senator JOHN SHERMAN, who introduced a bill of repeal at the last session.

While the situation is growing more critical from day to day, the news comes from Washington that the Republicans in Congress have agreed among themselves not to press nor even to favor any step toward the repeal of the silver-purchase laws. Their reason for this agreement is said to be that they wish to leave all there is of discomfort, embarrassment, and difficulty in the present condition of things undiminished to the incoming Democratic administration. This would not be a motive to be proud of even if the problems to be solved were of minor importance. But in the face of the dangers hanging over the country such a motive is positively disgraceful. A hearty co-operation of Republican and Democratic sound-money men would probably insure the passage of a repeal bill in the Senate, and it would also in the House of Representatives give such a bill a fair chance of success. To throw away such a possibility for mere reasons of party advantage would be no less than a political crime. It is reported that even Senator SHERMAN is inclined to let his own repeal bill, as well as Senator MCPHERSON'S joint resolution, which has the same object in view, die in the Senate Committee on Finance, of which he is the leading spirit. We hesitate to believe this. But if Senator SHERMAN should fail, under whatever pretext, to press the matter for action in the Senate as vigorously as he can press it, he would certainly give color to a suspicion very dangerous to his reputation as a patriot and a statesman.

OUR FOREIGN DIPLOMATS.

THE social festivities at Washing[illegible] will necessari[illegible]

The diplomat, in a word, stands on his own merits in these latter years of the republic. Very young girls, coming from rural communities, or new to the world of fashion, flutter about the foreigners because they are the friends and accomplices of royalty, but most American men, who are accustomed to the ways of the world, ask a diplomat for his credentials of character, just as they ask them of other strangers, and the women, too, are growing particular.

The shrug of the shoulder with which the diplomat enters Washington society is mainly a meaningless survival of a past that has gone. In the list of English ministers he who fills the post at Washington is regarded as entitled to the next ambassadorship, and the Frenchman, German, and Italian find that our relations with their respective countries are sufficiently important to make their posts of some importance. As a rule, the foreign diplomat has a somewhat different standard of manhood and gentlemanhood from the American's, as he has different social and domestic customs. Once our fashionable people tried to be like him; now they are not only content to be different, but most of them think that their own way is best. Society has its serious faults, no doubt, but the apotheosis of the foreign diplomat does not remain one of them.

NATIONAL PARK VANDALISM.

TWENTY years ago the Yellowstone National Park was set apart by Congress for public use as "pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." At every meeting of Congress since then one effort and another have been made to convert some part of this great domain to private uses. These efforts have so far been defeated, but always with difficulty, for private reasoning for private ends very frequently seems more potent to our national legislators than sentimental considerations for the public welfare. Last spring two National Park bills were introduced in Congress. One of these provided for a right of way for a railway through the park, and the other proposes to cut off some 80,000 acres from the park, while adding about 100,000 acres to the park in another part. The part to be added would be taken from the public domain, and that taken away be restored to the public domain and be open to settlement. The proposed railway is to give an outlet to Cooke City, a small mining camp, located just without the northeast corner of the National Park. The second proposition, known as the segregation bill, is to provide a railway route from Cooke City without the park boundaries. Both of these measures are dangerous, and neither has any merits whatever. Last year when these measures were introduced, "A Friend of the Park" contributed an article to the WEEKLY, and exposed this whole scheme of vandalism. But those who are urging the passage of one bill or another are still active at Washington, and are begging that something be done at once for the relief of Cooke City. When Mr. OAKES, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, was asked if there was any need of a railroad to Cooke City, he said that there was none, as "there is nothing there for a railroad." Mr. OAKES' experts reported that though the [illegible] large quantities [illegible] exceed. dollars Dars a eed- res- nd

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or Florida, and the sooner they are served with notic this effect, the better it will be for them. If the park is worth preserving at all, it is worth preserving as it is. Let the vandals once get a foothold within it, and before long there will be nothing left worth preserving.

HOW BOSTON FEELS ABOUT THE RICH.

WHENEVER a social or political question weighs with a special emphasis on the public mind, it is a relief to learn that our brethren in Boston have taken it up, and are giving it the benefit of their enlightening consideration. Our millionaires are a good deal on our minds just now, and it is gratifying to observe that at the last monthly dinner of the Boston Unitarian Club the special subject which engaged the attention of the learned and distinguished gentlemen present was "the problem of rich men." The problem, of course, was not how to produce rich men, but how to keep men, if necessary, from getting too rich, and to extract from those who do get rich the largest possible measure of usefulness to society.

At this Boston Unitarian Club meeting a letter of Mr. WINSLOW WARREN, suggesting that somebody's money might be safely expended in the restoration of the First Unitarian Church of Plymouth, was accepted as a well-meant solution, but disproportionate to the size of the problem. Professor FRANCIS PEABODY, of Harvard, the first and principal speaker, admitted the advantages of having rich men who really understand their business, but deprecated the existence of the class of persons who have done nothing to earn wealth, and are doing nothing to justify its use—"the spenders," he called them, "of what others have produced; the idle, unproductive, self-indulgent rich." Professor PEABODY intimated his belief that society was keeping tab on the expenditures of members of this class, and that if their money continued to do no good, and did not melt away fast enough by natural processes, "a social revolution of some nature would take it away from them and give it to the rest of the citizens."

Professor GIDDINGS, of Bryn Mawr University, thought that persons who got panaceas for the cure of money evils anticipated a "fixity of the social state" which would never come to pass. He did not seem to think that classes could last long enough in times present or to come to require social revolutions to upset them. President ELIOT, of Harvard, had no confidence in panaceas either, and did not believe that any means could be devised to prevent the constant rise of very rich men or the preservation of a rich class in our population. For idle rich young men in America he expressed sympathy, because there was no chance for them to be called upon, like their British brethren, "to go at a moment's notice to distant lands, and draw their swords in defence of the honor of their country." But Dr. ELIOT had hopes that *ennui*, if nothing else, would drive our idle rich to find such serviceable uses for their incomes as would make their lives seem worth living.

It is not to be expected that even Boston should settle so considerable a question as the uses of the rich at one sitting, but the contributions of her intelligence toward ameliorating the condition of either the very rich or the very poor are worth respectful attention. It may prove an encouragement to her to note the willingness of our brethren across the seas to help us toward the solution of both the problem of the very rich and that of the very poor, in the one case by receiving American heiresses into European families of large experience in spending, and in the other by exporting to our shores large numbers of persons of equally large experience in making the best of extreme poverty. With so much help from various sources, our social problems ought not to fail long of solution.

ENUNCIATION ON THE "L."



IT has frequently been said, with much justice, too, that the guards on the elevated railways of this city are far inferior to Mr. BOOTH in the art of enunciation. It has often happened that travellers upon the Sixth Avenue branch of the Manhattan system have got off the cars at Bleecker Street under the impression, gathered from remarks by the gentlemen in charge of the train, that they had reached Harlem. Of course, when shouted out at the top of one's voice, the words "Bleecker Street" are not very different from the word "Harlem." Any person with a well-trained ear will acknowledge this; and yet there is a slight difference, which would be brought out if the guards could be induced to devote an hour or two each week to the study of elocution. There are numberless good schools close at hand. Mr. FRANKLIN SARGENT, for instance, could in the course of a dozen lessons make the phonetic distinction between "Rector Street" and "Central Park" perfectly plain to the dullest man in Colonel HAIN'S employ; nor can it be doubted that in twenty lessons this same dullest guard could be brought to announce the arrival of trains at any "L" station in the city in tones which would be the envy and admiration of everybody, not even excepting General HORACE PORTER and the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

It is highly probable that the guards themselves would be very willing to undertake this extra labor tending to increase their efficacy as annunciators were it not that neither Mr. SARGENT nor any other professor of enunciation is in the station business for the mere love of it. Clarity of exposition, while not mentioned in the MCKINLEY bill, costs money, and the "L" guards naturally prefer to spend what surplus they may have at the end of the week upon opera and such other æsthetic delights as New York affords. The expenses, even if light indeed, should not in fairness become their portion, since it is not they, but the public, after all, that would derive all the benefit. No more can the elevated railways be called upon to pay for this bit of luxury for their passengers. The roads are losing money enough as they are, without running any further risks. When it is remembered that they carry only five hundred thousand passengers a day, at a loss of two cents a head, it will be plain to the most prejudiced observer that more cannot in reason be asked of them. They carry us ten miles for five cents, and in quite a number of instances have brought us out alive at the haven where we would be, at a loss to themselves. Truly, as the great Roman poet said, *jam satis est.*

The question then arises, if not the guards or the railways, who should bear this expense? This is one of those fortunate questions to which there can be but one answer, which answer must perforce be the right one. It is, briefly, the public. The public, being the beneficiary, should constitute itself the stipendiary, as it were. It is therefore suggested that the public take this matter in hand, and raise a fund to be devoted to bettering the elocutionary condition of the "L" guards. And an easier task was never set before any community.

If the five hundred thousand persons who are advertised to travel daily upon our air-lines would contribute each one paltry cent per diem for one month, at the end of that period the treasurer would be in possession of funds amounting to $150,000, which would be sufficient to instruct the guards, and to give to each of them two weeks' rest in the country for practice; or, if the two weeks' vacation should appear unnecessary, the surplus could be devoted to the instruction of the guards in the many languages spoken in New York to-day. Our population is so heterogeneous that it would be a great blessing were the guards proficient enough in polyglottery to be able to announce all the stations in the various languages spoken in our city, including even the many varied dialects that so add to the charm of our monthly magazines. A guard who could call out "Bleecker Street," "Rue Bleeckaire," "Pleecker Strasse," and so on, running the whole gamut of "spoken speech," as the Western orator called it, would be a great blessing, although it might seriously interfere with rapid transit to have him devote as much time to these announcements as would be necessary if all tongues were included.

Enough has been said to set the public mind to work on this important point. It only remains to add that the time is ripe for action, and that it never does to delay action when time gets in this condition. Over-ripeness in time is as fatal to action as is over-ripeness of fruit to internal order.

WATER FOR OUR DESERT LANDS.

THE Southern Pacific Company has found abundant water at a depth of less than five hundred feet in that desert in which Salton Lake made its mysterious appearance not long ago. The company had been hauling water out to the desert to fill its tanks and feed its locomotives, and now it appears there will be all the water there that is needed. But this great saving and relief to that corporation is the veriest trifle compared with the gain which will accrue to the world if it be found that others may procure water there in the same way, for when water is applied to that desert land, it veritably blossoms like the rose.

The great majority of our people who live in the East, where the rainfall is sufficient, can scarcely comprehend the conditions that prevail in our enormous arid district in the West. In Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Montana great areas of land have been redeemed by the diversion of the water of the mountain streams and the rivers they swell, but in North and South Dakota, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona the regions that never can be watered in that way are of vast extent. There is not yet any good reason for believing that the so-called "rain-makers" are anything better than the over-sanguine beneficiaries of communities that are willing to try any experiment, however slender its chances of success, to obtain drink for their thirsty soil. In such districts the people are all but certain to find that if they succeed in obtaining water, it will not be coaxed from the sky, but will be got from the earth. And all the while that the rain-makers are busied with their incantations and explosives the patient, persistent boring of artesian wells goes on and on.

It is most curious that wherever water is obtained in that arid belt the results render agriculture more tempting than it is in the fertile East. No fields are so green as those of the alfalfa, that is there substituted for grass, and that yields four crops of hay sometimes where our grass yields one. No fruit is more luscious to the taste or gorgeous to the eye, and few regions in the East yield such quantities of grain to the acre as are reported from the redeemed "bad lands." The arid belt is mainly at a high elevation above the sea. The air there is pure and tonic, cloudy or rainy days are few, and sunshine may be counted upon almost as we in the East count upon daylight. The canals and ditches through which men lead the sparkling water from the mountain streams become beautiful as jewels against the green velvet of the vegetation they produce. Trees in great profusion shade the streets of the cities and villages, and flowers become superabundant. Thus it happens that Denver and Salt Lake City are among the most beautiful of all our inland cities.

The water used in irrigation where streams give the supply is not all lost. The greater part of it reappears in the natural channels below where it has done its work. Yet there is great waste of the fluid, even where it is most precious. This is brought about in two ways—first, by a failure of the State governments to limit the consumers to their actual needs; and second, because of the escape of vast bodies of water in the freshets and in the superabundance of the streams in spring-time. This waste amounts to as much as absence of water to lands which could be redeemed were it saved. This spring-time waste is now being looked after, and that, after all, is the greatest and best news from the arid belt.

Reservoirs for storing this water are increasing in number and extent on private and State lands, and, by the same means, the Federal government is stopping the waste on the public lands. Secretary NOBLE, of the Department of the Interior, in his recent annual report announces that reservoirs for irrigation purposes have been located and surveyed to the number of 187 for a territory embracing more than four millions of acres. We must wait with patience for the States to buy back the water and control it, but that will yet be done.

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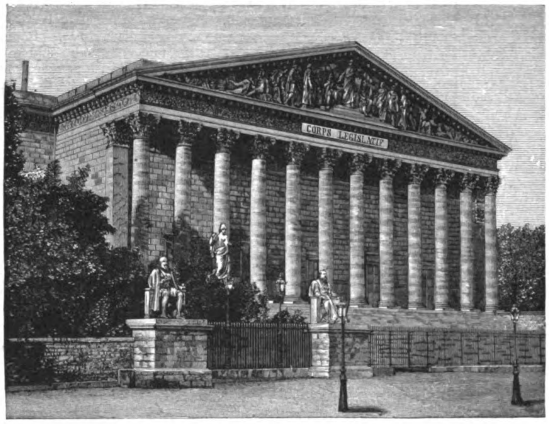
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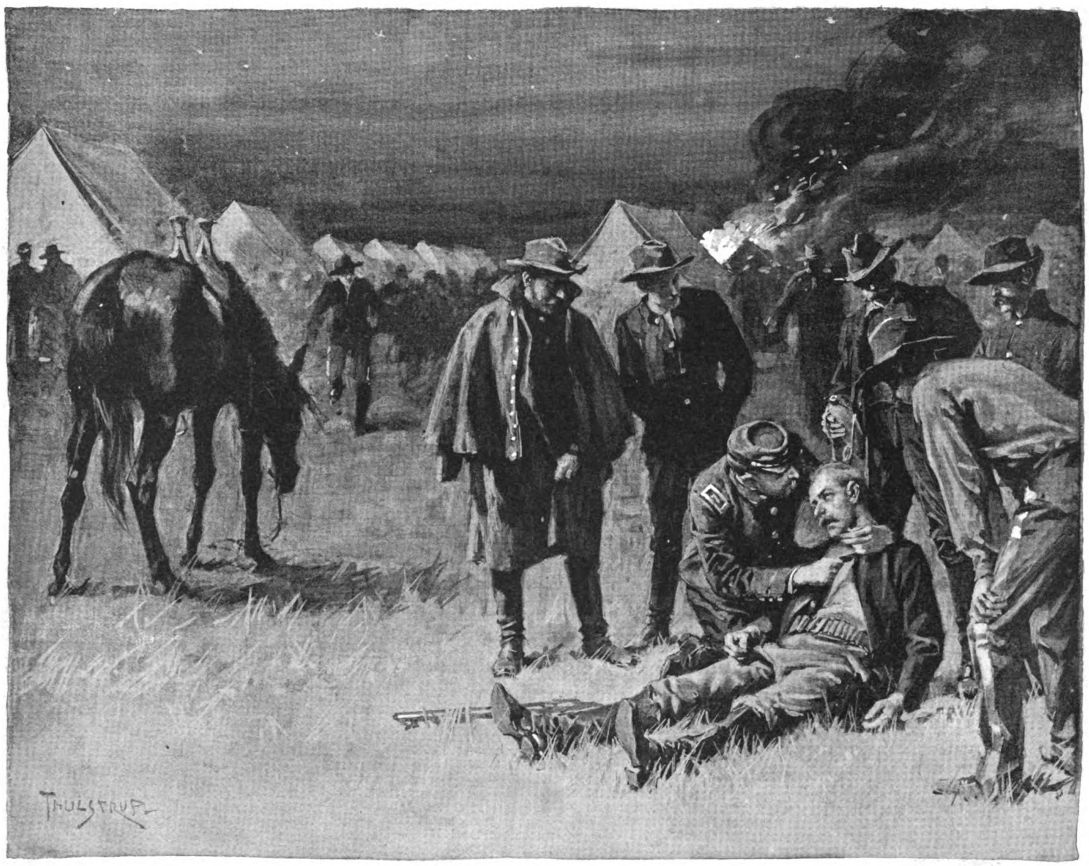
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COMTE DE PARIS.

THE FRENCH SCANDAL.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

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CONNORS.

BY FRANCIS PARSONS.

"The child, putting her hand in his, led him gently away."
—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

"CONNORS," the Lieutenant had said during their memorable interview, "have you never known any one who was always interested in what you did, who was sorry when you got into trouble, and glad when you behaved yourself?"

"No, sir," he had replied; "I 'ain't had friends. I don't seem to make friends easy. I had a good pal oncet in Chicago, but he didn't give a—he didn't care anything about my gettin' into trouble."

"Connors," said the Lieutenant, and he looked thoughtfully at a silver-framed photograph on his desk, that Connors saw was a picture of a little girl with long tresses of wavy hair, "I've a little daughter back in St. Paul. I hope she will come out here sometime. More than anything else I should like to leave to her the memory of her father as an upright and, I hope, a brave soldier, and if I have any aspirations for great deeds in this profession of ours, it is because I want her to be proud of me when she grows older. I think it helps us to do right if we sometimes think of the sorrow we bring to those who love us and to our friends when we do wrong, and, if you've no objections, Connors, I should like you to think of me as your friend, if you will, for I take more of an interest in you than in most men I've known in the ranks, and nothing would do me more good than to see you bring credit on yourself and your regiment, and hardly anything would grieve me more than to see you go to the devil, as you will if you don't stop now. But I think you will stop, and if you will let me, I should like to shake hands with you."

Connors had suddenly found the picture of the little girl grow rather dim before his eyes, and something felt unpleasant in his throat, but he managed to mutter a "Thank ye, sir," and since that time he had been drunk only once, and the feelings he had known when he found that the Lieutenant had heard of that he had never experienced before.

And now he was standing on the edge of the parade-ground looking out on the brown prairie over which the cool autumn wind was steadily sweeping, and wishing he had been a better man. Far away the curious peaks and rocks of the Bad Lands rose like the citadels of some ancient city. The scene was a picture of dreariness, not a living or moving object in sight. If Connors had been imaginative he might have fancied he was a lonely mortal looking out on the primeval world. But his weary familiarity with these surroundings prevented their arousing any unusual feelings. He was thinking of his wretched boyhood and youth, and of the vice and crime he had seen and taken part in, of the year's sentence he had served, and how he had enlisted under an assumed name to escape capture for shooting Sandy Peters in Fagan's saloon in Chicago. It was true that if he had not shot Sandy, Sandy would have shot him, but he knew very well that the plea of self-defence would have availed him little with his past record, and with any number of Sandy's friends ready to testify against him. He had sometimes wished since then that he had not dodged the rough's pistol, but had stood still and made a fitting end to his youthful but precocious career in the appropriate setting of the vilest dive in Chicago, and gone into the history of that city's crime as a terror to the police and an object of worthy emulation to every young tough. What made this all the more pitiable was that Connors, with all his knowledge of evil and unhappiness, was little more than a boy in years, the time when hope should seem brightest and life most full of promise. But of late, since that talk with the Lieutenant, and especially since the little girl had come out to join her father, life had seemed more hopeful somehow—he could not exactly tell why. "They're the only friends I've ever had—him and the little 'un," said Connors to himself, "and I won't go back on 'em; I'll be a credit to 'em yet—if I can."

A great intimacy had arisen between the little girl and Connors from the moment when the Lieutenant had introduced them and the child had said, in a polite little grown-up manner, "I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. Connors," and had insisted on shaking hands with the orderly, much to his confusion, for he did not know exactly what to do with the soft little hand she held out to him, and his sensations were curious as he looked into the great brown eyes she smilingly raised to his.

"I think Connors will excuse your calling him mister," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

She had at once taken a great fancy for her father's orderly, and whenever she explored the environs of the fort insisted on having him with her to explain things and answer questions. She was passionately fond of horses, and would always watch the drill with great interest, sitting beside Connors on the steps of the quarters on the occasions when he was excused on account of his extra duties, and getting him to explain to her the movements. His charger was a great favorite with her. The great bay horse learned always to expect an apple or a bit of sugar whenever he saw his master, holding the little girl's hand, appear at the door of the stables.

As Connors looked out on the prairie and thought in his way about all these things, he was conscious that he had changed very much in the last few weeks. If he could have analyzed his feelings he would have said that he had more self-respect than ever before, for he had been living straighter, as he would have expressed it. He had a distinct longing to do something in the world, and to bring some happiness to those who were kind to him—matters he had never taken much interest in hitherto; but he may not have been greatly to blame, perhaps, for he had never known any one who was kind to him. As he stood there he heard his name called behind him, and turning, saw the little girl running toward him across the parade-ground, without her hat, the wind waving her brown hair back from her forehead. When she came up to him she caught his hand in one of her own, resting the other confidingly on his coat sleeve, and, as she looked up at him, Connors saw that her eyes were brimming over with tears, and a frightened little quaver sounded in her voice as she said:

"Connors, they're—they're going off to fight the Indians. Papa will have to leave me, won't he? and he may be killed. Oh, Connors, do you think he'll be killed?" and she bent her head over Connors's blue sleeve and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Connors felt strangely. He had never tried to comfort any one before, and did not know how to begin. He looked back toward the buildings of the fort, and saw that his meditations had led him to forget his surroundings; for near headquarters stood two horses covered with foam, the steam rising from them in the cool air, and on one of them sat a lean sinewy man dressed in buckskins, his hat pushed far back on his head, wiping his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt as he talked to some of the men standing around him. Unusual activity was noticeable everywhere. Men were hurrying in and out of the barracks, and a belated officer was running toward headquarters.

"Don't cry, miss," said Connors. "Killed? Why, he couldn't get killed if he wanted to. Pooh!" he continued, grandly; "Injuns is all cowards—they'd run if you waved your hand at 'em." He knew that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he was lying outright; but he told himself that he was used to it, and ought not to mind it now.

"Do you think, Connors, you could take care of him some, and not let him get shot?" said the little girl.

"Why, certainly, miss," answered Connors, promptly.

"You see, I'd feel more comfortable if I knew you were looking out for him."

"I'll take care of him all right, miss," said Connors. "Don't you worry. Why, in a few days he'll be back here same as to-day."

"Connors," said the little girl, brokenly, in a rush of childish gratitude, "you're—you're so good."

"Me good!" groaned Connors, inwardly, as they turned back toward the fort.

Four days afterward all that was left of a detachment of twenty officers and men from X Troop, Tenth United States Cavalry, were grouped in an irregular circle on a small hillock in Devil's Creek Cañon, husbanding their remaining cartridges, and sometimes wondering whether they would ever see the familiar buildings of the fort again—a hypothesis that seemed extremely improbable even to the most sanguine. They knew that two of their number had been killed when the led-horses were captured, and the bodies of two more were lying side by side in the centre of the group, while three were wounded, one of whom was slowly dying behind a protecting rock. The rest were crouching or lying behind the rocks and rubbish they had hurriedly heaped up as a

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breast-work, watching for stray shots at the dusky figures that were occasionally seen darting from rock to rock or leaping up suddenly to fire into the little circle.

They knew that there had been some mistake in the information they had received. No one had imagined that there were such numbers of hostiles so near them. They had been entrapped, cut off from the horses, and surrounded before they fairly knew what had happened. The regiment was doubtless expecting their return, but could have had no news of their danger or of the proximity of the Indians, unless the redskins had been bold and numerous enough to attack the whole force sent against them. The small supply of water was going fast, and the number of cartridges was becoming smaller and smaller. They knew very well what to expect; in a few hours there would be the yell, the rush of the hostiles, the hand-to-hand fight, and all that would be left would be the heap of bodies on and about those forms already in the centre. But the discipline of the regular service was strong even in this crisis, and the love of fighting for its own sake, that makes good soldiers, was still apparent in the gleam that shone in a man's eye when he saw through the smoke of his carbine one of those dark figures throw up its arms and fall back. Most of the men felt in some way that there was something heroic in this position; they understood that they would die as true soldiers should, fighting to the last. But the Lieutenant wondered, as he steadily watched a rock from behind which two Indians were trying to get a shot, why the inspiration supposed to accompany such scenes was wanting. The whole affair seemed brutal to him. Perhaps it was because he could not help thinking of a little girl back at the fort, and that she would never see him again. And in this hour of their extremity they took grim comfort in thinking that when the regiment heard of this there would be mourning in the Sioux wigwams. Surely, surely the old regiment would avenge them tenfold.

"—— —— ye red divils!" said one of the men, a wild Irishman, shaking his fist in the direction of the enemy. "When the Tinth knows of this, ye'll rue the day ye iver lifted a finger against one of its men. Your squaws will be weepin', your wigwams will blaze, and iv'ry mother's son of your dirty tribe will be food for coyotes!"

In another part of the circle Connors had been meditating a plan for the last hour, and as night approached it became a determination. Near his position, outside of the circle, was quite a large number of bowlders piled together, around which the sage-brush had sprung up rather thickly. On this side the Indians were fewer, and he thought that perhaps it might be possible for a man to get through them in the dark. If the scene had been changed to the slums of Chicago, and the Indians to policemen, he felt quite sure he could do it easily. But he reflected that Indians and policemen differed. Still, there was a bare chance, better, at least, than waiting to be butchered, and he determined to try it.

When the stars began to appear, and the enemy commenced to fire more rapidly, he turned to the man next to him. "Look a-here, Jim," he said; "I'm—"

There was a crash of two or three shots from the Indians, and Jim rolled over on his side, his legs and arms contracted, then stiffly extended, while his face turned a ghastly white, and Connors saw that he was stone-dead. They dragged the body into the centre, and laid it beside the others. Connors thought better of speaking to any one about his project, and in the slight confusion occasioned by moving the man who had just been killed, stepped suddenly into the darkness, over the low protection, among the sage-brush and rocks, and disappeared. The men in the circle wondered at a sudden firing and a few yells among the enemy, and as Connors's absence was not noticed in the excitement, a faint hope of relief was raised; but the noise soon subsided, and all was as before.

In the camp of the regiment the men were sitting about the fires singing and telling stories, while the officers were gathered together smoking, and occasionally wondering where that detail of X Troop could be. Still there was no real anxiety, as no hostiles were supposed to be in the neighborhood. The prairie stretched away lonely and white in the moonlight, and the voices of the regimental singers sounded sweet and plaintive on the night air.

On a sudden there was a shout from the sentinels on the western side of the camp, the singing stopped, and two or three of the officers ran toward the western outposts, while some confusion arose in the camp. Soon there were cries for the surgeon, and that officer, who had been interrupted by the noise at the height of one of his best stories, grumblingly arose and walked over to the spot where a group of men had gathered, bending forward to look at something in the centre of the crowd. As the surgeon approached, he was surprised to see an unmistakable Indian pony standing perfectly blown near the knot of men, its legs wide apart and head down, while the steam rose from its wet skin. "Here's the doctor," said some one, and the surgeon made his way into the centre of the group.

Connors was on the ground, his head and shoulders supported by one of the men. He was trying to say something, but could hardly whisper.

"Get back here and give him air!" said the surgeon, authoritatively, and he bent down and took Connors's head in the hollow of his arm, as he loosened his shirt and felt for the wound.

"The detail's up in Devil's Cañon—eight miles—east side. Injuns all around 'em—shootin' 'em like dogs—may be all dead now. For God's sake, hurry!" whispered Connors, weakly, and then fainted.

In the circle in the cañon a little flicker of hope had arisen when Connors was missed, and the shots and yells of the enemy thus accounted for; but the probabilities were so much against any man being able to get through alive, that it was a very small flame of hope indeed. The heap in the centre was larger, and the grim certainty that that fatal rush would come, and the wish in all that it might come soon, were stronger every minute. It was quite clear moonlight now. The shots of the enemy came faster, and had closed in perceptibly in the last hour. The men fired slowly, and the order was given for each man to use his last two cartridges on no account till the end. They could not see the Indians, but fired at the flashes. The faces of the men were set and rather pale; one with a bloody shirt sleeve bound tightly around his head looked particularly ghastly. The wildest rumors were entertained by the most hopeful, but the determination of despair had settled on most. One poor wretch, mortally wounded, lay near the centre, talking loudly in his delirium. He thought he was back at the fort with his chum, Tom Gordon, one of the trumpeters. He rambled on brokenly of having served his time, and of going back East to marry a girl who had been waiting for him a long time—a long time. It was hard to listen to such ravings, and the Lieutenant groaned under his breath, and prayed that the man would die soon, for his own sake as well as for the sake of the living.

Suddenly the shots came faster, and the flashes drew quite close, especially on the side where the defence was lowest.

"They're coming in a minute," said some one.

The men massed somewhat on the weakest side. They had stopped firing entirely. They all knew that in a moment they would be lying in a heap, every one of them dead; but there is a certain fierceness that comes to men sometimes, and it could be seen in the set of the jaws and the look of the eyes that every man there would die hard.

In an instant there was a harsh wild yell of a single voice from the savages, and immediately the cry was taken up by the creatures hidden behind rock and sage-brush, till the whole cañon seemed to be full of devils.

"Here they come, boys! Give 'em hell!" shouted the sergeant. He was an older man than most of them, and his stern white face looked steady and cool as he raised his carbine for those last two shots.

But there was a pause among the savages. Most of the men thought it was the stillness that came before the rush. In the lull in the firing the voice of the wounded man could be heard.

"Hark!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, and raised his hand warningly. "There's the bugle! It's Tommy. I'd know that bugle anywhere." But they thought he was raving, and he lapsed again into his fever, thinking he was at some great review. "See the old regiment!" he went on. "There's the fellers for drill. Not another regiment in it with 'em in the service. Look at those sabres shine!"

But the Lieutenant bent forward and listened. "Keep quiet," he said. "Listen!" And up the cañon, through the heavy smoke of the rifles, came the notes of a bugle, clear and distinct in the sudden silence. It was the "Gallop." They had heard it every day in the drills on the far-away parade-ground of the fort, and it brought memories of what they knew as home and of their comrades.

It was rather a choking, feeble cheer they gave, but it reached the regiment.

"There they come!" yelled the sergeant, excitedly. And they dimly saw a dark mass in perfect order come around a projecting crag of the cañon and move swiftly and steadily up the great gulch. A few shots met the advancing column. The Indians around the circle were slipping away.

"Look at 'em!" cried the dying man. "They could lick any soldiers in the world!" His voice grew thick, and he said, with a sob, "Tommy, I knew you'd come." He raised himself to his full height, tried weakly to wave his hands, and lurched heavily forward, dead.

In a few moments the Colonel stepped over the low breast-work, went up to the Lieutenant, who was leaning dizzily against a rock, and took his hand. The Colonel did not say anything, for he was not a demonstrative man, and perhaps he thought no words were needed. But he stood silent for several minutes, and the men came up and stood about, looking with half-smothered curses and wild faces on the débris-strewn bit of ground, on the cartridge shells, canteens, torn pieces of clothing, and on the pathetic heap in the centre. Gordon, the trumpeter, had one of the bodies in his arms, and, with his back to the moonlight, was crying like a boy.

Connors woke at last, with a rather luxurious sense of weakness, with a dim recollection of some horrible dream, but with a feeling that it was all over now, and that he was rather happy and contented than otherwise. His head felt cool, and though when he tried to raise his hands he found that they were so heavy he could not lift them six inches, the discovery somehow did not cause him much anxiety, but rather amused him.

He must have slept again, for the next thing he remembered was seeing a familiar little face above him, framed in the long tresses of brown hair that hung forward as she bent over him.

"Connors," she said, a little quaveringly, as she softly stroked one of his thin hands, and the touch was wonderfully soothing to the invalid. "Connors, I'm *so* glad you're better. In a few weeks we'll be going out to look at the horses together again, won't we? And you've done the noblest thing I ever heard of. Connors, you're—you're the *goodest* man in the world, and my dearest friend!" and she leaned over and kissed him.

No one had ever kissed him before. Perhaps it was because he was very weak, but he felt that he was crying.

"Pooh!" he said, faintly, with an effort to stop the tears running out of the corners of his eyes; "me good!"

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"The French Republic is a sham, and its government a mockery of democratic institutions. There are no republicans in France outside of the American bars." The gentleman who made these broad statements had been reading the hodgepodge of nonsense in regard to the political situation in France with which the press of this country has been deluged for the past three weeks. He was a statesman who has been distinguished over his fellows as being ever sympathetically in touch with the popular pulse. A very hurried survey of the editorial comment upon the crisis furnished by the daily papers serves to show that once again our statesman is in harmony with the great masses of Americans, who assume, very hastily, I think, that the great sister republic is going to the "demnition bow-wows." I consider him to be profoundly in error, and though my purpose is somewhat out of proportion to the extent and scope of this article, I shall endeavor to set forth my reasons for regarding the prosecution of the Panama criminals as a sign of strength and a promise of stability for the present *régime*, rather than the prelude of a revolution of a reactionary character.

Before entering more closely into a survey of the situation it is well to bear in mind that the great majority of cablegrams dealing with French politics that reach this country emanate from English sources. The views that we find in them are formulated with the purpose of giving pleasure to the English, who, as we all know, are ever inclined to view with Christian resignation the misfortunes of their republican neighbors, and to thank, with pharisaical hypocrisy, the ever-glorious British constitution that such scandals are impossible in the United Kingdom.

Such, however, is far from being the case. The judicial investigation of the accounts of the Liberator Building Association now going on in London proves conclusively that the investors have been robbed of thirty-six millions of dollars. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, is a director of this company. Of course Mr. Balfour's private character is above reproach; no one accuses him of having profited by the peculations of his colleagues of the Liberator Association, yet French correspondents in London might with as much justification and propriety accuse him of conniving at the venality of his colleagues as English correspondents now in Paris have for insinuating that men like President Carnot, De Freycinet, and Ribot have anything to fear from a fair, impartial investigation of the affairs of the defunct Panama Company.

It will be well to remember also that the sensational articles that are now being disseminated to the four corners of the globe, in so far as they are true, contain nothing that is new or at all startling. Every scrap of evidence against public men that is now paraded in the press was known when the Panama *krach* came in the winter of 1888–9, and the damage to republican prestige that these revelations were calculated to work has long since been discounted. Even the counterfoils of the damning checks, of which so much has been heard in the last few days, were in the possession of M. Constans as far back as February, 1889.

The Panama rascals were clever in choosing an opportune moment for going into liquidation. Boulanger then rode through the streets of Paris on his black charger, amid the plaudits of the multitude, who acclaimed him as the Man of Destiny. The agitation of the Royalists and the intrigues of the Bonapartists were openly carried on, and were rewarded for the time being with some measure of success. The Republic at this moment indeed seemed in danger. It was not opportune to admit before all the world that under the Third Republic it had been possible for a handful of scheming rascals, with but the prestige of a dotard as their capital, to launch the most colossal "job" that the world has ever witnessed, and to deplete the savings of the French peasantry by the simply incredible sum of fourteen hundred millions of francs. It was not the time then to admit that with money the press of France had been muzzled without a single exception, or to confess in the face of untiring monarchic propaganda that such pillars of radical republicanism as Floquet and Clemenceau were venal. Such an exposure at this juncture would have been simply suicidal to the republican *régime*, and MM. Constans, De Freycinet, and President Carnot deserved well of their country in averting it. Their hands were full. They were, indeed, not idle. In four months they succeeded in pricking the Boulanger bubble, and in banishing the only members of this conspiracy who were formidable. Then came the Exposition, and, delighted and diverted by the triumphs of industry that were revealed to the world on the Champ de Mars, France for a moment forgot politics, and gladly put all the shame and the scandal of the Panama conspiracy out of its sight. But it was only for a season. Before the fall came, M. Constans had gathered at the Ministry of the Interior all the evidence that is in the hands of the government to-day. His popularity was great. He was considered the only strong man in France.

The conqueror of Boulanger was preparing to bring the Panama swindlers to justice, and to purge the ranks of the republicans of those who had succumbed to temptation. Everything was prepared, when one morning he awoke and found that the cabinet had been re-formed overnight, and that he was no longer Minister of the Interior. How this little midnight "deal" was accomplished it is rather difficult to say. I rather thought, however, at the time that the republican groups who imagined that Constans meditated a *coup de main* allied themselves with those who had reason to fear the sweeping investigation he was about to initiate, and so amid great applause from M. Laur and the Boulangists the little deal was accomplished, and Constans was retired. The evil hour of reckoning, however, was only postponed. For two years there has been in progress a struggle, a severe and a strenuous struggle—and, indeed, in view of the death of Baron Reinach, I may say a deadly struggle—between those who, either from interest or from timidity, wished the scandal hushed up, and those upright men who, conscious of the unswerving devotion of the great mass of the people to republican institutions, determined that the authors of this most stupendous steal, as well as all who had connived at their jobbery, should be brought to justice. I consider this a magnificent achievement, and altogether surprising when one recalls to what straits the republicans were put only three short years ago. The Special Commission or High Court will convene on January 10th. Henri Brisson will preside, and the result of these extraordinary proceedings will be to show the world that the France that has arisen since Sedan is not only capable of presenting an undismayed front to her enemies without, but is quite capable of the sterner and more difficult task of suppressing treason and of treating surgically the canker of corruption that corrodes within. It will, indeed, be difficult. Some "favorite sons" that have proven faithless will be relegated in shame to private life or to the felon's cell, but the Republic will come out of this ordeal not only stronger, but more *conscious* of *her* strength than ever before. And I rejoice that the Republic will prove triumphant, because of the ties that bind our country to France—ties which, though never publicly recognized, I trust are not wholly forgotten.

Then we have been favored with many surmises in regard to the various pretenders to empire and to unconstitutional power in France. Perhaps it would be as well to say a few words, to speak of these men as they really are—a weedy lot, on the whole, somewhat flattered in the photographs reproduced elsewhere. The Napoleonic legend is dead past resurrection. Zola's picture of the last scenes around Sedan in *La Débâcle* was the *coup de grace*. Though this story had been published as a *feuilleton* in one paper at least in every department in France, when it appeared in book form one hundred and sixty thousand copies were sold in six weeks. The Napoleonic legend is dead; *La Débâcle* may with truth be regarded as its epitaph. Five years ago, with a great blare and flourish of trumpets, with the Duc de Bassano as master of ceremonies, the remains of Napoléon le Petit, and of his son, the Prince Imperial, who at least was brave, were removed from Chiselhurst to the magnificent mausoleum that the Empress Eugénie had built at Farnborough. It was intended, in paying the last pious tribute to the dead, to revive again the courage for the "cause," and to rally the families that the great Corsican had founded. There were present at the function only three Bonapartists—Bassano, Petri, the secretary, and another whose name I forget. The Emperor and his son were jolted across England in a common freight car, marked "to carry forty hundred-weight," and finally dumped out at their destination with scant ceremony and no consideration. I think that if Zola had witnessed this scene he would not have proved entirely insensible to the *lacrimæ rerum*, and could not have penned the story of Sedan with the same cruel truthfulness as it now lies before us. Prince Victor, who lives in Brussels, is a very ordinary

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young man, dwarfed still further by the great name he bears. Prince Louis has left the unpopular Italian army, and now wears the uniform of the Nijuii-Novgorod dragoons. He might attract some little attention if he appeared in Paris, especially if he came in full regimentals. But a Cossack or a cowboy would be a dangerous rival for the passing amusement of the boulevards.

The Duc d'Orléans is a young man whose fervid *sang gaulois* is continually getting him into the divorce court and the newspapers. These escapades would do him no harm in France had not the publicity attending them acquainted, *viâ* newspaper cuts, all his alleged subjects with the peculiarly pronounced German cast of countenance he has heired from the maternal Cobourgs. Besides, it is well to remember that there are no monarchists in France to speak of. There are still a few worthies who wear the legitimate high hat of archaic shape, but they do so inspired more with respect for the past than in hope of a future. A clique of parvenus also drinks occasionally to the king across the water, but they aspire more to social position than to dangerous prominence in a revolutionary movement. The obstinate Catholic peasantry, since the no uncertain tones of the last papal pronouncement in favor of the republic, can now sleep with clear conscience under the tricolor. The Count of Paris, disgusted with the meagre result of the three millions he invested in Boulangism, has taken no pains to conceal the fact that he has no more money for adventures, and several weeks ago publicly announced his intention of shipping the Duc d'Orléans off to Somáli Land, doubtless thinking the swamp fever less dangerous to his son than the atmosphere of the London greenrooms.

Doubtless that gallant and faithful soldier General de Charette has slipped into Paris, and with his martial cloak thrown around him is pacing nervously up and down the dark byways of the City of Light, awaiting the moment when a people disgusted with the antics of statesmen for revenue only will arise and call home their king. But General Charette, as on so many a previous occasion when Paris was in political ferment, will go away disappointed. In France all serious people are republicans, and the last soldier of the king is allowed to go his way unwatched and unmolested, without even the sorry compliment of a *mouchard* at his heels. The revolutions and the evolutions that have taken place in France in the last hundred years are due entirely to the accident of environment, and to the heavy handicap of political heredity. Jefferson was not the only man who learnt the lesson of the equality of man. Indeed, were Democritus to return to this vale of tears to award the palm for republican progress, I do not feel at all confident that the trophy would come to this side of the Atlantic. Certainly it would not if the sage made generous time allowances for the handicaps I have mentioned — environment and the taint of political heredity.

STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

THE CATHEDRAL CORNER-STONE.

"IN the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. I lay the corner-stone of the church to be here builded under the name of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, and to be devoted to the service of Almighty God as a house of prayer for all people in accordance with the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Other foundation can no man lay than this is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

With these solemn words Bishop Henry C. Potter last week laid the corner-stone of the great cathedral which in the course of a few years will crown the heights near Morningside Park and near to the Hudson River. This cathedral has been in contemplation for several years. The property on which it is to be erected was purchased several years ago, and the plans for the structure were completed last spring. With the laying of the corner-stone its erection may be said to have begun. Those great European cathedrals which inspire American visitors with awe and admiration were never built by one generation, but were usually in process of construction for a century or more. This new cathedral will not linger in incompletion so long as the Old World churches did, nor will it be rushed to completion in the manner of the commercial palaces in New York and Chicago. But it will probably be finished, as nearly as a cathedral ever is finished, in less time than was ever consumed before in building one of these ecclesiastical monuments. The last work on the lofty spire will probably be done before the young architects who have designed the cathedral will have advanced to middle age. St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth Avenue, was completed during the lifetime of its architect, Mr. Renwick, but the projector of the building, Archbishop Hughes, passed away long before it was finished.

In the same neighborhood with the new cathedral will be St. Luke's Hospital, Columbia College, and several other institutions, so that the changes in that part of the town will be very marked indeed. The weather was bitterly cold when the corner-stone-laying ceremony was performed. A temporary building, sufficient to hold something like fifteen hundred people, had been erected around the derrick which was to swing the corner-stone into place. This structure was roofed over with canvas, and the openings protected by canvas curtains. It was a draughty and unattractive-looking place, and seemed utterly unsuitable for any imposing ceremony, but the ceremony was imposing for all that.

Every seat in the auditorium was occupied. Shortly after three o'clock the procession of prelates from the old Watts Orphan Asylum, which was used as a robing-place, moved into the wooden structure, which was of cruciform shape, and over which floated the American flag and the coat of arms of the Bishop of New York. At the head of the procession walked the sexton of St. Agnes's Chapel with his mace. Next came the musicians and the organist, with a choir of sixty members; these took their seats in the south transept. Then came the students from the General Theological Seminary, who took seats immediately behind the choir. Trustees of Columbia College and of St. Luke's Hospital followed the students, and took seats in the north transept. Then came the robed clergymen of the Diocese of New York, many of them wearing the bright-hued hoods of the colleges from which they were graduated. Walking two by two under the canopy which extended from the door of the orphan-house to the tent, this part of the procession was led by the Bishop's secretary, and ended with the Archdeacon of New York. Following the clergy came Architect George L. Heins and Builder David H. King, Jun. Then, with purple sashes across their breasts, walked the trustees of the cathedral—the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, the Rev. Philander K. Cady, Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan, Mr. Samuel D. Babcock, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, Mr. George McCullock Miller, Rev. George H. Houghton, and Mr. Stephen P. Nash. Mr. Nash escorted Chief-Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, who wore his robes of office. Next came the visiting bishops—Bishop Doane, of Albany; Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island; Bishop Scarborough, of New Jersey; Bishop Starkey, of Newark; Bishop Whittaker, of Pennsylvania; Bishop Talbot, of Wyoming; Bishop Beaver, of Montana; and Bishop Wells, of Spokane. Bishop Potter walked alone behind them, and as the clergy passed down the aisle they read, responsively with Bishop Potter, the two processional psalms, "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle," and, "I was glad when they said unto me."

After saying the Lord's Prayer and reading the collect of the day, the Bishop intoned the words, "O Lord, open Thou our lips," and the choir responded. The versicles which followed in the order of service—which, by the way, was arranged by Dr. Huntington—were read by Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity. The lesson for the day, from the fourth chapter of the first epistle of St. John, was read by Chief-Justice Fuller. After reciting the Nicene Creed, and a prayer by Dr. Huntington, the corner-stone, which had on it this inscription,

I. H. S.
ST. JOHN'S DAY,
DECEMBER 27, 1892,

was swung into place.

This inscription was read by the Rev. Mr. Harris, who also announced that the following articles had been placed in the corner-stone:

The Holy Bible; the Common Prayer Book, standard of 1892; the hymnal, 1892; journals of the Diocesan Conventions, 1889-92; journal of the General Conventions, 1889, 1892; Centennial History of the Diocese of New York; Church periodicals, Church Almanac, 1893; catalogues of the General Theological Seminary and St. Stephen's College, 1892-93; copies of the New York daily papers of December 27, 1892; form for laying the corner-stone; names of the trustees; three charges and two addresses of Bishop Potter; letters to citizens and clergy upon the subject of the cathedral by Bishop Potter; badge and rites of prayer and service of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; the medal of the Missionary Society; list of officers of the United States government, of the State, and of the city; fragment of a brick of the church built by Columbus at Hispaniola; and a list of the objects placed within the stone.

Then Bishop Potter pronounced the words with which this article opens, and struck the stone with a hammer at the mention of each member of the Trinity. He smoothed the mortar, upon which he also made with a silver trowel the sign of the cross, and the stone was slowly lowered into place and adjusted.

Several of the trustees passed through the congregation, taking up the offerings. Cornelius Vanderbilt and J. Roosevelt Roosevelt returned with their plates heaped up with greenbacks, and Samuel D. Babcock filled his silk hat two or three times. The offertory, which was composed by Horatio W. Parker for the occasion, was sung by Mrs. Theodore J. Toedt and Franz Remmerz. The address of the day was made by Bishop Doane, who spoke upon the significance of corner-stones. He said that he considered the corner-stone symbolic of the Episcopate. The stone which the builders rejected had become the head of the corner. The corner-stone of the Cathedral Church had in it the elements which the psalmist described and St. Peter wrote about. "The corner-stone," said he, "is also a stone of binding; it knits the people together, and acts as a magnet to draw the people together into a unity that shall be permanent and real. Splendid is the progress of our Church up the great avenues of the city. Trinity stands at the lower end of the city, Grace Church is half-way, and here at the apex, and soon to become the centre, is the cathedral, certain to become the magnet of a mighty attractiveness and the centre of eternal truth. The cathedral will stand here to protest for the old faith—not only for the faith of which so much is held in common by other Protestants, but also against any unlawful communion with those who call themselves Romanists, with whom the Episcopal Church holds in common only what is pure and primitive in faith."

A WINTER'S RUN ACROSS.

THESE are days of bitter hardships at sea. For a fortnight the North Atlantic, bad as it is at most seasons, has been especially harried by wind and wave, been unusually benumbed with cold, and the records drifting in to us are sad ones of blizzards, of delayed and dangerous voyages, of wreck and disaster. Then, too, there are missing ships, surely only for a time, but still missing, and they make and have made the season an auxious one to good people ashore and afloat. It is curious, after all, how little modern science has achieved in its struggles with the sea, for how impotent seem the best effort, the highest skill, in any effort to mitigate the horrors of an ocean winter in these latitudes! Ships are larger, stancher, machinery has reached a perfection undreamed of, seamanship is surely as high, meteorology has advanced slowly and tentatively, art has advanced, and yet the miseries experienced in the old sailing days are experienced still. Years ago Maury described the winter passage between our coast and northern Europe as the most terrible sailors had to essay anywhere, and lamented that the slow development of ocean meteorology forbade science helping to soften the rigors of the run across. But that lament seems to have been a vain one. The best routes to take, differing widely as they do from preconceived notions, have been pointed out and used, and the efforts of another Maury have been of incalculable benefit to the seaman by his discovery of the superiority of high northerly voyages under certain circumstances. And yet on these very lanes disaster hews a track, and so long as seas are changeless, these voyages to and from Europe must ever be full of peril in the winter months.

Three heavy gales united in making the latter half of December dreary for ocean-going people. One storm left our coast about the 15th, the second developed to the north of Montana and the Dakotas about the 22d, with the extreme barometric pressure of 31.10 inches, and temperatures so low in front of this high wave that readings from 26° to 44° below zero (Fahr.) were registered in the country about Assiniboin. This anti-cyclone chilled the marrow of the States, and then blew fiercely seaward, passing to the eastward of Cape Race on the 26th, with a barometer that fell to 28.20 inches, and an energy that was hurricane in force. Two days later the third gale came up from the South, slipping northward and easterly in the general trend of the Gulf Stream, with tremendous seas, heavy winds, and piercing cold. These gales rushed eastward, almost in parallel lines, and, strangely enough, along a latitude unusually south—at least on this side of the fiftieth meridian.

Around and about the holiday week all the ships bound for this port from the south'ard or east'ard had caught the fury of these gales, and by the 24th fifteen or more well-formed and stanch steamers were overdue. Slowly they began in dismal files to struggle into port, each with its tale of disaster and misery. Among the first to arrive was the *Saale*, and a memorable picture she made as, sheathed in ice and decked with icicles, white-armored from truck to waterline, and gleaming and glistening in the wan wintry sun, she steamed quietly up the bay to her anchorage. Her gear was tense as silvery harp strings; bow and figure head were agleam with frozen masses that no friendly "harbor grace" could ward; and bulwarks, counter, and taffrail shone as resplendent as might those of a fairy ship out of elfland.

The white mass, with a ripple of half-frozen tide under her bow, and a smother of bubbling foam astern of her churning screw and about her ice-littered wake, gave a picturesque quality to the Christmas morning and added a new grace to the season. The slow dipping of her ensign, bent to the stiffened halyards in response to the welcome of other signals, told what her voyage had been; and when at last the pier was reached, the full meaning of the perils passed and of the happy ending must have made the day appeal tenderly to every soul on board. Her voyage had, indeed, been a hard one from the day she left Bremerhaven. In the North Sea heavy gales buffeted her, and in mid-Atlantic, after a brief period of interposed and uncanny calm, a squall blew out of the west, followed by a gale that waxed and waned until the 20th, when it developed into a blizzard of the fiercest nature. For twenty-three hours the ship had been lying to, and when she was headed on her course again the snow was so thick that scarce the vessel's length could be seen ahead, and the wind was so strong that the engines could scarcely open a fairway. Heavy seas poured on board, and on the 19th three of the starboard life-boats came inboard with a crash, carrying davit and strongback, and crushing a massive ventilator that seemed fit to resist artillery.

As the water fell on deck it froze, in some places several inches thick, and to those whose duties called them on deck and above the rail it was a most trying season of physical and mental suffering. Most of the deck people had their hands frost-bitten, sleep or rest was out of the question for the officers, and through the long watches of the snow-veiled day and the black nights they skirted the edges of the Banks, headed clear of the Georges, groping their way slowly and anxiously into port. Gale followed gale, and it was not until the land was made on Christmas morning that the burden imposed on all hands, fore and aft, was lightened.

Other ships, equally battered and bruised, crawled into the harbor, and each had similar tales of trouble to tell. Vessels from the other side of the line caught the Gulf Stream storm, and Spanish American passengers who had sported their summer hats in the Caribbean and along the Florida reefs, and knew of ice only as a luxury, tumbled in one night out of the semi-tropics into the polar seas. Imagine what a cold Spanish American can be, and yet, as I have seen them, all description fails me. Traffic on the Great Sounds came to a standstill, and vessels bound around the Shoals were unable, either under steam or sail, to make a haven, and had to stand for the open, and take it out in a fashion their crews will forget not to their dying day. One vessel, the *Laurentina*, had the mixture of water and alcohol in her compass-bowls so frozen that the needles became as useless as the dumbest of dumb rope-yarns, and it was only by running into a clear night and a steady breeze that the steamer's much-astonished skipper was able to get a fairly decent landfall. And so the chapter runs, and as the records come in they are fraught with lessons which tell of the patient devotion and skill of the officers and men who still maintain the honorable traditions of their calling, for life at sea, and at the best, is hard, and its miseries and self-denials are in many ways such as the layman may not measure. The sailor of song and story, of the transpontine drama, exists, believe me, no more to-day than he ever did; but the sailor real, patient, earnest, courageous, resourceful, is with us, as he is bound to be, so long as waters are salt and winds blow strong, and there is earnest work to be done in the open.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

AN OMEN.

THE lady sits in the fading light,
While her maidens work with willing hands
A banner of azure for her knight,
Who goes to the war in distant lands.

As the twilight mists rise thick and gray
Over the banner of heavenly blue,
The setting sun throws its last red ray,
And the silk takes on a royal hue.

"An omen! The banner of a king!"
Her maidens cry. But the lady's eyes
Have seen where the bloodlike sunbeams cling.
"Nay, a royal shroud for love," she sighs.

FREDERIC REMINGTON'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

AN event of importance in any artist's career is his first exhibition and sale of pictures. The uncertainty as to the result is often stronger in his mind than in the minds of his friends, yet there always is uncertainty, followed often by great success where little was looked for, and sometimes by little where much was deserved. Mr. Frederic Remington, who has exhibited so much of his best and always effective work in the pages of the WEEKLY, is about to undergo his first ordeal of this kind. One hundred of his pictures will be exhibited for one week from Friday, January 6th, in the gallery of the American Art Association in Twenty-third Street in this city. At the close of the exhibition the pictures will be put on sale at auction. The collection will include some of Mr. Remington's largest and most ambitious canvases illustrating scenes accompanying the conquest of our West. There will be a great number of smaller American pictures in oil and water color and black and white. A few of the subjects are the result of the artist's recent trip to Germany and Russia. The host of admirers of Remington's work as an illustrator will be more than ever gratified by his skill as a painter.

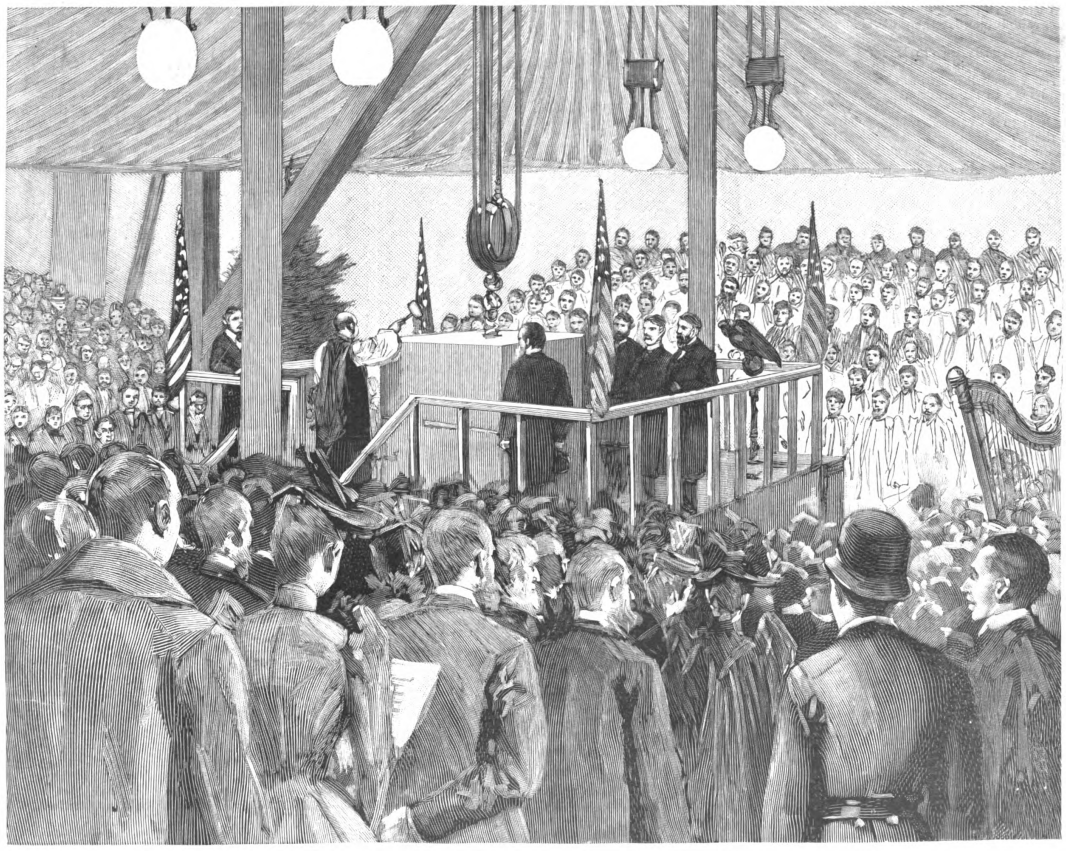
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BISHOP POTTER.

DR. DIX.



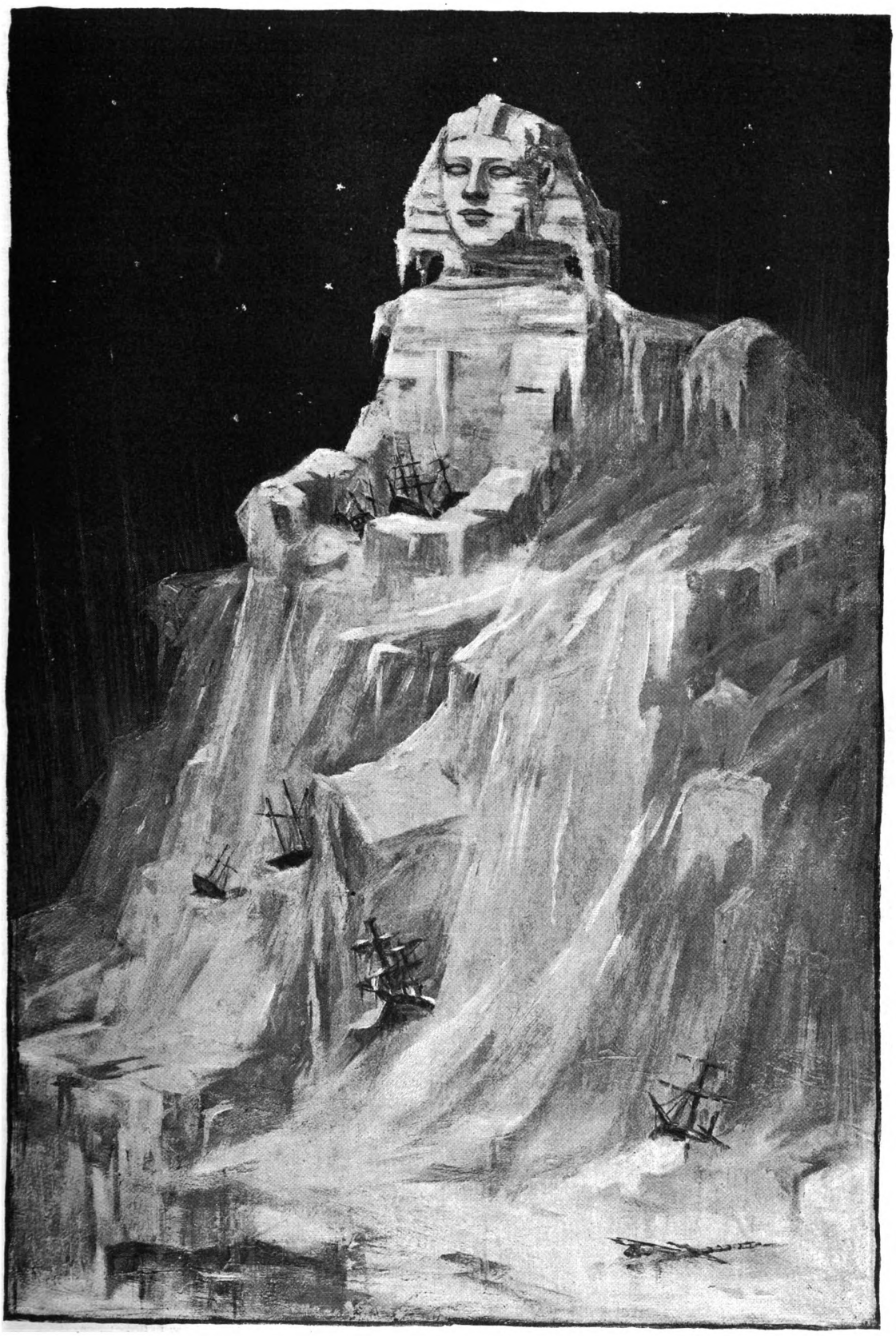
THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—[See Page 7.]

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THE GREAT NORTHERN SPHINX.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

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THAT there is an extreme paucity of talent for original dramatic work among those now engaged in writing for the English stage would seem to be evidenced by the fact that there are at the present moment no less than three different adaptations of one French play, Dumas fils's *Demi-Monde*, now being presented to the English-speaking theatrical public. Written now nearly half a century ago, this same play has been a fruitful source of inspiration to English playwrights during that period, and has formed the basis of innumerable plays, having the social adventuress's rise and fall, her intrigues, fortunes, and misfortunes as a central motive. The last version or adaptation of this play presented to our notice is that entitled *The Crust of Society*, produced at the Union Square Theatre last week by Mr. Stetson's company of players. The only really bad thing about the play is the title, which, if it means anything at all, would indicate that section of society the farthest removed from the one portrayed in the piece. What associations we have with "the crust of society" are furnished by a play written some years ago by Oliver Doud Byron, entitled *The Upper Crust*, which was supposed to represent incidents in the life of British upper-tendom. Cooking analogies, too, would certainly indicate that anything to do with "the crust of society" would represent the top part of the social pie, unless the bottom crust was specifically indicated. However, as in this case the adaptation proved to be an exceedingly clever one, the particular title chosen for it mattered little. It is rather late in the day to start out to criticise from a dramatic stand-point a play which several generations of play-goers and critics have accepted as a masterpiece. The only thing one can perhaps call in question is the fact as to whether such a piece has any dramatic significance or value when transferred into a social atmosphere and surroundings where its incidents are so unusual that they appear strange and exceptional, and its character types so unfamiliar as to appear unnatural.

The whole play, cleverly transplanted as it has been, recalls to mind a remark made by a well-known littérateur, who, when asked how he liked bohemia, replied that he did not believe in the existence of any such place, as he had been trying all his life to get there, and never succeeded. The characters of M. Dumas's play are essentially French, both in motive and in the action inspired by that motive. That such characters do exist, to a certain extent, in both England and America, may be true enough; but they are not numerous enough to render their influence of any importance, or to render any possible lesson to be drawn from the result of that influence of sufficient moment to warrant their presentation on the stage as an object-lesson in manners or morals. Still, unfamiliar and even improbable people or occurrences, if plausibly presented, are interesting, and for this reason *The Crust of Society*, presented as well as it is, on the whole forms a most enjoyable evening's entertainment, and from a dramatic stand-point it is certainly refreshing to witness a play so admirably constructed, brilliant alike in conception and execution. Miss Carrie Turner, who played the central character of Mrs. Chappel, the adventuress, with notable skill and effect, has been accused of lacking feeling in the emotional passages. This is absurd, for the unlovable character drawn by M. Dumas is evidently long since dead to any real feeling, and therefore any attempt on her part to portray emotion must be necessarily an assumption of something she does not and cannot feel, and should appear evidently as such to an audience. It was perhaps in just these passages of mock sentiment and assumed emotion that Miss Turner's light and dexterous touch and keenness of dramatic perception and appreciation were most evident.

First and last, a good many amateurs have graduated through natural development on to the regular stage, for the most part with little benefit either to themselves or to said stage. In one instance at least the stage has gained a valuable recruit in an amateur, as in *The Crust of Society* Miss Elita Proctor Otis gave evidence of a distinct dramatic talent, which must have been most gratifying to her friends and well-wishers. The other rôles—notably that of Oliver St. Aubyn, played by Mr. Joseph Haworth—were all sufficiently well filled to make the entire performance acceptable, well-balanced, and complete. We are shortly to be treated to another version of *The Demi-Monde*, in which a new aspirant for dramatic honors, the Baroness Blanc, will make her bid for metropolitan success, entitled *Deception*.

Anent the despised and berated amateur actor, the wonder is not that he oftentimes is a caricature rather than a character, but that he does as well as he does. It is safe to say, if regular actors were obliged to appear under the untoward circumstances with which the amateur has to struggle in the shape of poor stages and worse scenery, bad lighting, insufficient rehearsals, and inexperienced stage management, not to speak of the evident impossibility, often noticeable on the regular stage, of giving a thoroughly finished portrayal of a character on a first representation, that they would do no better than the amateurs, if as well. Such facts are hardly even considered when criticising the work of amateur actors. The amateur who elects to go on the regular stage is in reality placed at a greater disadvantage than an absolutely inexperienced person, as the training which the amateur stage affords is of such a nature as would unfit rather than prepare one for legitimate dramatic work, owing to tricks and bad habits only too easy to acquire from the above-mentioned causes.

As being too recent in the minds of New York theatre-goers, owing to Mr. Daly's late excellent revival, *The Hunchback* was hardly a judicious selection as a play with which to inaugurate a season of standard dramas at the Star Theatre, even allowing that it was as competently acted and as well presented, as was the case. Mrs. Minna Gale-Haynes, who appeared as Julia, with in all respects competent support, has received her dramatic training in a good school, and is, moreover, an actress possessed of much personal attraction and charm. Her conceptions are consistent and intelligent, and her methods thorough, artistic, and convincing. Her portrayal of Sheridan Knowles's heroine, while lacking in those lighter touches which made Miss Rehan's Julia so winsome and winning, was nevertheless plausible, consistent, and well carried out. One would think that Julia was not so intense and earnest a person as Mrs. Gale-Haynes made her out to be, and for that reason one is tempted to believe that this actress would appear to greater advantage in rôles requiring more seriousness of purpose and real tragic touch. The supporting company, including Mr. Plympton as Modus, Mr. Milnes Levick as Master Walter, and Mr. John Malone as Sir Thomas Clifford, was excellent, as has been said, and the future productions of the company, of which the next (again following closely in Mr. Daly's footsteps) will be Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, will be awaited with interest.

It cannot certainly now be said that the dramatic prophet is without honor or profit in his own country. Indeed, it would now seem that the American public preferred to pay their money to encourage indigenous dramatic talent, as during the last few weeks we have had a number of plays, notably Bronson Howard's *Aristocracy; A Gilded Fool*, by Henry G. Carleton; and *The Prodigal Daughter*, the work of a young and promising dramatic playwright, Mr. MacDonough, which have all met with popular approval. As a sign of the times and as an indication of the trend of popular feeling, this is most encouraging, as all the American dramatist needs is popular support and appreciation to enable him to go on and do as good work as has been done by foreign workers in the same field, which would obviate the necessity of turning the American stage into a conservatory for exotic dramatic plants.

The cast of Audran's charmingly refined opera, *La Cigale*, which opened a return engagement at the Garden Theatre last week, has been very much strengthened by the appearance of Mr. C. Haydn Coffin as the Chevalier Franz, and Mr. Carleton as Vincent. The work of these two excellent artists, combined with Miss Russell's thoroughly artistic impersonation of the title rôle, both in singing and acting, make the performance a most enjoyable one. That two heads are better than one, three heads than two, and so on, is amply proven by *La Cigale* as now given, as no less than ten people—five librettists and five composers—have combined forces to give to the work its present shape. Collaboration on this extensive scale would, however, under ordinary circumstances, be hardly either practicable or advisable, as the geometrical progression of a wise saw or proverb would not in every case be as correct artistically as it might be mathematically.

Mr. Hammerstein, the manager of the Manhattan Opera-house, is shortly going to put the New York musical public in a position to decide whether opera in the vernacular will be to their taste or not, as he announces that the subscriptions for his season of English opera have assumed such promising proportions that he will inaugurate his projected season toward the end of January with the first production in this country of Moskowski's opera, *Boabdil, the last King of the Moors*, which met with great success when produced in Berlin last winter. The scene of this opera is laid partly in Cordova, partly in Granada, and belongs to the picturesque age of Ferdinand and Isabella, the date drawn upon for the historic incidents being 1492. The opera opens with the return to Cordova of Count Cabra, one of Ferdinand's generals, who brings with him as prisoners King Boabdil, his mother, and her attendant, Zoraja, whom Cabra, with the help of a miniature, recognizes as his long-lost daughter. The Moorish monarch and Zoraja are lovers, whose hopes of marriage Ferdinand encourages for purposes of his own. Boabdil, accepting vassalage under his conqueror, is allowed to return to his capital, but without Zoraja, who, however, presently escapes, and rejoins him. In the midst of the wedding rejoicings in the Moorish capital Cabra appears, and the treachery of Ferdinand becomes plain. At this Boabdil renounces allegiance, and prepares for war. Cabra now seeks to destroy the Moor by a deep-laid design. Seeking an accomplice in one of Boabdil's officers, his communications are overheard by Zoraja, who, unwilling to betray her father, and anxious to save her husband's life, endeavors to prevent Boabdil's departure for the field. Not succeeding, she resolves upon a supreme act of sacrifice. She assumes the cloak and carries the banner which were to identify the intended victim, and, like Gilda in *Rigoletto*, dies to save the man she loves. Of course there is more than one death. Boabdil kills Cabra, and is himself slain by the soldiers of Ferdinand.

The overture indicates the character of the plot, and opens with the first bars of the song sung by Zoraja in the last act and the notes of the love duet which occurs in the second act; it then works up to the chorus of soldiers greeting Cabra on his return from the war, which begins as the curtain rises. Zoraja's song recalling the scene of her childhood is one of the prettiest in the opera. The final air sung by Zoraja in the first act is the chief feature of this portion of the opera, and the act closes with a fine quintette and chorus. The motive of the prelude to the second act is a compound of that of the betrayal and of the fate overhanging the Moors. The instrumentation of the music in the second act is vigorous and dramatic. The duet between Zoraja and her father in the third act is full of melody, and before the curtain falls the composer has been able to show some of his very best work. The artists announced as engaged for this production by Mr. Hammerstein, if not stars of the first or even second magnitude, will be, one would think, competent to furnish a well-balanced if not brilliant *ensemble*, and the opening of this season will therefore be looked forward to with no little interest and anticipation.

The Bureau of Music of the World's Columbian Exhibition announces that June 7th, 8th, and 9th are the days appointed for the Choral Festival at the exhibition by representative Eastern oratorio societies, which will be given in Festival Hall. The following works will be given: June 7th, Cantata, *Festo Ascension in Christi*, by Bach; *Israel in Egypt*, Selections, Handel. June 8th, *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn. June 9th, *Hallelujah*, Cantata, Opus 50, A. Becker; Selections, *Moses*, Rubinstein; and the Vorspiel, Quintet and Chorus from Third Act from *Die Meistersinger*, by Wagner. It is certainly to be regretted that no one of the society taking part in the festival has chosen to present a work by an American composer, which, one would think, might have been done with advantage. Is the American composer to be the only craftsman in whose work we do not feel sufficient pride and confidence to exhibit it to foreign and native visitors? The Bureau of Music in connection with the board of lady managers also announces a series of six conventions of amateur musical clubs to be held in the Woman's Building, in order to make a complete exhibition of the work done by musical women in this country. A diploma of honor is to be awarded to those clubs whose work comes up to the highest standard, and each club, through its musicians, will have an opportunity of exhibiting its artistic attainments in a short vocal or instrumental programme. This scheme is certainly likely to prove of advantage to music in America, at least so far as women are concerned. We have not as yet heard anything about diplomas of honor to be awarded to American composers. Several foreign musicians of eminence have been invited to visit the exhibition in order that they may conduct concerts and works by the representative composers of their various countries. It would seem only fair that a like provision should be made for the works of American composers, and a like invitation extended to some eminent American conductor or musician to conduct concerts of such works. This may have been done, but if memory serve, no announcement of the fact has been made.

The recent opening of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, the avowed aim of which institution is to elevate the artistic standard of dramatic writing, suggests the thought of how useful a similar organization might be made if music rather than the drama were its object, and also whether the present constitution of the Theatre of Arts and Letters might not be made in time to include music, which as an art would not be necessarily foreign to its purpose as shown in the title. To put it plainly, why would it not be possible for the Theatre of Arts and Letters, which seems to have been fairly started on the road to success, in that it rests upon a solid and businesslike financial basis, to another season invite contributions from the musicians of this country in the shape of operas, vaudevilles in the strictest sense of the term, musical melodramas like *Cavalleria Rusticana*, or what might be called "salon" operas, like Gounod's *L'Ombre?* This would give musicians a chance to use art forms, interesting in themselves, which are at present practically unavailable from a lack of popular or managerial interest in them. It is known that the management of the Theatre of Arts and Letters hope and intend to make the organization a permanent one by securing for it in due course a theatre building of its own, and that the necessary funds for this purpose will duly be forth-coming, the idea evidently being to develop by degrees a national playhouse which will occupy the same position relative to the drama in America as the Théâtre Français does to French dramatic art. The possibility and value of having a similar musical institution in this country—in other words, an Opéra Comique—has been often before referred to, and the establishment of, at any rate, the foundations for a similar institution as regards the drama pointedly calls to mind the whole subject.

The Theatre of Arts and Letters, fortunately for itself, starts out with a goodly number of dramatic authors to contribute the necessary material in the shape of plays for its continuance, whereas much time might elapse before an Opéra Comique could make up a suitable repertory out of the operatic works of American composers. It would seem, therefore, that the weaker sister, American music, might reasonably hope and expect that its stronger sister, the drama, would hold out to her that helping hand of comradeship which their common fellowship in the great cause of art as a whole would require that either should give the other in case of need. Looking at the matter from a practical stand-point, it would not seem unreasonable to think that it might be possible, in a theatre especially built and permanently intended or in one temporarily set aside for that purpose, to give each year a short season of American plays, followed by a short season of American musical works suitable for stage presentation, in such a manner as to make the whole undertaking artistically valuable and inherently interesting and suggestive, and, if not profitable, at least self-supporting. The influence which such an institution, properly directed, might have upon theatrical art in all its branches, and its influence and possibilities in creating and formulating the canons of an American school of dramatic art in its largest sense, can be readily appreciated. The beginnings of an institution like the Theatre of Arts and Letters may at first carry but little weight; but under proper direction, and, above all, by use of great discretion in the selection of the plays to be presented under its auspices, the influence of such an institution will undoubtedly increase and develop to the lasting benefit and profit of not only dramatic art, but also of the workers therein.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

A PARTISAN.

WHO wrote about the English oak
  Wrote sturdy verse and true;
And well have sung the poet folk
  Of willow and of yew;
And what they said were words of love,
  But theirs that praise, not mine.
I rather sing the glories of
  The "quakin' asp'" and pine.

When in the morn the edge of day
  Peers over the great peaks,
And down along the valley-way
  To where the torrent shrieks,
It hunts from out the haunts of shade
  Full many a friend of mine,
And clear the beauties are displayed
  Of "quakin' asp'" and pine.

The quaking aspen's silvered leaf
  Gleams in the morning light,
And darkly stands the pine-tree thief
  In robe it stole of night,
Until the later ruddy glare
  Bursts down the timber line,
And sheds a morning glory there
  On "quakin' asp'" and pine.

Oh, deep within the mountain heart
  Are wondrous treasures stored!
And sullenly the giants part
  With riches from their hoard.
But fairer than the bits of gold
  That in the sluices shine
Is that sweet memory I hold
  Of "quakin' asp'" and pine.

And nobler beauty ne'er was seen,
  As, climbing crag and stone,
They carpet with a royal green
  The stairway to God's throne.
More fitting stair from heaven to earth
  Than this could none divine,
When the pure east dawn has its birth
  On "quakin' asp'" and pine.

CARL SMITH.

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MADISON SQUARE.



BY A. E. WATROUS.—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.



ISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, who nowadays must be a matriarch of some thirty-five seasons' standing, and begins to hear the cry of "nothing to wear" ascend from the slim, high-bred throats of her fair granddaughters, must have moved to Yonkers by this time, where she doubtless finds the society of her creator and satirist more amusing than she did in the days when "she quite turned the head of the nation."

For in the year 1855, about which time Miss Flora McFlimsey's crinoline swayed and tetered through Madison Square in that curious balloonish way that crinoline had, and the Du Mauriers of its day used to love to picture, the square which is now most nearly the heart of Manhattan of any of its squares was nearly as far up town as is to-day the pretty suburban quarter which Miss Flora's creator, now the head of a great law firm, makes his home. Therefore we may presume that Miss McFlimsey still retains a penchant for living a little farther up town than most other people who are of the "upper ten," as the slang of Miss McFlimsey's day had it, or, "in the swim," as the slang of to-day (or is that now the slang of yesterday?) has it, and that Mr. William Allen Butler has her for a neighbor.

Fashion, to be sure, is not to-day, and never has been in New York, as arbitrary as to the locality of residence as it has been made out to be, and I do not doubt that there are plenty of old bucks who take their constitutional to-day on the north side of the square who can remember and will say that "there were plenty of much better people than the McFlimseys living north of Twenty-third Street even then, sir." So, doubtless, there were, but the majority of them lived below it. Madison Square, which is to-day, with its great hotels, its wonderful Garden, its luxurious shops, and, above all, its constant parade of people who make so much of the passing show that all the world looks at, the essentially metropolitan square of the city, had in Miss McFlimsey's time some decidedly "objectionable" features.

There was the Harlem Railroad station, for instance, now the site of the great Madison Square Garden, but then, and for years afterwards, a neighborhood nuisance. Then there was the House of Refuge, for bad boys it; durance; and almost up to Miss McFlimsey's time bad boys who ought to have been in durance played ball on the gore of land which is now honored by the occupancy of the Worth statue. There was a marble-yard on the square, too, as late as the day of Miss Flora's nullity of apparel; and what more than all gave the square a decidedly non-exclusive, not to say free and easy, character, was the presence of Corporal Thompson's Madison Cottage, which stood on the Twenty-third Street corner of Fifth Avenue until, in 1859, John C. Eno perpetrated what all the wiseacres of the time thought a monumental marble folly by building there the hotel which took the great avenue's name, and has since somewhat shared its celebrity. Corporal Thompson's it was called oftener perhaps than by its actual name, and is still remembered by old horsemen—not such very old horsemen, either—as the sign of the Buck-horn. A huge pair of antlers cast their shadow over its door, and under that shadow passed every knight of the whip whose throat was parched by the dust of the road to Bloomingdale. Then each jolly horseman — fuzzy-beavered, tight-waisted old boys they—gathered up his reins, touched his horse's ear with his whip, and went spinning northward, pointing out perhaps the still new reservoir at Forty-second Street to his country cousin, with the beginnings of the Crystal Palace of the first of American world's fairs—that of 1853—beside it; and farther north, quite in the wilds at that time, showing the hills and dales which the commissioners had valued at $5,000,000 for the city's use as a Central Park. All within thirty-five years, since Miss Flora McFlimsey, who should be no more than a sprightly young grandmother by this time, got enough to wear to get married in.

One remembering these things, and seeing that he must travel miles above Madison Square to find a raw or new look on things, rubs his eyes, and feels inclined to doubt his senses, as he does when he meets a vigorous graybeard who in his boyhood used to play about the fields of Tieman's farm, which was the square before there was a square. But squares age rapidly on Manhattan, as most men do. The dignity of age is only too easily acquired.

Square of the Strangers one might aptly call this one of the city's open places. Here the distinguished visitor loves to plunge *in medias res* Manhattanese. Feet that have trod high leading paths in other climes have echoed and echo still over that swarming pavement. Long-titled foreign delegations to scientific congresses, railway baronets and mining peers investigating American securities, gorgeous envoys of barbaric foreign powers, first find their way from the steamer docks to the big showy white marble hotels along the

(*Continued on page* 14.)



BOULANGER.



"MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY'S CRINOLINE SWAYED AND TETERED THROUGH MADISON SQUARE."

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A SOMETIME POET.

THEY had quarrelled; he was in the wrong, but he had done all in his power to atone for it. He had absolutely forgotten an engagement he had made with her. When she freezingly reproached him with it, he had not quibbled, but frankly told her the truth, and she declared that if her place in his thoughts, his life, was so slight that she could pass utterly from them for an entire day, happiness with him was impossible, and it was best they both should see it before it was too late to avoid a wretched existence together.

Every argument that came to his well-trained legal mind made no more visible impression upon her than he could have looked for in the expression of an opposing counsel.

It was apparently of small moment in comparison to his heinous offence that for a week before the Van Horns' dinner he had worked day and night preparing a case which, to win, meant new fortune and reputation for him. His whole mind given to it, every faculty, every nerve tense, he had carried all before him, but when the verdict was finally rendered in his client's favor, he had gone home exhausted, thinking he would see her early the next day, forgetting that he had an engagement of so imperative a nature as a formal dinner.

When he called at the Ameses' the next day, ready to pour out the story of his triumph to Ethel that she might share it with him, he was appalled to discover what he had been guilty of.

He would do anything she wished; he was penitent to the verge of losing his self-respect; but when he reached that point, and she was still unmoved, he told her that she was childish in her resentment. Ethel had drawn herself up to the full height of her small girlish figure. "I am old enough to sympathize with you in your work, to be proud of all your triumphs, John"—her voice trembled as she uttered his name—"but I am a woman, and I want sympathy too in what I do; I want consideration and love, and—" She had looked at him proudly, but with heart-broken reproach in her eyes, and then her eyes had filled with tears, and she left him.

Two months had passed since—miserable ones for both of them. Ethel—a girl of twenty, young enough not to know that heartaches are plentiful enough without indulging in them unnecessarily—had refused to see him, and sent back unopened the one letter he had written to her. She had gone to Lakewood for a few days, but was more wretched there than in town; and when she returned rushed into a whirl of gayety, which took up her time, if it did not quiet the aching of her heart.

Shirley had sought consolation by plunging with equal violence into work. It is certainly a sign of age, he thought, when one turns to work for solace. He was older by ten years than Ethel, and a bit tired, as our men of thirty are apt to be.

It was late one afternoon in January when he strolled into his club. There was no one in the pool-room that he cared to play with, and he sat down in the reading-room to look over the latest magazines. He picked up the *Scribbler*, and glanced down the contents:

A Sketch of Hannibal Fuller. With Portrait.
Artistic Stone-carving at the World's Fair. Illustrated.
A Western Aspasia. A Love-story.
What I saw from an Iceberg. Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author.
Hygienic Flat-building.
Parted. A Sonnet. By John Shirley.

His glance went no further, his eyes riveted, fascinated by that line.

At college, and for a few years after he had graduated, he had occasionally indulged in verse-making; he met with some slight encouragement, but after his success in the law was assured he had abandoned the gentler art, not brutally, but gradually, until it never occurred to him now that it devolved upon him to perpetuate in mediocre verse a new sensation or a particularly fine sunset; in fact, he enjoyed life more without the old morbid analysis of it. But here confronting him was an evidence of his former folly accepted and paid for three years before and just in print.

He hesitated with a mental shiver before daring to subject it to his own critical judgment. He remembered perfectly well how gratified he had been that the *Scribbler*, with most courteous thanks, had thought his poem worthy of its cultivated pages. He had received five dollars for it, and immediately smoked it up, he also remembered. But for the poem—he read it carefully and critically, as a stranger, and not its nearest relative would do:

> Oh, mockery of love! there is no pain
> Like that which comes from what we hold most dear;
> There is no song so pitiful to hear
> As one we've loved, forgetting dreams can wane.
> I cannot dream and know it is in vain.
> Within my faluting heart through all the year—
> A flower even may cast its shadow near—
> The shadow of your flowerlike face has lain.
>
> Dear, I have found how lonely one can be
> Beneath the tenderest of evening skies,
> For our old love's sake you would weep for me
> If I lay helpless, dead beneath your eyes;
> And yet see how I love you helplessly,
> Waiting one word, while hope for longing dies.

How the words brought back the old time he had written the verses—when Kitty Herrick had thrown him over! The writing of them had eased the blow. Kitty's name was so unlike her! She was an intense girl, older than he, always going in for every new fad; but she had done him good, for she was besides sweet-tempered, pure-hearted, and charitable-minded, and a good friend to him to-day. How she would laugh if she should know that she had been the inspiration for his verse! Then he read it again:

> Oh, mockery of love! there is no pain
> Like that which comes from what we hold most dear—"

It was true now as then, but he was more wretched now than he had ever been in his whole life before; and he smiled derisively at his old self, for he had lost the habit of relieving his feelings by matching rhymes.

He had not cared for any one after the affair with Kitty until he met Ethel; but she had dazzled him with her loveliness from the first day he saw her. Twenty-nine, and something of a misanthrope, when Dick Melten rushed into his office that day, and carried him off for a week's cruise on the *Hulda* before he knew whether he could spare the time or not.

He had not dreamed there would be any women on board, and here were Dick's mother, his sister, and Ethel, with the Hungerford boys to make up the party.

At the end of that week he had recovered from his misanthropy; Ethel's tawny hair and gray-green eyes were a better tonic even than the strong salt breeze.

What a day, what a night, the last before leaving the yacht! A rattling breeze all day that went down with the sun. A twilight all faint delicious colors, with a dark stretch of land on one side, the dim blue of the waters around them, and above a silver crescent, glittering through the clear atmosphere in the velvety depths of a violet sky.

"No force," she had said interrogatively to him, "is lost, you say. Well, then, though you may forget all about me, I am glad you have met me, because you can never quite take me out of your life."

No, he could not; he threw the book down, and left the room to go anywhere away from his misery.

As he was passing out of the club he saw a letter in his box—a blue envelope with a slim blue monogram. It made all the blood in his body for one moment stop, he knew the sight of one of her letters so well. His hand shook as he turned the key in the box and took out the note.

"Will you come to me to-day if you can and care to?
"ETHEL."

As he bolted out into the street the overhung sky was radiant to him. He jumped into one of the waiting cabs. "As quickly as you can!" he shouted to the cabman, and then pitied remorsefully the horse, that the cabman kept continuously flicking with his whip.

In ten minutes he was in the house, waiting impatiently in the lamp-lit drawing-room for the sound of her footstep. She was coming. Why had she sent for him? But he did not care why. He was there, and she was coming nearer at every step of the long stairway. She pushed the portière timidly aside, but he did not wait for her to come to him. She was not pale, but in her cheeks was that brilliant color which comes from intense excitement. Her eyes were shining, and beneath them were dark rings as if she had been suffering. She was a most pathetic little figure to him.

"Ethel, dear one, is all this misery over?"

"Yes." She put both her hands into his, swaying a little from side to side, looking up at him beseechingly. "I did not know you cared so much. I thought I was the only one really unhappy, until, quite by chance, I read it, dear."

"Read what, Ethel?" He felt a curious sensation of dread at her possible answer.

"Your sonnet, John. It was so sad I read it and read it, until I thought I should go mad if I did not see you."

"Poor little woman! I am glad for anything that has given you back to me." He put his arms around her. It was his first happy moment since they had parted.

But he must tell her, explain to her somehow her mistake. Vividly there flashed through his mind the jokes he had seen on the long interim between the acceptance of a manuscript and its appearance in print. He wondered if any one could possibly think his situation funny. He must tell her; he loved her too well not too; simple honesty demanded it. She would rather have him do so; and yet, how was he to begin? How could he tell her best that it was written three years ago, and to somebody else? M. D. HATCH.

MONTANA'S SAPPHIRE BEDS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THERE is not a more uninteresting-looking patch of ground in all our Northwestern States than that which a company of Englishmen has just bought in Montana for two millions of dollars. Yet it is a question whether there is a space of equal size that arouses a keener interest when the truth about it is known, for it is a mine of rubies and sapphires. It is eight thousand acres in extent, and would look, to a stranger, like nothing more than a bit of pasture-land.

The tract in question is formed of the river-bank in the elbows of several bends in the Missouri River near Helena, the capital of Montana. All through that Northwestern country, after the great river once has broken its bonds and gushed out from the stony hills at what is called the Gate of the Rocky Mountains, it meanders along a curving route through the plains, always in a deep gutter that it has worn down or eaten through. Just where the gems are found there are hills and lesser mountains in sight, but they also are covered with the bunch grass of the plains, and grass is all that any one sees in any view from the river, either there or over a territory of imperial size to the eastward and southward. Down in the river-gulch there are two former levels of the river, a low terrace forming the present banks of the stream, and a higher one rising above and beyond it. It is on these former levels, under the sod and the soil that time has heaped upon the old river-bottoms, that the jewels are found. The benches or terraces are most pronounced at the bends of the river, and it is the land in a series of these elbows or curves, extending fifteen miles along the stream, that the Englishmen have purchased.

They did not discover the gems, nor were they the first owners of the land after the government. They purchased it from two brothers Spratt, lumbermen from Michigan, who managed to get nearly all of it before they permitted the fame of the gigantic scheme they had for selling out to a company to be widely noised abroad. But the Spratts were not the discoverers either. It seems that the discovery dates back twenty-seven years, and was almost simultaneous with the first practical movement toward a settlement of Montana. At about the time of the outbreak of the civil war there was a rush to Alder Gulch in Montana, and placer-mining or dirt-washing for nuggets and gold-dust led to the establishment of a camp called Virginia City. Millions of dollars were taken from those diggings, and then the next big find led to a stampede to Last Chance Gulch, which was what is now called Helena. While all the miners were running the pebbles, dirt, and rocks of this new field under their water jets or through their pans, the men who got no foothold there roamed about the neighborhood—and probably almost all over the State—and some began placer-mining on the banks of the big river close by. Among those who washed the edges of the river-banks was an Irishman, who soon came to be dubbed "Sapphire" Collins, because of a monomania that seized him. This was nothing less than the collecting of the sapphires, rubies, and garnets which he found in his pan every time he washed there. He carried the best specimens out of each lot around in his pockets, and came frequently to Lost Chance Gulch to show his treasures. It is said that he had more than an ordinary knowledge of gems in the rough. At all events, he insisted that he had found a bed of sapphires and rubies. He bothered everybody with news of his "find," and with his efforts to secure capital for pre-empting the river-banks, until he came to be dubbed "Sapphire" Collins, and was laughed at by every one.

Eventually, as the matter is remembered, he became really deranged, and his talk showed that disappointment in failing to find any purchasers for his claim was what had turned his brain. But in the mean time he had seen all the financiers and successful miners, and all had enjoyed an opportunity to make the money which the English have within eight weeks poured into the purses of his successors. The truth was that Last Chance Gulch was proving one of the richest placer-grounds ever known. Men were at work reaping the harvest that was to reach a grand total of twenty-five millions of dollars. These were not the men nor was that the place to bring to market a handful of dirty-looking and dubious pebbles, when gold was so certain and so plentiful. Thus all that came of the discovery of the greatest gem field in America was the nicknaming of a miner and the wrecking of his intellect.

Although "Sapphire" Collins was the discoverer, other prospectors found the stones at other places, for a great deal of washing was done along the edges of the land that the Englishmen have just bought. The majority of the miners, remembering the fate of Collins, and supposing the peculiar pebbles to have no value, dumped them out of their pans by the bushel and the barrel into the river, along with all the dirt and stones that were left when the gold was picked out.

But a great many who noticed that the stones were translucent carried the prettiest and largest ones as pocket-pieces, while still others sent their best collections to New York to be cut. It is a peculiar fact that most of the stones that were treasured in this way, and nearly all that were sent to lapidaries to be cut, were the white and colorless crystals which are plentiful in the beds, but are of no value. The only colored stones that were thought to be worth keeping were the garnets. It is to this strange chance that is ascribed the fact that the lapidaries of the East continued in ignorance of the existence of the true sapphires and rubies. Some of the pretty stones that were saved were chrysolites, which are technically described as being "a silicate of magnesia and iron"; and others were corundums, hard stones of nearly pure alumina, used for polishing steel and cutting gems. Both are found in the Montana beds.

There next appears in the history of this fascinating discovery another man with a faith in the gems that was as strong as that of "Sapphire" Collins, but this new character was a man whose intelligence could not be questioned. His name is George B. Foote, and he not only collected the gems and talked about their value, he wrote about them in the local newspapers, and, later still, published an article about them in a conspicuous Eastern periodical. Then seven years passed, and Mr. George F. Kunz, of the house of Tiffany & Co., jewellers, of New York, wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE an article on "Precious Stones in the United States." He knew what Foote had written, and had been investigating the matter, and when he came to speak of the Montana fields, he said that the sapphire was found there of a lighter color than the Asiatic variety, but that a few small gems of the true ruby and sapphire colors had been found there. In the *Engineering and Mining Journal* for January 2, 1892, he reviews his later knowledge of the subject, and says, "The colors of the gems obtained, although beautiful and interesting, are not the standard blue or red shades popular with the public." Mr. Kunz is considered to be the highest authority upon the subject of gems in America, and his verdict attracted a great deal of attention, and brought the first honor to the memory of poor Collins.

It was at about the time of the publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE that the brothers Spratt appeared in this slow-moving history. F. D. Spratt, of Michigan, bought a placer claim on Trout Creek, near "Eldorado Bar." This so-called Eldorado Bar is the last of the benches in the London syndicate's purchase, but it is the bench on which the first discoveries were made, the one which has been concerned in all the talk and writing upon the subject, and is to be the scene of the beginning of the prospective mining. This is all because it has happened so. As I understand it, the Eldorado is no richer than the other bars. Mr. Spratt became interested in the discussion, and at once selected a lot of gems from those he found on the bar, and sent them to various places to be cut and classified. A few were of the darker tints, but most of them were light. However, the reports upon all of them were that they were true sapphires. From the Helena *Independent* I quote the following account of the next steps toward the introduction of these jewels in the world's markets:

> "Satisfied that there was a future for the Montana gems, Mr. Spratt began to buy up all the gem-bearing land that he could get hold of. The placer-miners and ranchmen thought it another case of Collins, ran up their prices, and sold to the man from Michigan. Besides buying, Mr. Spratt entered land under the mineral laws, and finally he controlled, with his associates, about four thousand acres of gem-bearing ground. For about one-half of this he obtained a government patent. The miners were glad to unload, though they pitied Spratt. But Mr. Spratt had the son of the most noted English gem expert come all the way over from the African diamond fields to look over his ground. This gentleman, G. K. Streeter, satisfied himself that the gems were in Montana, and took numerous samples back with him. They were subjected to every test, and then pronounced genuine. Then it was determined to organize a company in England for the purpose of developing the fields and placing their product on the European market. News of this reached Montana, and ground on the Missouri River which was thought to contain gems was taken up and held at thousands of dollars where previously it had been considered worthless."

I was in Helena at the time that the English commissioners were making their final examination of the grounds and closing their purchases, and I was told that river-side lands for as far as forty miles up the river were held at extravagant prices. Moreover, stones brought to town by prospectors, such as had been selling for two bits apiece, were now held at $5, and even $25. And cut stones on exhibition in the jewelry stores were offered for sale at the rate of $50 a carat, and even higher, that is to say, at almost the prices of diamonds. All this was a natural result of the unexpected discovery of the value of the gem beds, but it was none the less interesting. We shall see that the Englishmen may expect to realize such prices in the future, but in buying the treasure they valued it in a widely different way.

The caution with which the Englishmen advanced into the work of organizing their company and making their purchase was, to the Americans at least, a notable feature of the affair. Perhaps they were afraid that the so-called gem lands were "salted"—that is to say, sprinkled with genuine jewels brought in the rough from somewhere else—or perhaps they but exercised their customary caution. At any rate, they first obtained a report from a well-known engineer. He made a voluminous and exhaustive statement, in which he said that the sapphires are found to be numerous over a large area for nearly three miles on both branches, and from the river-bank to the foot-hills wherever openings were made. Then two experts from England went all over the ground and made their reports, which, as it turned out, confirmed that of the American. Then the Englishmen proceeded to obtain views upon the character, quality, and value of the jewels from English gem experts. Professor A. H. Church, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Academy, S. P. Thompson, professor in the London Technical College, and F. W. Rudder, curator of the Museum of Practical Geology in London, were all asked to examine stones that were brought to them from Montana. They all,

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happily for the owners of the river benches, pronounced the gems sapphires and rubies. They said they found them to be pure alumina, with very slight traces of iron. Their crystalline form, hardness (which is next to that of the diamond), and specific gravity were all proofs of their genuineness. As one expert phrased it, "some of them exhibit shades of pink and red, and may be scientifically designated rubies." Then the Englishmen got a report from Edwin W. Streeter, the well-known jeweller of London. He found the Montana stones admirable in every way. He found that, "taking a hundred carats in the rough, twenty-five carats would be cuttable gems, and the remaining seventy-five per cent. only valuable for mechanical uses and watch-work. Of the cuttable gems there would be returned from the lapidary, say, eight and three-fourths carats of cut gems."

Thus equipped with these expert opinions, the promoters undertook to get subscribers to the stock of the company. This is done in England through the work of a person called an underwriter, who receives a commission for the services he contributes. The underwriter begins his task with an effort to secure as officers and founders of the company men of title, high social position, distinction in commercial life, or fame in the professions. With these names, and the merits of the scheme set forth in prospectuses and circulars, he begins to advertise the company and take subscriptions to the stock. In the case of the "Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana" such names as that of the Duke of Portland, the millionaire Marquis of Tweeddale, Sir Francis Knollys, secretary to the Prince of Wales, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the operatic composer, Frank C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, and a great many lords, earls, baronets, secretaries to dukes and duchesses, railway officials, brokers, and well-known business men were put down among the officers, founders, or early subscribers to the company.

The subscription-books were closed in London on November 2, 1891, and that is when the deal for the land in Montana was practically closed. The property purchased by a preliminary payment in cash some weeks later was bench land to the extent of about 8000 acres on both sides of the Missouri River for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, together with all the water rights in the district. It is said that not all the gem-bearing lands nor all the water rights have been purchased outright, but all that have not been bought have been leased for a long term. The company is stocked for £450,400 in £1 shares, and is understood to have paid £400,000 (or $2,000,000) to the brothers Spratt, one-half in cash and one-half in fully paid-up shares. I was told by one of the gentlemen in the English party that in appraising the land the basis of calculation was the amount of placer gold that would be found upon or in it, so that the gems would be considered a second source of income or by-product. It is said that although the brothers Spratt receive a million of dollars for the land, this is by no means to be considered as a windfall. They spent a very great deal of money in securing the bulk of the land, and held options on a lot more, which they paid for, or will pay for when they receive the English money. The money was not to be paid until an examination of all the titles to the land had been made by a firm of reputable lawyers.

The mining that was being done when I was in Helena was of the most primitive sort. The gems lie on or close to the bed-rock, which is covered with ten feet of soil on the lower benches, and perhaps twenty feet on the upper benches, or second terrace. The workmen dig down through the soil and sand, which they throw away until they are within a few inches of the rock. That rock is practically smooth, and is like a shelf, upon which the gold and gems are found. The gravel or dirt close to the rock is passed through a coarse sieve, and then through a fine one. What the coarse sieve holds is thrown away. The second sieve lets the dirt through it, and the stones rattle down the screen into a box. The contents of the box are put into a sack and carried to the river, where the stones are washed and sorted. Besides the gems, they find in the washings quartz pebbles, slate, alluvial gold, and nodules of iron. Between 2000 and 3000 carats in sapphires and rubies have been taken out in this way daily without machinery. According to the figures of Mr. Streeter, the London jeweller, who is now a stockholder in the company, this rate of mining would produce 8¼ carats of marketable gems in every 100, or about 250 carats a day. It is understood that the mining on Eldorado Bar will continue in this primitive way all winter, but that next spring hydraulic washing will be introduced. There is not likely to be any very rapid work upon the mines. The owners know enough not to flood the market with the stones, either all at once or in any manner.

I have seen a great many of these gems; indeed, I have seen pints of them at a time in the company of experts or in my wanderings among those who had them to sell. They are very disappointing to look at in the rough. Were any person who is accustomed to spend his summers upon the sea-coast to see a hatful of them, his first impression would be that they were very like the chromatic and translucent pebbles that are mixed with the sand on the ocean beach, the pretty stones which children pick up and carry to the hotel verandas to play with. A closer look at the gems would reveal the fact that nearly all except the garnets look green or pale blue, and are of many-sided crystalline shape, or at least have evidently been of that shape before some or all of their sides were worn smooth by the action of the water in rolling them along upon and among the rocks. An expert would point out a singular mark upon nearly all of them—a raised triangular piece upon their ends, the outlines of the triangle being very clearly defined. This, I believe, is what is called the signature of the sapphire. After that, when the stones were held up to the light and looked through, interest in them would increase, for unexpected colors would be found in them, and there would be seen a nameless quality about them which is due to the subdued luminousness which cutting will reveal in all its force. The colors they are seen to possess are all shades of green, all shades of blue except the indigo shade, all shades of yellow and red, and a great many pink and violet hues. The shapes they take are those of bits of pipe stem, perfect crystal, and a queer flat form like the body of a flat-iron, though not as large as an ordinary masculine thumb nail. The flat ones are thin; the cylindrical and hexagonal ones are thick. As a rule, I should say they vary between the size of half a carat and less than four carats. This attempt at a description is an effort of an untrained memory and an absence of technical knowledge, and must be taken, as it is intended, as a general suggestion.

And what do I think of them? They are very beautiful when they are cut. They sparkle and almost flame as the original or fashionable Asiatic sapphires do not begin to do. In fact, the Asiatic sapphires, when put beside them, appear like highly polished colored glass beside a flaming jewel. I am assured that this fiery quality of the Montana stones will endure forever, because of their very great hardness. The diamond, being classed as 10 in point of hardness, is only one-tenth harder than these Montana stones. I have not been so fortunate as to see any Montana rubies, and therefore will not speak of them. I have not the least doubt in the world that rubies are found there, though they are very uncommon. A peculiar thing about some of the sapphires is that they look red from one point of view and blue from another.

But now as to the sapphires. They are genuine and very beautiful, but they are not, except in very rare examples, of the color of the true sapphire. Therefore they are at a disadvantage. If they were all sapphire blues, they would still have the diamond to fight against—that brilliant plague of all owners of other stones, since it persists in remaining fashionable year after year in spite of every effort to dethrone it. But in addition to the supremacy of the diamond, these home gems are of many colors, and yet not of the right colors. I think they are, next to the diamond, the most ornamental stones I ever saw. But what will others think? What will fashion decree with regard to them? There is their situation in a nutshell. To it there can only be added a glance at the titles of the noblemen interested in the company. If they can induce royalty to don Montana gems, and if their own duchesses and countesses and grand dames all put them on, Dame Fashion will certainly deign to cast an eye upon our offering. Then we shall have to wait and see whether she frowns or smiles.

A MADONNA OF DOMENICO GHIRLANDAJO.

Let thoughts go hence as from a mountain-spring,
Of the great dust of battle cooled and whole,
And the wild birds that have no rest nor goal
Fold in a young man's breast their tranced wing;
For thou art made of purest light, a thing
Art gave, beyond her own devout control,
And light upon thy seeing, suffering soul
Hath wrought a sign for many journeying,

Our sign. As up a way-side, after rain,
When the blown beeches purple all the height,
And clouds sink to the sea-marge, suddenly
The autumn sun, how soft, how solemn-bright!
Moves to the vacant dial—so is lain
God's meaning stand, thou chosen! upon thee.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

HARRY AND MAUDE AND I—ALSO JAMES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

We both loved Maude deeply, and Maude loved us. We know that, because Maude told us so. She told Harry so one Sunday evening on the way home from church, and she told me so the following Saturday afternoon on the way to the matinée.

This was the cause of the dispute Harry and I had in the club corner that Saturday night. Harry and I are confidants, and neither of us has secrets that the other does not share, and so, of course, Maude's feeling toward each of us was fully revealed.

We did not quarrel over it, for Harry and I never quarrel. I wanted to quarrel, but it is a peculiar thing about me that I always want to quarrel with men named Harry, but never can quite do it. Harry is a name which, *per se*, arouses my ire, but which carries with it also the soothing qualities which dispel irritation.

This is a point for the philosopher, I think. Why is it that we cannot quarrel with some men bearing certain names, while with far better men bearing other names we are always at swords' points? Who ever quarrelled with a man who had so endeared himself to the world, for instance, that the world spoke of him as Jack, or Bob, or Willie? And who has not quarrelled with Georges and Ebenezers and Horaces *ad lib.*, and been glad to have had the chance?

But this is a thing apart. This time we have set out to tell that other story which is always mentioned but never told.

Maude loved us. That was the point upon which Harry and I agreed. We had her authority for it; but where we differed was, which of the two does she love the better?

Harry, of course, took his own side in the matter. He is a man of prejudice, and argues from sentiment rather than from conviction.

He said that on her way home from church a girl's thoughts are of necessity solemn, and her utterances are therefore the solemn truth. He added that, in a matter of such importance as love, the conclusion reached after an hour or two of spiritual reflection and instruction, such as church in the evening inspires, is the true conclusion.

On the other hand, I maintained that human nature has something to do with women. Very little, of course, but still enough to make my point a good one. It is human nature for a girl to prefer matinées to Sunday evening services. This is sad, no doubt, but so are some other great truths. Maude, as a true type of girlhood, would naturally think more of the man who was taking her to a matinée than of the fellow who was escorting her home from church, therefore she loved me better than she did Harry, and he ought to have the sense to see it and withdraw.

Unfortunately, Harry is near-sighted in respect to arguments evolved by the mind of another, though in the perception of refinements in his own reasoning he has the eye of the eagle. "Love on the way to a matinée," he said, "is one part affection and nine parts enthusiasm."

"And love on the return from church is in all ten parts temporary aberration," I returned. "It is what you might call Seventh Day affection. Quiet, and no doubt sincere, but it is dissipated by the rising of the Monday sun. It is like our good resolutions on New-Year's day, which barely last over a fortnight. Some little word spoken by the rector may have aroused in her breast a spark of love for you, but one spark does not make a conflagration. Properly fanned it may develop into one, but in itself it is nothing more than a spark. Who can say that it was not pity that led Maude to speak so to you? Your necktie may have been disarranged without your knowing it, and at a time when she could not tell you of it. That sort of thing inspires pity, and you know as well as I do that pity and love are cousins, but cousins who never marry. You are favored, but not to the extent that I am."

"You argue well," returned Harry, "but you ignore the moon. In the solemn presence of the great orb of night no woman would swear falsely."

"You prick your argument with your point," I answered. "There were no extraneous arguments brought to bear on Maude when she confessed to me that she loved me. It was done in the cold light of day. There was no moon around to egg her on when she confessed her affection for me. I know the moon pretty well myself, and I know just what effect it has on truth. I have told falsehoods in the moonlight that I knew were falsehoods, and yet while Luna was looking on, no creature in the universe could have convinced me of their untruthfulness. The moon's rays have kissed the Blarney-stone, Harry. 'A moonlight truth is a noonday lie.'"

"Doesn't the genial warmth of the sun ever lead one from the path of truth?" queried Harry, satirical of manner.

"Yes," I answered. "But not in a horse-car with people treading on your feet."

"What has that to do with it?" Harry asked.

"It was on a Broadway car that Maude confessed," I answered.

Harry looked blue. His eyes said: "Gad! How she must love you!" But his lips said: "Ho! Nonsense!"

"It is the truth," said I, seeing that Harry was weakening. "As we were waiting for the car to come along I said to her: 'Maude, I am not the man I ought to be, but I have one redeeming quality. I love you to distraction.'"

She was about to reply when the car came. We were requested to step lively. We did so, and the car started.

"Absurd!" ejaculated Harry.

"It was a little absurd," said I, referring to the starting of the car, for the horses did not look as if they had strength to pull the wool over the eyes of a sheep, much less drag a car along. "Then as we stood in the crowded aisle of the car we spoke in enigmas.

"'Did you hear what I said, Maude?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said she, gazing softly out of the window, and a slight touch of red coming into her cheeks. 'Yes, I heard.'

"'And what is your reply?' I whispered.

"'So do I,' she answered, with a sigh."

Harry laughed, and so irritatingly that had his name been Thomas I should have struck him.

"What is the joke?" I asked.

"You won't think it's funny," Harry answered.

"Then it must be a poor joke," I retorted, a little nettled.

"Well, it's on you," he said. "You have simply shown me that Maude never told you she loved you. That's the joke."

I was speechless with wrath, but my eyes spoke. "How have I shown that?" they asked in my behalf.

"You say that you told Maude that *you* loved *her* to distraction. To which declaration she replied, 'So do I.' Where there is in that any avowal that *she* loves *you* I fail to see. She simply stated that she too loved herself to distraction, and I breathe again,"

"Hair-splitting!" said I, wrathfully.

"No—side-splitting!" returned Harry, with a roar of laughter. "Now my declaration was very different from yours. It was made when Maude and I were walking home from church. It was about nine o'clock, and the streets were bathed in mellow moonlight. I declared myself because I could not help myself. I had no intention of doing so when I started out earlier in the evening, but the uplifting effect of the service of song at church, combined with the most romantic kind of a moon, forced me into it. I told her I was a struggler; that I was not yet able to support a wife; and that while I did not wish to ask any pledge from her, I could not resist telling her that I loved her with all my heart and soul."

I began to feel blue. "And what did she say?" I asked, a little hoarsely.

"She said she returned my affection."

I braced up. "Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed. "This time the joke is on you."

"I fail to see it," he said.

"Of course," I retorted. "It is not one of your jokes. But say, Harry, when you send a poem to a magazine and the editor doesn't want it, what does he do with it?"

"Returns it. Ah!"

The "ah" was a gasp.

"You are the hair-splitter this time," said he, ruefully.

"I am," said I. "I could effectually destroy a whole wig of hairs like that. If you are right in your reasoning as to Maude's love for me, I am right as regards her love for you. We are both splitting hairs in most unprofitable fashion."

"We are," said Harry, with a sigh. "There is only one way to settle the matter."

"And that?"

"Let's call around there now and ask her."

"I am agreeable," said I.

"Often," said Harry, ringing for our coats.

In a few moments we were ready to depart; and as we stepped out into the night, who should we run up against but that detestable Jimmie Brown!

"Whither away, boys?" he asked, in his usual bubblesome manner.

"We are going to make a call."

"Ah? Well, wait a minute, won't you? I have some news. I'm in great luck, and I want you fellows to join me in a health to the future Mrs. B."

"Engaged at last, eh, Brown?" said Harry.

I did not speak, for I felt a sudden and most depressing sinking of the heart.

"Yes," said Brown; and then he told us to whom.

It is not necessary to mention the lady's name. Suffice it to say that Harry and I both returned to our corner in the club, discarded our overcoats, and talked about two subjects.

The first was the weather.

The second, the fickleness of women.

Incidentally we agreed that there was something irritating about certain names, and on this occasion James excited our ire somewhat more than was normal.

But we did not lick James. We had too much lingering regard for some one else to split a hair of his head.

THE REWARD OF THE WORLD.

He lingered behind, while his comrades marched on,
A captive to cowardly fears,
He knew not the heights which were steadily won,
He quailed at the deafening cheers.

Who lingers behind thinks the battle is lost—
At victory turned he to fly.
But saw the blue standard which fluttered and tossed
From the enemy's ramparts on high.

Then sought he the city and stood in the mart,
And cried that the day had been gained.
Forgetting the fear that had lived in his heart,
Forgetting his manhood enchained.

The people poured out the rich gold at his feet,
And wove for his brow a fair wreath;
They knew not the sword of this messenger fleet
Had rusted within the bright sheath.

Flavel Scott Mines.

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"A DIVINITY FROM ANOTHER WORLD."

(*Continued from page* 11.)

square's western verge. I have seen Boulanger's shifty eyes rolling about one of those big corridors, when he was a mere French general officer, part of the delegation to the Yorktown celebration of ten years ago. I have twice heard Gilmore play the Marseillaise, once in Fifth Avenue and once in Twenty-fourth Street, with a crescendo that seemed to start in the bottom of Roget de Lisle's soul, and seemed to grow until it voiced the souls of the whole of Roget de Lisle's people. Once it was played for Sarah Bernhardt, when Sarah, just arrived, was not an actress, but a divinity recently alighted from another planet; and once it was for Bartholdi, when his statue was set up on a stumpy pedestal which has belittled it ever since.

Everybody knows how the great political battles in State and nation are fought from amicably contiguous headquarters on the square. Sometimes the Republican generals get as far away as a rented house a block or two up Fifth Avenue. Sometimes the Democrats go as far west as three doors out Twenty-fourth Street. But usually the white marble hotels on the western side, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue meet, contain the players in the great game of universal suffrage, with its 12,000,000 pawns on the continental board, once every four years. Everybody knows these things, but few are aware of what was the first event there of national political significance—the first after that meeting in the war-time of the war Governors of the various States at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which Governor E. D. Morgan insisted on taking his young staff-officer and confidential adviser, Chester A. Arthur. That was a dinner given on March 22, 1867. Hamilton Fish was the host, and General and Mrs. U. S. Grant the guests whom the other guests were asked to meet. Edwards Pierrepont was one of those guests; so was Thurlow Weed, the sagest as well as the oldest counsellor of the victorious young party; so was Henry J. Raymond, fast elbowing into Greeley's place as the newspaper oracle of the victors; so was Edward Everett, the aged high priest of Boston Brahminism. There were not many others. The meeting was one of those small but infinitely fecund germs of power which afterwards sprout into great noisy national conventions, and greater silent national elections. Around the gorgeous Louis Quinze dinner service, in a private dining-room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there was much chat, informal, but of a kind much more pregnant than the wordy resolutions of party platforms and nominating speeches which are written out clear for the public eye, which cannot read between the lines the cryptogrammic notes of proceedings taken at such meetings as this.

When the party rose, Mr. Fish, in a half-jocular but significant style, saluted the quiet little general of the armies as "Mr. President." We may not be sure that was the earliest crystallization of the movement to make Grant President. The "original Grant man" is probably numerous enough still, despite the passage of nearly a quarter of a century, to fill a good portion of Madison Square; but we can probably be sure that from the night of this dinner the great State of New York was unconsciously assured to the candidacy of the "little Western man," and also, doubtless, that on Madison Square that evening Stuyvesant Square was made sure of its long incumbency of the Department of State.

It was fitting, therefore, that where New York's Convention vote was virtually promised to Grant, where the connection of his career with the greatest of the cities and States which he defended began—that there the end or the beginning of the end of his connection with New York and all the earth, save the little plot at Riverside, should be. For on Madison Square, from the Fifth Avenue Hotel again, began the passage of the part of the great cortége of August, 1885, which contained the chief mourners for the mighty dead, and also contained the mightiest living in the land. The widow who as happy wife had flushed in that same place with the pride which her imperturbable husband would not show at the salutation of the highest of titles that the highest sovereignty of the people can bestow, came down those Twenty-third Street steps flushing no more with pride, but veiled in the weeds of grief. And what men of war were there! Grizzled old Tecumseh, with his thousand wrinkles and his mourner's badge awry; Johnston, whom



"WHOSE THROAT WAS PARCHED BY THE DUST OF THE ROAD TO BLOOMINGDALE."

he had conquered in war in the far South, and then been conquered by in capitulation-making; Sheridan, his gray warlike mustaches tremulous with the trembling of lips that set their firmest in battle; and Hancock, heavily clattering by with his staff, his great bulk seeming to sag his charger's back. President and cabinet, and Senators and jurists; and the two ex-Presidents, who sat side by side in one barouche,



"OLD BUCKS WHO TAKE THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL TO-DAY ON THE NORTH SIDE."

one distinguished by the glossy "tile" of a New York clubman, and the other by the unbrushed beaver of a country lawyer. All these, and the carriage-loads of diplomats, some gay fluttering silken womanlike things in their Oriental stuffs—all seemed men of little mark or moment beside this handful of gray soldiers, each with a shadowy corps of tens of thousands of the ghosts of soldiers marshalled at his back.

Six years only, and every one of the gray commanders who rolled or rode through Madison Square that day has joined that shadowy host. What men to remember and what a day to recall! A half-million people lining the streets and no sound but two: one the incessant rasp and rumble of that high car whereon swayed the purple bier; the other the long solemn toll of bells, which began far down at Trinity and rolled from steeple to steeple above the heads of the silent half-million up to far St. Thomas's, on the high crest of Murray Hill; and on and on till the church bells of Harlem caught and sent it up the sparkling Hudson, mingled with the roar of the Seventh's volley from the door of the Riverside tomb.

Madison Square shall never see again such a pageant, though it is the place of pageants, where the reviewing-stand crops up below the Worth Monument whenever great occasions set men tramping up the avenue where the high bier swayed that day. No other bier can command that silence, to be broken only by that rumbling and that toll.

But, bah! what does a Madison Square crowd care for great men, dead or living? Horses were what it thronged to see last week, flowers the week before, dogs this week—horses and dogs and flowers and pretty women in tights and long-haired German pianists; or that is what it ostensibly cares to see. What it really points out to each other is the gingergilt box, and what really attracts its attention is the extraordinary length of this year's frock-coats. And all its satisfaction with things that are it would find, could it analyze itself, to be in the fact that its corpuscles are pumped directly in and out of the great feverish heart of New York, the Madison Square over which Miss McFlimsey rules much more absolutely than she did in the days of her creation. For Franconi's Hippodrome failed (circa '55) in Madison Square because there was no public educated to the point of going to see Miss McFlimsey patronize Franconi. In the education of that public lies the success to-day of the horses and the dogs, the pretty women in tights, and the long-haired pianist whom Miss McFlimsey goes to see, while the public goes to see Miss McFlimsey.



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A RUBBER-TREE.

THE AMAZONIAN RUBBER COUNTRY.

BY COURTENAY DE KALB.

It is a familiar observation in matters of agricultural economy that dependence upon a single crop is very apt to prove fatal to the progress of a country. Not only is this true, but the reflex influence of such dependence becomes speedily noticeable in its effects upon the individual. No spur of competition sharpens his ambition; no variety of interests encourages the broad development of his faculties. He loses the power to general his forces; he ceases to concern himself to improve his fortune; he falls a slave to his single source of income, managing to exist on what it yields, working only the little that he must, and dreaming away his abundant leisure in happy idleness. When to this is added the possibility of gathering the harvest without first sowing the field, when nature has lavishly given food of many kinds, and when isolation from the world has reduced human wants to the simplest terms, it is not hard to conceive what manner of man must be the dweller in the valley of the Amazon, where these conditions of existence are fulfilled.

India-rubber has apparently been the Amazonian's greatest curse. Lieutenant Herndon, in 1852, blamed the banana for despoiling him of the spirit of industry, but in that day there were many flourishing cacao plantations along the river; rice and cotton were grown for export; even cattle and hides, sugar, molasses, annotto, isinglass, and sarsaparilla were shipped in very considerable quantities. Since then the plantations one by one have been abandoned, and the golden cacao is seldom seen. The wilderness has closed in again, obliterating the signs of former efforts to subdue it, while the inhabitants of this land of prodigal productiveness have turned from husbandmen into hunters of gum, living the wild life of the Indian through a part of each year, reposing in the delights of a long siesta through the remainder.

The valley of the Amazon is not advancing in prosperity, in spite of the fact that the value of its exports has increased from $1,171,000 in 1851 to about $20,000,000 in 1890. This rise is due to the circumstance that a large proportion of the population has entered into rubber-gathering. These people formerly depended upon the products of their own plantations for their support, whereas they now buy at a large price, with the proceeds of their rubber, the very things they could and should raise in abundance for themselves. Statistics of the custom-house at Pará and the statements of merchants and steamboat companies consequently indicate an enlargement of trade, while the mass of the people, if not actually faring worse, are at least enjoying no additional good fortune. The phenomenal growth of the rubber trade has operated, however, to create a popular interest in the valley of the Amazon, and will undoubtedly lead to a comparatively rapid development of its resources. Such a result could hardly have come from the mere improvement of its agricultural opportunities, as may be indicated by the case of Venezuela. The Venezuelan cacao, from which comes a large part of our chocolate and cocoa, is uniformly of a very superior grade.

There are few undertakings in which a man might engage with greater certainty of deriving large and steady profits than in the establishment of a cacao plantation. The demand is rapidly growing, the amount consumed in the United States having increased nearly one hundred per cent. in 1890 over the preceding year; and yet the fame of "Carácas cocoa" has made no such impression upon the world as that of "Pará rubber." The latter article is characteristic of the valley of the Amazon, while superior cacao may be grown in many countries. In fact it might to-day have constituted as important an article of Amazonian commerce as the rubber, had the plantations been extended and improved, rather than forsaken. The cacao of this wonderful valley is naturally of excellent quality, but it is usually allowed to deteriorate in the curing, so that the little which is now raised sells for less than half the price paid for the medium grades from Venezuela and Mexico. But in the quality of her rubber the basin of the Amazon stands pre-eminent, and it is questionable whether this pre-eminence can ever be wrested from her. In this warm, steamy climate the *Hevea brasiliensis* and *H. discolor* grow to perfection, and our present knowledge forces upon us the conviction that in no other kind of climate will they grow. The genus *Hevea*, which produces the finest rubber in the world, belongs to the well-known family of spurges (*Euphorbiaceæ*), of which we have an example in the common milkweed, or asclepias, of northern road-sides—a plant whose white juice contains such an appreciable quantity of India-rubber that efforts were recently, but unavailingly, made to cultivate it on a large scale for the sake of this product.

In Florida the same family is represented by several species which have reached the dignity of trees, and whose existence has led, not entirely without reason, to the hope that rubber-trees might be produced by grafting, or by other means known to the horticulturist, which would thrive and yield their precious gum in the swamps of that and other States of even latitude. The *Heveas*, however, are by no means the only plants which furnish India-rubber in commercial quantities. Brazil alone produces, or can produce, at least four different families of rubber-trees, and an enumeration of all the rubber-secreting species in the vegetable kingdom would swell into the thousands. The chief of these are the *Heveas;* the "Ceará" rubber-tree (*Manihot glaziovii*), which belongs in the vast arid plains of central and southern Brazil, and which the English are now successfully cultivating in Ceylon; the "caucho" or "ule" (*Castilloa elastica*), of northern and western South America, Central America, and Mexico; and the *Ficus elastica* of India, which is familiar to us as a hot-house plant.

Very soon after entering the Amazon the *Hevea*, or Seringa, as the Brazilian calls it, will be seen. In no wise does it resemble the *Ficus elastica*. The trunk is of a pale ashen hue; it rises to a height of from thirty to sixty feet, having all its branches clustered in a surmounting dome, sparsely covered with rather rigid, elliptical leaves, gathered in groups of three, similar to the hickory and horse-chestnut trees of the North. They are also noticeably of sociable habit, growing invariably in clusters, and the ground which they choose for their home is always low, so that if you chance to visit them between the months of November and April you are certain to see the land overflowed by the yellow floods of the swollen river. This condition of the Seringa's successful growth, although noticed many decades ago by Von Martius, seems to have been overlooked by experimenters who have sought to introduce it into other portions of the tropics. It is not swamp, but bottom-land subject to annual inundation, that the rubber needs.

The physical characteristics of the valley of the Amazon are extremely interesting. At the very mouth of the river the forest is seen overhanging from gray and salmon-colored bluffs the white lines of breaking surf. Within the river the forest extends as far as the eye can see. Eighty miles from the ocean stands the beautiful city of Pará, mistress of the treasures of the richest valley in the world. Here for a brief space the forest is broken, but within an hour's sail the last signs of the proximity of this city of 80,000 souls are left behind, and the virgin forest returns—illimitable walls, scarce indented by the few petty towns that sleep along their margins. Three thousand miles of unbroken woodlands! On the mighty tributaries it is still the same unending forest springing from the water's edge! In the lower Amazon the river is divided by a maze of islands into an infinitude of channels. Once, it is said, the great stream emptied into the ocean over a hundred miles south of its present mouth. In moving northward it has created a labyrinthine delta, whose intricacies are perhaps unknown even to the Indian. The tendency of the Amazon is still towards the north, seeking apparently to reach the equator. At every part of its course where its flow is southeastwardly high bluffs are found along its northern shore, which would seem to be the cause of this change in direction, while no such conditions of deflecting bluffs appear to be necessary to occasion its return towards the equator. The entire region north of the Amazon has a higher general elevation than that on the south. Low mountains fringe its northern shores for several hundred miles, until, near the mouth of the Rio Tapajoz, the axis of the system strikes southwestwardly across the river, and the range extends far into the south, forming the dividing-line between the Atlantic lowlands and the vast interior basin of the Amazon. These hills constitute a nearly continuous eastern rim for this interior basin as far as the frontier of Bolivia, interrupting navigation on the Rio Tapajoz at a distance of only 160 miles from its mouth, and on the Rio Madeira at São Antonio, 480 miles from the Amazon, where begins the long series of cataracts around which an attempt was made to construct the famous but ill-fated Madeira and Mamoré Railway. The Bolivian plateau of Mojos, reaching westward to the first spurs of the Andes, forms the southern limit of the Amazonian basin. The Andes in Peru and Ecuador, and the elevated land in Colombia and northwestern Brazil, complete the boundary of this remarkable depressed area.

The economic importance of this peculiar physical conformation of the heart of the southern continent is very great. It marks off at once two distinct rubber-producing regions. The lowlands fronting the ocean yield what is known as the "island rubber," which comes from the *Hevea brasiliensis*, while the finer grades are obtained from the *Hevea discolor*, which grows in the interior basin, furnishing nearly four-fifths of the total amount exported from the valley of the Amazon. The geographical centre of the rubber trade consequently lies a full thousand miles west of Pará, and at this point has grown up a city second in size and importance in the valley, formerly called Barra do Rio Negro, but now known as Manáos. The conditions favoring the development of this city are varied. Not only do all the steamboats which ply on the middle Amazon and the Brazilian tributaries west of the Negro call, and even in many cases transship their cargoes, at this port, but the steamers from the Rio Madeira turn back to Manáos before proceeding to Pará. Furthermore, Manáos is at the head of steamship navigation on the Amazon, being accessible at all seasons for vessels of twenty-eight feet draught. Although vessels of fifteen feet draught can ascend several hundred miles beyond, and the possibilities of navigation are still further increased during the rainy season, Manáos must remain practically the master of this important advantage. Already three lines of ocean steamships visit Manáos monthly, in addition to a line of sailing vessels from Portugal. One of these lines of steamships, owned by an English company, runs from New York to Manáos, and has connections with the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, such that goods for Peru can be transshipped directly from one boat to the other at this point, and our merchants can obtain through bills of lading from New York to Iquitos, Peru, 2400 miles up the Amazon from Pará.

From the foregoing it will be perceived that nearly four-fifths of the rubber shipped from Pará to-day passes first through Manáos, and it is evident that this would, in the natural order of things, be exported directly from the latter city, saving additional costs of handling and of brokerage at Pará, except for the lack of telegraphic connection with the markets of the United States and Europe. Plans for the removal of this obstacle to the commercial expansion of Manáos have been perennial. Hitherto a cable up the river has been most favored, but the difficulty of maintaining a cable in a sedimentary river subject to such disastrous floods as occur on the Amazon has recently led to a survey for a line from Pará along the shores of the river to Manáos. The experience of all telegraph companies with land lines through tropical forests has demonstrated the impracticability of preserving them from destruction at a cost which individual corporations or the cities or provinces to be benefited would be warranted in assuming, unless the line were very short. In this case the line would be one thousand miles in length. It is a much shorter distance from Manáos to Georgetown or Paramaribo on the Caribbean Sea, or through the famous Yuruari gold regions—the bait which encouraged the recent British encroachments upon Venezuela—to the mouth of the River Orinoco. The intermediate territory would very speedily afford commerce sufficient for the maintenance of a railway; and if the southern extension should not at first prove profitable, the telegraph, which can easily be kept in operation when accompanying a railroad, would undoubtedly yield a large revenue in addition to the subsidy which the state of Amazonas, and Manáos, its capital, would grant.

Manáos is built upon bluffs on the northeast bank of the Rio Negro, ten miles from the Amazon. The Rio Negro is six miles wide in front of the city, and the harbor, which is well protected by a point of land just above, has a depth at low water of over forty feet, and abundance of good anchorage ground. Opposite lies the vast sunken extent of the Manao basin, comparable in a certain sense to the Yazoo and Tensas basins of the Mississippi Valley. Northward and eastward the hills rise behind the city until they are lost in the unthreaded wilderness. Along the Rio Negro the hills continue to front the river, growing into mountains farther north, obstructing navigation by many miles of rapids, which, with the great cascades on the Orinoco, must completely debar access to the rich plateau on which exists the remarkable canal of Cassiquiare until it shall be traversed by a railway.

Manáos gives an example of the ultimate development of of what, while called a city, is yet essentially a trading-post. It has a population of 14,000. There are three fine churches, two academies, an interesting museum, and a remarkable herbarium, in charge of Dr. Rodriguez de Barboza, an accomplished botanist. The buildings of the provincial government are by no means insignificant, and a typical Yankee iron bridge and iron market building kindle the imagination of an American upon first entrance of the harbor. But the commercial transactions of this city, which in exportations of rubber alone exceed $2,500,000 per annum, are conducted without the agency of any sort of banking institution. Commerce here is barter—a mere exchange of merchandise for rubber. At Pará the rubber merchant appears more like a broker; at Manáos the office is replaced by the store. Being near the centre of the rubber district, the merchant of lesser degree is apt to come and make his selections of goods in person. Indeed, the South American, as a rule, dislikes ordering from samples when it can be avoided.

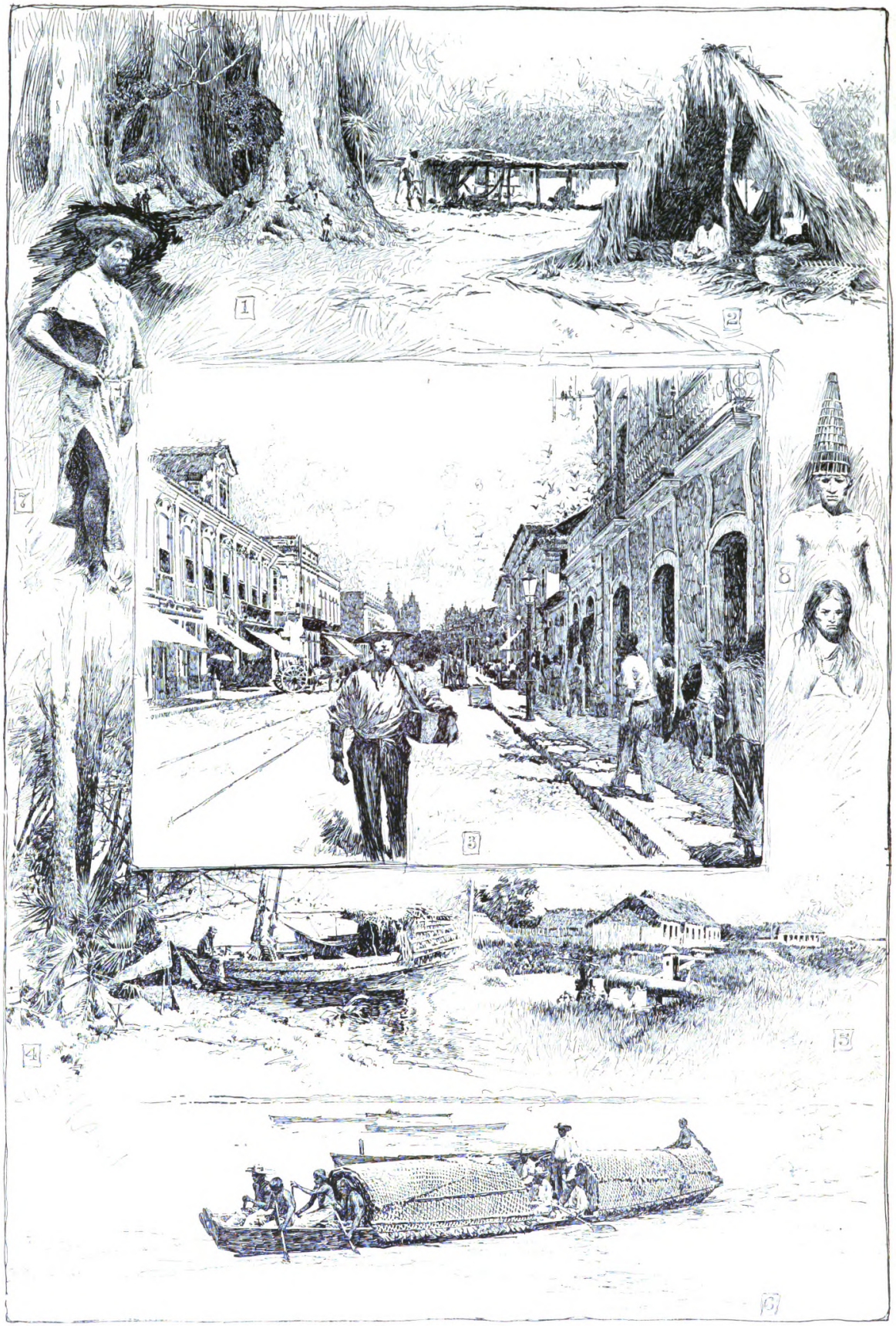
The small dealers along the Amazon and its tributaries are usually Portuguese, or the better class of native half-breeds. The former are generally as thrifty as Chinamen, and possess other characteristics of mind and morals which suggest the Celestial aliens in the United States. The native merchant is less provident, but has a more open, generous nature. Hospitality seems to be a part of his creed. He is also, strangely enough, very apt to be better informed than the recently arrived European immigrant. These men obtain goods from the merchants in Manáos or Pará, always in advance, upon the prospective crop of the coming season. Furthermore, they always manage to overdraw, so that from the first transaction with their "correspondent" they fall into indebtedness, which increases in steady ratio from year to year, until they have secured themselves, through the very largeness of the accumulated debt, against the financial embarrassment of being unable to obtain credit. This pernicious system, so perversive of correct commercial practice, and so baneful in its influence upon the morals of the community, has become so firmly fixed upon the Brazilians that it is difficult to see how they can be emancipated from its thraldom unless men experienced in this trade through long connection with the older firms and companies shall found new houses, offering the inducements of lower prices for imported goods in order to secure patronage on a cash basis.

As things now are there exists a continuous chain of debits from the large trader down to the actual gatherer of the rubber—a pitiful chain of dependencies, which leads to a species of slavery. The petty trader is bound to redeem his purchases of the previous year. This he attempts to do in so far as the new crop of rubber will permit. It cannot be doubted that he skilfully contrives to leave a balance in his favor unredeemed, nor, on the other hand, is there greater doubt that his creditor had anticipated the deficit by a liberal factor of safety in calculating his margin of profit. The former in his turn assumes the rôle of creditor toward the *fazender* (properly a planter), who buys on the same terms, and again sells to the Indians and half-breeds who brave the dangers of the miasmatic lowlands in search of the gum which forms the universal purchasing medium of the valley of the Amazon.

The *fazenda*, a term corresponding to the Spanish *hacienda*, or plantation, is often nothing more than a rude house in a small clearing on the river-side. Let all visions of luxurious plantation houses, of splendid gardens of tropical flowers, of broad fields of tropical fruits, be dissipated at once. Nature, and nature only, is beautiful here. The little field with its few straggling, ill-tended fruits and vegetables—bananas, manioc, beans—with its ill-kept tiled or palm-thatched house and surrounding group of huts, palm-thatched likewise, and gray with weather stain, is not beautiful, scarcely even picturesque. Too often the houses are seen peeping out from a clump of densely foliaged trees, which relieves their barrenness, but suggests the fatal fever that breeds in the shadow and dampness. The desolate half-open house, standing exposed to sun and storm, is the safer abode, for sun and storm are beneficent guardians of health in this steamy tropic clime.

Roundabout the clearing rise the mighty forests, the glory of this equatorial valley, the grandest, perhaps the most beautiful, forests in the world. From the Atlantic to the Andes, from the Venezuelan mountains on the north to the plains of Matto Grosso on the south, they stretch absolutely continuous, unpenetrated save by the rivers which

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THE AMAZONIAN RUBBER COUNTRY.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.—[See Page 15.]

1. Immense Trees. 2. Fishing Hut. 3. Rua Conselheiro João Alfredo, Pará, Brazil. 4. Canoe on Rio Negro. 5. Tabatinga Military Post. 6. Native Boat. 7. A Bolivian. 8. Indian Tyres.

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bear their gathered floods forward to the sea. No roads—nay, not even a single road—have yet been hewn through these tremendous woodlands. So for three thousand miles the same vast forest rises from the edges of this mighty river. Vines brilliant with red and golden blossoms drape the woodland borders. Graceful clumps of bamboo envelop the feet of the giant trees in masses of feathery pale green foliage. At times the forest fringe consists of stalwart canes, over which clambers the ever beautiful convolvulus, and always out of the maze of shrub and vine, and from between the great ashen-colored trunks, spring the exquisitely curved fronds of palms. From above, where myriads of orchids and broad-leaved parasites perch upon the lofty spreading limbs, depend the long lianas, so characteristic of the tropics.

Immediately upon entering the forest, odors of wonderful sweetness are detected. Oftenest of all comes a faint but unmistakable scent of musk. Now it changes, becoming like a bouquet of roses and mignonette, and again one is reminded of the tonic fragrance from the bruised bark of sweet birch or spice-wood. Brilliant flowers illuminate the dark glooms and peep out from the dense masses of leaves. They are often coarse in texture, losing their beauty when separated from their surroundings and held in the hand. On every side are infinite shadowy depths holding their secrets, which perhaps you would not care to have too rudely revealed. The white trunks tower aloft, uplifting a thick canopy, through which sifts but little light, while plants, broad-leaved and narrow, lilylike and shrubby, form an almost impenetrable undergrowth. Out of this rise the plumes of the palms, midway between the lower growth and the broad canopy above. In its most superb development the forest is so dense as to almost completely shut out the sunlight, at which times the undergrowth vanishes, and the trees seem like massive columns in a temple, strengthened by wonderful buttresses—noble trees, many a giant among them born before Christ—whose bases could no more than be encompassed by a ring of eight men with outstretched arms.

Among such scenes dwell the careless Amazonians, not wholly insensible to their grandeur and beauty, nor yet moved by any inspiration from these wonderful surroundings. Day after day they lie in their hammocks, smoking incessantly, and indulging in endless talk. Indolence is their chief infirmity, the one which leads to the bulk of their sins of omission and commission, and the cause of a great part of the misery they endure. It is sloth that deprives them of the nourishing food they need, and drives their children to the eating of clay; sloth that harbors them in wretched unwholesome houses, surrounded by pestilential garbage piles polluting the air they breathe; sloth that makes them the vassals of the merchant, who further impoverishes them by his extortion. They are as reckless and thriftless as the old-time *voyageur* of the Canadian wilderness. Like him, also, they brave infinite dangers only to return and riot on the proceeds of their season of toil and hardships.

The rubber is not obtained from cultivated orchards, but is taken from the trees which grow wild, as previously explained, in low-lying areas or basins. Such areas are a striking feature of the valley of the Amazon. They are not marshes, but are the perfect analogues of the basins existing in the flood plain of the Mississippi. The rubber-trees are found in the greatest abundance along the tributaries and the smaller streams which feed these. At the beginning of the rainy season the long siesta at the *fazenda* comes to an end. If rubber-trees exist in sufficient abundance near at hand the Indians and others who live in a state of dependency at the *fazenda* are sent each day into the woods, where they collect the milk and bring it in to be cured; but it often happens that journeys of several days or a week must be made to procure a plentiful supply. In this case great canoes, sometimes forty feet in length, are fitted out with provisions, and arrangements are made for a protracted expedition. No elaborate preparations are made for camping. A blanket and hammock for each of the whites, and a rude covering consisting of sheets of the fibrous inner bark of a tree for the Indians, several bags of *farinha* and rice, salt fish, and a plentiful store of *cachaça*, or rum of sugar-cane, with arms and ammunition, are considered a sufficient equipment. When a site for a camp has been selected the Indians can in half a day construct a palm-thatched hut for their abode which will prove water-tight for a week. The rubber-trees being gregarious in habit, one man can tap from forty to fifty in a day.

The whole party sallies forth in the morning, each provided with a quantity of little tin cups and a narrow-bladed hatchet. An incision, merely penetrating the outer bark, being made with the latter instrument, one of the cups is attached beneath with a bit of moistened clay, into which the thick white milk at once begins to flow. The rubber-gatherer passes from tree to tree until he has consumed half the day, after which he collects the milk from all the trees he has tapped. This is taken to the camp where it is "smoked." Were the milk allowed to stand for a period of twenty-four hours or longer, it would thicken into a coarse, granular, somewhat stringy mass, which produces a very inferior grade of manufactured rubber. The coarse material, known in Brazil as *sernamby*, is often found hanging in great bunches upon the trees, where it has oozed through a crack in the bark, or from the end of a fractured limb. If, however, the milk be poured over a wooden blade or round stick, and held for a few moments in the dense fumes from a fire of certain palm nuts, it is coagulated into the finely elastic rubber with which all are familiar. A second coating of milk is poured over the blade and similarly treated, until the successive layers have made a ball of considerable size. In some sections the habit is to make the balls, or *pelles*, from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, a practice which results in imperfections in the "smoking," and retards the subsequent drying of the rubber. Defects may readily occur in this curing process by making the successive additions of milk too thick, or as a result of inequalities in the exposure of various parts of the ball to the smoke. Such deterioration is easily discoverable by cutting the ball in half, when it will reveal itself by a vesicular or granular condition of the rubber, the occurrence of which reduces the whole lump to the middle grade (*entra fina*), between the "fine Para" and the "coarse," or *sernamby*.

The nuts which, according to native experience, yield uniformly the best results are those from the well-known palm *Inajá*. This does not usually grow in great abundance in the neighborhood of the *Heveas*, so that the nuts of the palm *Urucury* are frequently substituted; and failing an adequate supply of these, resort is had to the nuts of the palm known as *Uavassú* (pronounced *wah-wahs-soo*). The rubber after being "smoked" is still white, only becoming black by prolonged exposure to the air. It has, however, acquired its characteristic elasticity, and an odor exactly similar to that of smoked hams. The smoke from other nuts, or from a simple wood fire, will not produce the desired result. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no thorough chemical investigation has been made to identify the volatile ingredient which accomplishes this remarkable physical change in the rubber, which, previous to curing, is present in the sap as an emulsion. A study of this phenomenon might lead to important modifications of the present treatment, for if means could be found to cure the rubber of the *Heveas* by the addition of some liquid or powder to the milk, it would not only prevent entirely the formation of a middle grade, but would enable the rubber to be prepared in a better form for shipment, affording an enormous saving to all concerned.

At the end of the harvest, if such a term be allowable, the canoes laden with gum return to the *fazenda*, and then follow merrymakings, prone to end in a wild debauch. The careful creditor now looks out for the reward of his indulgence, commonly making his round of visits in a steam-launch capable of carrying from ten to fifty tons of rubber. After his collections are finished he forwards the product to Manáos or Pará, where it is boxed for final shipment to the United States and Europe.

The conditions of life and commerce in Eastern Peru are almost identical with those in the Brazilian portion of the basin of the Amazon. The river winds across an alluvial plain for a thousand miles after bursting through the Andes before quitting Peruvian territory. It is a vaster region than the world supposes, larger by many thousand square miles than the whole of New England. Its physical aspects are almost the same as those lower down in the valley. The general level of the country is not more than 750 feet above the sea, although the Atlantic is two thousand miles away in aerial distance. Still, there are differences also. The influence of the neighboring Andes tempers and betters the climate. This fact is most strikingly shown by the circumstance that the *Heveas* rapidly disappear westward of the Rio Javary, the boundary line between Brazil and Peru, and are superseded by the *Castilloas*, those giant rubber-



THE NEW YORK POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.—William B. Tuthill, Architect.—[See Page 20.]



THE NEW ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.—[See Page 20.]

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trees with which many travellers have become acquainted in Mexico, a species which will not thrive in such a steamy climate as that of the lower Amazon. The *Castilloa*, unlike the *Hevea*, grows solitary, so that the *cauchero*, as the Peruvian rubber-gatherer is called, when he discovers a tree, fells it in order to drain all the milk it contains. These noble and valuable trees are in consequence becoming exhausted, and the exportations of *caucho* from Iquitos are steadily diminishing.

In a measure, the *cauchero* is not deserving of censure. The trees are too far apart in the forests to enable him to collect the sap as is done with the gregarious *Heveas*. He could not earn a living if he attempted it, and there is nothing aside from his rubber that the East Peruvian can at present send to market. Nevertheless, he is undoubtedly killing the hen that lays the golden egg. He must soon take a hint from the planters in Colombia and Mexico, who have started great orchards of these wonderful trees, and are finding the venture remunerative. This variety of rubber, called in different parts of South and Central America "caucho," "ule," "Guayaquil strip," "Cartagena strip," "Nicaragua scrap," etc., commands at the present time in New York from forty-two to sixty-four cents a pound, and if care were taken in the extraction and curing of the milk, so as to produce a clean, homogeneous article, its value could be greatly enhanced. A properly tended plantation should yield from two hundred to three hundred pounds of rubber per acre each season; and when it is considered that the trees, once planted, live and produce for generations, almost equal to the olive, the future importance of this industry will be perceived. Brazil is likewise under the necessity of increasing and more perfectly regulating her crop of rubber, which can be done through the systematic culture of the *Heveas*. This is very significant, for the valley of the Amazon possesses immense riches, which will be unfolded only through the activity of immigrants from foreign lands, and the opportunities for accumulating wealth by the cultivation of rubber will be the first powerful attraction.

The climate may prove trying to many constitutions, but it is not deadly, nor even dangerous, if simple precautions be taken against getting wet, against undue exposure of any sort—in short, if life be ordered in accordance with those hygienic principles which the wise observe in any clime. The temperature is a marvel of equability. The thermometer rarely sinks at night below 70° Fahr., and a long-continued series of observations at Manáos showed an average temperature at 9 A.M. of 80° Fahr., and at 3 P.M. of 81½° Fahr. The difference between the wet and the dry season is not so marked near the equator, so that the climate is practically unvaried throughout the year. The effect of the excessive rains at the head-waters of the tributaries, however, where the variation in the amount of rainfall is greater, becomes conspicuous in the flood height of the Amazon, which is frequently as much as thirty and forty feet above the low-water mark.

This is not a land which the European need fear to enter, and in time it will demonstrate the truth of its claim to being the richest valley in the world. It is now a vast *cul-de-sac* terminating at the Andes, a condition immensely disadvantageous to it commercially; but we will soon discover, when the Nicaragua Canal is finished, that the shortest route for the products of eastern Peru to the city of New York will be by rail from the head of navigation on the Amazon to Payta, on the Pacific coast, and thence northward by steamer. The haulage by rail would be very short, as steamboats of five feet draught can come to the very foot of the mountains, and land their cargoes on the rocks of the first spur that rises behind the site of ancient Borja, where the river rushes through the famous gorge known as the Pongo de Manseriche. This great valley is in the infancy of its commercial history. It is to-day one of the most promising fields for Northern enterprise in South America, for the nations which are concerned in aiding the growth of Manáos, with the consequent increase of trade in central Brazil, and those which actively promote the development of eastern Peru, will be masters of enormous wealth.

The halo of fabled wonders in South America has been dissipated by the searching light of this practical era. Even so late as the beginning of the nineteenth century geographers gravely located on their maps the legendary Lake Parima and its gilded city of Manoa, the El Dorado of earlier days. We have abandoned the search for this ever-vanishing city, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, led many a valiant knight into wild adventures, ending often in death, and we have ceased the quest for the buried treasure of Llanganati. But as the dazzling riches of fable disappear, their place is taken by other prospects, less startling in their brilliancy, but alluring to the sober fancy of those who know how to make the earth yield her increase to their profit, by those who foresee the importance of the natural products, the rubber, spices, and cabinet woods, of this great valley, and the opportunities it holds open to those who will undertake the cultivation of rice and sugar in a land where favoring climatic conditions never disappoint the husbandman.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL JOSEPH KARGE, Professor of Continental Literature and Languages at Princeton College, died the other day in the cabin of a ferry-boat while crossing the Hudson River from Jersey City to New York. General KARGE had a most eventful life. He was born in Posen in 1823, his father having been a colonel of cavalry under NAPOLEON. He was educated at the University of Breslau and the College of France. He went to Berlin in 1847, and was implicated in the Revolution of 1848. He fled to France, and then in 1851 came to the United States. From that time till the breaking out of the civil war he conducted a classical school in New York. At the first call for troops he offered his services, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of New Jersey Cavalry. He took part in nearly all the battles in Virginia in 1862, and was badly wounded at Rappahannock Bridge. He staid away from his command only a little while, and was back to take a hand in the battle of Fredericksburg. His disabilities were such that after the battle he was obliged to resign. The next year he raised the Second New Jersey Cavalry, and was assigned to the Army of the Tennessee. He was with that army till the end of the war, and with SHERMAN on his march to the sea. He was made Brigadier-General by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services. In 1867 he accepted a commission in the regular army. After three years on the frontier, he resigned to accept the chair in Princeton College that he held up to the time of his death. Army officers considered him one of the most skilful of the cavalry men who fought in the war.



From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

—One of the chief attractions of the World's Fair Navy Exhibit will be the model battle-ship *Illinois*, a full description of which is given in the WEEKLY for December 24th. The architect and superintendent of construction of this vessel is Mr. F. W. GROGAN, for many years connected with the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department.

—ORANGE JUDD, publisher, editor, and writer, died last week in Evanston, Illinois, aged seventy. He was born in New York, near Niagara Falls, was educated at Wesleyan, and studied agricultural chemistry at Yale. In 1853 he was made editor of the *American Agriculturist*, and three years later became the proprietor. Shortly after this he established the Orange Judd Company, and bought the copyrights of the chief books on agriculture in America. He projected



the present system of railroads on Long Island, and lost the bulk of the money he made as a publisher in these railway ventures. He gave to Wesleyan the Orange Judd Hall for Natural Sciences. Mr. JUDD was much interested in Sunday-school work, and originated the International Sunday-school Lessons. Since his failure, in 1883, he has lived in Chicago, where he has edited *The Orange Judd Farmer*. Mr. JUDD imported the first sorghum seed into this country, and started the present large industry.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A LAMB.

BY ELISABETH B. WALLING.

SHE.

WE are frightfully poor. It is just a year since papa died. I hope it isn't unfilial to say it, but mamma's grief certainly seemed tempered by the unfettered field of opportunity before her; she always did believe that if it had pleased the Lord to call her to a man's estate, she would have made a marked success of it, from a business point of view. Poor dear papa was a geologist; his scientific soul was absorbed in the mineral resources of the United States and the formation of Alaskan glaciers. After his death we were inundated by horrible black cards with gilt scroll borders, and inscribed with poetical descriptions of papa's seraphic relations to a better world; we were expected to order these by the dozen as elegant and consoling souvenirs for his friends. Papa believed in the Hegelian philosophy. These ghoulish nightmares had scarcely ceased when investment circulars began to pour in. Many of them related to sheep; but mamma once spent a summer on a farm where the sheep had a distressing disease called the bots, and most of them died, so those circulars went promptly into the waste-basket. I went with mamma to consult various pompous old gentlemen, whose abdomens protruded from their revolving chairs, and who looked at me over their eye-glasses as if I had been an interesting specimen of insect. Mamma tried to impress upon me the necessity for caution in investing money, and the dangerous character of railroads and mines and such things, and that nothing was safe but real estate and first mortgages. And finally it was all settled, and we had a japanned tin box full of imposing documents bristling with seals and red tape; and mamma said a great weight was off her mind. Poor thing!

The next summer the Burrages asked me to go to the mountains with them, and while we were there those wretched mortgages began to default. They were on Western farms, and the tenants had poor crops, and were sick, and died, and deserted their land, and couldn't be heard from, besides which the investment companies had palmed off several worthless securities on mamma, and she was plunged into a maelstrom of lawsuits and foreclosures and general misery. She refused to let me come home, but her letters were so poorhousy in tone that if it hadn't been for lawn-tennis, which certainly does have the merit of requiring one's individual attention, I should have been a wretched creature. Then he who changed the whole course of my life appeared on the scene. He was only Dick Reeder, whom I have known all my life, and he didn't make love to me, though we may have flirted a little. He told me how fortunes are made in the twinkling of an eye. We were sitting on the piazza when the mail arrived. Dick seized his *Transcript*, tore it open, and his face assumed such a lugubrious expression that I hastened to express the amiable, if futile, hope that nobody was dead.

"Worse than that," groaned he. "The market has broken, and the shorts are getting terribly squeezed."

I suppose I looked wildly blank, for he burst out laughing.

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "I thought shorts were a kind of horse feed. Who is squeezing them, and why should you care?"

Dick kindly strove to enlighten my ignorance, and in the effort resorted to personal illustration. "Suppose," said he, "your funds are inconveniently low, and you conclude to turn the wheel of fortune. You go to a broker's shop, and buy a hundred shares of Oshkosh—"

"What is Oshkosh?" I interrupted.

"Oshkosh, my child, is a railroad stock. You pay a margin of two or three dollars a share, and your broker does the rest, and frequently does you into the bargain. But I digress. Suppose you buy a hundred shares at forty and sell at fifty, a brief example in mental arithmetic will give you the pleasing result of one thousand dollars added to your bank account. I made a thousand dollars once in two hours," he concluded, with an air of pensive pride.

"I forgot all about the 'squeezed shorts.' How much money is necessary to speculate?" I inquired, casually, but with a beating heart. "Is a hundred dollars enough?"

"A hundred dollars goes," said Dick.

"Richard," said I, solemnly, "you have my profound gratitude. You have helped me accumulate an idea."

"Oh, now, really, Margaret," said Dick, looking perturbed, "I protest. You are dead-sure to get left—upon my word you are! Besides, it's immoral; it's gambling."

"Really?" cried I. "How exhilarating! That settles the question."

When I reached home, I found my mother at her desk, with a mass of papers before her. Her hair had perceptibly whitened. "I am glad you have come, Daisy," said she. "I couldn't bear to spoil your summer, but now we must look matters squarely in the face." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, don't, mother!" cried I. "We can take boarders, or I can teach music and paint dinner-cards."

"Poor child!" said she. "We mustn't even risk the money for materials."

HE.

This has been a red-letter day at the office. The market was heavy and featureless. A few of the fellows were sitting about with their feet up, smoking, and putting up bets on the Reading deal, when the door opened and a girl walked in—an uncommonly pretty girl, too—blushing like an angel, and evidently scared out of her boots. Three or four pairs of heels came down with a thump, and Pitcher and Adams took off their hats; but their effort was lost on her; she didn't see them. Of course I threw my cigar into the grate, doffed my own hat as gracefully as I knew how, and went to meet her.

"Are you a broker?" stammered she.

"I am," said I, in my most dulcet tones.

"I have a hundred dollars in the bank, and I wish to speculate," said she, flashing a queer, half-pleading, half-defiant, and wholly frightened glance at me.

"Will you come in here, please?" said I. And I conducted her into my private office, and offered her a chair, and pretended not to notice her embarrassment. "Of course I shall be happy to execute your order," said I. "What stock do you wish to buy?"

"I don't exactly know," faltered she, still frightened, but gaining a little confidence. "Would Oshkosh be good?"

"Oshkosh is rather high just now. If you would allow me to suggest—a permanent investment security—"

"That means five per cent., doesn't it?" interrupted she.

"I could give you six," said I.

She shook her head. "I prefer to speculate," said she, decidedly. "Would sugar do?"

"Sugar common might possibly," said I, with some hesitation.

"How many shares—I mean pounds—can I buy for a hundred dollars?" inquired she.

And I'll wager she calculated the chances of getting her grocer to take the commodity off her hands in case her purchase didn't pan out well!

"On the whole, perhaps Tuscaloosa is the safest low-priced stock," I remarked.

"Very well; I'll take that, then," said she.

"How many shares?" I inquired, holding my fountain pen aloft.

"A hundred," said she, promptly.

I respectfully suggested that ten would be safer.

"Ten, then," said my obliging customer.

Then she gave me her check, and I took her address—Margaret Cranston is her name—and promised to keep her informed of the state of the market. I escorted her to the elevator, and watched it descend with her. I felt dazed. Her eyes, like those of Chaucer's ladies, were "gray as glass." If I am not mistaken my Professor of Geology had "one fair daughter" who was educated abroad. I always meant to show my Jura Mountain specimens to Cranston. I'll look the old chap up.

When I went back to the office Reeder was there. "Vandewater," said he, drawing me one side, "Margaret Cranston has been in here. She doesn't know any better, and from what I hear I'm afraid they are in a tight place. She can't afford to lose a red cent. You must forgive me for meddling, Van, but I was such a —— fool as to instruct her in the folly of stock gambling myself, and I feel responsible. They are old friends of our family."

"Don't be too hard on yourself," said I, dryly. "Your instruction wasn't so thorough as it might have been. And I always protect the interests of my customers as far as lies in my power," I added, somewhat stiffly. Reeder is a good fellow, but a trifle officious at times.

SHE.

The die is cast. I am a speculator. I wonder if it really is disreputable, as Dick said? My practical knowledge is exceedingly limited, but my inner consciousness hints strongly that the young women of my acquaintance, whose names appear annually in the Boston Blue-book, would be shocked. After my conversation with mamma, I concluded "if it were done . . . . 'twere well it were done quickly," so the next morning I betook myself to the region of Devonshire Street, and walked up and down reading "bankers and brokers" on big plate-glass windows till I understood the state of mind of the man who was taken suddenly ill on Boylston Street, and finding the difficulty of selecting a physician in such a labyrinth of M. D.'s too great, finally sat down on some steps and died. Suddenly a startling howl arose. A street fight, thought I, preparing to escape; but nobody took any notice, so I inquired of a policeman: "Can you tell me what that noise is? Has anything happened?"

"Thim's the traders in the Stock Exchange, miss," said he, with a positively quizzical smile.

"Oh, of course!" said I, coolly, though curiosity consumed me to know why traders in anything should roar like wild beasts. Suddenly, without giving myself time to retreat, I walked into a building, took the elevator, and faced the door of a broker's office as if it had been the mouth of a cannon. Then I opened the door, and beheld a scene hitherto as unexistent to my knowledge as a scene from Munchausen's tales. One wall was divided into little squares, into which a

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boy was sticking green cards with figures printed on them, at the same time shouting out their numerical values, preceded by various cabalistic syllables. A strange loud-ticking machine under a glass case reeled out yards and yards of narrow tapelike paper. The room was full of men, with their feet up, puffing out clouds of tobacco smoke. I thought I should sink through the floor! After what seemed a perfect age, a very good-looking young man, who proved to be the broker, threw his cigar into the fire—which I regarded as really very polite, for it was evidently just lighted, and most men would have laid it down somewhere—and came forward to see what I wanted. He took me into another room, for which I was devoutly thankful, and shut the door upon the clicking machine, the shouting boy, and those horrible men—though I will do them the justice to say they took their feet down, and two of them took off their hats. I told him I wished to make a little money in speculation, and he suggested the best stock for me to buy. He showed me the door opening directly into his private office, and told me I might come in there at any time, and touch an electric button, and he would come. He said it would save me annoyance, which I considered very thoughtful of him. But I shall not go again; I shall speculate by correspondence.

Dick Reeder called the other night, and when mamma left the room for a few minutes, he evidently felt constrained to lecture me in a moral-instructor-of-youth style. He said buying stocks on a margin was just as truly gambling as playing faro; that it was seeking a benefit without rendering any equivalent, that it was directly opposed to all true principles of economics, and much more to the same effect. Then he descended from his pedestal, and rang the changes on how I was "dead sure" to lose in the end, and wound up by saying,

"You must forgive me, Margaret, if I meddle with what doesn't concern me, but I wish you would let me take this little venture off your hands, and give up the idea."

I laughed, and told him what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander, and pretended if I chose to amuse myself that way for once, a hundred dollars was of no special consequence. But he succeeded in frightening me all the same. Dick is as good as gold, but sometimes he certainly is—well, just a little tiresome.

Brooks, Vandewater, & Co. to Miss Margaret Cranston:

MISS M. CRANSTON, DEAR MADAM,—According to your order, we have this day purchased for your account and risk ten shares Tusc. at 36. Very respectfully,

BROOKS, VANDEWATER, & CO.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Brooks, Vandewater, & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—When Tuscaloosa Railroad stock reaches its highest price, please sell my shares, and remit proceeds.

Very truly yours, M. CRANSTON.

Brooks, Vandewater, & Co. to Miss Margaret Cranston:

MISS M. CRANSTON, DEAR MADAM,—According to your g. t. c. order, we have this day sold ten shares Tusc. for your account and risk at 37, above being highest price for the week. Enclosed please find check for same. Very respectfully,

BROOKS, VANDEWATER, & CO.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Miss Margaret Cranston:

Mr. Vandewater trusts Miss Cranston will pardon the liberty he takes in thus addressing her. The identity of names leads him to suppose that his college geological professor, who was a constant source of incentive and inspiration to him, may be her father. If so, he will perhaps remember his old pupil, and permit him to send some rather curious specimens of quartz from the Jura Mountains for his inspection.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

Miss Cranston writes to say that although she fears they cannot properly appreciate the mineral specimens, it would give both her mother and herself pleasure to know one who knew and cared for her dear father, who died more than a year ago, and who often spoke of the days of his college teaching as among the happiest of his life. Mrs. and Miss Cranston have no engagement for Tuesday evening.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Mrs. Cranston:

MY DEAR MRS. CRANSTON,—I am happy to inform you that we have found a purchaser for some of your Kansas lands at a price which will cover the loss you have sustained. The crops have been excellent, and a little later I think we shall have no difficulty in renting the remaining land till sales can be made. I have put the defective titles into the hands of our State mortgage commissioner, who will compel the fraudulent companies to make full restitution. I shall continue to give the matter my best attention. With kindest regards to your daughter and yourself, I remain

Very truly yours,

LAURENCE VANDEWATER.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAR MR. VANDEWATER,—Mamma desires me to say that we accept with pleasure your kind invitation to hear Patti on Thursday evening, and to beg that you will dine with us on that day at half past six. Believe me Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET CRANSTON.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAR LAURENCE,—I write this morning, as I promised, but what can I find to say so soon—except to repeat what you made me confess last night. My beautiful ring blazed in the moonlight like a tiny fire, and I lay awake Lours for very happiness. It seems so strange to be engaged! How does it seem to you? MARGARET.

Mr. Laurence Vandewater to Miss Margaret Cranston (by special messenger, with a huge bunch of American Beauty Roses):

MY DARLING,—How does it seem to me? Words utterly fail to express it. Heavenly! ecstatic! beatitudinous! I am afraid I shall wake and find it all a dream. I shall reassure myself at the earliest possible moment. Meantime the red-headed, cross-eyed little chap who is twirling his cap and waiting to take this inspires me with the wildest envy. To think that you once descended like an angel of light (though literally you did come up in the elevator) upon this very office! Your devoted LAURENCE.

Miss Margaret Cranston to Mr. Laurence Vandewater:

MY DEAREST BOY,—You are to come at seven to practise for the wedding. I know Dick will make some awful blunder. He seems to think it is all a gigantic joke perpetrated for his express amusement. What do you suppose he has sent me? They called me to try a new way of pinning my veil and to decide how I would have my handkerchiefs marked. I am scarcely allowed time to eat and sleep, much less to write, and I shall be glad when this trying-on and revolving like the figures in the hair-dressers' windows is over. Some lovely silver came to-day; the Maurice-Thompsons have sent the most exquisite tête-à-tête. The girls are calling again, and I must tear myself away. Your own DAISY.

P. S.—It was a little silver lamb. He had it made at Kennard's, and it must have cost a small fortune, though of course it's of no earthly use, and I did want a salad-bowl. Besides, I shall take my broker's advice, and never speculate again. But wasn't it just like Dick?

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

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THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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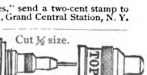
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THE SECOND NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE gathering of educators in Philadelphia last week was of peculiar interest. University extension is a new movement in America, for it is not yet three years since Dr. William Pepper, *facile princeps* in the educational life of Pennsylvania, gave the first efficient impulse in this direction. The large share of public attention and interest which the lectures of Professor Richard G. Moulton won in the winter of 1890–1 has been crystallized by the administrative ability of Professor Edmund J. James, of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, into a national society, which for two years has been quietly but effectively promoting this work in every part of the country.

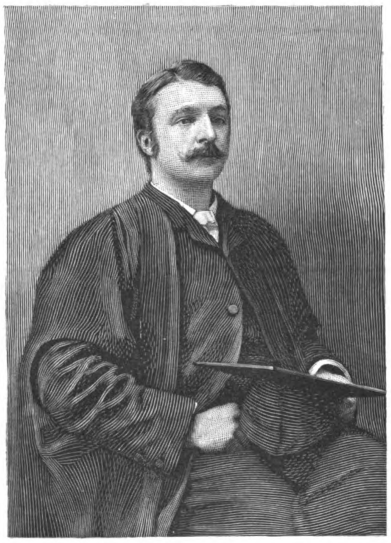
The success of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching is an excellent proof at once of the plasticity of our system of higher instruction, and of the need of correlating influences in American education. The brilliant and immediate success of the extension work in Philadelphia gives evidence of the existence of an unsuspected educational power in the old Quaker city. The recent rapid growth of such institutions as Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Swarthmore, the University of Pennsylvania, the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, and of such associations as the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the founding of such great educational centres as the Drexel Institute, Temple College, Wagner and Stetson institutes, all testify to the new spirit which seems to have entered the city of Penn, and is contributing powerfully to make a new Philadelphia along educational lines.

The Second National Conference on University Extension brought together delegates from half a hundred colleges and from scores of active extension centres. The discussions of this year were practical, dealing with the pressing questions of local and general organization and administration, the supply of lecturers, sequence in courses and other problems which have been emphasized by the experience of the past year. The work is now in active progress in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Kansas, and especially in the Eastern Middle States under the direct supervision of the American Society. The general secretary, George F. James, reported nearly two hundred extension centres, at which probably fifty thousand people will pursue this winter the educational work implied in the system. The sessions of the conference bore testimony to the real appreciation of university extension by the active minds in our higher institutions.

A close connection between the American and the English extension movements has been established by the frequent visits of English leaders to this side, and by the invitations extended last summer by the Oxford and Edinburgh universities to two staff lecturers of the American society, Mr. Devine and Mr. Rolfe, to lecture at their summer meetings. This sympathetic and helpful relation will be strengthened by the visit of Mr. Hudson Shaw, the most brilliant of the Oxford extension staff, who, it is expected, will reach New York shortly, and who comes to lecture during a period of three months under the auspices of the American society. Mr. Shaw is one of the best examples of the successful Oxford and Cambridge men, who, yielding the immediate opportunity of high preferment in the church or in political life, are devoting themselves to furthering that democracy in culture which has long been the boast of our American system of education, and which the university extension movement is now bidding fair to make still more real and permanent.



EDMUND J JAMES, PH.D.,
PRESIDENT AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING.



W. HUDSON SHAW,
FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

ST. LUKE'S NEW HOSPITAL.

THE managers of St. Luke's Hospital have adopted the plans prepared by Ernest Flagg, the architect, for the new hospital which is to be erected on Morningside Avenue, between 113th and 114th streets, on the heights of Bloomingdale. The new building, as shown by the plans, will be an imposing structure five stories in height, in the style of the French Renaissance. It will consist of five buildings, four of which are pavilions, and a central or administration building.

The order on which the pavilions have been arranged is similar to that of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, which is undoubtedly the finest hospital in America to-day. The new St. Luke's, however, will be a notable improvement over the Baltimore institution, and will be, when completed, the finest hospital, without exception, in the world.

The buildings will have a frontage on 113th Street of 600 feet, and cover the entire plot. The main or central structure is to be arranged for administrative purposes, and will contain all the business offices, the dispensary, trustees' room, a chapel seating 300 people, under which in the basement or substory will be located the mortuary chapel. It will also contain wards on the south side. On each side of the main building will be two pavilions. These are to be so arranged that when emergency demands it they can be separately isolated from each other or from the main building. Three of the pavilions will be used for patients, and the fourth is to be set apart as living quarters for the employés and the training-school for nurses.

The apartments reserved for patients will be on the south, east, and west fronts of the building, so as to have a sunny exposure at some hours during the day. All of the wards will face toward the south. There will be accommodations for at least 1000 patients, should such an emergency ever arise, but the ordinary accommodating capacity will be less than half of that number. There will also be accommodations for 250 nurses. Each building will contain independent dining-rooms and quarters for the nurses, and will be complete in itself. They will all be connected with the administration building by a covered way, which can be closed when it is necessary to isolate any of the buildings. The arrangement of the buildings is such as to leave a rectangular court fronting the administration building, and between the pavilions at the side opening on 113th Street. A separate residence will be designed and erected later for the custodian and the chaplain of the hospital.

In adopting the plans of Architect Flagg the managers of St. Luke's have without doubt made a wise selection. His plans have that appearance of symmetrical perfectness so royal to the French Renaissance, and a harmonious beauty in the rendering of detail, which two essentials all the other plans submitted in competition lacked. Mr. Flagg is a young architect, and with the exception of the new building of the National Academy of Design, this is his first great success. His opportunity came early in life, and he rose equal to the occasion. With his grand creation standing between the great and magnificent Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the new buildings of Columbia College, which undoubtedly will be beautiful, he will have no need to blush at the comparison, because it is hard to conceive a structure more beautiful than Ernest Flagg's St. Luke's. He has omitted nothing that modern ingenuity could suggest in the way of modern improvements and conveniences to render the institution a model after which other hospitals will be designed. Work on the new structure, which will cost in the neighborhood of $1,000,000, will be pushed at once, looking forward to an early completion of the building.

THE POST-GRADUATE MEDICAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL.

THE New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital began a new era in the history of that institution on November 30, 1892, by the laying of the corner-stone of their handsome new school and hospital building at Twentieth Street and Second Avenue. For several years the faculty, students, and patients have been badly cramped for space in the old school building at 226 East Twentieth Street, and many patients who applied for treatment had to be turned away for want of accommodations. It is expected that the new building, which is now well under way, will answer all demands made upon both school and hospital.

The new building was designed by Architect William B. Tuthill, is of the modern renaissance, and resembles a large office building. That it is admirably planned for the purposes for which it is intended there can be no doubt. The first story will be built of Indiana limestone, above which the remaining four stories will be of white brick with limestone and terra-cotta trimmings. The hospital will contain one hundred and eighty beds for patients, and room for the two hundred and fifty physicians who are connected with the school as students and faculty to move about and practise without being cramped for room.

The Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital was organized ten years ago, and has proved a most decided success in every particular. Previous to its organization physicians from all over the Americas were flocking to New York for the purpose of getting advanced practice and instruction in surgery and medicine.

Up till that time, however, no provision had been made for the instruction of these seekers after knowledge further than an attempt by one of the medical colleges to inaugurate what they called post-graduate lectures in 1874. The lectures were too few and too far between, however, to be of any practical service to those seeking advanced instruction. The post-graduate faculty of that institution realized this, and on April 4, 1882, they withdrew from that institution and founded the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. They found thousands of practitioners all over the continent hungry for experience advanced beyond what they could get in their regular practice toward mitigating human woe, and from the day the school opened its doors to the present day there have been more applications for membership than could be cared for. It is hoped that with the completion of the new building, which will be ready for occupancy by next September, neither student nor patient will have to be turned away.

It was in this school that the question and advocacy of establishing a national quarantine commission started, and also the idea of a Minister of Public Health, to be added to the cabinet of the President of the United States, originated. Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa is president of the institution.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.



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SECRETARY UNIVERSITY STATE OF NEW YORK.



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A LABOR QUESTION.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"HAMMOND, pay Miss Manly three dollars additional, Saturday night, and until further notice."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Johnson seated himself at his desk, and began opening the morning mail. He was manager of the big firm of Bayard Brothers. Mr. Hammond was his cashier, Miss Manly his stenographer.

Mr. Leslie Johnson had been a poor boy, and had worked himself up by degrees. He appreciated, therefore, the rights of labor and the rewards of industry, and he endeavored to treat his subordinates fairly. He tried also not to favor Miss Manly merely because he loved her. He would have allowed her the same advance under other circumstances, and just as quickly.

But Miss Manly, a bright young lady of twenty, who had never seen any very hard times, was inclined to be a socialist and an agitator of a decided type. She was in sympathy with strikes and labor unions, and favored redistributions of wealth and various other measures of a more or less heretical nature. Mr. Johnson, who had been all over the ground, was diametrically opposed to these opinions. They had argued the matter at length and somewhat warmly at various times.

Just now the Homestead affair was at its height. Miss Manly was full of it; and later in the day, when there was a lull in their work, the question suddenly developed itself in the little office, and straightway there was a battle royal.

Despite their love for each other, these two young people were very firm in their beliefs and vigorous in their expression of them. At the end of half an hour Mr. Johnson retired from the field to avoid a downright quarrel. Pretty Miss Manly was flushed and triumphant. During the rest of the week there was just the slightest trace of coolness between them.

Saturday night came, and with it Miss Manly's increase of salary. Mr. Hammond had left the office earlier than usual, and the young lady was alone with her superior. She approached his desk, her cheeks very red.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, curtly, "I did not consider that our argument had any personal application," and she laid before him three silver dollars.

He hesitated a moment; then he pushed them back a little and turned towards her.

"I believe I do not understand you," he replied, also reddening. "I had spoken to Mr. Hammond before our discussion, if that is what you mean. You surely do not think—that I thought that—that—you were speaking for yourself—did you, Carrie?" he added, gently and pleadingly. "You know I could not think that."

But Miss Carrie was fiery and impetuous, and ready to believe anything for the moment. Her recent victory had not yielded the satisfaction she had expected. She loved Leslie very dearly, and she was all the more inclined to blame him and punish him for their recent estrangement.

"I do not know what to think," she said, sharply; "but I believe you wanted to humiliate me and heap coals of fire on my head because I defeated your arguments;" and she again seized the money, and tossed it down before him with such force that one of the coins rolled from the green cloth into the waste-basket.

Mr. Johnson turned quickly from red to white, and without a moment's hesitation took up the other two and tossed them after their fellow.

Miss Manly's eyes fairly blazed. "So," she cried, stamping her little foot, "you cannot humble me, so you insult me. You take the advantage of your position to victimize me. I am glad I have found you out in time, Mr. Leslie Johnson; and I will say good-night to you, sir, and I trust you will have no difficulty in filling my place—both of my places—Mr. Leslie Johnson."

She flirted out of the little office and was gone. Mr. Johnson sat for some moments pale and half-dazed. Then he leaned his head forward, and sat thinking for a long time, with his face in his hands. By-and-by, while he could yet see to write, he took a pen and wrote a few lines on one of the firm's letter-heads, folded and addressed it, and taking it into the president's private office, laid it conspicuously upon his desk.

It was his resignation.

On Monday morning the office-boy found three silver dollars in the waste-basket.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE YEAR OF AMATEUR SPORT, 1892, will always be remembered as the one in which most remarkable and, up to that time, unheard-of records were made on the bicycle. I say "amateur sport," because it is so accepted by the country, and so placed on record, but it is painful to acknowledge that the definition of amateur must be stretched beyond all recognition to cover the case. The rapidity with which bicycle times have climbed up the record table in the last two or three years has been equalled only by the encroachments of the "amateur" rider on professional methods. The ordinary training used to be sufficient for the racing 'cyclist, but as his speed has increased, his requirements have grown quite beyond anything we ever dreamed would be tolerated in amateur sport, until now, what with the rivalry of large athletic clubs, and the trade competition of manufacturers of the wheel, it is doubtful if there are more than one or two *bona fide* amateurs among that class of 'cyclists known as the racers.

THE NATURAL COMMENT OF THE UNINITIATED READER is, has there been no governing body to take charge of these matters and keep racers in check? There is such a body, called the League of American Wheelmen, and the supposition is that nothing which has gone on in bicycling during the present year has escaped its notice, and that it is familiar with the present status of amateur bicycling. Why it has refrained from legislating on a matter which is so near to the welfare of amateur sport is beyond the comprehension of most observers. There is a theory advanced that it has been fearful of treading on the toes of the several athletic clubs whose support of bicycling has caused a very decided impetus to racing. Whether this be true or not, no one outside the Racing Board can determine; but the fact does remain that amateur bicycling during the past year has grown from bad to worse. It seems almost ridiculous that men who are acknowledgedly touring the country as agents of bicycle manufacturers should be permitted to ride in the amateur ranks. One would think any governing body would have sufficient courage and sufficient appreciation of what the curse means to honest amateurs and their sport to tear off the cloak under which they have been masquerading. However, such is not the case. The League of American Wheelmen certainly understands as well as any one can the present condition of affairs, but it refrains from enforcing even such rulings as it has, and no step has been taken towards forming new laws that would govern the situation.

IN THE LATTER PART OF THE YEAR there had been much discussion as to the feasibility of forming a "makers' class" of bicyclers, and there is even some possibility of such a one being organized. A "makers' class" means that the manufacturers of this country will be permitted to hire the fastest men they can, and send them about the country, riding their wheel at all the amateur meetings. An amateur in sport is one who receives no remuneration, directly or indirectly. The assumption that the material in the "makers' class" would be amateur is farcical. What the new year will bring for bicycling is hard to see. The sport at the present time is in a very precarious condition. Either very decided reformation must take place, or we shall see another year of the same performances as have blackened the last. The situation is absolutely in the hands of the League of American Wheelmen. It remains for them to give us good, clean, honest sport in cycling. Why they should fail to legislate cannot be understood, when it is known that of the twenty odd thousand members in the League of American Wheelmen, the racing 'cyclists are an infinitesimal quantity.

THE FAST RIDING OF THE YEAR began with the departure of A. A. Zimmerman for Europe. Mr. Zimmerman's tour of England was triumphal from first to last. He met all the foreign 'cyclists, defeating them in turn, and establishing new records at almost every effort. There is not the space here to give all his noteworthy rides. On his return to this country, he kept up the remarkably fast riding that had distinguished his European trip, which evidently influenced the other racing 'cyclists, for at once there was instituted a series of record-breaking performances such as will probably never be equalled again.

While we Easterners were priding ourselves on Mr. Zimmerman's work, John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, was quietly putting himself in training on a Western track, and on September 17th, at Independence, Iowa, he began his record-breaking work by placing the one-quarter and one-half mile records from a flying start, at 26⅘ and 55⅕ seconds respectively; and the former supplanted Mr. Zimmerman's 27 seconds, which of itself was 2⅕ seconds better than the fastest quarter-mile on record by Sunol, the famous trotter. Again on the 20th he lowered the one-quarter-mile standing-start record of 31⅕ seconds to 30, and on the same day reduced Zimmerman's 2.08⅘ for the mile to 2.04⅘, also lowering on this flying trip the one-quarter-mile record of 1.36⅘ to 1.34⅘. The next day he made an innovation in 'cycle-racing that had never been attempted. With a running horse as a pace-maker, drawing a sulky with a screen at its rear to keep the wind from him, Johnson rode a mile in the wonderful time of 1.56⅘. This performance was not allowed as a record, but it is given here merely to show of what marvellous speed a man and a bicycle are capable.

Work that is quite as remarkable was that of Willie Windle on the Springfield track, October 7th and 8th. On the first day he rode a mile from a flying start in 2.02⅘. This broke the trotting record of 2.04 made by Nancy Hanks; and on the second day, from a standing start, he covered a mile in the world-record time of 2.05⅘. There were also remarkable times made by one or two other racers, but there is no space here to enlarge upon them.

THE ARRIVAL OF ENGLAND'S MOST SKILFUL racquet-player, Percy Ashworth, was one of the first events in the year's sport. We looked to the match which was arranged between him and B. S. De Garmendia, who is our champion at the game, with much pleasurable anticipation; but our American pride sustained a fall, when in four games our champion was able to get only seventeen points, while Mr. Ashworth secured sixty. The result of this contest proves one of two things—either we have made nothing like the progress at racquets as we have in other sports, or England has outstripped us; because in the early days of the American game, in one or two international matches, the difference in the form of the respective champions was not nearly so great as between Mr. Ashworth and Mr. de Garmendia. Racquets cannot be called a popular game in the United States; and the Englishmen have much the advantage of us in that they have two or three courts to our one. Racquets is more or less universal in England, while here we have not more than a half a dozen courts in the entire country. The game is an expensive one to play, and as it requires the light of day, only those who are favored to a degree by fortune can carry it to a successful issue. However, it is encouraging to note that during the last two years there has been much more general playing than heretofore. The courts of the Racquet Club were formerly the only ones on the Atlantic seaboard, but now there are courts in the Boston Athletic Association and the University Athletic Club of New York; and there is a Philadelphia Racquet Club, and several other clubs throughout the country are intending adding racquets to their athletic curriculum.

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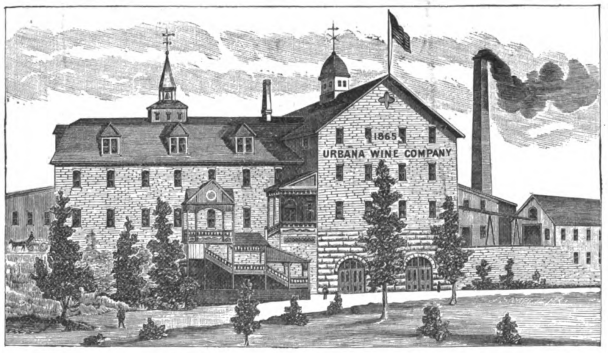
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WITH THE NEW YEAR OF 1892 came both glad and sorrowful tidings. On the one hand, the Board of Control, representing the New York, Coney Island, and Brooklyn Jockey clubs and Monmouth Park Racing Association, issued a notice compelling owners of horses to choose between the large tracks and Guttenburg; on the other was the removal by Governor Hill of Eugene Blackford from the fish commission, after twelve years of service without compensation. The action of the Board of Control was a step toward the elevation of horse-racing, which in the last few years has become a side issue to the book-maker. Horse-racing is commonly called the sport of kings, and so it is; but as we see it carried on in the vicinity of New York it has a businesslike air which puts sport out of all consideration. Of course there will always be a class of men interested in horse-racing for what there is in it. In other words, there are men who, in turf parlance, "play the races." But must the sport be given up entirely to pool-rooms and touts? I am well aware that commenting on this subject is somewhat akin to butting one's head against a stone wall. It is sorrowful to acknowledge, but it is none the less a fact, that 99 per cent. of those who attend the races are attracted solely by the hope of winning dollars rather than seeing sport. At the same time, large influential clubs like the New York Jockey Club and the others can do an infinite amount of good to the sport by giving the better element—the sportsmen—more recognition than they have heretofore enjoyed.

The removal of Mr. Blackford and the appointment of a political henchman was an unhappy precedent for sportsmen to contemplate. The requirements of a fish commissioner are not fulfilled by his ability to control a few votes. The people of this great State are all interested in the protection of our fish and game, and the preservation of what timber land we have left. If Mr. Hill's act is to be taken as the temper of the political machine, we may abandon all hope of saving even a residue of that which the sportsmen, aided by the Protection of Game Association, have saved from the wreck.

THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1892 was something of a disappointment, inasmuch as Louis Rubenstein failed to put in an appearance. Since then it has been announced that he has finally retired. The championship went to George D. Phillips after a very clever exhibition, his nearest rival being J. F. Bacon, a Bostonian, who had not competed in several years, and who showed great improvement on his earlier form. In speed-skating, Joseph Donoghue remained as invincible to the American aspirants as he had to those of Europe, for he won the championship with utmost ease. Since that time he has signified his intention of entering the professional ranks, and at the present writing is in Minneapolis endeavoring to get on a race with some professionals who claim to be the champions in their class. Thus far Donoghue's challenge to the world remains unanswered.

THE ATHLETIC YEAR OPENED VERY AUSPICIOUSLY by the Manhattan Athletic Club following the example of its rival, the New York Athletic Club, in casting out the "amachoor" slugger. For a year or two both these clubs had harmed amateur sport very seriously by harboring so-called amateur boxers, to whom they paid money. While it does not seem to be within the province of an amateur athletic club to hold professional boxing matches, it cannot be denied that the fair and square professional entertainment is much to be preferred to the swindle that had been perpetrated for several years in masquerading professionals as amateurs.

Another step in the interest of amateur sport was the formation, in the very first weeks of the year, of the University Athletic Club. Such a club had often been discussed, and the extent of its influence for good was fully understood. It remained, however, for Harry S. Brooks, George A. Adee, George Walton Green, C. C. Cuyler, and Tracy Harris to bring the project into life. Amateur athletics have grown to such proportions in the last few years, and the stimulus has come from such a variety of sources, that there has been needed some balance-wheel to act as a check on the impetuosity of athletic "managers" who apparently care little for the sport beyond their present interests.

THE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union was not altogether an encouraging affair. It showed what has been preached too frequently in this department to require repetition, that the last few years have brought the "mucker" into entirely too much prominence in competitive athletics. There were too many of them at the in-door games, and their cat-calling and other characteristic exhibitions were very unpleasant features. Of the individual performances, A. H. Green, M.A.C., increased his own world's record pole vault for distance to 26 feet 8¼ inches, while A. P. Schwaner, N.Y.A.C., startled the athletic community by a broad jump of 10 feet 10½ inches, which was not accepted as a record, because his "take off" was from a ledge. Later on, at the games of the New York Athletic Club, Mr. Schwaner succeeded in placing the world's broad jump record to his credit by doing 10 feet 9½ inches, and the standing high jump record, as well, by clearing 5 feet 8½ inches. At these same games J. S. Mitchell raised the world's records with a 16-pound hammer and 56-pound weight by throws of 145 feet ¾ of an inch and 35 feet 6¾ inches respectively; and recently, at the Athletic Carnival of the Press Club, Mr. Mitchell threw the 56-pound weight 4 inches farther, which, while it does not go as a record, shows of what the man is capable. There is no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Mitchell is to-day the greatest hammer and weight thrower in the world.

PROBABLY THE MOST STARTLING athletic event of the year was the running high jump of Sweeney at the October games of the New York Athletic Club. He succeeded in clearing 6 feet 4½ inches, establishing a world's record, and eclipsing that of W. Byrd Page of 6 feet 4 inches, which had stood for several years. Indeed, this high-jump record of Page's had seemed unapproachable. There were hopes a couple of years ago that Fearing of Harvard would negotiate the height at some time, especially after he had done 6 feet 2 inches and a fraction on a board floor; but it remained for Sweeney, who was hardly heard of before this year, to accomplish the great feat.

The Metropolitan out-door championships were no better in athletic performance than the in-door event; in fact, they were rather poor in quality of performance as well as in attendance.

The New York contingent at the Canadian championships was not nearly so large as in previous years, but there were three performances that excelled anything that had ever been done on Canadian soil. Harry Morrell, N.Y.A.C., equalled H. L. Williams, N.Y.A.C., world's record of 15¼ seconds for the 120-yard hurdles; and Harry Jewett, D.A.C., ran the 220-yard flat in 21⅘ seconds; while G. W. Orton, a Canadian, did the mile in 4.21⅘. At the A.A.U. championships, held a week later in New York, it was presumed that Morrell would have the hurdles at his mercy, but a dark horse in the form of F. C. Puffer, who left the N.J.A.C. for the M.A.C., made it in 15⅘ seconds, though, in justice to Morrell, it must be said that he fell in the race. Puffer's time was not accepted as a record on account of the wind at his back. Jewett on this occasion did not repeat his Canadian performance, but he beat Luther Carey in both the 100 and 220, and equalled the world's record of 21⅘ seconds for the latter.

E. Hjertberg, N.J.A.C., early in the year, at Boston, reduced the one-mile in-door record to 4.28⅘ seconds, and E. B. Bloss made a record of 2⅘ seconds for 20 yards, and 4⅘ seconds for 40 yards, and W. S. Rodenbaugh, of the A.C.S.N., made a pole-vault record just before the A.A.U. championship of 11 feet 5⅘ inches, beating Baxter's performance that stood so many years.

George Gray, as usual, made a number of new records. At the Metropolitan in-door games he raised the 20-pound shot record to 38 feet 7½ inches, thus supplanting J. O'Brien's 37 feet. At Travers Island, on June 11th, he put the 12-pound shot 55 feet 2 inches, and the 14-pound shot 51 feet 5½ inches. C. S. Reber's broad-jump record of 23 feet 6½ inches, made in July, '91, at Detroit, seemed in danger when E. W. Goff, M.A.C., in October, at the N.Y.A.C. games, cleared 23 feet 6 inches, but it still stands. On September 17th Goff made the American record, at the running hop, step, and jump, 47 feet 1 inch; the world's record being 48 feet 3 inches. Shearman, M.A.C., who is undoubtedly our best walker, beat his last year's time by doing a mile in 6 minutes 41½ seconds, and lowered the in-door record to 6.44⅘. But none of them have yet touched the time made by "Cinders" (F. P.) Murray, some years ago.

J. P. Lee's 24⅘ seconds for the low hurdles (220 yards) remains untouched, though there were several races finished in time close about 25. In the middle-distance runs, the quarter and the half miles, no athlete was even within hailing distance of the records, though there were a greater number of good men than in any previous year.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS were very successful, and particularly noteworthy in the big improvement made by Yale. Princeton and Columbia made the poorest showing in their career. The scores were: Harvard, 48⅘; Yale, 38; Princeton, 14; Columbia, 10. Yale's improved form in track athletics was shown to better advantage in the dual games with Harvard, when they scored 51 points to 61 of the crimson; in 1891 Yale could score only 27 points to Harvard's 85.

Following the example of Yale and Harvard, Princeton and Columbia held a dual competition in track athletics, the former scoring 70 points to the latter's 42. Games of this kind are so beneficial in developing material, it is not unlikely that several other universities may institute a similar series of contests.

The All-Round Individual Athletic Championship showed very clearly the need of revision in its rules. The entries were not up to previous years, nor were the performances, and Mr. O'Sullivan, who, though a good man, is by no means a champion, won the title.

Two very important occurrences of the athletic year were the downfall of the "amachoor" slugger before the determined onslaught of W. B. Curtis, and the resolution passed by the Amateur Athletic Union prohibiting the reinstating of penitent professional athletes.

Columbia College has not done a great deal in athletics the last few years, and it is to be hoped the opening of their fine new field means a revival of interest. It does not reflect credit on the Columbia undergraduates that they do not support either a 'varsity crew, nine, or eleven.

COLLEGE BASEBALL BEGAN THE YEAR in rather a mixed condition, there being considerable difficulty experienced by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in making mutually satisfactory dates. Harvard had the strongest team from the first, and placed games to their credit with unbroken regularity, until the second and last game with Yale, in which, after a very close contest, they were defeated. While the Yale-Harvard series of two finished with each nine having a game to its credit, Princeton lost two straight games to both of its rivals, but won a third from Yale after the championship had been settled, and the latter team had no occasion to exert itself. The University of Pennsylvania had a very strong nine in the field, and won more games than any other college outside of Brown. The nine of the latter was unquestionably one of the strongest of the year. In common with most of the New England smaller colleges, however, it fails to hold to the amateur lines as closely as the interests of college baseball demand.

A very strong spirit has been growing in the last year or two in college baseball to win regardless of means. A distinct flavor of professionalism has marred the game. There is too much "inducing" in college baseball, and there are too many "rounders" seen on one nine this year and wearing the colors of another college the next. A class of men is getting into the game that will harm it irretrievably unless promptly and effectually shut out. I consider the condition of college baseball as decidedly serious, and unless prompt action is taken this year, there will be some very harmful scandals. This department proposes to ventilate every case harmful to amateur sport.

IN FOOTBALL THE MOST PRONOUNCED FEATURE of the year was the wonderful spread of the game all over the country, and the tremendous improvement in the form of what had been considered more or less insignificant opponents. Probably the most striking example of this was the playing of Cornell's eleven. The team from this university two years ago were unable to keep Harvard from rolling up a score well on towards 80. This year it scored three times on Harvard, and was beaten by only six points. Until last year, when it held Princeton down to a single touch-down and goal, it was scarcely known in football circles. The University of Pennsylvania is another college that made 1892 its most successful football year. But in this case there is no surprise, for teams from the U. of P. have been playing good football for several years. They have always had the material, and this season they had a skilful coach. The result was to be expected, though defeating Princeton the first time in their history was an honor probably that had not been counted on.

REALLY, THE GREAT ADVANCE in play, however, has been made by the smaller universities of the East and the school and college teams West and South. They have taken to the game in a manner that means in a few years we shall not have all the "crack" teams in this part of the country. Our Eastern colleges graduate football-players every year, and wherever they settle they carry the traditions of the game. California has recently had the advantage of having Walter Camp and McClung coach the elevens of the State and the Leland Stanford, Jun., universities. Other Western colleges nearer us are having an equal advantage every season. The demand for football coaches is greatly in excess of the supply. But all this growth of Western and Southern football has been commented upon in very recent issues. Yale finished the season without having been scored on, and made the great record of playing three hard games—the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Princeton—in thirteen days. Harvard put up one of the best games a team from Cambridge ever played; and Princeton, from a great deal of green material, made an eleven that fought a great fight. Harvard and Princeton did not play, but the chances of their meeting in '93 are much brighter.

In rowing Yale put forth a crew that pulled in the best form of any eight ever seen in this country. They ran away from Harvard with as much ease as Cornell did from Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania.

There was some talk of a rowing association between Cornell, Columbia, and U. of P., to hold regattas on the Hudson, but nothing definite was accomplished, I believe.

THE BENCH SHOW of the Westminster Kennel Club was more successful than usual, which is praise enough, and several pronounced victories were won by the home-bred article.

The great events of the spring season, however, were the open-air horse shows of this city and Philadelphia. The idea was a new one with us, but a good one, and the shows are to be permanent yearly features. It is the only salvation for the breeder, for while the autumn show at the Madison Square Garden is a great affair, socially speaking, it does very little, if anything, for the breeder. The open air show may be depended on to be of practical and substantial benefit.

THE TENNIS SEASON DID NOT OPEN very auspiciously at St. Augustine. The usual good entries were wanting, and O. S. Campbell, holder of the title, was abroad, where he remained to within a few weeks of the national tournament at Newport. His play abroad was somewhat disappointing, though probably we had underrated the ability of English players. As the season progressed the play grew in interest, and some of the best tournaments of any year resulted. The surprises at Newport were two young players—Larned, of Cornell, and Wrenn, of Harvard, who succeeded in defeating E. L. Hall and Knapp respectively. Hobart was not in the form of '91, and did not reach the semi-finals. Hovey won the All Comers, but could not defeat Campbell, who successfully defended his title.

Women's tennis developed a surprise, also, in Miss Bessie Moore, who played Miss Cahill very hard for the championship at Philadelphia.

IN YACHTING CHIEF INTEREST was centred in the new 46-footer *Wasp* and the two new schooners, *Alcœa* and *Lawa*. The *Wasp* proved to be a wonder, and carried everything before her, as had the *Gloriana* the previous season. The latter did not approach her '91 form, while the *Beatrix*, under her new name, *Harpoon*, and new ownership, the Adams brothers, bore out the good opinion that had always been held of her in Boston. She outsailed the *Gloriana*, and gave the *Wasp* several close tussles. Of the two new schooners, Mr. Brooks's ran away from the Gardner production every time they met. The *Marguerite*, in her altered form and new dress, sailed better than ever before. *Merlin* won the Goelet Cup, and the *Gracie* seemed to be renewing her youth. *Shamrock* did exceptionally good work in home waters, but was not very successful abroad.

The season wound up fittingly with a challenge from Lord Dunraven to race for the *America's* Cup, which the New York Yacht Club, after some deliberation, accepted on terms that prove the uselessness of the much-discussed new deed of gift.

The International Canoe Cup, held by the New York Canoe Club, was defended successfully from Ford Jones, the Canadian, by E. S. Oxholm in his new canoe, *Glenwood*, which went like a race-horse.

In cricket the Gentlemen of Ireland made a triumphant tour of our cricket centres, defeating all they met, and even made a draw with the Philadelphians, on whom we had depended for the honor of the American game.

Mr. John A. Roosevelt's ice-yacht *Icicle* for the third consecutive time won the championship pennant of the world, making the 20 miles in 46 minutes, 19 seconds, the best time on record, and 10 minutes 41 seconds faster than the previous one.

W. S. O'Connor won the fencing championship by a score of 45.50, Dr. B. F. O'Connor getting 45.09, in a tournament that showed little if any improvement among the rank and file of fencers.

SUFFICIENT TIME HAS ELAPSED since the legal prohibition of spring snipe-shooting on the Long Island coast to form some estimate of its practical results from actual observation. It is a well-known fact that the killing of wild-fowl in the spring, preparatory to the northward flight to their breeding-grounds, has resulted in the almost total extermination of some of the species. This is notably so in the case of the doe-witch, a bird peculiarly susceptible to the allurements of decoy. The average of males to females among wild-fowl is as three to one, or even a larger proportion. The destruction, therefore, of the female during the mating season—a process which is accomplished on their feeding-grounds previous to the northward flight—entails a loss which is most serious. In the light of this the value of a total prohibition of the spring shooting of all migratory fowl cannot be overestimated. Each recurring season since the enactment against killing snipe on Long Island during their spring migration has witnessed a growing increase in the number of these birds. This year, although the lack of rain has been a serious detriment, there have occurred on the eastern Long Island coast several flights of snipe which almost recall the abundance of twenty years ago, notably in the case of small yellow-legs. The practical benefits which have attended the prohibition of spring snipe-shooting, even on so restricted a territory as Long Island, should encourage sportsmen to insist on a similar law in every State traversed by migratory wild-fowl.

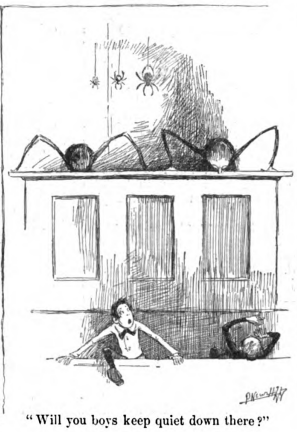
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A FAIR PETITIONER—A SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

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VICTIMS OF THE SPOILS HUNT.

THE Democrats who were elected to Congress on the 8th of November last are at this moment a much to be pitied set of men. Most of them are suffering great distress of mind. It is not so much the tariff question that harasses them, nor the silver problem, nor any other matter of grave public concern, as it is the fact that the Democratic victory in the national election has called forth an innumerable host of Democratic patriots who insist upon serving their country as postmasters. And as with the development of the spoils system the custom has grown up in our government to give to the member of Congress belonging to the party in power the right of selecting and nominating men for the different Federal places, especially the post-offices, in his district, the eyes of all the aspirants are eagerly turned to him as the mighty dispenser of that which to the office-seeker is the most desirable boon on this earth. For it is a remarkable psychological phenomenon that public office, although it has in a great measure ceased to be the mark of honorable distinction it once was, still exercises upon many human souls a charm which nothing else possesses, and is coveted with an ardor and an intensity overshadowing almost all other human desires. Disappointment in the pursuit of office seems to have a peculiarly sharp sting, and the man who, to the office-seeker, appears responsible for that disappointment is but seldom forgiven. This is the sad lot of the member of Congress, who of the many applicants for each post-office in his district can choose only one, and who in choosing that one has to consider not merely the advantages of the gratitude he wins from the favored individual, but still more the possible dangers arising from the many grievances he creates.

The stories that are reaching us through the public papers of the troubles and perplexities tormenting the unfortunate members of Congress, and of their wails of distress, are at the same time ludicrous and melancholy. Here is a statesman loudly complaining that his daily mail has grown to an enormous size, and that he has hardly time to read all the applications for office, and the recommendations and the remonstrances. There is another so overrun by office-hunters and their friends, coming singly or in "delegations," that he can find no time for his meals during the day nor for sleep during the night. There is a third who would be glad to devote some time to preparation for his legislative work, but to whom his office-seeking constituents leave not a moment's rest. There is a fourth, living in a Western State, who has actually found it necessary to "go East," and to conceal his temporary place of abode, in order to escape from the importunities of his "friends," who now demand the reward for the support they have given him and the party. There is a fifth who has tried to relieve himself by announcing, shortly after the election, all the selections he has made, thus warning off all others, but who is now overwhelmed with protests from the disappointed and their friends, and with remonstrances from local leaders who "have not been consulted." And so on.

All these statesmen now bemoan their hard lot, and sigh for some means of relief. And yet many, if not most of them, will resent it as an encroachment upon their dignity and their traditional rights when a simple and obvious method of relief is suggested to them. The fact is that members of Congress, in claiming it as their right or considering it as their duty to designate men for the offices in their districts, are, without any constitutional warrant whatever, arrogating to themselves what is the business of the executive branch of the government. That a member of Congress should take an interest in the working of the official machinery in his district is natural and proper enough; but he should do this only to the extent of seeing to it, as far as he can, that his constituency receive the service to which they are entitled. His responsibility in this respect is that of a watcher, a censor, and of a legislator, as existing evils may be remedied or improvements effected by legislation. For the practical conduct of the service the executive branch of the government is responsible, and appointments to, as well as removals from, office belong to the range of executive function. The member of Congress by claiming the right to demand, or virtually to *make* removals and appointments, relieves the executive department of a part of that responsibility which it should bear alone, and thus *usurps* a power, the exercise of which then becomes the source of his woes.

If the member of Congress wishes to be rid of the torments he now bewails, all he has to do is to stop this usurpation. Congress has only to recognize the fact that its members are simply legislators and nothing else; that as legislators they have as much to do as they can do to perform their whole duty, and that to arrogate to themselves the exercise of functions clearly executive is a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and a perversion of their trust. As soon as this is generally understood the trouble will be at an end. Members of Congress are therefore themselves to blame for their sufferings. Let it not be said that their interference with removals and appointments is necessary because it is from them only that the executive can get trustworthy information upon which to act. This is a mere subterfuge. All that is required to enable the executive to act intelligently is to give it time to act, and the means to gather information. It will have time to act as soon as we stop the scandalous custom of making general changes in office with every change of the party in power, and thus reduce the number of vacancies to be filled to those occurring by death, resignation, disability, or misconduct. It will get the means to gather information by the general introduction of such a system as is provided for in Mr. ANDREW'S bill concerning the appointment of fourth-class postmasters—a measure which should be called "a bill for the gradual emancipation of Congressmen."

The trouble is that there are so many members of Congress who depend upon the patronage to sustain them in public life. That small politicians of poor ability and mean ambition should do so is intelligible. But how public men of large understanding, experience, and self-respect can cling to such a notion we can hardly conceive. If our political history has demonstrated anything, it is that the patronage, the larger it grows, becomes more and more an element, not of strength, but of weakness to political parties as well as to public men. If President HARRISON did not appreciate this before the late election, he certainly appreciates it now. And what Mr. CLEVELAND thinks of it may be concluded from his recent utterance at the Manhattan Club: "Party policy has become the important thing in contradistinction to party spoils. The distribution of party rewards for party action is no longer the mainspring of a political campaign. No party, I care not whether Democratic or Republican, can get the support of the mass of voters by merely promising party rewards for party supremacy. The whole people will be satisfied with nothing less than the redemption of the sacred pledges made to them collectively—the administration of wise policies, and the carrying on of an honest government."

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

IF MR. CLEVELAND'S administration is to accomplish all the good that is expected of it, the relations between the executive and the legislative branches of the government must be harmonious. The House of Representatives at least ought to be in accord with the President. The Senate is in doubt, for although the Republicans will be in a minority, it is far from certain that the Democrats will be in control. The Populists and Farmers' Alliance Senators may hold the balance of power. This would enable the Senate to be organized in accordance with Mr. CLEVELAND'S tariff views, but not in sympathy with his opinions on currency and some other important questions.



SPEAKER CRISP.

So far as regards its executive functions, the Senate is not likely to be fatally obstructive to the President. If Mr. MURPHY should be elected, it may be troublesome, but actual defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND'S main purposes is not within the range of probability. The organization of the Senate is not so vital as that of the House, for the most important legislation will be necessarily initiated in the latter body, as it will relate to the financial condition and needs of the country. If that legislation should be framed by the best and strongest Democrats in the House, the Senate cannot resist it when it goes over for its consideration.

The most important initial matter, then, at the beginning of the administration is the organization of the House of Representatives. The New York "machine" is on trial in the Senatorship contest, but the representative Democrats of the whole country will be on trial in the Speakership contest. It is thoroughly well understood that the organization of this State is not in sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND in his purposes, and it is not absolutely known that the Democratic party was sincere in making Mr. CLEVELAND its candidate. It may have named him because it recognized and yielded to the force of public opinion, or it may have determined to adopt as its own the kind of politics in which the President-elect believes, and which he practises after a manner that greatly distinguishes him from most other public men of his time.

If the Democratic party was sincere at Chicago, if it named Mr. CLEVELAND as its candidate not only in order to succeed in November, but to carry out the policies that Mr. CLEVELAND represents, then the House will be organized in such a manner as to promote those policies, and for this reason the Speakership becomes of the utmost importance.

It may not follow that Mr. CRISP'S re-election to the Speakership will necessarily mean an organization of the House that will be unfriendly to the administration, or that will be weak like the present organization, or that will continue the punishment inflicted by the Speaker on the leading men who voted for Mr. MILLS. It may be that Mr. CRISP'S re-election will indicate a strong and harmonious organization, and that it will be an evidence of the sincerity of the party which gave to the country the opportunity to elect Mr. CLEVELAND President.

It can hardly be said, however, that Mr. CRISP is the one Democratic member of the House of Representatives whom Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends would select for the Speakership. The most important duty of the Speaker is the construction of committees of such a character that the House will be as efficient as its *personnel* will permit, not only in the transaction of its business, but in the transaction of its business in the manner that will best promote the purposes and fulfil the promises of the majority. When Mr. CRISP was chosen Speaker he performed this duty most unsatisfactorily. He refused to reappoint Mr. MILLS chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He declined to name the two BRECKINRIDGES or Mr BYNUM as members of the committee. He departed from precedent by taking away the leadership of the House from the chairman of the committee, and bestowing it upon Mr. CATCHINGS, an unknown and, as it turned out, an unfit man. He placed upon the Ways and Means Committee, in the place of experienced men of recognized ability, old men who had established no place for themselves in the House and new men who had never indicated the possession of any aptness for the special work of the leading committee, whose jurisdiction extends over all questions relating to taxation, revenues, and the public debt. What is true of Mr. CRISP'S organization of the Ways and Means Committee is true, although in a less degree perhaps, of other of the more important committees.

If Mr. CRISP can remedy the error that he committed at the beginning of the present Congress, discard the unworthy and unfit men whom he then put in control of legislation, and organize the House in such a manner that it will be an efficient and sympathetic ally of the Executive, the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND can well afford, in the interest of peace, and for the prevention of friction that may be disastrous, to re-elect the Speaker, and to thus maintain an almost unbroken precedent. It is almost impossible to conceive that Mr. CRISP can assure the earnest and sincere men who are determined to do all in their power to give to Mr. CLEVELAND the co-operation of Congress, that he can and will satisfy the first condition that will command their support. Nevertheless, Mr. CRISP is making the attempt to accomplish this seemingly impossible task, and the friends of the incoming administration are apparently willing to give him a chance. If he does not succeed, it will be their duty—a duty which will doubtless be performed—to select one of their own number, like Mr. W. L. WILSON, as their candidate for the Speakership. And if such a candidate should be named, he would probably be elected Speaker.

BETTER ROADS IN NEW YORK.

IN his message to the State Legislature Governor FLOWER devotes considerable space to the subject of the betterment of the common roads, and he writes with the directness to be expected from a practical man of affairs. He recommends that the principal roads in each county be macadamized as soon as practicable, and suggests that a general law be passed so that each county can do this without materially adding to the burden of taxation. Several years ago Governor HILL recommended the passage of a law under which the State should build and maintain roads across each county in the State. Governor HILL appears to have realized several facts that have escaped Governor FLOWER. The people in the country are not fully aware of the badness of the roads, and of the heavy tax that bad roads entail. And they are generally ignorant on the subject of road-building. In other words, they do not know how badly they need good roads; and if they were aware of this, they would not know how to build better roads than the miserable highways that now impede the commerce of the interior. Mr. HILL argued that good State roads through each county would serve as object-lessons to the people, teaching them at once the value of good highways, and how to build and maintain them. The suggestions of Governor HILL were embodied in a bill

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by Senator RICHARDSON, and this bill was before the last Legislature. Mr. RICHARDSON has announced that he will press the bill at this session, and it is to be hoped, for many reasons, that it will be passed, and be approved by the Executive.

It may be that Governor FLOWER in his message serves notice that he will not approve the RICHARDSON bill if passed, but prefers another measure, by which each county and neighborhood must in this regard work out their own salvation, for he says, "The Legislature cannot make better roads, but it can remove any obstructions to road-improvement which exist in the laws." This statement is only partly true. From the beginning of communal government in this country the roads have suffered more seriously and directly than anything else, and Professor SHALER has expressed the opinion that our communal system breaks down utterly in this matter of the administration of the roads. WASHINGTON saw how this would be in the beginning, and he wrote to PATRICK HENRY, Governor of Virginia, earnestly recommending that the administration of the roads be taken away from the county courts. But the opening of new roads and their location and building have remained in the control of the county authorities in all of the States, and the existing laws and customs have been the outgrowth of that early mistake. If it were true that the purely local authorities were more enlightened now as to the value of good roads, and more skilful in building them, than they were several generations ago, it might be that merely to pass a general law that would enable each county that chose so to do to improve its own roads would be all that is needed. But we doubt whether such a law would go far enough, for we doubt whether many counties would take advantage of it.

In New Jersey, at the request of the people of Union and Essex counties, a kind of local-option road law was passed. So far Union and Essex counties have been the only two to take advantage of the law. In those counties the roads have been improved, and the people rejoice in an unaccustomed prosperity. But the other counties have just as bad roads as formerly, and each spring and autumn the half-loaded wagons of the country people are laboriously dragged through hub-deep mud and mire. To build roads for people who will not build them for themselves may savor of paternalism, and seem objectionable to those who carry the old doctrine of State's rights to its logical conclusion, and think that each individual should make laws for himself, without regard to the interests of others. But even to such as these the building of State roads by general taxation should be robbed of its objections by the fact that the country people are not alone in interest. These roads lead through agricultural districts from town to town and city to city, and these urban people are just as much interested in good roads as the farmers. In England the betterment of the roads was retarded for several generations because the farmers were asked to maintain highways that led from one prosperous town to another. In this country we are today very much in the same condition that England was a century and a half ago, and Governor FLOWER'S suggestions do not seem to lead us away from that condition. The betterment of the great highways of interior communication is a matter of general concern, and should be accomplished through a general or State tax. The roads that are purely local should be left to the local authorities, who, once having seen the advantages of good roads, and learned how to make and maintain them, may be depended on to reform the present inefficient and costly methods.

HOW TO CURE BETTING AT YALE.



THE Congregational clergymen of New Haven, always solicitous for the welfare of Yale College, have recently united in a letter to the Yale faculty asking that body to take steps for the suppression of betting and gambling at the university, especially in connection with college athletics. The faculty is thinking about it, and President DWIGHT has replied to the ministers that if any feasible plan can be devised, action will follow. The correspondence has not been published in full, but it is understood that the clergymen expressed confidence that by "special measures" the faculty could greatly diminish the betting propensity, if not stamp it out altogether. What particular special measures, if any, they had in mind continues to be a matter of speculation. If there were some, the faculty seems not to have accepted them immediately as feasible.

Betting in or out of college is a hard matter to control, and many cures have been devised for it without extirpating the malady. Men bet for three principal reasons—to gain the usufruct of other men's money, to emphasize their opinions, and for the excitement of it. All these inducements appeal to the average college boy. He always needs somebody's money, and is only too happy when he can arrange to have his necessities relieved without expense to his self sacrificing parents. His opinions almost always need to be emphasized, and he is young and does not mind the wear and tear of speculative excitement. He is under even more strenuous temptation to bet than if he were grown up, and of course his powers of resistance are uncultivated and comparatively feeble. It is no wonder that he bets; he does not think it wrong. When he wins, he has spoiled the enemy; when he loses, he comforts himself with the assurance that he has backed his own college anyway, and that he will get his money back next year. Thus buttressed by specious sentiment, he is hard to control. He is too old to be spanked, and if the faculty merely forbids him to bet, the probability is that he will laugh at the faculty, and possibly send a district messenger to the President's house to inquire what odds he is getting.

Nevertheless, there is a way to do it. Faculties generally, and the Yale faculty in particular, have discovered that the way to control the undergraduate is through his affections. They are strong, and they are centred upon athletics. Such misdemeanors as he commits are effectually punished by the restriction of the athletic privileges of his class, and misdemeanors that he has not yet committed are easily averted by threats of restriction. The application of this principle to betting in connection with athletics is for the faculty to say to the undergraduate: "You bet too much, and too conspicuously. Too much money changes hands in plain sight at every ball game and boat-race and football match. We will have you know that we do not run this college for purposes of speculation. This is what we will do: Unless you abate these reprehensible practices we will discharge every coach you have. Mr. COOK shall no longer supervise your crews, nor Mr. CAMP give your football players points. In short, we will endeavor to put you in such a case that the Congregational ministers of New Haven may be as little vexed by your wagerings as the clergy of Cambridge are by the betting of the young men at Harvard."

That is the Yale faculty's effectual remedy for betting on athletics. Individual bettors cannot well be punished; but if the Yale coaches are turned off, the undergraduates will not bet enough to hurt them, either in their principles or in their pockets. If one year's experience does not cure them, give them more. A four years' course of backing uncoached crews and teams should give the most adventurous bettor a lesson that would last him all his life long, and be serviceable to him in any business.

MARRIAGES BY ALDERMEN.



THERE is a strong general impression abroad that there is no nonsense about the Board of Aldermen. By "nonsense" is meant sentimentality, imagination, lack of practical ideas. The popular theory, rooted and grounded in experience of past years, is that the Aldermen of New York believe in conducting their work on strictly business principles, a thesis differing more in spirit than letter from the theories of certain "reformers" whom the Aldermen affect to despise.

An occurrence at a recent meeting of the board goes to confirm this popular impression, to the extent, at least, of demonstrating that there is no nonsense about ex-Alderman O'BEIRNE. That practical man proposed in the board a resolution to petition the Legislature to relieve Aldermen from the duty of performing the marriage ceremony. He adduced as a reason his belief that the people who get married by Aldermen do not approach the municipal Temple of Hymen in a proper frame of mind, and that they are not fit to enter the estate of matrimony. Therefore he, for one, did not wish to be burdened any longer with the responsibility of joining together ladies and gentlemen under these unhappy conditions. Alderman O'BEIRNE did not condescend to explain himself any further. In the absence of such explanation we must look to the facts and draw our own inferences.

Aldermen are not often called upon to marry people elsewhere than in the City Hall, and the great majority of the eager couples who haste to the wedding in that historic, if dingy, edifice are Italians of humblest station. The spectacle of a brown little bride bashfully faring thither, in all her finery of white veil and gay-colored frock, along with an excitable young Tuscan, who usually smokes a cigar to aid him in appearing unconcerned, is familiar to everybody whose ways lead him about the City Hall Park. These blithe young persons go to be married by the Mayor, but that administrative officer is usually too busy administering in general to find time to administer matrimony to his postulants, unless they be of high degree and come in a cab, as the Duchess of Marlborough did. So it comes about that they are turned over to an Alderman. The tendency of Italians to marry, like the "language" once reported by Truthful James, is "frequent and painful and free"; and inasmuch as the marriage fee allowed by statute is not large, and there is great difficulty in getting proper answers to the necessary questions, owing to the unfamiliarity of both brides and bridegrooms with the English language as she is spoke in the City Hall, the practical Alderman easily comes to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle.

It is pleasing to learn that not all Aldermen are so dead to the romanticism of their profession. Mr. Alderman FLYNN, heartily hailed as "Sojer" by his friends, is said to perform seventy-five per cent. of all the marriages in the City Hall, and he did not favor Alderman O'BEIRNE'S resolution. The poetry of the situation appealed to the FLYNN, while the O'BEIRNE sulked in his chair. The great heart and compassionate mind of Alderman FLYNN, specially active heretofore in defending the fortunes of the down-trodden crews of coal-boats, have long been famous in the board of which he is so consecutive, consistent, and conscientious a member. As the high priest of Hymen in the board, he had surely the right to speak for himself and his colleagues rather than Alderman O'BEIRNE, who had had shorter experience, and did not enter at all into the festive spirit of these nuptial occasions.

It is meet and right for Aldermen to preserve all the landmarks, and hold fast to their ancient traditions and prerogatives. If any Alderman wishes to get an act passed by the Legislature relieving him individually from this part of his Aldermanic duties, perhaps nobody will object. But O'BEIRNE'S proposition is unbearable, even from his own stand-point. For although it is doubtless the outcome of the working of his practical mind, yet it plainly traverses the grand old Aldermanic principle never to give up anything that goes with the office, but rather to seek constantly to aggrandize its rights and emoluments. Every now and then we hear an Alderman complaining because the board is shorn of pristine glory. Here was an Alderman who would pull down another watch-tower of his own accord. It is to be hoped that his resolution will be suffered to lapse into the limbo of the mistakes of 1892. But should any one persist in bringing it up again, he should be investigated, and Alderman FLYNN ought to be chairman of the investigating committee.

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CAPTAIN McKAY, OF THE "UMBRIA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

THE "UMBRIA'S" LONG VOYAGE.

THE steamship *Umbria*, of the Cunard Line, finished on the morning of the last day of the year the longest and most exciting voyage in her history. Many of her passengers had shipped on her in the confident hope that they would spend Christmas day at home, and participate with their families in the festivities of that much-cherished holiday-time. When the ship did not arrive two or three days after Christmas, and no news was received of her, there was much public anxiety felt for her welfare, and those who had friends and relatives aboard were more than anxious, for the *Umbria* has only missed once in the last two years landing her passengers on Saturday.

The *Umbria* steamed out of Queenstown Harbor and passed Fastnet Light on her trip here at 5.20 on the afternoon of December 18th. The weather was murky, but there was a fresh breeze, and up to noon of the next day she had steamed 405 miles. Heavy weather was encountered, with frequent hail and snow squalls for the next four days. On the afternoon of December 23d, in latitude 43° 48′ and longitude 57° 17′, or about 125 miles due east of Sable Island, an accident happened to the shaft of the *Umbria*, the mending of which has made Chief Engineer Tomlinson famous. In three days he repaired the shaft, and succeeded in bringing the disabled ship into port on slow speed without outside help. A description of the nature of this break and how it was mended is printed, with explanatory cuts, on page 46 of this paper.

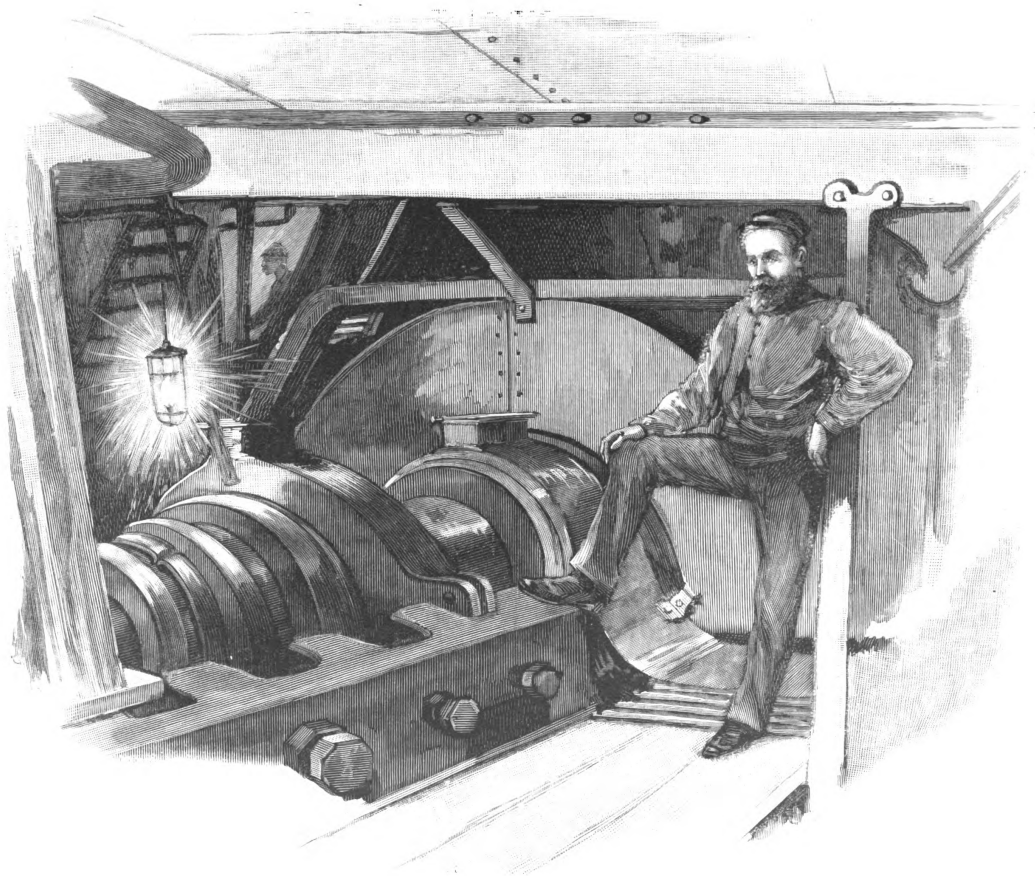
No unusual noise attended the cracking of the shaft, and nobody except the engineer and his assistants knew what had happened, until Captain McKay reported to the gentlemen in the smoking-room the cause of the delay. While the engineer was trying to mend the shaft, the Hamburg-American steamship *Bohemia*, eastward bound, came pitching through the seas, and Captain McKay signalled to her for assistance. After much difficulty a steel towing-hawser was dragged aboard the Hamburg ship and made fast. The *Bohemia* turned to the westward in the teeth of a storm with the Cunarder in tow. The snow was so thick at times that the *Bohemia* was almost invisible from the *Umbria's* bridge. At a quarter before eleven on the night of Christmas eve the hawser snapped, and the *Bohemia* disappeared in the night and the storm. The *Bohemia* had towed the *Umbria* thirty-six miles towards New York. Christmas day the *Umbria* drifted about in a disabled condition, throwing oil on the water and putting out three sea-anchors to steady her. That night the *Galileo*, of the Wilson Line, exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. At noon the next day the tank-steamer *Ocean* passed to the westward.

Later on the big freight-steamer *Manhasset* came in sight, and delayed for something more than an hour, during which time the *Manhasset* learned what was wrong with the *Umbria*. Before anything was done towards going to the assistance of the disabled Cunarder, her sister ship, the *Gallia*, New York to Liverpool, was sighted. Then the *Umbria* signalled to the *Manhasset* to go ahead. The *Gallia* slackened up and exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. What those signals were is only known to the officers of the ships and of the Cunard company. Passengers aboard the *Umbria* were astonished to see the *Gallia* sail on to the east, instead of waiting until the next day to learn the result of the experiment on the shaft.

Among the passengers on the *Umbria* there were a few who were somewhat alarmed at the situation, but the great majority were content in the belief that the captain was one of the best navigators afloat, as well as a cool and experienced officer, and would do all that could be done for the best interests of his ship.

Meanwhile the anxiety of the people on shore was allayed by the arrival of the *Manhasset*, whose captain reported her meeting with the *Umbria*, and testified to the disabled ship's ability to cope with all dangers. The *Galileo* came in next, and brought further reports which eased many hearts. The *Umbria*, after parting with the *Bohemia*, drifted back to about the place where the *Bohemia* had picked her up. There the shaft was repaired, and she slowly made her way into port about midnight, December 30th. The anxious observer at Fire Island sighted the belated ship as she was creeping in. Instantly the news was sent to the mainland, and the good tidings communicated to all who had friends or relatives aboard. On Saturday morning she passed the Narrows, and came up the bay, reaching her pier about ten o'clock, where an immense crowd awaited her, greeting her arrival with cheers of joy.

LAWRENCE TOMLINSON, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE "UMBRIA."



THE SHAFT OF THE "UMBRIA."—DRAWN BY OLIVER HERFORD, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

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AN UP-HILL RACE AT THE ROOSEVELT STREET FERRY.—Drawn by Louis Loeb.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CARD-BOARD BOX.

IN choosing a few typical cases which illustrate the remarkable mental qualities of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have endeavored, as far as possible, to select those which presented the minimum of sensationalism, while offering a fair field for his talents. t is, however, unfortunately, impossible to entirely separate ie sensational from the criminal, and a chronicler is left in ie dilemma that he must either sacrifice details, which are ssential to his statement, and so give a false impression of he problem, or he must use matter which chance, and not hoice, has provided him with. With this short preface I hall turn to my notes of what proved to be a strange, hough a peculiarly terrible, chain of events.

It was a blazing hot day in August. Baker Street was ke an oven, and the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow rick-work of the houses across the road was painful to the ye. It was hard to believe that these were the same walls vhich loomed so gloomily through the fogs of winter. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the ofa, reading and re-reading a letter which he had received by the morning post. For myself, my term of service in ndia had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and a thermometer at ninety was no hardship. But the morning paper was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea. A depleted bank account had caused me to postpone my holiday, and as to my companion, neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of ive millions of people, with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumor or suspicion of unsolved crime. Appreciation of nature found no place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned his mind from the evil-doer of the town to track down his brother of the country.

Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I had tossed aside the barren paper, and leaning back in my chair, I fell into a brown study. Suddenly my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"You are right, Watson," said he. "It does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute."

"Most preposterous!" I exclaimed; and then, suddenly realizing how he had echoed the inmost thought of my soul, I sat up in my chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"What is this, Holmes?" I cried. "This is beyond anything which I could have imagined."

He laughed heartily at my perplexity.

"You remember," said he, "that some little time ago, when I read you the passage in one of Poe's sketches in which a close reasoner follows the unspoken thoughts of his companion, you were inclined to treat the matter as a mere *tour de force* of the author. On my remarking that I was constantly in the habit of doing the same thing, you expressed incredulity."

"Oh, no!"

"Perhaps not with your tongue, my dear Watson, but certainly with your eyebrows. So when I saw you throw down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of breaking into it, as a proof that I had been in rapport with you."

But I was still far from satisfied. "In the example which you read to me," said I, "the reasoner drew his conclusions from the actions of the man whom he observed. If I remember right, he stumbled over a heap of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what clews can I have given you?"

"You do yourself an injustice. The features are given to man as the means by which he shall express his emotions, and yours are faithful servants."

"Do you mean to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features?"

"Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes flashed across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and, of course, your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space, and correspond with Gordon's picture over there."

"You have followed me wonderfully!" I exclaimed.

"So far I could hardly have gone astray. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher's career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the civil war, for I remember your expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When, a moment later, I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the civil war, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clinched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your own old wound and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international questions had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

"Absolutely," said I. "And now that you have explained it, I confess that I am as amazed as before."

"It was very superficial, my dear Watson, I assure you. I should not have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. But I have in my hands here a little problem which may prove to be more difficult of solution than my small essay in thought-reading. Have you observed in the paper a short paragraph referring to the remarkable contents of a packet sent through the post to Miss Susan Cushing, of Cross Street, Croydon?"

"No; I saw nothing."

"Miss Susan Cushing, living at Cross Street, Croydon, has been made the victim of what must be regarded as a peculiarly revolting practical joke, unless some more sinister meaning should prove to be attached to the incident. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon a small packet, wrapped in brown paper, was handed in by the postman. A card-board box was inside, which was filled with coarse salt. On emptying this, Miss Cushing was horrified to find two human ears, apparently quite freshly severed. The box had been sent by parcel post from Belfast upon the morning before. There is no indication as to the sender, and the matter is the more mysterious as Miss Cushing, who is a maiden lady of fifty, has led a most retired life, and has so few acquaintances or correspondents that it is a rare event for her to receive anything through the post. Some years ago, however, when she resided at Penge, she let apartments in her house to three young medical students, whom she was obliged to get rid of on account of their noisy and irregular habits. The police are of opinion that this outrage may have been perpetrated upon Miss Cushing by these youths who owed her a grudge, and who hoped to frighten her by sending her these relics of the dissecting-rooms. Some probability is lent to the theory by the fact that one of these students came from the north of Ireland, and, to the best of Miss Cushing's belief, from Belfast. In the meantime the matter is being actively investigated, Mr. Lestrade, one of the very smartest of our detective officers, being in charge of the case."

"So much for the *Daily Chronicle*," said Holmes, as I finished reading. "Now for our friend Lestrade. I had a note from him this morning, in which he says: 'I think that this case is very much in your line. We have every hope of clearing the matter up, but we find a little difficulty in getting anything to work upon. We have, of course, wired to the Belfast post-office, but a large number of parcels were handed in upon that day, and they have no means of identifying this particular one, or of remembering the sender. The box is a half-pound box of honeydew tobacco, and does not help us in any way. The medical student theory still appears to me to be the most feasible, but if you should have a few hours to spare, I should be very happy to see you out here. I shall be either at the house or in the police station all day.' What say you, Watson? Can you rise superior to the

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heat, and run down to Croydon with me on the off chance of a case for your annals?"

"I was longing for something to do."

"You shall have it, then. Ring for our boots, and tell them to order a cab. I'll be back in a moment, when I have changed my dressing-gown and filled my cigar-case."

A shower of rain fell while we were in the train, and the heat was far less oppressive in Croydon than in town. Holmes had sent on a wire, so that Lestrade, as wiry, as dapper, and as ferretlike as ever, was waiting for us at the station. A walk of five minutes took us to Cross Street, where Miss Cushing resided.

It was a very long street of two-story brick houses, neat and prim, with whitened stone steps and little groups of aproned women gossiping at the doors. Half-way down, Lestrade stopped and tapped at a door, which was opened by a small servant girl. Miss Cushing was sitting in the front room, into which we were ushered. She was a placid-faced woman with large, gentle eyes, and grizzled hair curving down over her temples on each side. A worked antimacassar lay upon her lap, and a basket of colored silks stood upon a stool beside her.

"They are in the out-house, those dreadful things," said she, as Lestrade entered. "I wish that you would take them away altogether."

"So I shall, Miss Cushing. I only kept them here until my friend Mr. Holmes should have seen them in your presence."

"Why in my presence, sir?"

"In case he wished to ask any questions."

"What is the use of asking me questions, when I tell you that I know nothing whatever about it?"

"Quite so, madam," said Holmes, in his soothing way. "I have no doubt that you have been annoyed more than enough already over this business."

"Indeed I have, sir. I am a quiet woman and live a retired life. It is something new for me to see my name in the papers and to find the police in my house. I won't have those things in here, Mr. Lestrade. If you wish to see them you must go to the out-house."

It was a small shed in the narrow garden which ran down behind the house. Lestrade went in and brought out a yellow card-board box, with a piece of brown paper and some string. There was a bench at the edge of the path, and we all sat down while Holmes examined, one by one, the articles which Lestrade handed to him.

"The string is exceedingly interesting," he remarked, holding it up to the light and sniffing at it. "What do you make of this string, Lestrade?"

"It has been tarred."

"Precisely. It is a piece of tarred twine. You have also, no doubt, remarked that Miss Cushing has cut the cord with a scissors, as can be seen by the double fray on each side. This is of importance."

"I cannot see the importance," said Lestrade.

"The importance lies in the fact that the knot is left intact, and that this knot is of a peculiar character."

"It is very neatly tied. I had already made a note to that effect," said Lestrade, complacently.

"So much for the string then," said Holmes, smiling; "now for the box wrapper. Brown paper, with a distinct smell of coffee. What, you did not observe it? I think there can be no doubt of it. Address printed in rather straggling characters: 'Miss S. Cushing, Cross Street, Croydon.' Done with a broad pointed pen, probably a J, and with very inferior ink. The word Croydon has been spelt originally with an i, which has been changed to y. The parcel was directed then by a man—the printing is distinctly masculine—of limited education and unacquainted with the town of Croydon. So far, so good! The box is a yellow, half-pound honeydew box, with nothing distinctive save two thumb-marks at the left bottom corner. It is filled with rough salt of the quality used for preserving hides and other of the coarser commercial purposes. And embedded in it are these very singular inclosures."

He took out the two cars as he spoke, and laying a board across his knees, he examined them minutely, while Lestrade and I, bending forward on each side of him, glanced alternately at these dreadful relics and at the thoughtful, eager face of our companion. Finally he returned them to the box once more, and sat for a while in deep thought.

"You have observed, of course," said he at last, "that the ears are not a pair."

"Yes, I have noticed that. But if this were the practical joke of some students from the dissecting-rooms, it would be as easy for them to send two odd ears as a pair."

"Precisely. But this is not a practical joke."

"You are sure of it?"

"The presumption is strongly against it. Bodies in the dissecting-rooms are injected with preservative fluid. These ears bear no signs of this. They are fresh, too. They have been cut off with a blunt instrument, which would hardly happen if a student had done it. Again, carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the medical mind, certainly not rough salt. I repeat that there is no practical joke here, but that we are investigating a serious crime."

A vague thrill ran through me as I listened to my companion's words and saw the stern gravity which had hardened his features. This brutal preliminary seemed to shadow forth some strange and inexplicable horror in the background. Lestrade, however, shook his head like a man who is only half convinced.

"There are objections to the joke theory, no doubt," said he; "but there are much stronger reasons against the other. We know that this woman has led a most quiet and respectable life at Penge and here for the last twenty years. She has hardly been away from her home for a day during that time. Why on earth, then, should any criminal send her the proofs of his guilt, especially as, unless she is a most consummate actress, she understands quite as little of the matter as we do?"

"That is the problem which we have to solve," Holmes answered, "and for my part I shall set about it by presuming that my reasoning is correct, and that a double murder has been committed. One of these ears is a woman's, small, finely formed, and pierced for an ear-ring. The other is a man's, sunburned, discolored, and also pierced for an ear-ring. These two people are presumably dead, or we should have heard their story before now. To-day is Friday. The packet was posted on Thursday morning. The tragedy, then, occurred on Wednesday or Tuesday, or earlier. If the two people were murdered, who but their murderer would have sent this sign of his work to Miss Cushing? We may take it that the sender of the packet is the man whom we want. But he must have some strong reason for sending Miss Cushing this packet. What reason, then? It must have been to tell her that the deed was done; or to pain her, perhaps. But in that case she knows who it is. Does she know? I doubt it. If she knew, why should she call the police in? She might have buried the ears, and no one would have been the wiser. That is what she would have done if she had wished to shield the criminal. But if she does not wish to shield him she would give his name. There is a tangle here which needs straightening out." He had been talking in a high quick voice, staring blankly up over the garden fence, but now he sprang briskly to his feet and walked towards the house.

"I have a few questions to ask Miss Cushing," said he.

"In that case I may leave you here," said Lestrade, "for I have another small business on hand. I think that I have nothing further to learn from Miss Cushing. You will find me at the police station."

"We shall look in on our way to the train," answered Holmes.

A moment later he and I were back in the front room, where the impassive lady was still quietly working away at her antimacassar. She put it down on her lap as we entered, and looked at us with her frank searching blue eyes.

"I am convinced, sir," she said, "that this matter is a mistake, and that the parcel was never meant for me at all. I have said this several times to the gentleman from Scotland Yard, but he simply laughs at me. I have not an enemy in the world, as far as I know, so why should any one play me such a trick?"

"I am coming to be of the same opinion, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, taking a seat beside her. "I think that it is more than probable—"

He paused, and I was surprised on glancing round to see that he was staring with singular intentness at the lady's profile. Surprise and satisfaction were both for an instant to be read upon his eager face, though when she glanced round to find out the cause of his silence he had become as demure as ever. I stared hard myself at her flat grizzled hair, her trim cap, her little gilt ear-rings, her placid features, but I could see nothing which could account for my companion's evident excitement.

"There were one or two questions—"

"Oh, I am weary of questions!" cried Miss Cushing, impatiently.

"You have two sisters, I believe."

"How could you know that?"

"I observed the very instant that I entered the room that you have a portrait group of three ladies upon the mantelpiece, one of whom is undoubtedly yourself, while the others are so exceedingly like you that there could be no doubt of the relationship."

"Yes, you are quite right. Those are my sisters Sarah and Mary."

"And here at my elbow is another portrait, taken at Liverpool, of your younger sister, in the company of a man who appears to be a steward by his uniform. I observe that she was unmarried at the time."

"You are very quick at observing."

"That is my trade."

"Well, you are quite right. But she was married to Mr. Browner a few days afterwards. He was on the South American line when that was taken, but he was so fond of her that he couldn't abide to leave her for so long, and he got into the Liverpool and London boats."

"Ah, the *Conqueror*, perhaps?"

"No, the *May Day*, when last I heard. Jim came down here to see me once. That was before he broke the pledge. But afterwards he would always take drink when he was ashore, and a little drink would send him stark, staring mad. Ah! it was a bad day that ever he took a glass in his hand again. First he dropped me, and then he quarrelled with Sarah, and now that Mary has stopped writing, we don't know how things are going with them."

It was evident that Miss Cushing had come upon a subject on which she felt very deeply. Like most people who lead a lonely life, she was shy at first, but ended by becoming extremely communicative. She told us many details about her brother-in-law, the steward, and then wandering off on to the subject of her former lodgers, the medical students, she gave us a long account of their delinquencies, with their names and those of their hospitals. Holmes listened attentively to everything, throwing in a question from time to time.

"About your second sister, Sarah," said he. "I wonder, since you are both maiden ladies, that you do not keep house together."

"Ah! you don't know Sarah's temper, or you would wonder no more. I tried it when I came to Croydon, and we kept on until about two months ago, when we had to part. I don't want to say a word against my own sister, but she was always meddlesome and hard to please, was Sarah."

"You say that she quarrelled with your Liverpool relations."

"Yes, and they were the best of friends at one time. Why, she went up there to live just in order to be near them. And now she has no word hard enough for Jim Browner. The last six months that she was here she would speak of nothing but his drinking and his ways. He had caught her meddling, I suspect, and given her a bit of his mind, and that was the start of it."

"Thank you, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Your sister Sarah lives, I think you said, at New Street, Wallington? Good-by, and I am very sorry that you should have been troubled over a case with which, as you say, you have nothing whatever to do."

There was a cab passing as we came out, and Holmes hailed it. "How far to Wallington?" he asked.

"Only about a mile, sir."

"Very good. Jump in, Watson. We must strike while the iron is hot. Simple as the case is, there have been one or two very instructive details in connection with it. Just pull up at a telegraph office as you pass, cabby."

Holmes sent off a short wire, and for the rest of the drive lay back in the cab with his hat tilted over his nose to keep the sun from his face. Our driver pulled up at a house which was not unlike the one which we had just quitted. My companion ordered him to wait, and had his hand upon the knocker, when the door opened, and a grave young gentleman in black, with a very shiny hat, appeared on the step.

"Is Miss Sarah Cushing at home?" asked Holmes.

"Miss Sarah Cushing is extremely ill," said he. "She has been suffering since yesterday from brain symptoms of great severity. As her medical adviser, I cannot possibly take the responsibility of allowing any one to see her. I should recommend you to call again in ten days." He drew on his gloves, closed the door, and marched off down the street.

"Well, if we can't, we can't," said Holmes, cheerfully.

"Perhaps she could not or would not have told you much."

"I did not wish her to tell me anything. I only wanted to look at her. However, I think that I have got all that I want. Drive us to some decent hotel, cabby, where we may have some lunch, and afterwards we shall drop down upon friend Lestrade at the police station."

We had a pleasant little meal together, during which Holmes would talk about nothing but violins, narrating with great exultation how he had purchased his own Stradivarius, which was worth at least five hundred guineas, at a Jew broker's in Tottenham Court Road, for fifty-five shillings. This led him to Paganini, and we sat for an hour over a bottle of claret while he told me anecdote after anecdote of that extraordinary man. The afternoon was far advanced and the hot glare had softened into a mellow glow before we found ourselves at the police station. Lestrade was waiting for us at the door.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Holmes," said he.

"Ha! It is the answer!" He tore it open, glanced his eyes over it, and crumpled it into his pocket. "That's all right," said he.

"Have you found out anything?"

"I have found out everything!"

"What!" Lestrade stared at him in amazement. "You are joking."

"I was never more serious in my life. A shocking crime has been committed, and I think that I have now laid bare every detail of it."

"And the criminal?"

Holmes scribbled a few words upon the back of one of his visiting cards and threw it over to Lestrade.

"That is it," he said; "you cannot effect an arrest until to-morrow night at the earliest. I should prefer that you would not mention my name at all in connection with the case, as I choose to be associated only with those crimes which present some difficulty in their solution. Come on, Watson." We strode off together to the station, leaving Lestrade still staring with a delighted face at the card which Holmes had thrown him.

"The case," said Sherlock Holmes, as we chatted over our cigars that night in our rooms at Baker Street, "is one where, as in the investigations which you have chronicled under the names of the 'Study in Scarlet' and of the 'Sign of Four,' we have been compelled to reason backward from effects to causes. I have written to Lestrade asking him to supply us with the details which are now wanting, and which he will only get after he has secured his man. That he may be safely trusted to do, for although he is absolutely devoid of reason, he is as tenacious as a bulldog when he once understands what he has to do, and indeed it is just this tenacity which has brought him to the top at Scotland Yard."

"Your case is not complete, then?" I asked.

"It is fairly complete in essentials. We know who the author of the revolting business is, although one of the victims still escapes us. Of course you have formed your own conclusions."

"I presume that this Jim Browner, the steward of a Liverpool boat, is the man whom you suspect?"

"Oh! it is more than a suspicion."

"And yet I cannot see anything save very vague indications."

"On the contrary, to my mind, nothing could be more clear. Let me run over the principal steps. We approached the case, you remember, with an absolutely blank mind, which is always an advantage. We had formed no theories. We were simply there to observe and to draw inferences from our observations. What did we see first? A very placid and respectable lady, who seemed quite innocent of any secret, and a portrait which showed me that she had two younger sisters. It instantly flashed across my mind that the box might have been meant for one of these. I set the idea aside as one which could be disproved or confirmed at our leisure. Then we went to the garden, as you remember, and we saw the very singular contents of the little yellow box.

"The string was of the quality which is used by sail-makers aboard ship, and at once a whiff of the sea was perceptible in our investigation. When I observed that the knot was one which is popular with sailors, that the parcel had been posted at a port, and that the male ear was pierced for an ear-ring, which is so much more common among sailors than landsmen, I was quite certain that all the actors in the tragedy were to be found among our seafaring classes.

"When I came to examine the address of the packet I observed that it was to Miss S. Cushing. Now the oldest sister would, of course, be Miss Cushing, and although her initial was 'S.,' it might belong to one of the others as well. In that case we should have to commence our investigation from a fresh basis altogether. I therefore went into the house with the intention of clearing up this point. I was about to assure Miss Cushing that I was convinced that a mistake had been made, when you may remember that I came suddenly to a stop. The fact was that I had just seen something which filled me with surprise, and at the same time narrowed the field of our inquiry immensely.

"As a medical man, you are aware, Watson, that there is no part of the body which varies so much as the human ear. Each ear is, as a rule, quite distinctive, and differs from all other ones. In last year's *Anthropological Journal* you will find two short monographs from my pen upon the subject. I had, therefore, examined the ears in the box with the eyes of an expert, and had carefully noted their anatomical peculiarities. Imagine my surprise, then, when, on looking at Miss Cushing, I perceived that her ear corresponded exactly with the female ear which I had just inspected. The matter was entirely beyond coincidence. There was the same shortening of the pinna, the same broad curve of the upper lobe, the same convolution of the inner cartilage. In all essentials it was the same ear.

"Of course I at once saw the enormous importance of the observation. It was evident that the victim was a blood relation, and probably a very close one. I began to talk to her about her family, and you remember that she at once gave us some exceedingly valuable details.

"In the first place, her sister's name was Sarah, and her address had, until recently, been the same, so that it was quite obvious how the mistake had occurred, and whom the packet was meant for. Then we heard of this steward, married to the third sister, and learned that he had at one time been so intimate with Miss Sarah that she had actually gone up to Liverpool to be near the Browners, but a quarrel had afterwards divided them. This quarrel had put a stop to all communications for some months, so that if Browner had occasion to address a packet to Miss Sarah, he would undoubtedly have done so to her old address.

"And now the matter had begun to straighten itself out wonderfully. We had learned of the existence of this steward, an impulsive man of strong passions—you remember that he threw up what must have been a very superior berth.

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in order to be nearer to his wife—subject, too, to occasional *fits* of hard drinking. We had reason to believe that his wife had been murdered, and that a man—presumably a seafaring man—had been murdered at the same time. Jealousy, of course, at once suggests itself as the motive for the crime. And why should these proofs of the deed be sent to Miss Sarah Cushing? Probably because during her residence in Liverpool she had some hand in bringing about the events which led to the tragedy. You will observe that this line of boats calls at Belfast, Dublin, and Waterford; so that, presuming that Browner had committed the deed, and had embarked at once upon his steamer, the *May Day*, Belfast would be the first place at which he could post his terrible packet.

"A second solution was at this stage obviously possible, and although I thought it exceedingly unlikely, I was determined to elucidate it before going further. An unsuccessful lover might have killed Mr. and Mrs. Browner, and the male ear might have belonged to the husband. There were many grave objections to this theory, but it was conceivable. I therefore sent off a telegram to my friend Algar, of the Liverpool force, and asked him to find out if Mrs. Browner were at home, and if Browner had departed in the *May Day*. Then we went on to Wallington to visit Miss Sarah.

"I was curious, in the first place, to see how far the family ear had been reproduced in her. Then, of course, she might give us very important information, but I was not sanguine that she would. She must have heard of the business the day before, since all Croydon was ringing with it, and she alone could have understood whom the packet was meant for. If she had been willing to help justice she would probably have communicated with the police already. However, it was clearly our duty to see her, so we went. We found that the news of the arrival of the packet—for her illness dated from that time—had such an effect upon her as to bring on brain fever. It was clearer than ever that she understood its full significance, but equally clear that we should have to wait some time for any assistance from her.

"However, we were really independent of her help. Our answers were waiting for us at the police station, where I had directed Algar to send them. Nothing could be more conclusive. Mrs. Browner's house had been closed for more than three days, and the neighbors were of opinion that she had gone South to see her relatives. It had been ascertained at the shipping offices that Browner had left aboard of the *May Day*, and I calculate that she is due in the Thames to-morrow night. When he arrives he will be met by the obtuse but resolute Lestrade, and I have no doubt that we shall have all our details filled in."

Sherlock Holmes was not disappointed in his expectations. Two days later he received a bulky envelope, which contained a short note from the detective, and a type-written document which covered several pages of foolscap.

"Lestrade has got him all right," said Holmes, glancing up at me. "Perhaps it would interest you to hear what he says."

"MY DEAR MR. HOLMES,—In accordance with the scheme which we had formed in order to test our theories"—"the 'we' is rather fine, Watson, is it not?"—"I went down to the Albert Dock yesterday at 6 P.M., and boarded the ss. *May Day*, belonging to the Liverpool, Dublin, and London Steam Packet Company. On inquiry, I found that there was a steward on board of the name of James Browner, and that he had acted during the voyage in such an extraordinary manner that the captain had been compelled to relieve him of his duties. On descending to his berth, I found him seated upon a chest, with his head sunk upon his hands, rocking himself to and fro. He is a big, powerful chap, clean-shaven, and very swarthy—something like Aldridge, who helped us in the bogus laundry affair. He jumped up when he heard my business, and I had my whistle to my lips to call a couple of river police, who were round the corner, but he seemed to have no heart in him, and he held out his hands quietly enough for the darbies. We brought him along to the cells, and his box as well, for we thought there might be something incriminating; but, bar a big sharp knife, such as most sailors have, we got nothing for our trouble. However, we find that we shall want no more evidence, for, on being brought before the inspector at the station, he asked leave to make a statement, which was, of course, taken down, just as he made it, by our short-hand man. We had three copies type-written, one of which I inclose. The affair proves, as I always thought it would, to be an extremely simple one, but I am obliged to you for assisting me in my investigation. With kind regards, yours very truly, G. LESTRADE."

"Hum! The investigation really was a very simple one," remarked Holmes; "but I don't think it struck him in that light when he first called us in. However, let us see what Jim Browner has to say for himself. This is his statement, as made before Inspector Montgomery at the Shadwell Police Station, and it has the advantage of being verbatim:

"Have I anything to say? Yes, I have a deal to say. I have to make a clean breast of it all. You can hang me, or you can leave me alone. I don't care a plug which you do. I tell you I've not shut an eye in sleep since I did it, and I don't believe I ever will again until I get past all waking. Sometimes it's his face, but most generally it's hers. I'm never without one or the other before me. He looks frowning and black like, but she has a kind o' surprise upon her face. Ay, the white lamb, she might well be surprised when she read death on a face that had seldom looked anything but love upon her before.

"But it was Sarah's fault, and may the curse of a broken man put a blight on her and set the blood rotting in her veins! It's not that I want to clear myself. I know that I went back to drink, like the beast that I was. But she would have forgiven me; she would have stuck as close to me as a rope to a block if that woman had never darkened our door. For Sarah Cushing loved me—that's the root of the business—she loved me, until all her love turned to poisonous hate when she knew that I thought more of my wife's foot-mark in the mud than I did of her whole body and soul.

"There were three sisters altogether. The old one was just a good woman, the second was a devil, and the third was an angel. Sarah was thirty-three and Mary was twenty-nine when I married. We were just as happy as the day was long when we set up house together, and in all Liverpool there was no better woman than my Mary. And then we asked Sarah up for a week, and the week grew into a month, and one thing led to another until she was just one of ourselves.

"I was blue-ribbon at that time, and we were putting a little money by, and all was as bright as a new dollar. My God! Whoever would have thought that it could have come to this? Whoever would have dreamed it?

"I used to be home for the week-ends very often, and sometimes, if the ship was held back for cargo, I would have a whole week at a time, and in this way I saw a deal of my sister-in-law Sarah. She was a fine tall woman, black and quick and fierce, with a proud way of carrying her head, and a glint from her eye like the spark from a flint. But when little Mary was there I had never a thought for her, and that I swear as I hope for God's mercy.

"It had seemed to me sometimes that she liked to be alone with me, or to coax me out for a walk with her, but I had never thought anything of that. But one evening my eyes were opened. I had come up from the ship, and found my wife out, but Sarah at home. 'Where's Mary?' I asked. 'Oh, she has gone to pay some accounts.' I was impatient, and paced up and down the room. 'Can't you be happy for five minutes without Mary, Jim?' says she. 'It's a bad compliment to me that you can't be contented with my society for so short a time.' 'That's all right, my lass,' said I, putting out my hand towards her in a kindly way, but she had it in both hers in an instant, and they burned as if they were in a fever. I looked into her eyes, and I read it all there. There was no need for her to speak, nor for me either. I frowned and drew my hand away. Then she stood by my side in silence for a bit, and then put up her hand and patted me on the shoulder. 'Steady old Jim!' said she; and, with a mocking laugh, she ran out of the room.

"Well, from that time Sarah hated me with her whole heart and soul, and she is a woman who can hate, too. I was a fool to let her go on biding with us—a besotted fool—but I never said a word to Mary, for I knew it would grieve her. Things went on much as before, but after a time I began to find that there was a bit of a change in Mary herself. She had always been so trusting and so innocent, but now she became queer and suspicious, wanting to know where I had been and what I had been doing, and whom my letters were from, and what I had in my pockets, and a thousand such follies. Day by day she grew quecrer and more irritable, and we had causeless rows about nothing. I was fairly puzzled by it all. Sarah avoided me now, but she and Mary were just inseparable. I can see now how she was plotting and scheming and poisoning my wife's mind against me, but I was such a blind beetle that I could not understand it at the time. Then I broke my blue-ribbon and began to drink again, but I think I should not have done it if Mary had been the same as ever. She had some reason to be disgusted with me now, and the gap between us began to be wider and wider. And then this Alec Fairbairn chipped in, and things became a thousand times blacker.

"It was to see Sarah that he came to my house first, but soon it was to see us, for he was a man with winning ways, and he made friends wherever he went. He was a dashing, swaggering chap, smart and curled, who had seen half the world, and could talk of what he had seen. He was good company, I won't deny it, and he had wonderful polite ways with him for a sailor man, so that I think there must have been a time when he knew more of the poop than the forecastle. For a month he was in and out of my house, and never once did it cross my mind that harm might come of his soft, tricky ways. And then at last something made me suspect, and from that day my peace was gone forever.

"It was only a little thing, too. I had come into the parlor unexpected, and as I walked in at the door I saw a light of welcome on my wife's face. But as she saw who it was it faded again, and she turned away with a look of disappointment. That was enough for me. There was no one but Alec Fairbairn whose step she could have mistaken for mine. If I could have seen him then I should have killed him, for I have always been like a madman when my temper gets loose. Mary saw the devil's light in my eyes, and she ran forward with her hands on my sleeve. 'Don't, Jim, don't!' says she. 'Where's Sarah?' I asked. 'In the kitchen,' says she. 'Sarah,' says I, as I went in, 'this man Fairbairn is never to darken my door again.' 'Why not?' says she. 'Because I order it.' 'Oh!' says she, 'if my friends are not good enough for this house, then I am not good enough for it either.' 'You can do what you like,' says I, 'but if Fairbairn shows his face here again, I'll send you one of his ears for a keepsake.' She was frightened by my face, I think, for she never answered a word, and the same evening she left my house.

"Well, I don't know now whether it was pure deviltry on the part of this woman, or whether she thought that she could turn me against my wife by encouraging her to misbehave. Anyway, she took a house just two streets off, and let lodgings to sailors. Fairbairn used to stay there, and Mary would go round to have tea with her sister and him. How often she went I don't know, but I followed her one day, and as I broke in at the door, Fairbairn got away over the back garden wall, like the cowardly skunk that he was. I swore to my wife that I would kill her if I found her in his company again, and I led her back with me sobbing and trembling, and as white as a piece of paper. There was no trace of love between us any longer. I could see that she hated me and feared me, and when the thought of it drove me to drink, then she despised me as well.

"Well, Sarah found that she could not make a living in Liverpool, so she went back, as I understand, to live with her sister in Croydon, and things jogged on much the same as ever at home. And then came this last week and all the misery and ruin.

"It was in this way. We had gone on the *May Day* for a round voyage of seven days, but a hogshead got loose and started one of our plates, so that we had to put back into port for twelve hours. I left the ship and came home, thinking what a surprise it would be for my wife, and hoping that maybe she would be glad to see me so soon. The thought was in my head as I turned into my own street, and at that moment a cab passed me, and there she was, sitting by the side of Fairbairn, the two chatting and laughing, with never a thought for me as I stood watching them.

"I tell you, and I give you my word on it, that from that moment I was not my own master, and it is all like a dim dream when I look back on it. I had been drinking hard of late, and the two things together fairly turned my brain. There's something throbbing in my head now, like a docker's hammer, but that morning I seemed to have all Niagara whizzing and buzzing in my ears.

"Well, I took to my heels, and I ran after the cab. I had a heavy oak stick in my hand, and I tell you that I saw red from the first; but as I ran I got cunning too, and hung back a little to see them without being seen. They pulled up soon at the railway station. There was a good crowd round the booking-office, so I got quite close to them without being seen. They took tickets for New Brighton. So did I, but I got in three carriages behind them. When we reached it they walked along the Parade, and I was never more than a hundred yards from them. At last I saw them hire a boat and start for a row, for it was a very hot day, and they thought, no doubt, that it would be cooler on the water.

"It was just as if they had been given into my hands. There was a bit of a haze, and you could not see more than a few hundred yards. I hired a boat for myself, and I pulled after them. I could see the blur of their craft, but they were going nearly as fast as I, and they must have been a long mile from the shore before I caught them up. The haze was like a curtain all round us, and there were we three in the middle of it. My God! Shall I ever forget their faces when they saw who was in the boat that was closing in upon them? She screamed out. He swore like a madman, and jabbed at me with an oar, for he must have seen death in my eyes. I got past it, and got one in with my stick that crushed his head like an egg. I would have spared her, perhaps, for all my madness, but she threw her arms round him, crying out to him, and calling him 'Alec.' I struck again, and she lay stretched beside him. I was like a wild beast then that had tasted blood. If Sarah had been there, by the Lord, she should have joined them. I pulled out my knife, and—well, there! I've said enough. It gave me a kind of savage joy when I thought how Sarah would feel when she had such signs as these of what her meddling had brought about. Then I tied the bodies into the boat, stove a plank, and stood by until they had sunk. I knew very well that the owner would think that they had lost their bearings in the haze, and had drifted off out to sea. I cleaned myself up, got back to land, and joined my ship without a soul having a suspicion of what had passed. That night I made up the packet for Sarah Cushing, and next day I sent it from Belfast.

"There you have the whole truth of it. You can hang me, or do what you like with me, but you cannot punish me as I have been punished already. I cannot shut my eyes but I see those two faces staring at me—staring at me as they stared when my boat broke through the haze. I killed them quick, but they are killing me slow; and if I have another night of it I shall be either mad or dead before morning. You won't put me alone into a cell, sir? For pity's sake don't, and may you be treated in your day of agony as you treat me now."

"What is the meaning of it, Watson?" said Holmes, solemnly, as he laid down the paper. "What object is served by this circle of misery and violence and fear? It must tend to some end, or else our universe is ruled by chance, which is unthinkable. But what end? There is the great standing perennial problem to which human reason is as far from an answer as ever."

THE SENATOR'S VISITOR.

THERE are some fictions concerning the Capitol at Washington. Among them is one that the woman lobbyist is a power, and that her wiles and arts are successfully employed on the most eminent statesmen in Congress.

It is true that there are women lobbyists, and that some of them years ago were eminently successful. There is nothing, however, so false as the idea that the woman lobbyist is a frequent spectacle, or that she has now any influence whatever on Congressmen or on legislation. The average Congressman is a respectable and self-respecting man. It must be borne in mind that most members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate come from rural communities, and, as a rule, no man can be chosen from a rural community to a respectable public position who does not, at least apparently, walk in the paths of propriety. It may be that his reputation is false, but he is intent on preserving it, at all events, and consequently "it would not do," in the language of those who understand the full value of propriety, for a man who counts on continuing to receive the favors of a rural constituency to be seen very often in conversation with a professional woman lobbyist. Nor would the subject on which she desired to converse with him be likely to interest him if he were a man of position and character. No one who is in the habit of doing business with the national legislature, or whose affairs are of sufficient importance to demand caution and intelligence in their transaction, would employ a woman lobbyist. The first friend he met, if he had no local attorney, would warn him off. Sometimes a poor, broken-down, wronged, and inexperienced claimant, with justice on his side, and with a story of wrongs received from the red-tape system prevalent in Washington, will fall into the hands of the fair harpie, who will rob him of his spare cash, and leave him stranded and disappointed; for if anything beyond the natural indifference of Congressmen is needed to defeat a just claim, it is the effort of a woman lobbyist.

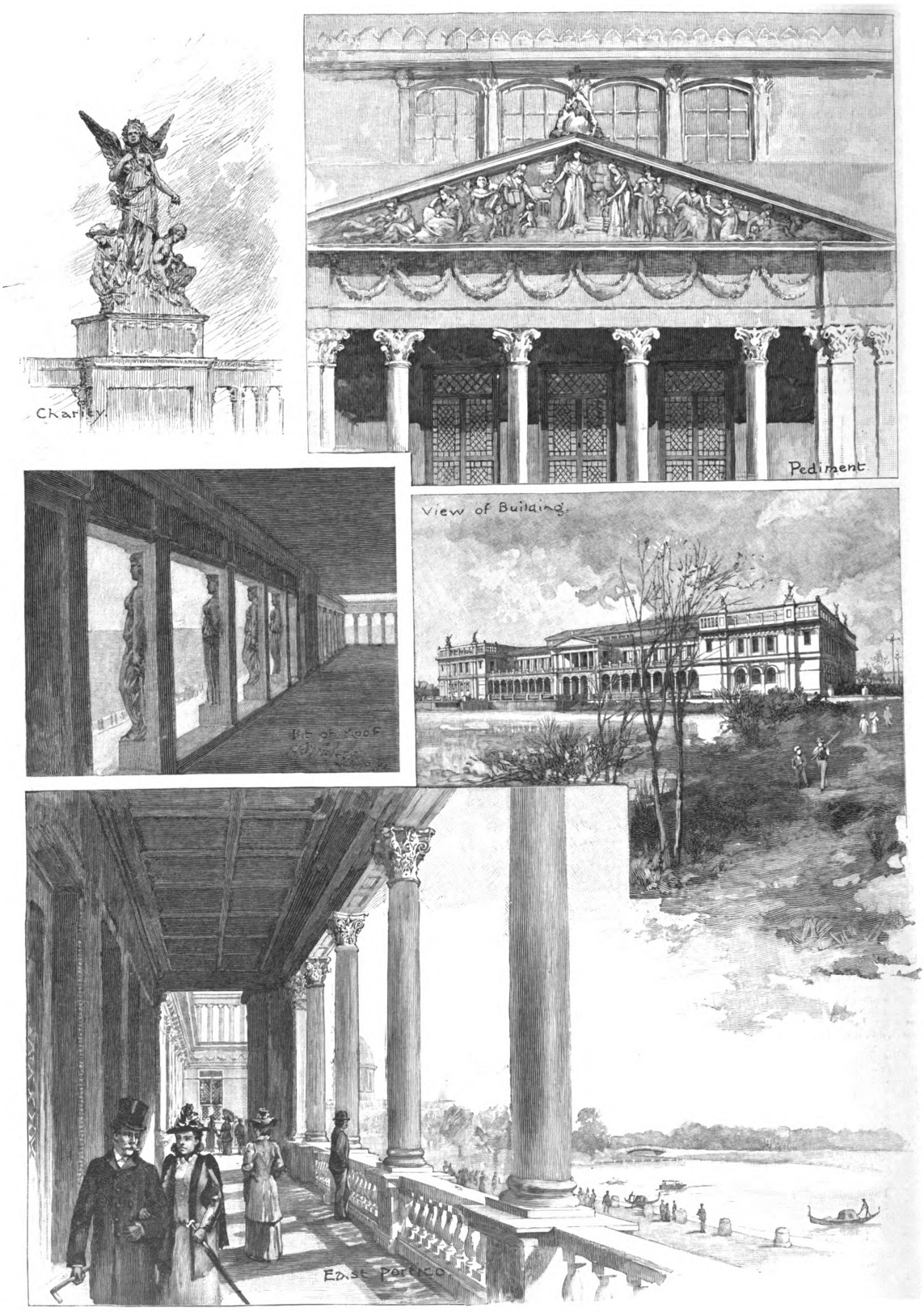
The days of great vice have gone by in Washington. The raids on the Treasury are not now so vilely corrupt as they were in the years just after the war, when "claims" rose up with almost as much spontaneity as armies did in the sixties. In those few years the lobbyist, man and woman, reaped the harvest of corruption; but nearly twenty years ago that harvest fell, and Congressional committee-rooms and the lobby of the House and Senate have only furnished forth a pitiful after-math, not at all satisfying to the voracious appetites that are drawn to Washington by the romantic traditions of large fees that have lingered about the Congressional halls since the old days when historic scandal-makers were bold enough to celebrate their victories on the floor by champagne suppers in the committee-rooms.

The woman whom Mr. Reinhart has pictured is just as likely as not to be one of the Senator's constituents, or a claimant, or seeker for bread through government employment. There is no counting the number of people who drift to Washington to procure the payment of old debts that the government owes them, or who hope to be able to procure employment through distant friendship with some one who is prominent, and who, perhaps, has none of the right kind of influence. There is a very pathetic side to political prominence, and hardly a day passes on which a Congressman does not have to listen to the pleading of a poor woman, perhaps the widow or daughter of a man who served his country all his life, dying rich in honors and poor in purse, or perhaps the widow or orphan of a Southern Union man, who remained loyal in trying times, and whose property was confiscated by the armies of his own cause. If she does not want to collect a debt, she may be asking for a place which cannot be given except through successful competition in a much-dreaded examination of the Civil Service Commission.

And of the particular Senator whose portrait is given it may be said with certainty that his patience is not lent to the adventurer lobbyist, but is always at the service of the pleader for justice or for a means of livelihood.

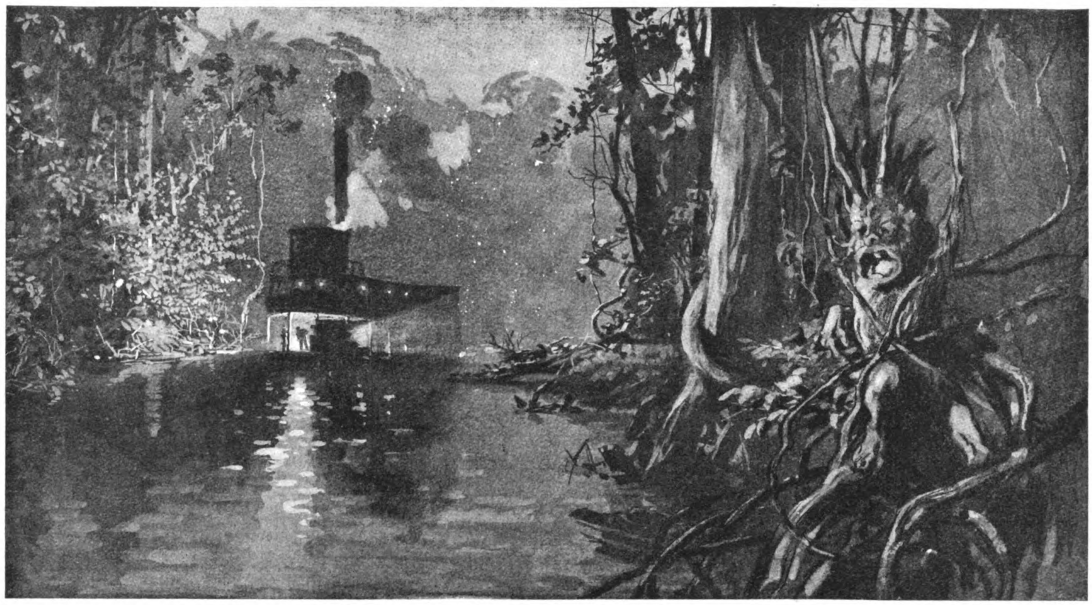
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

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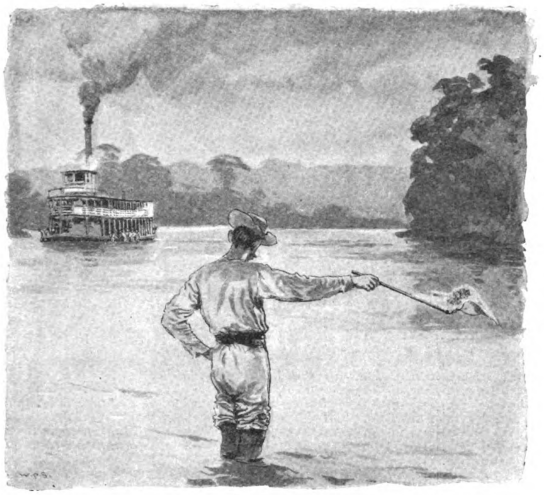


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

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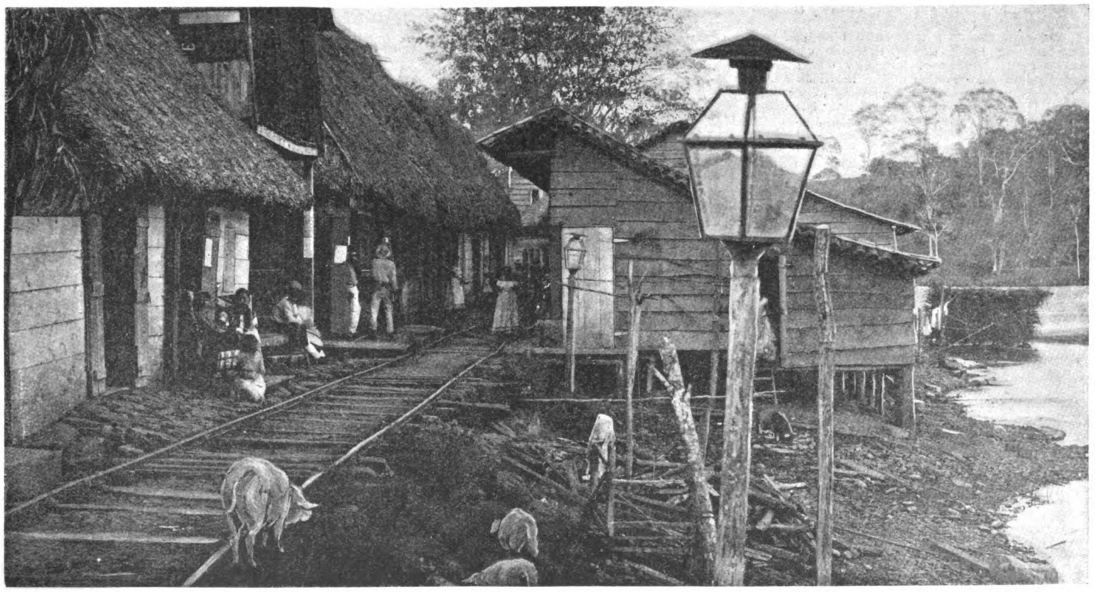
"HUGE STICKS OF WOOD ARE THROWN INTO THE FURNACE, WHICH EMITS A SHOWER OF BRILLIANT SPARKS. THESE SCINTILLATE LIKE DANCING FIRE FLIES, AND LIGHT UP THE DEEP SHADOWS WHERE THE WATER ENDS AND THE FOREST BEGINS."



"THE DIGNIFIED CAPTAIN, WITH TROUSERS WELL ABOVE THE KNEES, MARCHES AHEAD IN SEARCH OF DEEPER WATER."



"SUCH A HETEROGENEOUS MASS OF HUMANITY ONE SEES IN CENTRAL AMERICA NO OTHER SECTION OF THE HABITABLE GLOBE."



"THEY PRAY MORNING AND EVENING—REVERENTLY BEND THE KNEE AT THE SOUND OF THE ANGELUS BELL—AND CANNOT BE PERSUADED, FOR LOVE OR MONEY, TO TASTE A MORSEL OF MEAT ON FRIDAY."

UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.—[See Page 34.]

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UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN., (LATE) U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY W. P. SNYDER, AND A PHOTOGRAPH.

AMONG the many rivers draining Nicaragua's dense wilderness the San Juan is by far the most important, for in its swirling deeps and sun-gilt shallows lies the "secret of the strait." No survey has even dared suggest its elimination from the mighty problem of piercing the isthmus; indeed, the control of Lake Nicaragua and its great outlet is considered the key to the situation.

Is it strange, then, that the wondrous beauties of this stream, flowing out of the purple peaks of Ometepe and Madera, should have proved a will-o'-the-wisp to the hardy adventurers of old Spain; that the great Columbus himself should have been the first to look upon its dazzling waters, and even the world-famed Nelson, under the ramparts of Castillo, should have sacrificed that eye which made history for England at the battle of Copenhagen?

As early as 1551, when the mysterious passage claimed by the Indians to extend from ocean to ocean was found to be only a dream of enthusiasts, Gomara pronounced the San Juan the only feasible route across the American isthmus. Twice since his day has this stream borne upon its bosom the rich commerce of the world; and "the time is close at hand," says the American Geographical Society, "when this great river shall be white with sails and alive with the throbbing propellers of a mighty traffic."

Historic reminiscences, which often drive one from the beaten paths of a chronicler into the realms of fancy, have caused me to drift away from my theme—a certain red-letter day in the annals of the last expedition across the isthmus. Orders had been issued the previous evening that the steamer *Mariposa*, of the Compañia de Mala y Navegacion, would transfer the engineers to their different stations along the river-bank. Eight o'clock was the hour arranged for a start, but long before daylight the metallic throat of our transport began to shriek itself hoarse, disturbing even the tropical mosquito at his morning repast. As all roads were said to lead to Rome, so did all streets converge at the single wharf in Greytown. It was, indeed, a veritable holiday to the simple-minded natives, for from every quarter of the village hundreds were hurrying to the water-front. And a motley gathering it was.

The dark handsome fellow you see standing in the shadow of the warehouse is a typical descendant of the indigenous race the Spaniards first encountered in Nicaragua. His low-cut flannel shirt and white trousers, held at the waist by a scarlet sash, through which a keen-edged machete is carelessly stuck, make a pleasing combination. Take him all in all, the fellow is not unpicturesque. But why that towel around his head? you ask. This answers a multitude of purposes, and any one of them would destroy the romance with which you are already beginning to clothe him. Possibly he had a touch of *calentura* (fever) last night, and still feels a trifle "light about the head"; he may expect an increase of mosquitoes toward noon; or he has a long journey to perform, and will find his face bathed in perspiration before travelling many miles.

Beside the individual in question is an exquisitely formed Indian girl. The perfect symmetry of her figure has not been marred by the barbarous "stays" of civilization, as is shown by an immaculate chemise falling negligently from one shoulder. This garment is rather an exaggerated type of the décolleté gown—only a trifle more pronounced, however, than one may see any opera night in New York. Her dark skin has a deep tinge in the cheeks, faintly suggesting a luscious mango. If there be a fault in the face, it is revealed by a pair of soft sensuous lips, indicating a passionate and voluptuous nature.

Such are the types I like to regard as ideal Nicaraguans, and would that my picture could end here! It is a painfully self-evident fact, however, that the European trader and Jamaica negro were once welcome visitors on this coast—at least to a part of the population—for the faces of a small family of nine near by show complexions of every conceivable hue, from pale amber to dark coffee-color.

The steamer now sounds a long shrill blast, and passengers are rushing helter-skelter over the gangway. Such a heterogeneous mass of humanity one sees in Central America no other section of the habitable globe. When the Nicaraguan female "goes abroad," as a trip to the interior is facetiously termed, there is little left under the parental roof. Here comes Señorita Conchita, followed by a bare-legged young brother, with a couple of green parrots biting viciously at every one within range of their beaks. Another, and a still younger relative, clad only in the garments donated by generous nature, drags along a howling white-faced monkey, with a voice like an ungreased cart-wheel. Still another is the bearer of her food and sleeping paraphernalia; for you literally "take up your bed and walk in these latitudes," the steamers furnishing transportation only, and you are fortunate to secure that when most needed. In the rear of the procession ambles a fat señora carrying in her arms certain household articles which in other and more enlightened countries are generally left at home. And of the *Mariposa*, what shall I say? She is an old Mississippi River double-decker, of the stern-wheel type, about as speedy as a slow swimmer, and looks as though the fire of the entire Federal battery had been concentrated upon her during the late war.

At last the piratical-looking *capitan* shouts the long-anticipated "A bordo!" (all aboard!), the little *Mariposa* backs out into the stream, and an itinerant photographer takes a farewell snap.

"May de good Lo'd watch ober yous, my chil'un, w'en you gits in de bush!" exclaims our old Jamaica washerwoman, as the steamer puffs for a second in mid-stream, and then pauses for breath to stem the strong current.

Running through the delta of the lower San Juan, the river shows little more than a wide expanse of low marsh on either side. Indeed, mariners claim that they often miss the entrance to Greytown Harbor, which is only a narrow opening in a long stretch of sandy coast. Upon a clear day, however, the blue mountains of the Mosquito Reservation extend to the northward as far as the eyes can reach, while the lofty peaks of the twin Costa Rican volcanoes seem to touch the clear tropic sky to the westward.

The steamer glides through the water, but that sapphire hue is lost as we turn the first bend in the river. Suddenly the throbbing of the engine ceases, and the *Mariposa* rests tranquilly upon the crest of a soft mud bank. The engineers rush excitedly from stem to stern, but the natives are thoroughly unconcerned. It is evidently an old story with them, for the rainy season has just set in, and the river has not yet had time to swell from the winter floods. Soon a score or more of stalwart blacks, with a wild Comanche yell, plunge into the water, which is only a few inches deep, and put their lusty shoulders to the vessel's side. The dignified captain, with trousers well above the knees, marches ahead in search of deeper water. Now he strikes the tortuous channel, changing from day to day, and signals the pilot what course to steer. This trifling incident, they told me, was an every-day occurrence during the dry season.

A few miles more and we reach the head-waters of the Colorado, which carries to the sea more than two-thirds of the entire volume of the San Juan; indeed, when the bed of the latter river becomes almost dry, communication with the lake is possible only through the Colorado branch. It has been claimed that a dam across the entrance to this stream might keep the San Juan navigable all the year. This would be feasible were it not for the silt and other deposits that are washed down during the rainy season. These would soon completely fill up Greytown Harbor, and make the problem of an eastern terminus more difficult than it is to-day. For this reason the proposed canal will be cut from the sea directly across the swamps, not joining the San Juan until it reaches Ochoa, fifty-two miles from Greytown. Here an immense dam will be built, practically raising the river to the level of the lake, and giving slack-water navigation for a distance of sixty-nine miles. Midway between the mouth of the San Juan and the Colorado is another channel, known as the Taura. This carries away, however, little or no water from the parent river.

Passing out of the lower San Juan, the main stream is reached where the waters of the Caño de Animas sparkle and shimmer in the morning sun. Dense masses of dark mango-trees, interspersed with scarlet passion-flowers, follow the serpentine winding of the river. On either hand wild tamarinds form giant portals to that *terra incognita* which the ignorant natives have peopled with dwarfs, one-eyed monsters, and venomous reptiles. As we ascend the river the forests become denser, and countless parasites entwine themselves in the most intricate and fantastic fashion around the topmost branches of the tallest trees, losing their identity in mystifying knots near the water's edge. Beneath their bright and shapely leaves can be seen the withered branches of the dead trees, which they clasp in an embrace as fatal as it is fond; for the parasite loves "not wisely, but too well."

Skirting close to the bank, where the feathery plumes of the wild cane wave, we escape the full strength of the current, and there realize a school-boy's dream of tropical vegetation. Imagine, if you can, a stream of dazzling brilliancy flowing between two gardens, cut and trained as by a master-hand; a dark and pathless swamp, a wild region, a solitude unbroken by the voice of man, where tangled and thorny vines have matted themselves into an impassable barrier; where tropical splendor is not mellowed even by a ray of sunshine; where the howl of the tiger is mingled with the liquid notes of the gold and black sissitote—and you have a pen-picture of that vast wilderness drained by the San Juan River.

Two miles above the junction of the Colorado, the *Mariposa* ran her nose into the bank, tied up to a tree, and took on a deck-load of wood. This little diversion gave me an opportunity of studying a few odd characters among my shipmates. In an improvised pen on the bow, guarded by four native policemen, sat an old rubber-hunter, with hands and feet manacled. The poor wretch looked unlike one guilty of the horrible crime of which he was convicted. As the story ran, a few months previous, while in the woods hunting the precious rubber, he became involved in a quarrel over the possession of a certain tree. As the object of his wrath was walking away, the fellow crept up stealthily and cut off both of his companions arms with a sharp-edged machete. The victim, not yet dead, turned and piteously pleaded for mercy, when the fiend completed his bloody deed, and then threw the body into the river. He had been tried by a jury in Greytown, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years in the mines.

Adjoining the rude dungeon, as if in contrast to this blackened soul, sat a sad-eyed señorita who had just lost her mother. Alone with a baby brother, she had left the old home in Greytown for the Nicaraguan world beyond at Granada. On the upper deck a few disappointed politicians and ex-soldiers were discussing their overthrow by a previous revolution, and hatching, possibly, some method of revenge, while a number of rich *comerciantes* eagerly sought minute details of the proposed canal.



"The *Mariposa* tied up to a tree, and took on a deck-load of wood."

Once more under way, we steamed across the river in the direction of San Francisco Island, which was to be the headquarters of the expedition. Here several hours were passed landing men and provisions. And a dismal spot it seemed to one fresh from the luxuries and comforts of a Northern home. As we sat and watched the engineers clear away the dense undergrowth, and thin out the great trees that a ray of sunshine might brighten their cheerless tents, the cry of "Chanchos! chanchos!" startled every one on board.

"I knew this whole country was infested with wild hogs," sagely remarked an old surveyor who was thoroughly familiar with Nicaragua on paper.

"Let us follow them into the woods," said a few of the younger men, as they grasped their rifles and started in pursuit.

In a half-hour the hunters returned with two large animals, which a native, with a sly twinkle in his eye, pronounced the finest specimens in all Nicaragua. I learned, a few days later, that an old Indian who had built a hut on the south side of the island presented a bill at Camp Carazo for a week's supply of pork. The hogs, it seems, were some of his private stock, imported from the United States for the purpose of crossing with the native chanchos. It is needless to say that the subject of wild hogs was thereafter a delicate one around the mess table at head-quarters.



"A native, with a sly twinkle in his eye, pronounced it the finest specimen in all Nicaragua."

I continued up the river to visit Fort Castillo, the historic spot that is said to have cost England's greatest admiral an eye. As we ran through the rapids of Machuca, where the water fairly boils and hisses over the rocks, the pilot pointed out the little island upon which quietly slumbers the boiler of the first steamer wrecked in the San Juan. She was one of the old line that Commodore Vanderbilt owned and operated during the exodus to California in '49. When this heavy mass of iron was imbedded in the mud it formed a sand-bar. Seeds were blown from the neighboring forests upon the spot, which in time became thickly wooded. It is owing to the presence of these sand bars, formed in many different ways, that the upper river is studded with little islands.

The river narrows. Tall laurel-trees seem to form an arch from shore to shore, while white and black faced monkeys sit on the branches and coolly survey us. As we pass they shower down dead bark and twigs, broken off in their mad fury at our intrusion, while birds of rare and exquisite plumage wonderingly gaze at us. Now a hideous alligator basking in the sunshine offers a large but invulnerable target to the rifle, and the paddle-wheel startles a manatee, or river-cow, quietly feeding in the mud. The foliage becomes denser. Long tendrils dip their thirsty stems in the sluggish water, forming an intricate array of net-work. Just as you begin to wonder how it is possible to continue the journey, a sudden bend shows the broad river fringed with low zacate grass on either side.

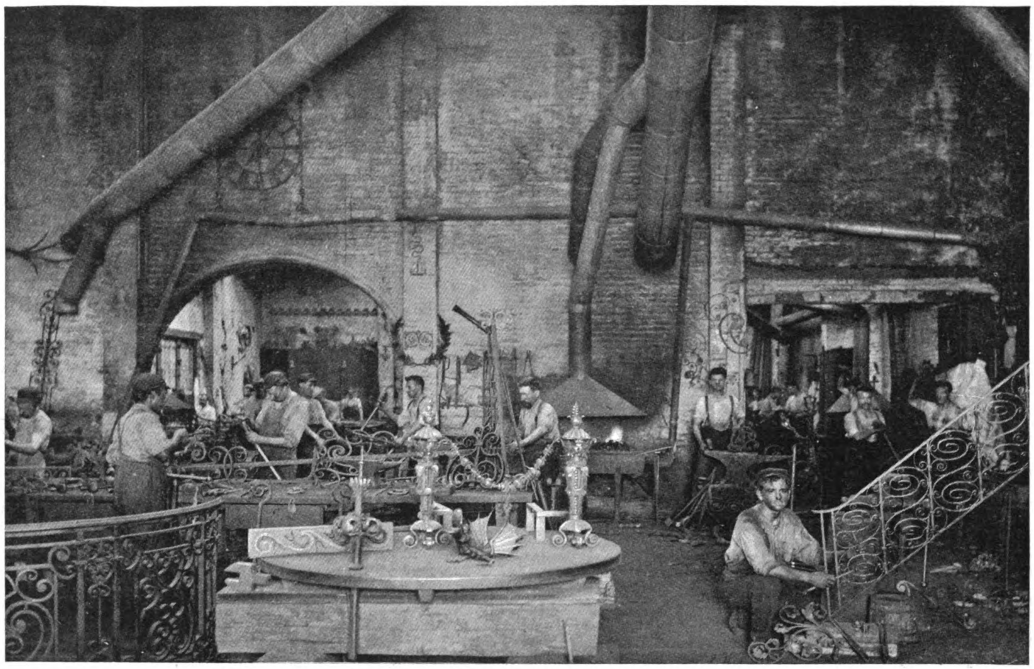
As the sun sinks into the forest the fires of the Costa Rican camp on Infiernito Creek begin to glow. It is always then that I recall the great explorer Peary's picture of a tropical sunset. Speaking of the San Juan, he says: "But it is at the close of day that this noble river, flowing from out the crimson and yellow glories of Pacific sunsets through miles of emerald walls to the orient mists of the Caribbean, puts on its royal attire. Then comes the glory of the day. From the sky descends a flood of rose, of yellow, of pale green light, from out the flowing river rise other rose and amber and pale green quivering lights to meet it. In darkest emerald and blackest velvet shadows the great trees rise, sharp-etched, against the western sky, with tufts of moss and leaves and ropelike vines, and many of them take on strange forms—here a face, a demon of the jungle, there a majestic stag's head, and a lithe swaying shape, a naiad of the tropics. From out the strange dark forest come a cloud of fragrance and the sound of countless birds and beasts and insects. Then the colored lights fade, but the fragrance and the cries linger, and the white radiance of the moon on the noble river."

Soon darkness closes around us; not that darkness to which one is accustomed in other latitudes, but a darkness that one can feel. Difficult is it to find a metaphor that will express the deathlike stillness of such a scene, unbroken save by the cry of some night bird, or the howl of a tiger in the distant jungle. The great river is still and dark. The steamer, nevertheless, continues her tortuous course, steering by the white trunks of ceiba-trees, which stand upon the banks like phantoms from the spirit world.

Now huge sticks of wood are thrown into the furnace, which emits a shower of brilliant sparks. These scintillate like dancing fire-flies, and light up the deep shadows where the water ends and the forest begins. You look far into the depths of the dismal swamp, and see weird creatures peeping at you behind each tree, now waving, now beckoning, then running away like the mythical will-o'-the-wisp. There where the palm leaves wave and nod in the damp night wind you see the lotus-tree, and recall the sad fate of the beautiful Dryope. Beneath its fatal bark her warm bosom is heaving, and a pair of white arms are clasping Andræmon. Almost at her feet lies a cluster of anemone, or wind-flowers, springing from the blood of Adonis. You look, but no longer

(*Continued on page 42.*)

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A VIEW OF A GREAT SMITHY.

IRON IN DECORATIVE DESIGN.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY HARRY FENN, AND A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE age of gold, the age of silver, the age of bronze, are all gone, so the ancients held, and the present, which extends from their time to ours, is the age of iron. That was remarked before men lived in iron houses, rode on iron cars by pathways laid with iron, skimmed the water in iron boats, and explored the depths of ocean in iron boxes—ay, and flew, perhaps, with iron wings. If true then, much more is it true now. And yet, after 2000 years, few are the men of this period who can treat iron in an artistic fashion, and produce as beautiful objects in it as the ancients used to make in bronze. Few know how to put iron to a use without excluding beauty.

But if, for the most part, we fail to make the best of this hard and stubborn metal, that is not saying no steps have been taken toward a better state of things, no beginning made. Over by the North River in Twenty-seventh Street there are great shops lit from above by wide skylights, where the smell of burnt iron greets one almost as soon as it is clear whence the din of smitten anvils comes. Of an odor familiar to the village smithy there is none—that of singed hoofs—but otherwise the scene is not unlike the little way-side shop.

In darkish corners under the high sheds glow the fires, in which bars of all sizes and shapes are roasting. Bare-armed men drag various pieces of metal in and out of the coals, place them on the anvils, and stand serene while the hammers of their fellows, wielded by muscular arms, dash cascades of sparks over them from the white-hot ends. Under the picturesque light and shade the smithy has that exhilarating din when labor which is heard fashions shape out of shapelessness. It has the charm of slow, strong movements in men; the rise and fall of huge muscles; the steady, observant faces of artisans; the sense of unremitting struggle with brute material, and the final triumph. It has the fascination of the village smithy tenfold, that fascination which seems to exercise its power on loungers who do not reason much and labor not at all, as if the progress of practical work supplied by sympathy the qualities their own natures lack.

Far more delightful than intricate machinery in action, the why and how of which one does not readily understand, is this scene of direct attack on a sullen, stiff material, yet one which, the sculptors say, will take, when cast in moulds, every curve and slightest cranny of the matrix, a metal which, whether wrought or cast, once its stubborn reserve is overcome, yields itself to the production of things of real and most enduring beauty.

A great smithy, such as the one I am thinking of—the reader can get a glimpse of one part of it in the illustration—is a place where all kinds of things are fabricated. Here a boy is preparing the little spirals which compose a large part of a gate for a Newport villa, or a guard-screen for a city elevator. He picks up an unsightly strip of iron with his light pincers, and thrusts it into the coals. This iron has come all the way from Scandinavia. At the next moment he has taken from the fire another piece, already hot. Holding it on the anvil with the pincers, he takes from the bench a pair of round-nosed pliers like the curling-tongs of a barber, and with a few deft turns of the wrist coaxes the metal into a curve. A moment more and the iron seems to roll itself into a curl under the gentle but knowing pinching of the plier; then it is turned on its side and gets from a hammer one or two smart taps, and before we are expecting it, the spiral is flung, finished save for rivet-hole, on a heap of similar rolls—for all the world like a mass of thick shavings from some coal-black wood.

Yonder is a group of workmen holding with their pincers the frame of a great grille for a business building, the open-work chamber in the hall through which an elevator shoots skyward. There is a defect in one of the heavy stanchions; a fresh piece of iron must be inserted. Singular to see how resistless is the power of these hammers when the material has been properly roasted. Through the Japanese fireworks of sparks the trio of smiths look grim and determined, as if iron were a criminal and they the executioners. They are steeped in that double light, by reproducing which our young painters hope to show their cleverness, namely, a natural and an artificial light—the pure white light from outside and the ruddy from beds of glowing coal.

Many are the articles which have been forged in iron and bronze in the shops of Mr. John Williams, ranging from the great open-work doors for the white marble palace which Mr. Richard M. Hunt built at Newport for one of the Vanderbilt family to a nail to stud a church door, the head of the nail being made very broad and convex for decorative purposes. These shops are under the care of Mr. H. B. Stillman, who has superintended the artistic work of the shops for many years.

"There is hardly any limit to the market value of beauty," remarks William J. Fryer, Jun., of New York, practical iron-master, in his *Architectural Iron-work*, a treatise for apprentices and foremen in smithies and iron factories, "that element in manufactures which responds to the finer sensibilities of man." And addressing young workmen, he says: "The difference between a beautiful line and one which has no beauty whatever is very frequently a mere nothing—so indefinably small that one can scarcely say in what the difference consists. If you have the skill to add the finishing touches to a set of patterns, or take a file and clean up a part that needs but a touch to make it perfection, you will not only make an admirable workman, but will do much toward a higher standard of work in the shop."

Nevertheless, at present iron-work does not as a rule suggest beauty. In our city—and the same may be said of pretty much every town in America—if one were to pick out the ugliest feature among the details of a given street view in the quarter where the rich people dwell, it would be the "ornamental" work in iron. But we are so used to hideousness in the gratings, grilles, fire-escapes, balconies, and fences in our towns that we forget their existence. There they stand; but if at all sensitive to beauty, we make a tacit compact with our inner selves to ignore their presence, life offering plenty of other disagreeable, ugly things which cannot be dismissed so easily. Ninety-nine-hundredths of these cast-iron monstrosities have no redeeming trait; if the hundredth chances to have a good design, the need of painting the iron to preserve it from rust suffices to destroy such lines as the process of casting has not already obliterated.

Wrought iron has the great merit of proceeding direct from the hand of the artist-artisan without an intermediate stage; and while it would be too much to assert that in cast iron there is no hope of betterment, it may be safely averred that we must look to wrought iron for ascent out of the slough of ugliness and ineptitude wherein the metal as an ornamental material flounders. By proper attention we may make it possible for a genius to exist who will handle iron as a sculptor manages clay, or a painter his pigments; we may revive in the twentieth, if not in the nineteenth century now closing, the artistic triumphs of the craftsmen in iron of Italy, France, and South Germany three or four centuries ago.

The fashioning of an iron flower is a prettier sight than the words sound, for a flower of iron suggests gardens of the underworld in old legends, where the visitor from the earth's surface dare not pick the blossoms, for they are burning hot. Curious, to see a good workman create a flower in iron! He assembles three, four, or five little cups having irregular edges, in the bottom of each of which is a square hole. He picks up an iron nail with a rounded broad head and a square shank. The cups he then slips over the point of the nail, the smallest cup first, and turning the nail over, shows you the parts assembled. The head of the nail will form the cushionlike centre of the blossom, where stamen and pistils are; the little cups form the even or alternate layers of the petals. These parts must be forged and welded together; but heat sufficient to do that would ruin the shape of the petals. So he takes a bit of clay and covers the petals with a thick layer; pushes the flower into the coals, and presently withdraws it with the clay hard baked, but the uncovered parts welded together in a solid flower. Knocking the clay off the petals, he seizes a punch and indents the nail-head to represent the irregular surface of that part of the flower; then with pliers he slightly changes the angle of any petal which does not lie right, or turns one out of line to make it look more natural—and there is the flower, ready to be grafted on a balcony or a photograph-frame, an iron garland or a hanging lamp.

People who have no hope for iron, people who do not fancy realism of this sort, and especially the reproduction of such delicate, dainty things in sombre metals, should withhold their scorn until they have seen a clever hand construct one of those hearth-backs which are used to close up the bare and empty hearth during the summer—a design, for example, of a climbing rose stock, such as may be seen against the walls of old houses in long-settled lands. The heavy gnarled trunk flattened against the wall is forged separate, the unevenness of the bark being wrought by blows from the hammer. Then the branches which the gardener has caused to grow at somewhat regular distances right and left are reproduced and welded on. Clusters of leaves, also somewhat formally distributed, are then added, and the rose-buds and open roses are scattered with a certain regular irregularity over the branches. Buds are quickly formed; but the open rose has to be brought together in the way indicated above. Of course finish can go to almost any length; the graver and acids can play their parts; but when such methods are used, the work belongs more to the sphere of the gold and silver smith, and the result is an object lacking that robust rudeness which is so pleasing in iron.

The quickness and certainty with which the work is done remind one of preliminary modelling in clay by workmen in porcelain factories when the task is to produce flowers in high relief for cups and vases. The component parts of plant and flower are brought together in a magical way; the object grows under the eyes as hands fly, and tools are dropped and caught up again. Especially in Belgium has flower-work in iron been carried to great lengths. Swedish iron of a tough but very pliable sort is used, and the malleableness and pliability of the iron are kept as much as possible during the process. Therefore the twigs and blossoms of such an iron bush as above described can be bent a good deal without breaking, and a final touch can be given the whole before it is offered to a buyer, very much as a flower-girl will pluck at and preen a bouquet to make the flowers show their fairest.

At one time iron-work of a really artistic sort was more common in the Atlantic cities than it became later. At first the rapid growth of New York did the city great damage. We find in South Fifth Avenue, East Broadway

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and Bleecker Street, thoroughfares given over to business or to squalor, the remains of a former epoch when newel-posts, window and stoop guards, balcony railings and transom grilles, were often charming. They are survivals from a time when people knew how to have liberal portals, big halls, and porte cochères leading to covered passages. A former generation did not know so much as we do of some things, but it had a way of properly "coming in when it rained," at least from a carriage. Whereas until very recently the present generation has seemed to lack that much wit.

Ever since our rich folk began to allow architects to be artists to a certain limited degree, ornamental iron-work has been looking up. Illustrations of modern designs will therefore chiefly consist of pieces made in such a smithy as described, following the designs drawn up hastily by a member



STAIRCASE IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

of the firm having some villa or great business building to plan, or even turned over like any other detail to some bright young clerk in the office. It is not contended that these fire-dogs, grilles, gateways, and rood-screens represent what can be done in wrought iron when people will pay for them like works of art, but merely what has been done by men overwhelmed by a hundred other details much more important than iron-work to the owners of the buildings, in the decoration of which such objects occupy at present a distinctly subordinate place. They only assume to point out the possibilities of the metal.

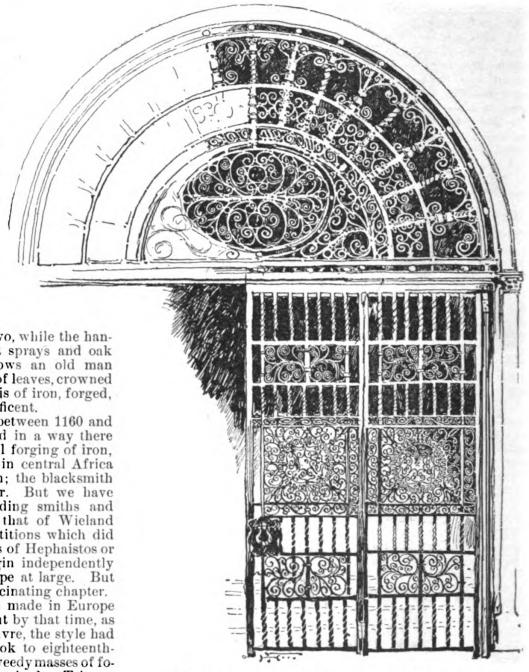
The rood-screen placed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White in the massive granite church at Morristown, New Jersey, points the way to a use of iron for many adjuncts of the chancel which are now done in brass, stone, or wood. When iron was used by artists in France, Italy, and South Germany—that is to say, before the middle of the last century—it was common to apply gilt to certain parts of the design. Thus, if there were an escutcheon bearing a badge, crest, or arms, if there were initials or a monogram in a panel, the letters or shield would be treated discreetly with gilding. Other colors were sometimes applied. It lay with the painter whether the coloring was effective or overloaded. The outer gates of a cathedral might be of iron. The handles of the great wooden doors, and the nails with which they were studded; the escutcheons about the massive locks; the crosses on the roof or in the cemetery; the grilles that protected relics or famous pictures of saints from the robber (who was quite likely to steal such things, less in sacrilegious spirit than to obtain the relic or image for his own benefit); the screens and little shutters opening in the doors of sacristies or convents, through which visitors might converse with sacristan or nun; the covers of fonts; the elaborate and beautiful hinges that bound together broad doors and made them things that still entrance the artist—in fine, a thousand articles in and about churches called for iron-work, and they call now as they did in the Middle Ages and later.

As to gateways of wrought iron, a few exist in New York which rise well above the common; for instance, those which give point to the lofty iron fence about the house of Mr. Havemeyer in Madison Avenue, a portion of which may be seen in the illustration. They are designed by Mr. Richard M. Hunt. One of the prettiest iron gates is Mr. McKim's design for the chief entrance to the campus of Harvard, in which the architect has striven to recall *motifs* that ruled decorative iron in England during the last century, while Harvard was struggling up from high-school to college. The great outer doors for the Newport house already mentioned are undoubtedly the most sumptuous affairs of the kind. Bronze outside, with the applied decorations in relief either gilded or covered with a dark green patina, they are iron within, but for the most part polished iron, while the applied or relief decorations are gilt. They are of unusual size, and are now in place under the great pillared portico with which Mr. Hunt has provided this marble palace.

The late M. Viollet-le-Duc did more than any other man to conduct taste in the right channels so far as iron-work is concerned, but the same brain could not perfect each detail of all the improvements instigated by him. Like his Gothic beasts at the restored Château de Compiègne, the screens and grilles designed by Viollet-le-Duc lack the powerful personality found in the work on which some obscure artisan of the later Middle Age has expended his life-thought, or to which some Benvenuto has given the concentrated glow of his genius. In the Galerie d'Apollon at the Louvre is a gateway which came from the Château de Maisons sur Seine, built by Mansart, from whom the much-abused Mansard-roofs take their name. It may be recalled by the central decoration of its long panels, namely, a caduceus of Mercury round which four snakes are twined instead of two, while the handle of the staff is set with wings, wheat sprays and oak branches in pairs. The upper part shows an old man issuing in heraldic fashion from a wreath of leaves, crowned and supported by two Cupids. This grille is of iron, forged, chased and in parts gilt, and is very magnificent.

The great epoch for wrought iron lies between 1160 and 1660. There lingered long in Europe, and in a way there still linger, curious ideas about the manual forging of iron, and about the smith himself. Travellers in central Africa find the same ideas in fresher, cruder form; the blacksmith is often an object of superstitious terror. But we have the echo of the old superstitions regarding smiths and iron-working in many legends, notably that of Wieland Smith in Scotland and England—superstitions which did not arise from a knowledge of Greek myths of Hephaistos or Latin tales of Vulcan, but had their origin independently from the same category of ideas in Europe at large. But there is no room here to enter into that fascinating chapter.

The last very interesting iron-work was made in Europe about the middle of the latter century; but by that time, as we see from the grille and gate at the Louvre, the style had become florid. There is a flamboyant look to eighteenth-century iron-work, a tendency to broad seaweedy masses of foliage, to scallop-shells, and to somewhat meaningless Tritons, fauns and mascarons of Pan—in fine, to the rococo. The tendency is shown in fragments which remain from a grille belonging to the Château de Fourquevaux, where the Romanesque of a simpler age is recalled by the fabulous animals, boys and satyr heads, by the fruit and the leaves; but the treatment is almost as florid as that of the last century. Rococo of a discreet sort is found in the design used for the small gates at the Metropolitan Museum which close the alcove on the main floor where the collection of old iron-work is shown.

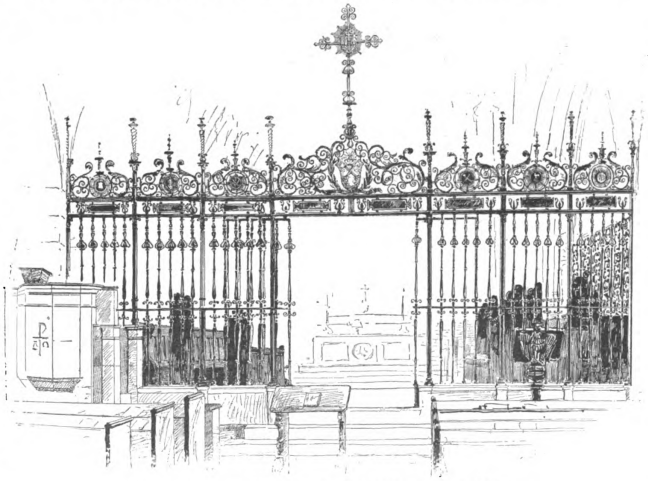


ELEVATOR SCREEN, NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL.



ARCH OVER CARRIAGE DRIVE, VILLARD HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

This small collection of old door-handles, escutcheons for locks, coffer-tops, keys, hinges, knobs, and knockers of forged iron must not be forgotten. It is not such as one finds in the South Kensington, but it is the beginning of a similar collection. Not yet catalogued, there are many things in the alcove where it is shown which will repay a visit to the museum. Doubtless it will be enlarged before long by further gifts from Mr. Henry G. Marquand.



ROOD-SCREEN IN CHURCH AT MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

No one would be blamed for voting iron stairs, as they are found in public buildings, banks, and residences, things beyond the pale of good taste, for looks are commonly sacrificed to protection against fire; but they are also seen where they ask to be considered ornamental. There is no more reason for ugly stairs of iron than of marble; the architect who does not understand the proper use and limitations of marble will not understand the possibilities of iron for stairways, and will make no allowance for the difference between stone and metal in weight, tensile strength, and effect on the observer.

A handsome use of iron in this respect is seen in the cut from the main hall of a great business building erected in Minneapolis by Messrs. Babb, Cook, & Willard, of New York. It is an original design—though spiral stairs in couples have been built before—and does not stand alone in the building so far as ornamental iron-work is concerned. Other work of more than ordinary beauty is there, due, it is said, to the skill of Mr. George Babb. A stair of iron that takes bold curves is that which Mr. Stanford White designed for the central hall of the house belonging to Mr. J. Hampden Robb, Park Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, a portion of which is shown here. To the same hand is due the simple and elegant rail on the stairs in the Century Club leading from picture-gallery to upper floor.

It is the privilege of iron to support superincumbent weights with less bulk than stone or wood; hence a look of gossamer airiness may often be imparted to an iron structure compared with the solidity of other materials. There are secrets which the old smiths practically discovered, but which have not been handed down very carefully; these can be applied to make a spiral stair, a balcony, a gate, or a grille seem stronger or lighter than it otherwise would. For example, the bars in a screen which give the strength and the curls, spirals, or conventional leaves which form the decorative clothing of the frame may be composed of broader or narrower staves or rib-bands of iron. As one looks at the object it depends greatly for effect on the ultimate position it is to hold. Are the flat sides or the thin sides of rod and spiral outward?—naturally, the whole has one appearance if most of the component parts display the broad side or if they show the thin. Again, position as to the angle of sight is a great factor in resulting effect. Thus a design in itself beautiful when on paper or finished in the smithy, may become dull enough if it is placed near the top of a house where it must be seen at an angle by the passers.

Our architects have not pondered fine points like this, not because such considerations are beyond them, since they have to deal with the like every day, but because iron-work is still too much a particular which householders think may be neglected. They do not hold their architects to strict account, whilst, in the hurry of overwork, the latter cannot afford the time for matters which are not likely to procure them pay or thanks.

However, good work is steadily growing. Arches over gateways and ornamental grilles to close the upper part of doors are found in newer buildings. Mr. Ogden Goelet has a fine grille in the wooden door of his new villa at Newport. The Villard house behind St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is entered through a court-yard. The carriage drive is arched with decorative work in iron. People who keep their eyes open for such details may be surprised at glimpses here and there about the city showing that wrought iron has received more attention than they supposed. An impulse comes from the buildings which corporations, banks, insurance companies, or large estates plan in the business parts of our cities. At St. Paul the same firm which designed the spiral stairs for Minneapolis, shown in an illustration, are the designers of the elevator screen figured here. And

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it is a fact that many hotels and office buildings in New York are already provided with elevator screens which show at least the good taste of discreetness. Designs are simple, but not ugly. Such may be seen in the Union Trust Company's building, that of the New York *Times*, and others.

To the public the question of art in balconies and window-guards is more important than that of stairs inside the house, or of elevator screens; for balconies are like the statues in the open squares, things which no man can escape, since they are always in sight. Very few are the balconies of iron in New York which would support the test, or, indeed, reach the level, of criticism. The balconies of 934 Fifth Avenue, belonging to Mr. Alfred M. Hoyt, are above the ordinary, and should be noted. Of less delicate design, but to be remarked as one more indication of a turn toward iron, are the low balconies and stoop-guard of the house of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Madison Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. The balconies of Mr. Robb's house before mentioned, and those of Mr. Tiffany, Madison Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street, are to be examined. All these we owe to Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White. It is sad that a town with so many ten thousands of balconies and fire-escapes should make so poor a showing, but thus it is. Cast-iron vulgarities and wrought-iron ineptitudes fill the fronts and sides of our dwellings and hotels, until, as already remarked, the eyes learn not to see them, in order to protect themselves. These are the objects which do more than anything else to disgust people with iron. But, after all, they do not see iron, merely fresh or rusty paint.

As to grilles there is more choice, because these are less costly, and can be applied to old houses. Narrow windows in the façade of the Century Club are ornamented rather than guarded by grilles of some beauty. In Clinton Place the house No. 51, owned by Mr. A. W. Drake, has simple but pretty window-guards designed by Mr. George Babb, and here and there in forsaken quarters of former gentility one sees a door with the transom crowned by a grating that is not without a simple fineness. Now and then in Boston one finds this by-gone touch, and modern houses are occasionally well treated in this respect. The balconies of the Boston house of Mr. Andrews by McKim speak well for the architect and owner.

But it must be confessed that the greater number of the wrought-iron work placed on big hotels, exchanges, office buildings, and apartment-houses in our great cities during the last decade are atrocious in design, signifying nothing but boastfulness. Such things come from depraved taste on the part of employers, architects, and the manufacturers to whom this part of the decorations has been assigned. One has but to walk from Bowling Green to Wall Street in order to see twenty instances of a vile taste which imagines that contorted lines and fabulous beasts holding lamps in their jaws, iron spears, and plenty of chains constitute the acme of art in ornamental iron.

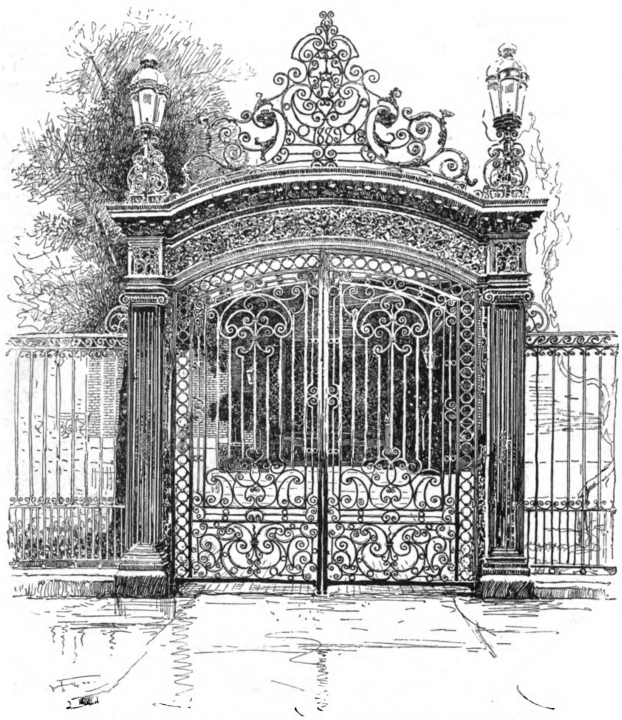
Remains of seventeenth and eighteenth century work exist here and there in Quebec, the low finances of Canada having preserved the citizens from the flamboyant designs which marked the decline of the art in France. These pieces are as instructive and delightful as the sign-boards of iron which survive on taverns in some parts of England. Very often they are the work of local smiths who could not pick and choose staves and rib-bands of iron from a vast variety, as smiths can to-day, but had to fashion the parts of the objects laboriously in their own small fires. Material was therefore economized, and the result was sometimes a beautiful solid design, very simple in line, but exactly fitted for the purpose needed, as, for example, to keep marauders out of cellars or from climbing over the hall door. With us the tendency is to excess of ornament, elaboration of design, which has lost its true meaning, and to results that seem to proclaim a large bank account rather than a stock of brains. Especially in New York and the big cities westward is the reaction seen from the old-fashioned narrowness observable in iron-work on buildings, as it is on many other things. Freed from the old rigidity and timidness which feared the charge of ostentation, our amateurs incite architects to lavishness and an ill-considered multiplication of decorative designs. Yet, on the whole, the change will work its own salvation in the end; but meantime we are in a very heyday of bad art, and ought by all means train our eyes by such examples as are not defective, so as to stem the rush of ugliness and bad taste. The larger forms of ornamental iron-work only, those which have permanent place in buildings, have been touched on so far. But it will occur to the reader that there is a much larger field which manufacturers have been exploiting. There are the hearth-backs, fire dogs and screens, the lamp-stands and lanterns, the brackets, sconces, and decorative plaques. From France and Belgium, from Italy and Bavaria, from far Japan, come specimens of such smaller objects to rival native work; and the lessons that foreign articles teach have in some cases been learned.

So far as the chains, fire-dogs, and hanging lamps are concerned, a couple of Frenchmen who had a shop in Newark, used to produce a certain quantity some years ago. Their name was Ferdinand. The bric-à-brac shops used to obtain from a Mr. Pries, and perhaps still do so, heavy fire-dogs with tall shafts decorated with spirals, and terminating above in a basket; hanging frames, also, in which a lamp could be swung. A New-Englander named Copeland used to fabricate pretty things in iron before the great establisliments found it profitable to supply the demand. They were treated in goldsmith way rather than in blacksmith fashion. In the sales-rooms of certain firms one sees row after row of hanging lamps for oil or gas made of wrought iron. Some of them are far from ugly, although the greater number reflect that tendency to the florid and loud, which seems the first to catch the attention of buyers who are new to things of luxury and taste. Lanterns, gas-fixtures, candlesticks, brackets, even frames for photographs to stand on the table or hang on the wall, are now turned out in iron. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of objects which may be wrought in the metal.

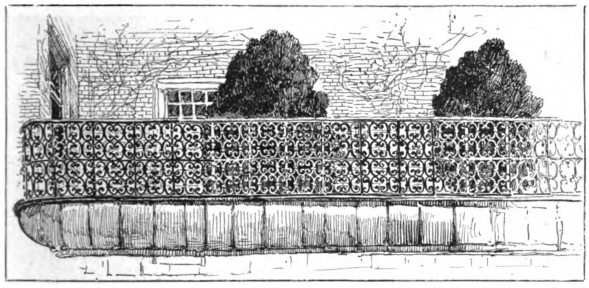
The great objection of rust applies especially to things which have to stand all weathers, but is serious also for objects within-doors, for they too rust in time, unless constantly examined. Patents have been issued which claim to secure iron from oxidation, and experiments under such patents have in some cases been successful, but, through bad management, nothing really valuable to the people has been done. It would be a godsend to smiths and architects if these processes were properly worked and objects rendered rustless at a trifling cost. A thousand purposes for which iron might be employed, were it made indifferent to the presence of moisture cheaply, must remain untried, because people very naturally shrink from the trouble and expense of incessant care or of painting.

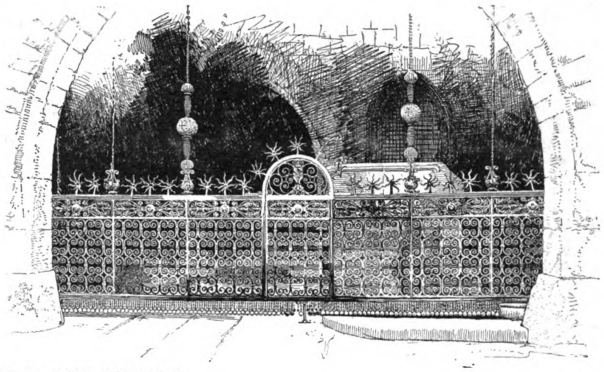
But with the advance of science iron can be so treated by acids, partial firing and other methods as to obviate the necessity of painting and gilding. For a number of shades of color can be obtained in the material itself, as well as a greater or less degree of immunity from rust. Had these secrets been generally known a century or so ago, how many wrought-iron relic screens, door-grilles, and swinging signs, beautiful or merely quaint, would now be preserved which are now dust! The secrets are still very imperfectly understood, but the turn of fashion toward iron, which now seems assured, will have the effect of making them definite and widespread. Archæologists are now inclining to the belief that in Egypt, at least, iron was known at a very early period, and steel was rarely made; but bronze continued to be employed by preference, the art of hardening tools and weapons of bronze and of restoring blunted edges having been carried to great perfection, whereas iron was not so well understood, while the effects of rust were only too plain.

Wrought iron is even adaptable to the needs of the amateur, who is able to play the artisan in a way persons would not imagine who had not seen it done. A small coal fire, properly selected sheets, rods, and strips of iron, and a small set of blacksmith's tools, are all that is needed. Boys or women can fashion with these such light objects as brackets, candlesticks, picture-frames, grilles for ornament or the protection of stained glass, stands for porcelains or glasses—in fine, for a host of things about the house. There is much scope for ingenuity in the adaptation of old ideas or the invention of new. Booths at kirmesses and less ambitious church fairs can be stocked

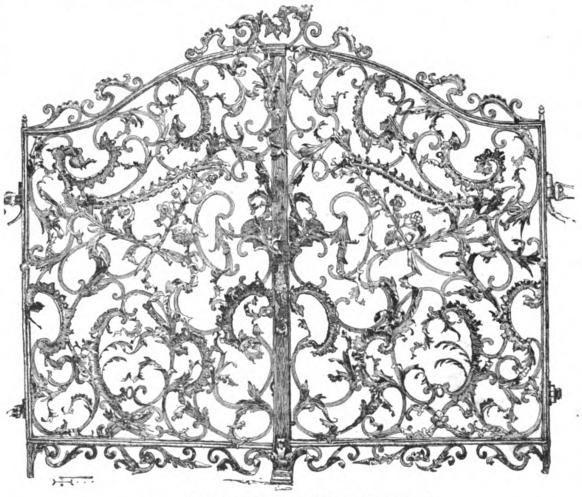


HAVEMEYER GATE, MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET.





BALCONY AND GRILLE, TIFFANY HOUSE, NEW YORK.



OLD IRON WORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

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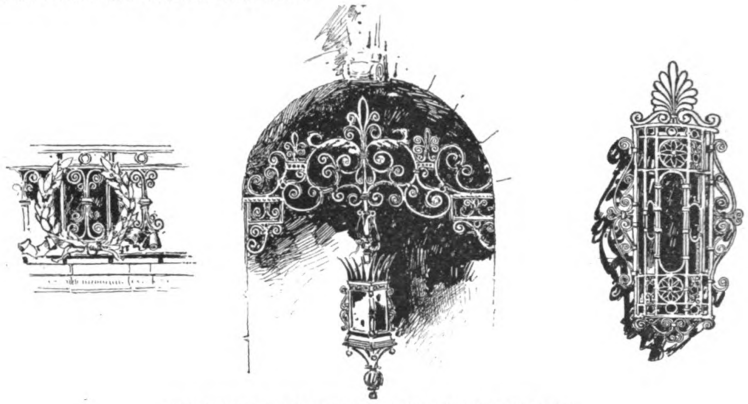


BALCONY RAIL, HOUSE OF ANSON PHELPS STOKES, MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET.

by dilettante smiths with objects in wrought iron that will not fail to bring a good price, for in most minds durability is a trait that will cover as with a veil a multitude of sins in beauty and workmanship.

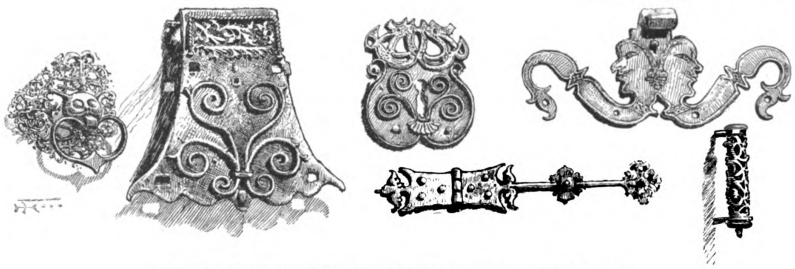
In England amateurs have gone so far that a small handbook has been issued which specifies the simplest tools, and gives directions how to construct certain objects easily made. For amateurs bent iron-work is naturally more to be recommended than the heavier tasks which the blacksmith accomplishes. Pretty results are obtained by using copper or brass in conjunction with iron, as we find the Japanese doing, though he would be a rare amateur who could follow even at a distance the Japanese in the taste with which they use metals and their alloys, as well as the pure metal treated with differing degrees of heat, in order to avail themselves of variety in coloring. Nay, the amateur might use silver, too. If the price of silver continues to fall, the time may be near when the tons of the shining metal now stored in Washington will approach copper in value, and be at anybody's price. As to purely artistic iron-work, so far as the skill of the blacksmith is concerned, the finest example here is Japanese; it is a jointed dragon imported some years ago by the late Edward Greey, each scale of which is a separate piece of forging. When held by the head or tail, the creature moves exactly like a snake.

Since, as some assert, we are in the iron age and not that of electricity, why should we not make the most of the metal typical of our times? Why not use it to express thought, feeling, art? Instead of that we leave it to builders of warehouses and locomotives, to artisans and mechanical engineers. Would it have cost much beyond the huge sum paid for it, had the Brooklyn Bridge received a little more grace than it possesses now by reason of its size and the sweep of its tremendous cables? Latterly the Germans have built across the Elbe at Hamburg a bridge which attempts to add an element of art to an iron structure by the roll of its serpentine lines, now soaring far above the roadway, then sweeping far below, while at both ends the grand piers form triumphal arches, with much architecture of a grandiose, castellated kind. The direction is a good one—whatever may be thought of the results of this particular design.



IRON-WORK ON THE CENTURY CLUB BUILDING, NEW YORK.

What a pity that New York does not own the Spitzer Collection now for sale in Paris! It contains a gallery of iron armor, weapons, and strong-boxes, veritable marvels in mediæval blacksmith's work of the finest sort. There is no lack of Japanese work in iron, bronze, brass and other alloys of copper, but of examples of European work from the Middle Ages there is comparatively little. That the taste for ornamental iron is spreading may be seen by the long list of recent works on decorative iron-work published by Hessling & Spidmeyer, of Berlin and New York. It is a metal whose use is manifold in architecture and the furnishing of interiors. Great fame awaits that artist who, having novel and beautiful things to tell, shall learn to express himself in iron.



OLD IRON-WORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.—Presented by H. S. Marquand.

THE PLANTATION NEGRO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No Northern man ever journeys far into the South without hearing that his people do not understand the negro. Every Southern man and woman says so. We do not know how to make the negro work, they say; we do not know how few his wants are, and how eccentric they are; we do not know how to make him happy, how to treat him so that he will love us. I never understood why this is so insisted upon. But I never went South without being impressed by the fact that no Northern man who has not been South can even faintly appreciate the situation there between the whites and the colored people. We make fair treatment of the negro voter a political battle-cry. Our sense of justice compels this. But until all Northern men in politics have seen the South—have seen a certain black parish in Louisiana, for instance, where there are 400 whites and 3600 blacks—it will not be easy for them to exercise patience, discrimination, and justice in the battle for fair play.

However, that is on the edge of politics, which have no place in this article. I am setting out only to narrate some anecdotes, and to describe some scenes which have the colored folks prominent in them. Once, when I was in a Massachusetts town, I saw the people in the newspaper office run to the windows to look at a negro. He lived a few miles away, and was the only man of his color in the neighborhood, so that he was looked upon as a curiosity. Not many years afterward I found myself in the town of Newcastle, Delaware. I saw colored people by the hundred. They stood in knots in the streets, they lay in the roadways basking in the sun, they filled rows and rows of dwellings. Putting the two experiences together, I supposed I had seen the two extremes of the relation between the whites and the blacks. I know now that I had seen neither, for I have since been all through "the Black Belt," where even the mechanics are often colored men, and I have been where there are no negroes, as well as where negroes are seldom seen, and are admitted to a perfect equality with whites of the humbler class, even in the matter of wedlock. That, of course, was in Europe.

Such a condition as the latter is hard to understand, yet it can exist. A waitress in a quaint old temperance hotel in Liverpool, at which I once stopped, was indignant at the conduct and language of a Kentucky gentleman who found himself at the same dining-table with a black missionary. She could not understand his feelings. She said she had supposed America "was where all men were equals." It transpired that she was engaged to marry the colored preacher, and wore a ring that marked her engagement to him. He seemed a very nice and kindly man, she said, and she expected to endure three years of hard living in Liberia, "in order to come back to New York with him and be made a lady." It was a disagreeable task to tell her how far from happy or respected she would be if she did come to New York as the white wife of a black man, but the truth caused the ending of the match.

Last spring, on a Mississippi packet, I told that story to the Republican postmistress of a Mississippi river-side village. She was amazed. "The colored people all love me where I live," said she. "Some would almost give their right hands to help me if I asked them. But I would starve to death before I would eat a crust of bread at the same table with one; and rather than see my daughter at school with a colored child—as I have heard white children and black are schooled together in the North—I would see her grow up in ignorance. I am kindness itself to the negroes. I am the best friend and chief support of many of them, but I want them to keep their place, as I mean to keep my own."

There are the two extremes indeed.

It is a curious fact—or it seems so until the reasons are studied—that one must go North to find the sharpest and most unreasoning prejudice against the blacks. In a journey I have just finished, through a majority of the Southern States, I did not see a single instance of brutality toward the blacks by the whites; but in Indiana, not long ago, I found a whole county where the people boasted that no negro was ever permitted to stay overnight. There was not a colored family or individual in that county, which was the seat of the White Cap terrorism of a few years ago. And it was in Asbury Park, New Jersey, within fifty miles of New York (where the anti-negro riots once took place), that the people protested against the presence of colored persons on the "Boardwalk" or sea-side promenade of the village. Of course, there is a great difference between the colored people of the Black Belt and those in the North. Down South they are and always have been the laborers. Up North they are sometimes lawyers, teachers, tradesmen, and persons of means. It was in North Dakota that the wife of an editor boasted to me that she had an excellent colored kitchen-girl. "But," said she, "if I called her a servant, she would be very angry. We have to address her as 'Miss Reynolds' in order to keep her with us."

To me the colored folks form the most interesting spectacle in the South. They are so abundant everywhere you travel; they are so eternally happy, even against fate; they are so picturesque and funny in dress and looks and speech; their faults are so open and so very human, and their virtues are so human and admirable. As I think of them, a dozen familiar scenes arise that are commonplace there, yet to a Northerner are most interesting. I think of their fondness for fishing. Somebody has called fishing "idle time not idly spent," and that must be how the Southern colored people regard it, for they seem to be eternally at it wherever they and any piece of water, no matter how small, are thrown together. One would scarcely expect to find the New Orleans darkies given to fishing, yet it is a constant delight to them. They do not merely dangle their legs over the sides of the luggers and steamers to sit in meditative repose above a line thrown into the yellow Mississippi, but they fish in the canals and open sewers in the streets that lie just beyond the heart of the city. It is delightful to see them. Those open waterways flowing between grassy banks out towards the west end might seem offensive otherwise, but when at every few hundred feet a calm and placid negro man, or a "mammy" with a brood of moon-faced pickaninnies sprawling beside her, is seen bent over the edges, pole in hand, the scenery becomes picturesque, and the sewers turn poetical. After one has seen a few darkies putting their whole souls into fishing, it is painful to see a white man with a rod and line. The white man always looks like an imitation and a fraud.

From St. Louis to New Orleans, and all the way through the Gulf States, negroes and fish-poles were forever together, like the happiest subjects of wedlock. At least one darky fishing dotted the water view. Along the lower Mississippi many colored men now own little farms of a few acres, with a log cabin, a rifle, a mule, a plough, some chickens and children, a wife, and a fishing-rod. When I passed by, the corn was planted, the spring-time sun was pleasantly warm, and these ebon monarchs were seated in their dugouts and skiffs watching their lines. Some hypercritical white men were apt to call attention to a gaping rent in the cabin roof, or to the fact that a day's toil at remunerative labor would bring the means to put in panes of glass where the window holes were stuffed with old trousers and hats. But that is according to how one looks at life. If happiness is its main aim, and the old hats and trousers keep the weather out, the fishermen have the best of the argument. The Indians on the plains believe that the more a man is civilized, the more care and responsibility he has, and the darky planters who take nature into partnership on a three-acre claim know that the Indians are right. Down in Florida, where the St. Johns River is narrow and very tortuous, the passengers on the regular boat one day last spring were occasionally startled by stentorian yells. "Hi, dar! what you doin'? Can't yer see what yer about? Don't you come a-nigh me." The reason was evident. A colored man here and there had fallen asleep over his fishing-rod, and the great muddy wave which the steamer sucked along behind her had engulfed his little boat, and startled the fisherman out of half his senses.

In every view of the country outside the cities one gets an idea of how greatly the negroes are in the majority. At the plantation landings on the river-sides one sees the planter's house standing alone, while near by there is always a huddle of negro cabins, or perhaps a double row of them forming a little street, or a great scattering of them over the fields. Sometimes they are neat and in good repair, but neatness is far from being a characteristic of field life in the Southern States. As a rule, the cabins are dilapidated, their yards are littered, the fences are in ruins, and even the harness on the horses and mules is made up of tatters of leather, rope, and chains. It is a mystery how the average field hand keeps his or her garments from falling off in pieces, for they hang on in pieces almost like the scales on a fish.

Wherever a boat lands or a train stops, one is sure to find half a dozen, or even two dozen, negroes to each white person in the crowd that gathers on the levee or at the station. At one boat-landing in Florida I saw the colored "dominie," or preacher, followed down to the levee by a knot of his fe-

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male parishioners. It was a burlesque on a burlesque, for it parodied Bunthorne in the comic opera of *Patience*. He was a very stout and comfortable parson, not without a double shine upon his broadcloth, partly of wear and partly of grease. Like Bunthorne, he rather lorded it over the women, paying very little attention to them, and standing apart like a superior being. I wondered that he did not give his carpet-bag to one of them to carry. They stood in twos and threes, snickering and giggling, with little rolly-poly babies clinging to the skirts of some. Each woman had some red about her; if not a red dress, it was a red shawl or a red waist or red hood. And they chewed tobacco. These are two common inclinations of the female sex among the negroes—a love of red and of tobacco. The dominie had a Napoleonic face and great gravity, but I am sorry to say that the latter quality was seriously disturbed when he took his departure on our boat. The gang-plank had to be put almost straight up and down to connect the boat with the river-bank, and the unfortunate dominie slipped on the top of it, threw his carpet-bag in the air, and went down the plank like a barrel, to land in a heap on the steamboat deck. To the cries of "Did yer hurt yer?" by his disciples he volunteered no reply; but later, when he had brushed the flour and dirt off his coat, and was calm again, he was graciously pleased to remark, "You may tell der congergation I will be wid dem in de spirit, and will soon return if de Lord spares me."

On the same trip I heard a pathetic bit of a dialogue between two colored women who were waiting for a train.

"Hello, Lize!" one said. "Dat's a nice dress you got on."

The other replied that it was, and ought to be, as it cost seven dollars. "But," said she, "der seams are all made so coa'se and clumsy, I's a'most ashame to be seen."

"Well, don't you know why dat is?" the other replied. "It's 'cause you're colored. White folks gits what dey want; colored folks takes what dey gits—and dey gits de wors' ebery time."

But to return to their numbers. At every landing on the rivers the banks were lined by idle colored people from the fields and villages, and the white men were always very few; the white women seldom seen at all. It always seemed to me that these idlers enjoyed seeing the roustabout boat crews do their heavy work—and very heavy work it is that these negro deck hands perform. They use no barrows or trucks, but "tote" nearly everything on their heads and shoulders. For this purpose merchandise is put up in suitable packages in the South and West, the sugar and flour and meal being put in sacks, and the other staples being divided into small boxes, packages, and barrels. All day long, and often all night as well, the roustabouts put on and take off the freight at the frequent stations, not merely dumping it on a wharf—for there are no wharves—but carrying it up the banks and into the sheds and storehouses at each place.

One boat on which I travelled carried fifty of these tireless human pack-horses; the smallest crew I saw was half that size. They slept as best they could—in their clothing, on the main-deck near the boilers—and they were dressed as fortune had favored them—which is to say, mainly in rags. They worked in processions, like ants, one line moving one way loaded, and the other returning empty-handed. Their common gait was a trot, for this primitive mode of moving a cargo is slow at best, and the loads would never be put on or off if the men walked. So they went at a dog-trot, hitching up their trousers, rolling like sailors, scraping their feet, and slouching along, and all the while chanting or muttering some singsong phrases. They livened up every little village they came to, making such a noise and bustle that it was rather a wonder that everybody, white and black, did not turn out to share the excitement than that the idle darkies were the only lookers-on. The Mississippi River hands got a dollar a day for their almost superhuman work—the very hardest I ever saw performed anywhere or by anybody. They were a dull and almost barbaric-looking crew, and I was told that they drank up all their earnings at Natchez and New Orleans, where the boat lines terminate, and that they carried knives and razors, and were scarred all over their bodies as the result of their frequent fights and quarrels. Of course that was one-sided testimony, but I learned long ago that there are two sorts of colored folks in the South—the rude dull field hands and the spruce, polite, and far more intelligent and ambitious house-servants—both originating in and descending from similar classes in the time of slavery.

In New Orleans I was shown the quarter in which the roustabouts throw away their earnings, and it is safe to say that there is not in any other of the capitals of Christendom such a spectacle of low and almost absent morality. The dance-house, which is the headquarters of the district, suggested a place in the heart of Africa at a savage merrymaking. The place was small, not much higher than the people's heads, dark, smoky, and intensely hot. The women were in one long line, and the men in another, facing them, as in a Virginia reel. The dancing was primitive, the only figures being a jig by both lines preparatory to a general swinging of partners. The place was curiously called "the coonje dance-house."

Once, when Mr. Smedley and I were on the steamer *Teche* on a Louisiana bayou, we reclined on a pile of sacks of freight the better to enjoy comfort and the scenery at once. We attracted the attention and interest of the roustabouts. We heard them talk to one another about us as they passed bowed under back-bending loads.

"H'm!" said one. "Guess dem gemmen been steamboatin' befo'. Never seen white folks lay around on de freight dat way. Seen niggers do it, though."

Almost always what they said was interesting, either in itself or because of the rich-toned voices and peculiar dialect they used. Sometimes what they were heard to say was extremely laughable. On this steamer *Teche* the poor fellows had a night of almost incessant work on the heels of a day of frequent landings. They were tired; indeed, I never will be able to understand how they performed the tasks that were set them, though, on the other hand, their all day of work was preceded and followed by days of idleness. This is how we heard them discuss the situation.

"I don't work on dis yer boat no mo'," said one.

"Work on dis yer boat?" another exclaimed. "I wouldn't work agin on dis boat ef she was loaded wid griddle-cakes, an' de molasses was drippin' ober de sides."

"I," said the first speaker—"I wouldn't work agin on dis yer boat ef she was loaded wid rabbits, and dey was all jumpin' off."

With that word-picture of a boat's cargo that was able to unload itself, the roustabout threw a sack of grain upon his shoulders and slouched up the gang-plank, apparently unconscious that he had said anything at all humorous or uncommon.

In Tallahassee we had a coach-driver who kindly showed us the town, including "the Colored Af'can Church." There is a street or road there which has upon it a cemetery and a seminary. The two words confused our guide. "Some says cemetery and some says seminary," said he; "I can't rightly judge which is de mos' correct."

We visited several cabins of the field hands on different plantations, and for my part I was astonished at the disorder and uncleanness they displayed. I never saw worse habitations, except the tepees of wild Indians. In the North it is noticeable that colored women keep their rooms tidy, and their children are particularly well cared for, as compared with the children of white persons in similar circumstances; but in these field cabins the conditions were reversed. Thus again we saw the line drawn between the mere laborers and the upper servants, for the maids and men at work in the planters' houses were usually smart in appearance and orderly in their work. The manner of treating the two classes was just as different. I had no opportunity to see any work performed in the fields, but the laborers on the boats and in the freight depots were "bossed" by mates of severe aspect and terrific voices, who distributed themselves where they could watch every "hand" at his work, and could spur them incessantly by shouts, and often by profanity. I heard a great deal about violence by these mates, but saw none exercised, and cannot say that their manner was unkindly in spirit. They simply acted on each crew as a pair of spurs are used on an unwilling horse.

In the cases of the house-servants there was a diametric change. Every born Southerner who was spoken to on the subject seemed to have in his employ some old and faithful servant, and all had enjoyed the care of some "mammy," either dead and tenderly remembered or alive and gently cared for. Stories of one-time slaves who had never left their former owners are still plenty, and reveal the attachment these better-class servants developed for their homes and masters. A brave general of the Confederacy told me a sample story of the pleasant side of the relations between the masters and slaves, as typical to-day as in slavery times. His body-servant had married just before leaving for the seat of war. Years passed, and one day the general said to the servant: "Tom, an officer is about to start for the neighborhood of our home. You have not seen your wife for a long while, and if you go with this officer, you will have a chance to visit or even to remain with her."

"Pshaw!" said the servant. "Tink I do dat? How on earth could you git along widout me? You must tink I goin' crazy."

And here is a story of to-day. It is about another general, who is fond of his cups. One day his body-servant, seeing that he was tipsy, took his watch and money for safe-keeping.

"See here," said the general. "You are taking a great deal of liberty with me. I'd like to know who is boss."

"Well, Marse ——," said the servant, "I reckon when you's sober, you's de boss; but when you's drunk, tings is different."

There is a very curious side to the relationship between the house-servants and the employers which has no counterpart among white persons of differing circumstances. An artist, looking about New Orleans for characteristic costumes to be used by models for his paintings, discovered that there are few second-hand clothing shops in that city, and that those which are there offer only the most rugged cast-off raiment of the negroes. The reason is that the white men and women give their clothing to the colored people—to servants or dependents—when it is no longer serviceable for them. Of course I cannot speak too generally or positively, but it seems to me that every man and woman is accustomed to make this use of his or her discarded goods, and that every white family has at least one colored family in charge in this way. The servants look upon this descent of clothing and finery as a right, and the dependents take it for granted that what remains shall be theirs. Everywhere I went I heard stories illustrative of this queer relation between the races. In a conversation about the reason for the common assertion that "all darkies will steal," a planter thus expressed himself:

"It is true that they all 'take things'," said he; "but they make a difference between stealing and taking. For instance, they will not steal money if you leave it on every mantel-piece and bureau in a house. It is the same with jewelry. They condemn such a theft as severely as we do. But they pilfer provisions and clothing with easy consciences. Servants are apt to have poor relatives or friends, to whom a never-ceasing stream of tea, sugar, flour, bacon, and other necessaries finds its way from your kitchen door. That is not stealing in their opinion, nor is it stealing to clothe themselves with your apparel if they need clothes, or if they imagine you have more than you require."

I heard two stories to illustrate this. In one case a servant was detected with a heavy basket going out of the garden gate. Asked what she was carrying away, she replied, "Nothing." Pressed to be more specific, she lifted the lid of the basket and exhibited a generous and miscellaneous load of selections from the larder. "Dey's nothing 'cept 'fluities," she said, meaning "superfluities." In another instance a man servant boldly appeared in his master's trousers. "I was 'shamed to see you hab 'em any longer," said he; "you done wore dem pants at leas' five year, an' I need 'em."

It is apparent that we in the North do not treat the colored people as our white brethren of the South do, but whether we know how to treat them is as difficult to decide as it is to discover what rules govern their treatment in the South. There the common laborers are ruled almost as severely as old-time sailors on a wooden packet, while the house-servants are permitted liberties and familiarities repugnant to our sense of what is fit between employer and "help."

I have not sought to discuss the merits of the political situation, or the probabilities of the negro's future in the South. They seem happy there in the main, and many who have emigrated to the West during recent "crazes," have toiled back again, singing of their love for "Dixie's land." Many Northern men established in business in the South declare that white men can never fill the place the colored man occupies as a general laborer there. The most serious question is that of the free ballot, but there are two sides to that. If we lived with our wives and children in a lonely planter's house in a region where a far ruder people outnumbered us ten to one, it is possible that we would get a glimpse of a side not visible from any Northern standpoint. But even then we might not see why the education of the colored man, the presence and example of newly imported European labor, the steady influx of new peoples and Northern capital should not some day alter the conditions there, and remove the complaints. Time is needed, and with it patience.

THE CICADA IN THE FIRS.

Charm of the vibrant, white, September sun—
How tower the firs to take it, tranced and still!
Their scant ranks crown the pale round pasture hill,
And watch, far down, the austere waters run
Their circuit thro' the serious marshes dun.
No bird-call stirs the blue; but strangely thrill
The blunt-faced brown cicada's wing-notes shrill,
A web of silver o'er the silence spun.

Oh, zithern-winged musician, whence it came
I wonder, this insistent song of thine!
Did once the highest string of summer's lyre,
Snapt on some tense note slender as a flame,
Take form again in these vibrations fine
That o'er the tranquil spheres of noon aspire?

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE RESTORATION OF DR. McGLYNN.

THE *causes célèbres* of either civil, criminal, or ecclesiastical courts usually draw their slow lengths through such long periods that before a final decision is reached in any of them the ordinary reader has forgotten how the case originated. This is particularly true of ecclesiastical cases, for the trial of them is conducted in a way confusing rather than enlightening to the lay mind. Every newspaper reader knows more or less of the suspension from priestly functions of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, for many years rector of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in New York, and President of the Anti-Poverty Society, of his excommunication from his Church, and quite recently of the removal of the ban against him and his restoration to the priesthood. It may be interesting now to review briefly the causes which led to what will long be known as the McGlynn case.

St. Stephen's Church was founded some forty years ago by the late Father Cummings, a very brilliant clergyman, who attracted to his services the brightest and smartest people in New York. His choir was the best in town, his sermons were eloquent, and the church under his management became known as the "fashionable" Catholic church. Among the least fashionable but most zealous of his parishioners were a contractor named McGlynn and his wife and a son, who was a student at the City College. Father Cummings took a great interest in this young Edward McGlynn, who, when he concluded to prepare for the priesthood, became a protégé of the rector of St. Stephen's. In due course young McGlynn went to the College of the Propaganda in Rome, and later became a prefect in the American College there. When he returned home to New York he served as assistant rector at one and another of the Catholic churches, as chaplain of the military hospital at Mount St. Vincent in Central Park, and then, at the instance of Father Cummings, whose health was failing, he was attached to St. Stephen's. When Father Cummings died in 1865, Father Edward McGlynn, who had made a reputation for pious zeal in his priestly work and uncommon eloquence in the pulpit, was appointed by the venerable Archbishop Hughes to be rector of St. Stephen's.

It was soon observed that the methods of the new rector were different from those of his predecessor. He was a man of warm impulses, and was not content that his church should merely be the gathering-place for fashionable folk who liked good music and polished preaching. He felt that there was more serious work to do among the poor and the needy than among those who fared sumptuously every day and clothed themselves in fine raiment. Under his administration, therefore, St. Stephen's became more and more a people's church, and when the differences between him and his ecclesiastical superiors arose in 1886 Dr. McGlynn's parish was one of the largest and best-ordered in New York.

In his work among the poor, Dr. McGlynn's attention was attracted by those economical questions which are vexing thinkers all over the world, and he became ambitious to assist in solving that difficult problem the factors in which are wealth and poverty, happiness and sin. Mr. Henry George's ideas appeared to Dr. McGlynn to be proper and practicable, and he became a convert to the doctrines defined and promulgated in Mr. George's well-known book *Progress and Poverty*. In 1886 Mr. Henry George was a candidate for Mayor of New York as the nominee of the Labor party, a party that favored a single tax on land. Opposed to Mr. George were Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, the nominee of Tammany Hall and the County Democrats, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate. The canvass was very spirited, and it looked much as though Mr. George would win a very large support from the voters ordinarily controlled by Tammany Hall

Dr. McGlynn was advertised to speak in favor of Mr. George's election. Dr McGlynn's popularity and the authority of his high character were felt by Mr. George's opponents to be dangerous to their interests. They therefore called the attention of Archbishop Corrigan to Dr. McGlynn's participation in the canvass, and suggested that the views he was advocating were contrary to the teachings of the Church. Dr. McGlynn's friends say that this charge was brought against him and urged by John D. Crimmins, Richard Croker, and Arthur Leary, of Tammany Hall, and that the influence of that political organization was sufficient to induce the Archbishop to adopt the views of the Wigwam. At any rate, during the day of the evening when Dr. McGlynn was to speak, he received a letter from the Archbishop requesting him not to address the meeting. Dr. McGlynn at once replied, asking the Archbishop to modify his request. The Doctor said that he had been advertised to speak, that it was too late to notify the people who would assemble to hear him that he could not speak, that his word as a man and as a citizen had been given, and he felt it his duty to keep his pledge. He said, however, that if the Archbishop objected to his further participation in the canvass, he would thereafter remain silent. No answer was received to this letter, and Dr. McGlynn addressed the meeting as he had planned to do.

In the course of a few days the Archbishop summarily suspended Dr. McGlynn from his priestly functions, and had him ejected from the house in which he had lived for a quarter of a century. The person who performed this ungrateful task was the late Father Donnelly, who is said to have acted with more zeal than politeness in executing the Archbishop's mandate. This created great dissensions in St. Stephen's parish, whose affairs for so long had been conducted by the suspended priest. There was even talk of violence against those who were called upon to take up Dr. McGlynn's work in the Church, and in many instances the love for the pastor proved stronger than the respect for the Archbishop's

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authority. Dr. McGlynn left town, and for some time kept himself removed from public sight. The dissensions in St. Stephen's parish were felt by the high dignitaries of the diocese to be subversive of the interests of the Church, and the priests of the episcopal see were asked to sign a statement of the case, and a request that the late rector of St. Stephen's should be disciplined as severely as possible. A great many priests signed this document; but a few, among them such well-known men as Dr. Burtsell and Monsignor Ducey, declined to endorse either statement or request. Archbishop Corrigan sent this document to Rome as evidence that there was a rebellion in his diocese which should be suppressed at once. In the course of time he received authority from the Vatican to use his own discretion. With this authority he excommunicated Dr. McGlynn. He also removed Dr. Burtsell from the parish of the Epiphany to the parish at Rondout, and in many regards Monsignor Ducey in his work at St. Leo's, it is said, has been interfered with.

Dr. McGlynn, now being without the Church, organized the Anti-Poverty Society, and lectured in New York and other places on the land theories of Henry George and himself. They call the increased value in unimproved real estate an "unearned increment," and they maintain that this belongs not to the property-owner, but to the public, which should confiscate it with a tax. He has recently said:

"It is the unearned increment that in cities gives to lands without any improvements so great a value. This value represents and measures the advantages of opportunities produced by the community; and men, when not permitted to acquire the absolute dominion over such lands, will willingly pay the value of this unearned increment in the form of rent, just as men, when not permitted to own other men, will pay wages for desired services. The justice and the duty of appropriating this fund to public uses is apparent in that it takes nothing from the private property of individuals except what they will pay willingly as an equivalent for a value produced by the community, and which they are permitted to enjoy. The fund thus created is clearly, by the law of justice, a public fund, not merely because the value is a growth that comes to the natural bounties which God gave to the community in the beginning, but also, and much more, because it is a value produced by the community itself, so that this rental value belongs to the community by that best of titles, namely, producing, making, or creating. To permit any portion of this public property to go into private pockets without a perfect equivalent being paid into the public treasury would be an injustice to the community. Therefore the whole rental fund should be appropriated to common or public uses. While the tax on land values promotes industry, and therefore increases private wealth, taxes upon industry act like a fine or punishment inflicted upon industry. They impede and restrain and finally strangle it."

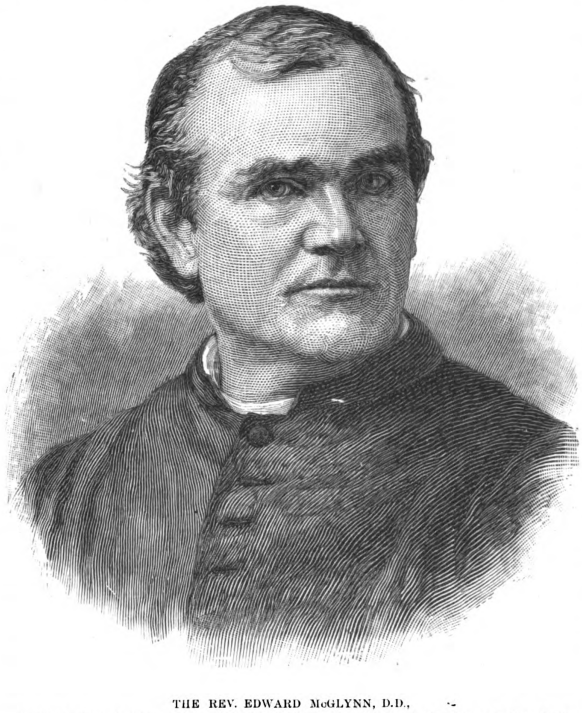
While Dr. McGlynn was advocating these doctrines there were continual rumors that his case was to be reviewed at Rome. He was invited to go to Rome and submit himself to the Church. He replied that he would go to Rome if he were informed what he was to do after he got there, but that he could not appear there as a deposed priest asking clemency for sins that he knew not of. His evidence was in America, and until he knew what he was to disprove he could not gather it. In all that he did he was now advised by Dr. Burtsell, a man very learned in ecclesiastical law and precedents.

When the Catholic Congress met in Baltimore about four years ago, Monsignor Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, came to America as the representative of the Pope. In Monsignor Satolli the Pope reposes the most implicit confidence. Satolli was a pupil in the seminary at Perugia when the present Pope was only Professor Pecci. When Professor Pecci became a Cardinal, Satolli was a Benedictine monk at Monte Casino. When Cardinal Pecci became Pope Leo XIII., one of his first acts was to appoint Satolli Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Propaganda. Later he was made Archbishop. The papal delegate to the congress in Baltimore reported to the Vatican on the general condition of the Church in America, and probably also on many special cases, and among others on the famous McGlynn case.



MONSIGNOR SATOLLI,
Archbishop of Lepanto and Apostolic Delegate in the United States.

Last autumn, when the World's Columbian Fair was to be dedicated, the Pope sent Monsignor Satolli again to America to represent him at the ceremonies in Chicago, and also to act as special legate in the McGlynn and other cases. The Apostolic Delegate arrived in time to witness the Columbian celebration in New York and also in Chicago, and then he took up his residence at the Catholic University in Washington. He heard the McGlynn case, and just before Christmas rendered his decision in favor of the deposed priest, who was restored to the communion of the Church. On Christmas day Dr. McGlynn celebrated mass for the first time since his excommunication. He also addressed the Anti-Poverty Society. He expressed great joy at the restoration of his priestly functions, but made no apology for the actions which led to his Archbishop's disapproval, nor did he retract any of the views that he so stoutly maintained while he was outside the Church. Instead of retracting anything, he has continued to maintain his views, and in a recent address has defended them because they were in harmony with the Pope's encyclical, *Nocarum Rerum*, on the condition of labor. From the encyclical he quoted, "All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness that press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor." Commenting on this, Dr. McGlynn said, "Large masses of men and women—those who have to do the hardest work—are compelled to work for the smallest possible compensation, because of the failure of our present social adjustments and laws to secure to them the right of labor and to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and they are thus left defenceless to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. Surely it is well worthy of Christians, and most of all of Christian ministers and priests, for the love of God and of His Christ, for the love of those who are stamped with the very image of God by nature, redeemed by Christ's blood, and in His new order of grace called to a supernatural adoption of sonship and union with God, and a closer and holier communion among themselves, to seek to right these wrongs, to denounce them in the very name of God, and to demand the remedy in the name of the law of justice which is the holy will of God. Surely it would ill become ministers of Christ even to seem to deprecate or oppose the abolition of the poverty that flows from these wrongs, or to thwart or denounce any honest and lawful effort to abolish them."



THE REV. EDWARD McGLYNN, D.D.,
President of the Anti-Poverty Society, and formerly Rector of St. Stephen's Church, in New York.

In Church politics there have been in the diocese of New York since 1886 two parties, the Corrigan party and the McGlynn party. The leaders of the parties, the Archbishop and the former rector of St. Stephen's, have neither one talked publicly about the reasons that led to the decision of the case. But the friends of these leaders have not been silent by any means. Archbishop Corrigan's friends caused the publication, the very same day that Dr. McGlynn's restoration was announced, of extracts from the speeches made by Dr. McGlynn while he was under the ban of the Church. These extracts, separated from the context of the speeches from which they are quoted, sound very much as though Dr. McGlynn had spoken quite disrespectfully of the high dignitaries of the Church, and even of the Pope himself. The Archbishop's friends, among whom Mr. John D. Crimmins, of Tammany Hall, appears to be the most outspoken, say that the appointment of Monsignor Satolli as papal legate in America was brought about through the intrigues of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, who has transgressed all rules of ecclesiastical etiquette in interfering in the affairs of a see not under his jurisdiction. These friends further charge that the papal legate is under the influence in this country of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, and Cardinal Gibbons, and while under such influence incapable of doing justice to Archbishop Corrigan.

On the other hand, the friends of Dr. McGlynn say that the decision of Monsignor Satolli is a condemnation of tyrannical and unjust methods employed by Archbishop Corrigan, who, they say, has deliberately deceived the authorities in Rome as to the nature and extent of Dr. McGlynn's offending. They say, too, that what they call a discovery of Archbishop Corrigan's double-dealing and paltering with the truth will prevent the Pope from ever again giving him his confidence, and will lead either to an abridgment of the Archbishop's authority or to his resignation. They further say that Archbishop Corrigan was studied in his discourtesy to Archbishop Satolli when the latter arrived here in October, and before the Archbishop of New York knew the nature of the commission that brought the Italian prelate to America.

While the friends of the two parties speak in such heated fashion, the two principals are much cooler of utterance. Dr. McGlynn says he is unfeignedly glad to be back in the Church, and the Archbishop has written the following for publication: "The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices his Excellency has rendered in the premises."

But for all these smooth words the incident can scarcely be said to have come to an end. Dr. McGlynn is a priest without a charge, and his friends are undisguised enemies of the Archbishop, while the friends of the latter repay the animosity of Dr. McGlynn's adherents with a full measure of hate. The case, even as it now stands, is a subject of bitter controversy and discussion in every Catholic rectory and household in New York. Neither priests nor laymen care to be quoted publicly in any discussion of the matter, but privately they will talk all day and all night with the heat and the feeling that lead to hard words and indiscreet allegations. The writer asked one clergyman if he did not think that the prolongation of the incident would be hurtful to the Church. "Not at all," he answered; "it must be prolonged until the questions involved are clearly settled. If clergymen are to be treated like babies, and bishops are to be as tyrannical as they choose, without regard to reason or ecclesiastical law, then the priesthood is not a proper place for a man of independent spirit or of gentlemanlike feeling. Such men will not care to go into the priesthood, and the places of such will be taken by mean-spirited cravens who take pleasure in kissing the hands that smite them. The principles of the Church are not in the least involved in the controversy. It is but a question of men and methods, and if the good men triumph and the bad methods are suppressed, the incident will have done great good."



MONSIGNOR IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.



MONSIGNOR DUCEY,
Rector of St. Leo's Church in New York.

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PLANTATION NEGROES.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 38.]

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UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.

(*Continued from page* 34.)

wonder that the ancients peopled their forests and the very air with supernatural beings. The river grows still narrower. The trees seem to meet. Passing under skeleton branches you startle a huge vampire-bat, which flits by almost sweeping you from the deck with its cold uncanny wings.

Such is night upon a tropic stream—a union of the picturesque and the weird.

At daylight we were abreast of the island of Bartola, upon which traces of the fortifications erected by the English in 1780 still exist. A little after sunrise the ramparts of Castillo Viejo confronted us, not more than two miles away. As we approached the village, the populace gathered at the water's edge. Men and women, under the shade of lime-trees, curiously watched us. A herd of cattle were grazing on the hill-side across the river, and the bright sunlight upon the low thatched huts made a soft scene of peace and contentment away from the noise and din of traffic.

We found the little Indian village in a state of great excitement, owing to the arrival of the priest, who from time to time makes a pilgrimage for the purpose of doing the marrying and christening. Though the good *padre* is often called upon to invert the orthodox order of these ceremonies, and baptize a multitude of children before performing even the semblance of a marriage, his flock seem devout in every other duty. They pray morning and evening, reverently bend the knee at the sound of the angelus bell, and cannot be persuaded for love or money to taste a morsel of meat on Friday. Could not this religious fervor teach much to a more enlightened civilization where hypocrisy and heartless fashion hold sway, and wedlock is but a stepping-stone to social ambition? Is not the union of these savage lives, sanctified by real affection, more acceptable to the Great Master than many modern so-called marriages? Will He not judge with leniency sins that owe their birth to climate and blood rather than to natural depravity?

Whatever may be said of the natives of Castillo, they certainly possess one attribute that is not far removed from godliness, for the river-front is lined with women and children "from early dawn till set of sun," washing either dishes, clothing, or themselves. As the crow flies, Castillo is twenty miles from Greytown; as the San Juan runs, it is thrice this, so my time there was limited to twenty-four hours. It was more from historic association than any other that I became interested in the place, and I therefore seized the first opportunity to visit the old fort under the battlements of which Lord Nelson first distinguished himself.

English annals are rather silent, however, regarding the defeat of the British forces in 1769, and have little to say about the unfortunate expedition of 1780. Out of 200 men only ten survived the siege, disease, and other casualties. The fort was almost impregnable, and such a gallant resistance did the Spaniards offer, under Juan de Ayssa, that when it was finally captured, their enemies allowed them to march out with colors flying. The English held it only a few months, however, when they retired to Jamaica. Squier says Lord Collingwood apologizes for the failure of the expedition on the ground that "it was formed without a knowledge of the country, and presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill and perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river from the rapidity of the current, and the numerous falls over rocks and intercepted navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects." The fort formerly known as San Juan is an imposing structure built upon the crest of a steep hill 150 feet above the river. I found everything in a remarkable state of preservation, owing to the absence of frost, which destroys masonry more rapidly than any other known agent.

In the evening an official high in rank, who, I afterwards learned, was instructed by President Carazo to extend to me every possible courtesy, called at my quarters and said, "Estoy á su disposicion, señor" (I am at your service, sir). In Spanish countries this means little or nothing; in other words, I was to amuse myself as best I could. This fellow, to his credit be it said, however, did more than I had any reason to expect; indeed, his presence and that of a little band of semi-nude warriors at a fandango, arranged in my honor, saved me from the blow of a machete in the hands of an infuriated Indian.



W. P. S.

"Why no dance? I have pretty sister here, and she want you."

If my hopes were raised when I heard of the approaching *baile*, what must they have been when the sound of martial music awoke me from an after-dinner siesta? My man informed me that the soldiers were outside on their way to the village hall. The question uppermost in my mind was, what should I wear? I had with me a new dress suit, a hunting outfit, and a tennis costume of dazzling brilliancy. It was almost a foregone conclusion that I would paralyze the Castillians with a swallow-tailed coat, when my friend entered and insisted upon my going dressed, or rather undressed, as I was. He had never seen anything in Castillo that would take so well as those new silk pajamas, and I am forced to admit that they did speak for themselves. The ladies, he informed me, would wear very little more, and as for the men—well, they dressed as the fancy struck them. Despite his earnest entreaties, I compromised on a flannel shirt, a pair of white duck trousers, and a blazer in which all the colors of the spectrum blended harmoniously. Thus rigged for the fandango, my friend and I, preceded by a few ragged soldiers, and followed by a noisy crowd of naked children, sauntered through the single street of the village.

The hall—an old bar-room, the floor of which had been swept and neatly sanded—was moored on four piles over the river, where the cooling trade-wind might temper the heat of the dance. No one had yet arrived, so we stood at the counter drinking tafia as the soldiers fixed their bayonets.

"You see, we never enjoy a feast in Castillo without the military," said the Comandante, who had joined us, as his men began to group themselves around the room. "It would not be safe," he continued, "for the Costa-Ricans might attack us at any moment; and then when either the men or women get too full of tafia, nothing but a bayonet can bring them to their senses."

With this cheering prospect in view for an evening's entertainment, I stood near an open window and watched the motley crowd.

"Adios, Señor Comandante; adios, caballero," was the musical greeting softly whispered from lips that needed no rouge to make them blush the traditional hue of the peach. The women were symphonies in black, yellow, and brown; and their costumes, if such they might be called, were marvels of brilliant colors. A low-cut bodice or chemise, made out of a kind of mosquito-net cloth, through which glistened their dark skins, a loose-fitting skirt of some conspicuous hue, a red sash, and a few scarlet passion-flowers completed their ball attire. The men seemed to care less about their personal appearance, if the fact that they wore less is any criterion. Some sauntered in with shoes, some without. They all wore the native uniform, however, a towel around the head. Now and then a pair of modern check trousers almost made me feel the bleak winds that I knew must be then sweeping up the Bowery. As the hall gradually filled up, the guests aimlessly meandered from one end to the other, the counter forming a nucleus around which gathered the *élite* of Castillo.

Three unseen musicians now began to make the night hideous, their instruments of torture being a bass-drum, a fife, and a wire-strung guitar, from which issued sounds like a chorus of mosquitoes. Each gallant seized a female, without saying so much as "by your leave," and made a few antelope bounds across the floor. Dense volumes of tobacco smoke, mingled with clouds of sand, soon filled the air. The voices grew louder, and clinking glasses almost drowned the strains of the dance. Still the revelry continued, for the night was yet young. The dancers seemed to tire. Not so the musicians. They were paid to play, and play they must. At the end of fifteen minutes I became restless. A half-hour passed, an hour, and still the music neither ceased nor changed. As soon as my friend had left the room, with the belle of the ball on his arm, the Comandante followed with another equally pretty young girl. Whenever it looked as though the whole affair was going to degenerate into a free fight, the soldiers soon brought the unruly dancers to order by striking the butts of their muskets on the floor.

Glad of the opportunity to be alone, I wandered over to a window near the river. As I stood there and contrasted the strange scene before me with the last "Charity Ball" at the Metropolitan Opera-house, a rum-inflated Indian walked up and affectionately put his arm through mine. "Very dear and respected friend," he began, "why no dance? I have pretty sister here, and she want you dance with her. Give me four medios" (twenty cents), "and she is your lady."

I promptly declined this generous offer and moved across the room. The fellow still followed, however, insisting upon my taking a drink of tafia with him to show there was no hard feeling. Finding himself again refused, he went away. It was getting late, but the musicians were still earning their money. The band had rested only once during the evening, and then just long enough to gain strength for a fresh attack and obtain an ample supply of rum. The drum virtuoso could scarcely stand; in fact, found it difficult to see the head of his instrument. The dancers became more excited, likewise the musicians. Wild and fantastic strains echoed throughout the hall. But the climax was reached when the manipulator of the bass-drum missed his aim and struck the fife-player a vicious blow on the head that almost stunned him. Now the music ceased, and a free fight ensued, the friends of each championing their man.

Discretion taught me that it was time to retire; but just as I reached the door, the drunken fellow who had previously annoyed me stood there with a savage glare in his dark eyes. Glancing at my blazer, he said, in an insulting tone, "Very dear and respected friend, I like much your fancy coat. What you will sell to me for?"

I informed him that my coat was not for sale, and started to move away. He was determined to get into a fight, however, and with this end in view grabbed at my right arm, tearing away part of the sleeve. For the first time since my arrival in Nicaragua I was without a revolver, and at a time when I most needed one. There was nothing within sight but a small stool, which I quickly caught by the feet and swung aloft. As soon as the Indian saw this, he reached down and drew from his sash a long machete. Before he could raise his arm, however, my friend and the Comandante, who had just entered, seized the fellow and turned him over to the soldiers.

Thus ended a memorable fandango that shall ever be recalled as I hear the San Juan breaking over the rapids, and look upon the green hills of Castillo, peaceful home of the simple-minded Indians.

PERSONAL.

THE department of Music and the Drama has been omitted this week owing to the production last week in Boston of Mr. REGINALD DE KOVEN'S and Mr. A. B. SMITH'S new comic opera, *The Knickerbocker*, which required all the time and the personal supervision of both of these gentlemen. Now that that has been successfully accomplished, Mr. DE KOVEN will return to his real work in life, which is writing for this paper.

—The Egypt Exploration Fund Society, at its recent annual meeting, held in London, elected CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER to succeed the late GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS as its Honorary Vice-President. This is the only honorary office in connection with the society, and was first conferred upon JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL while he was United States Minister at the court of St. James. Upon the death of Mr. LOWELL, Mr. CURTIS was chosen as his successor. The office, therefore, although not, probably, created especially for citizens of this country, has thus far been held only by Americans.

—DONELSON CAFFERY, whom Governor FOSTER, of Louisiana, has appointed United States Senator to take the seat made vacant by the death of General RANDALL L. GIBSON, like the Governor, was born and reared in St. Mary's Parish. His birth occurred on the 10th day of September, 1835. He was the son of DONELSON CAFFERY, a native of Bedford County, Virginia, who was a prominent Louisiana sugar-planter and an early-century politician, and a nephew of the wife of President JACKSON. He resided for some years at Hermitage before going South. Young CAFFERY'S mother, Miss MURPHY, was the sister of the mother of Governor FOSTER, who is therefore Senator CAFFERY'S cousin. Mr. CAFFERY was an aggressive factor in the election of Governor FOSTER, and one of the most unyielding and sturdy opponents of the lottery in the campaign which saw its death in Louisiana.



SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY.

—CHARLES A. CAPPA, the band-master of the Seventh Regiment, who died last week, was the son of a major in the Sardinian army who served under NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. CAPPA himself was for six years a soldier in the Italian army, and went to the front with the Seventh Regiment during our civil war. His last appearance at the head of his band was on November 3d at Carnegie Music Hall.



CHARLES A. CAPPA.

—WILLIAM SCHAUS, the well-known picture-dealer, for some time retired, died last week at his home in this city. He was a dealer of much taste and knowledge in art, and his business was of international importance. In 1879 he caused the return to Spain of MURILLO'S "Vision of Saint Anthony," which had been stolen from the cathedral at Seville. For this service he was decorated with the order of CHARLES III. The French government for other services made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.



WILLIAM SCHAUS.

THE BUSINESS END OF POETRY.

CUDGELWIT, who lately sold rather a conspicuous poem to a periodical, reports that there was one thing that every one who was exceptionally interested either in him or in the poem wanted to know, and that was how much he got for it. "It makes you feel," he averred, with a very slight affectation of fine disdain, "as if verse-making had got down pretty near a business basis."

There is nothing particularly new about that, since long ago a great poem was defined as a poem that would fetch a hundred dollars; but Cudgelwit said that his experience had brought home to him how much price is respected as a measure of value. It had given him, he declared, a distinct idea of his attainments as a versifier. At present, he explained, his product is marketable, in such quantities as he is able to turn out, at $\frac{x}{5}$ a line. If he should find presently that he was able to get $x a line, he would realize that diligence and conscientious effort were getting their reward, and that his reputation was increasing. If the rate of compensation fell to $\frac{x}{5}$, he would understand that he was deteriorating, and very likely in that case he would diminish his output. If he ever found that he could get $10x a line, he would conclude that he was a very good poet; at $25x a line, he would set up to be great; and if his fresh work should ever attain a lineal valuation of $50x, he would confidently assume to be inspired.

Cudgelwit's experience is probably not exceptional. Public interest in the business end of poetry has always been out of all proportion to the sums of money involved. People have speculated about what Homer got, wondered what

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was the precise allowance that Mæcenas made to Horace, computed the sum of Chaucer's salaries and perquisites, assessed Shakespeare's income, and groaned over the memorable three pounds that Milton gained from "Paradise Lost." There is the same sort of interest in reckoning up the sums that Scott received for his narrative poems that there is in counting up the cash value of a find of buried treasure; and the story of how Macaulay gave to his publishers the copyright of his "Lays," as too trifling a thing to become a matter of business, ranks with the tales of men who threw away Pennsylvanian farms just before the oil began to spout through the holes in them. Indeed, money made out of poetry has very much of a treasure-trove quality about it anyway, and to win it in considerable quantities strikes the lay observer as the very next thing to finding the gold in the pocket at the end of the rainbow. The record in the poets' cash-books, however, often disappoints the sense of justice. Some very great poets got very meagre prices, and some very small poets got very large ones. The price of verse, like the price of bread-stuffs or terrapin, seems to be regulated by the state of the market.

Professional poets who expect to get rich out of the practice of their profession should base their hopes, as should all professional men, on their ability to get paid for what they know and for what is known about them, rather than merely for what they actually do. An eminent lawyer can charge five hundred dollars for drawing a will, for which one less distinguished would think twenty dollars liberal payment. In such a case the eminent lawyer sells twenty dollars' worth of work and four hundred and eighty dollars' worth of reputation. There is not much promise of wealth in poetry, even at so liberal a rate of compensation as twenty dollars for a short poem; but if a professional poet can get five hundred dollars for a twenty-dollar poem, his chance of commanding the comforts of life is comparable to that of a fairly successful lawyer. In such a case he gets twenty dollars for the poem, and four hundred and eighty dollars for the power of his name to make a hundred thousand people want to read it.

To all poets who desire to make poetry maintain them there is abundant encouragement in the business career of the late Lord Tennyson. He was a professional poet who never did anything for a living except poetry, yet it is averred, on trustworthy authority, that for several decades his professional income was between five thousand pounds and ten thousand pounds a year. That was a good deal of money for a poet to earn. For it must be remembered that a poet does not sell his poetry outright, but only the usufruct of it. A soap-dealer sells a box of soap, and the buyer carries it off and uses it up; but the poet only sells permission to print his verses and sell copies of them. His poems are as much his after a hundred thousand people have bought and read them as they were when the ink they were written in was still wet. He is better off in that respect than even his brother the painter, whose picture passes out of his hands when he sells it, and though the purchaser doesn't ordinarily use it up, he may bury it alive in his back parlor if he so wills.

But that is no reason why the poet should not get just as much for the use of his poetry as it can be induced to yield. The notion that the true poet is not interested in the commercial side of his work is not borne out by the facts. Tennyson, a true poet, as will not be denied, was quite as thrifty as a successful grocer, and took the keenest interest in making sure that the tribute an appreciative public was willing to yield him went into his own pockets with the least possible diminution in transit. In that particular he was an example to all poets, great or small, who can turn out marketable verse. The more they are able to induce the public to pay for their wares, the more likely the public is to be impressed with the value of them. If they are conscientious poets, they will never do less than their best, and never write bad poetry at any price. But if their output has true merit, and represents their highest effort, once it is ready for the market it is eminently sensible to try to get the highest market-price for it.

THE ROUMANIAN MARRIAGE.

THE old residential castle of the Hohenzollern family at Sigmaringen, some ten miles south of Stuttgart, was once more the scene of great state functions on Tuesday of this week, when Prince Ferdinand, the second son of the head of the house, and heir-presumptive to the Roumanian throne, was married to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, eldest daughter of Prince Alfred of Great Britain and Marie Alexandrowna, only daughter of Czar Alexander II.

Prince Ferdinand is the young man who two summers ago attained something like Continental celebrity as the persistent lover of Mlle. Hélène Varescue, first lady-in-waiting to the Queen-poetess Carmen Sylva. Heroic means had to be adopted to rid him of his infatuation, that threatened to cost his uncle, King Carlos, throne and country, but he took his time about giving up his old plebeian love for his newly betrothed princess—which is not at all bad in a royal highness—and it is to be hoped that he will persevere in the narrow path of virtue and good sense hereafter.

Princess Marie is a healthy young lady of excellent qualities of heart and mind, somewhat Germanized by her frequent and prolonged visits to Coburg, which duchy her brother means to inherit some fine day not far off, but withal English to the backbone in questions relating to domestic management, social ambition, and, to use an Americanism, grit. In short, she is just the wife for the dreamy-faced, handsome, and slightly unsophisticated "Landjunker," whom the irony of fate destined to reign over a semi-barbaric race.

The wedding was made the occasion for reviving the sovereign traditions of the old Hohenzollern principality. The city of Sigmaringen—nay, the whole fourteen square miles of country—that once belonged to the petty ruler, wore festive garb, the streets were gay with bunting and evergreens, and everybody among the sixty thousand burghers who considered himself anybody left the day's work to his "inferiors," and made merry with his "betters." The principal marriage service was held at the Catholic parish church, a pretentious Gothic edifice, connected with the castle by a covered gallery. The princes of Hohenzollern are devout Catholics, and by special order of Pope Leo XIII. several high functionaries of the Roman Church were in attendance at the ceremony. These services over, the illustrious assemblage, which comprised, aside from the members of the immediate families, representatives of all the reigning houses of Europe, repaired to the little Lutheran chapel at another end of the town, where the knot was tied a second time by a preacher of the High Church of England. The Duke of Edinburgh gave his daughter away, who was attended by her three sisters. Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern was best man.

The young couple intend to spend their honey-moon in Roumania, but on their way to Bucharest will make a lengthy stay at the Vienna Hofburg, by special invitation of the Emperor Francis Joseph, quite an unforeseen honor, that came to them as a pleasant surprise on their wedding eve.

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PENN STATE



DOÑA MARIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN,
Who will visit the Columbian Exposition this Spring.

A ROYAL VISITOR TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

HER Royal Highness the Serenisima Señora Infanta of Spain, Doña Maria Isabel de Borbon y Borbon, who is the eldest sister of the deceased King Don Alfonso XII., and consequently the aunt of the present King, has announced her intention of visiting the World's Fair shortly after its opening. As the Infanta has been connected with many of the important events of Spanish history during the latter half of this century, the promised visit of her Royal Highness will be doubly interesting. She was born in the Royal Palace of Madrid, on the 20th of December, 1851, and married to a Sicilian prince, his Highness the Count of Girgenti, who died within a short time. During the revolution in Spain the Infanta Isabel joined Queen Isabella II. in Paris. Being endowed with high courage, she helped to make more bearable the exile of her august parents and brothers during those sad days in the Palais de Castille, when the royal family of Spain felt more grief for the misfortunes of their country than for their own troubles. After the restoration of the legitimate monarchy, and on the return of Alfonso XII. to the throne of his ancestors, the King was accompanied by the Infanta Isabel, who shared with her royal brother, justly called "The Peacemaker," the triumphs of the first years of his short but most glorious reign. She crowned with laurel the victorious King who had terminated the civil wars that had ravaged his Basque provinces, Navarra, and his island of Cuba, consoling at the same time those he had subdued. Knowing them only as her countrymen, she gave them her treasures together with her love and protection.

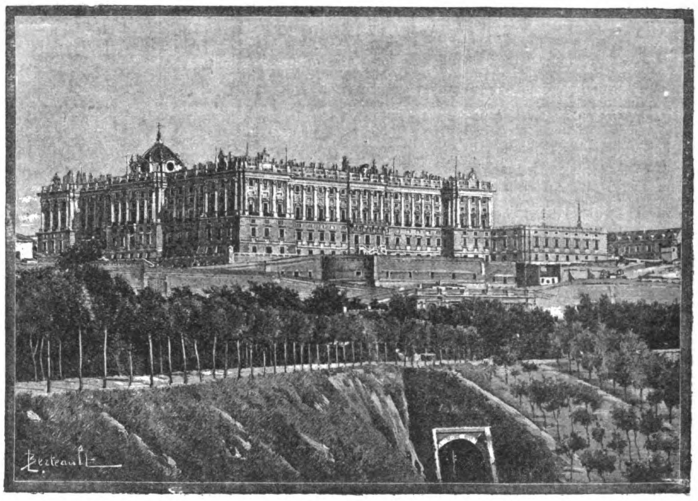
Some time afterwards King Alfonso married his first cousin, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, the beautiful Queen Mercedes, and upon the early death of the Queen the Infanta was a great consolation to her bereaved brother, whom she dearly loved. After he died she devoted herself in turn to his august widow, the present Queen Regent of Spain, Doña Maria Cristina, a model Queen, wife, and mother, and the perpetuator on the throne of St. Ferdinand of the traditions of Doña Maria de Molina. The Infanta Isabel has always been the constant companion of the Regent and of the baby King. The Spanish people, and particularly the people of Madrid, idolize her because charity is her first virtue, and her constant thought is to help the poor and comfort the unfortunate. To this purpose she devotes most of her income, sustaining hospitals and asylums, and supplements this work with her personal visits to the poor and sick. She is also patroness of all Spanish industries and arts. Enthusiastically fond of music, and of all the fine arts, she presides over concerts, and constantly organizes exhibitions, being always surrounded by the leading authors and artists. She knows by heart the gems of the rich classical Spanish literature, as well as most of the modern, and is acquainted with the work of other countries. She speaks Portuguese, French, Italian, English, and German as fluently as her own language, and her conversation is very bright and full of talent.

Some of her leisure hours are devoted to sport, of which she is also extremely fond. A daring rider, she appears in her pink coat, honoring the hunts at the club La Venta de la Rubia, near Madrid, during the winter at most of the meetings, and in autumn enjoys the stag-hunting in the wild hills of Riofrio, near the Palacio de la Granja. Her Highness is also very fond of driving, which she does to perfection, even with the most spirited four-in-hand.

Distinguished and highly cultivated, but, above all, charitable and affectionate, it may well be said of this princess that her royal crown fairly glistens with virtues, and no wonder that she is loved at the court of Madrid. In times of sorrow the Infanta has been the greatest consolation, and now, in these days of glory, when all the nations of the Old World join the countries of America at La Rabida, Palos, Madrid, New York, and Chicago to honor Columbus and Spain, the discovering nation, she is one of the most prominent figures of her time, of whom Spain is proud.

It is on this account, undoubtedly, that we hear she has been chosen to represent the King and Queen of Spain at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The coming of the Infanta, who bears the same name as the great Queen who is equally a glory of America and of Spain, will be highly appreciated by the American people. They will welcome and receive her as she deserves, being fully alive to the great honor done to them by the Queen Regent of Spain in sending such a distinguished and beloved princess to represent her in the greatest celebration of the nineteenth century.



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Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. Princess Marie of Edinburgh. | Prince Hohenzollern. Duchess of Edinburgh. | Duke of Edinburgh. King of Roumania.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN EUROPE—PORTRAITS OF THE CONTRACTING FAMILIES.—[SEE PAGE 43.]
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT'S for the babe?
Why, mother's eyes,
Twin patches of those summer skies
That beamed on him in Paradise.

What's for the child?
With fays to skip,
To taste the honeysuckles' lip—
The butterfly's companionship.

What's for the boy?
The haunted wold,
The squirrel's nest in leafy hold,
The rainbow's fabled pot of gold.

What's for the youth?
To dream of fame,
In shifting sand to write his name,
With sighs to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man?
Courage to bear
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart its weight to share.

And what's for age?
Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every trifle mars,
Dimness and fear—and then the stars!

GEORGE HORTON.

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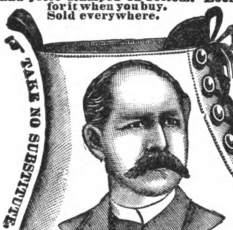
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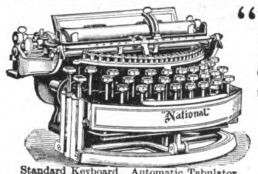
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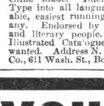
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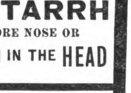
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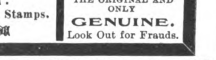
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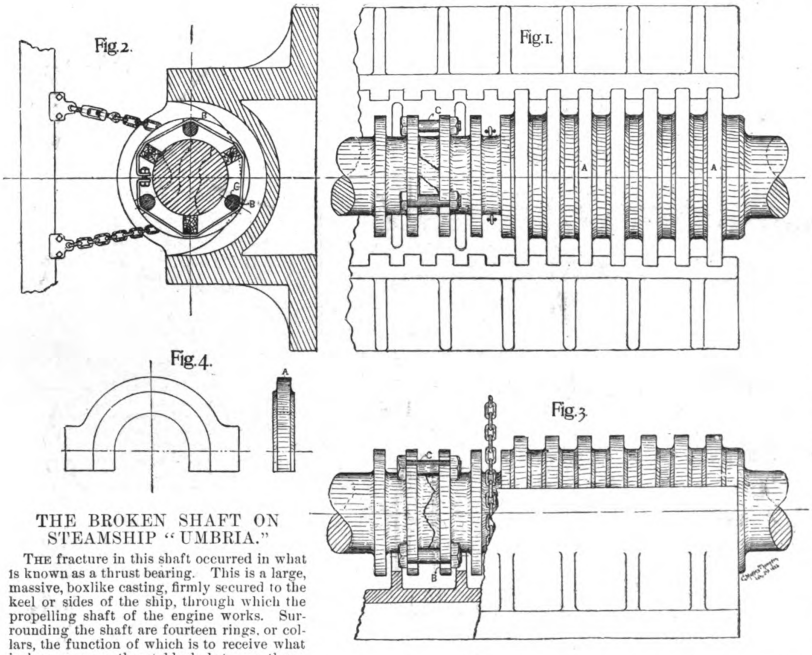


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THE BROKEN SHAFT ON STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."

THE fracture in this shaft occurred in what is known as a thrust bearing. This is a large, massive, boxlike casting, firmly secured to the keel or sides of the ship, through which the propelling shaft of the engine works. Surrounding the shaft are fourteen rings, or collars, the function of which is to receive what is known as a thrust block between them. These blocks are shown in drawing Fig. 1, and marked A, one of which has been removed and shown in drawing marked Fig. 4.

It will readily be seen in the main drawing that these thrust blocks surround the shaft, allowing it to turn freely within them, and also that the ends of these blocks are loosely dovetailed into the boxlike casting of the thrust bearing. As the shaft revolves, turning the propeller on the outside of the ship, a lateral thrust will be given to this shaft, and were it not for the thrust blocks, the shaft would force itself into the vessel with a parallel motion to the keel; but the thrust blocks, taking this motion, transfers the same to the vessel, and in that way propels it forward.

From an engineer's point of view the fracture in this shaft is a very peculiar one, evidently produced by a twisting strain. The fracture is a compound one, running in two different directions. The engineer of the *Umbria*, in making temporary repairs to this shaft, displayed great ingenuity in utilizing the two flanges, or collars, which surround the shaft on either side of the fracture. He caused two U-shaped pockets or openings to be cut into the flanges, shown in Fig. 2 at B, opposite each other, three pairs in all, equal distances apart. These openings were large enough to take a large bolt (C, Fig. 1) six inches in diameter, having a nut on one end and a head on the other. In this way the two flanges were screwed up together, thereby keeping the shaft from parting longitudinally. To keep the bolts from working out by centrifugal force, the engineer provided a strap around the shaft between the flanges, which firmly strapped in the bolts in their position. To do this it was also necessary to place blocks of wood between each of the bolts, as shown in Fig. 2, to support the band in position to give a firm bearing on each of the bolts.

ROUND THE WORLD ON BICYCLES.

Two young men, W. L. Sachteleben, of Alton, Illinois, and Thomas C. Allen, of Ferguson, Missouri, have just completed a tour of the world on bicycles; that is, they rode their wheels where the physical conditions of the earth made it possible, wholly regardless of political divisions or alien and combative people. They started on their tour in June, 1890, and reached San Francisco homeward bound in the latter part of December, 1892. From Liverpool, where the bicycles were purchased, the travellers covered the British Isles, the Continent, journeying unto Athens and Constantinople. They reached the top of Mount Ararat on a Fourth of July (it is not stated that bicycles were used on this occasion), and after firing pistols and waving the American flag, made the descent in safety, and were dined by the Governor of Bayazid. Through Persia and Turkey in Asia the young men wheeled along camel-paths. Remaining six months in Turkestan, they studied the Russian language, and then ventured upon Russian territory, where they were very kindly received.

After this came China. Kind friends endeavored to dissuade them, but holding a passport from the Chinese Minister in London, they were resolved to attempt the trip. They did so; and the English correspondent of the *North China Daily News*, writing from Tien-Tsin, together with a writer in the *N. C. Herald and the S. C. and C. Gazette*, gave wonderful and amusing accounts of the journey. The familiarity with the "American language" and customs exhibited by these writers is such as *Punch* gave evidence of thirty years ago. It is simply beautiful. They started, according to the *North China Daily News* correspondent, "slick around the world, I guess," and did "the whole thing in the style which *Punch* called 'sommut on top o' nothing.'" But notwithstanding all this, the tourists had a great time, and achieved much. They had many narrow escapes in the country of the Celestials, and "had to fight for their vehicles often, and once or twice had to stand with their backs to the wall and point their six-holed Colorado logic at the mob," says the journalist at Tien-Tsin, presumably referring to the weapons the travellers bore. These two Americans covered more than 3000 miles through a portion of China not visited by tourists. The officials were courteous to them, and sometimes they were furnished with a quartet of soldiers as a guard through dangerous parts of the country. But on a good road the riders generally left the guard behind, and ran their chances of being robbed and murdered.

The travellers excited a great deal of interest, and "it was a regular cram," remarks the *N. C. Herald*, etc., falling into "American." Their entry into Peking was amusing, being attired as represented in the photograph. Their legs were bare, from the ankles to the knees. Hats such as worn by believers in the Prophet covered their heads, and Chinese sandals bound their feet. Two pairs of Russian stockings were in their outfit, but they were worn on state occasions only. The machines also showed signs of travel and hard usage, the hind leg of a mule in Asia Minor having had a disastrous effect upon one. In Tien-Tsin, after leaving Peking, they were summoned by the Viceroy Li Hung-Chang, "who, remarking that 'a scholar should be courteous to scholars,' received them well."

They then visited a portion of Japan, but being summoned home, sailed on December 9th. The literary gentleman in Tien-Tsin remarks that the travellers "are of the sort who cannot be spoiled, and are a capital advertisement of the virtues of Young America. More modest, cheerful, and gallant young fellows never passed through this port." The completed record of the tour seems to bear this out.



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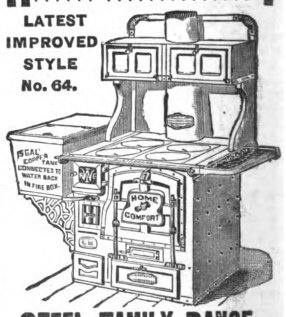
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AMATEUR SPORT

AFTER ALL THE TALK OF NEW YACHTS to be designed especially for the *America's* Cup trial races, it looks now as if the one ordered by Mr. Archibald Rogers and his syndicate of New York yachtsmen will be the only one to meet Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*. It is little short of astonishing that no yacht is forth-coming from Boston, where the ambition of rival designers, if no other incentive, it would seem, should find a way and means for representation. The Bryant syndicate appears to have been talk only, and the Adams brothers do not consider the game worth the candle. It was certainly expected, when it became known we were positively to have an international race, that there would be at least three yachts in the preliminary races. No one believed all the wild rumors of boats to be built, but to come down to only one is something of a drop. It will rob the trial races of nearly all their interest, and make them, in comparison to those of former race years, extremely tame. On the other hand, it will act as somewhat of a handicap on the single defender not to undergo the tuning up necessarily gained in contests with one in her own class.

On the other hand, the *Valkyrie* is, if reports be true, going to have some good stiff work before she starts for this side, to say nothing of the trip across the Atlantic. The Prince of Wales's yacht will race against her, and William Fife, Jun., who designed the *Thistle*, is to be backed by a Scotch syndicate for a 90-tonner, 85 feet l. w. l.

It is safe to say Mr. Carroll's 85-footer will have plenty of work cut out for her when she goes abroad, and it is not unlikely that we shall have three British yachts in American waters in September, and an ocean race as a preliminary starter of the international sport.

IF THE SEASON DOES NOT ACT as the one two years ago, which came in like a lion and went out as the proverbial lamb, we shall have some of the best ice yachting in many a long year. All of the clubs have been preparing for racing, and there has been more or less of it on the Shrewsbury River, but the snow has prevented any good work. The North Shrewsbury River Club, in fact, has been very active, and hardly a day has gone by in the past ten that there has not been some local racing. As yet there has been no race for the Van Nostrand Cup, which this club holds and sets up as the championship trophy of America in opposition to the Challenge Pennant held by Mr. John A. Roosevelt's *Icicle*. The Orange Lake yachtsmen have already challenged Mr. Roosevelt, and a race will be had at the first opportunity. In the mean time no race has been called for the Van Nostrand Cup, for which the Orange men are also anxious to race.

The probabilities are that the race on the Hudson will be sailed first, and that the Shrewsbury yachtsmen will be sportsmen enough to give the Orange men time to get over to Red Bank with their yachts.

It is morally certain that there will be entries for the Challenge Pennant from the Orange Lake and Carthage Landing clubs, and the North Shrewsbury clubmen should also send up one of their cracks to compete against the Hudson River Ice Club's champion *Icicle*. This yacht of Mr. Roosevelt's is a flyer. She has won the pennant for three consecutive years, and last year beat the fastest time on record for twenty miles by over ten minutes, making it in 46 minutes 19 seconds. There is no reason why there should not be races for the Challenge Pennant, and also for the Van Nostrand Cup as well, but there is no question that the former must be recognized as the championship ice-yachting trophy of America.

THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, which are to be held this year in Boston the first week in February, will furnish a most interesting competition between J. F. Bacon of Boston, and Moses Rubenstein, a brother of Louis. Neither George D. Phillips nor Louis Rubenstein will compete, both having retired, and there will be no one in the contest to approach Bacon and Moses Rubenstein. That the competition will be a heated one none will doubt who has followed figure skating the past couple of years. Bacon is a very trim-built little man, and extremely graceful; he skated in the championships last February, held at Hoboken, and ran Phillips very hard for first honors.

At the New England championships afterwards, Bacon met and defeated Moses R.—194 to 174 points—but there was a great deal of discussion over the fairness of the decision. At the Canadian championships in Victoria Rink, Montreal, a week later, the two again met, and this time Rubenstein was declared the winner—141 to Bacon's 121 points. Again there were charges of fraud, and the season really ended in a most unsatisfactory manner so far as these two men were concerned. When they meet in Boston next month it will be to decide which of the two is actually the more skilful, and it is to be hoped the National Amateur Skating Association will prevent a repetition of last year's disgraceful bickerings by providing judges that are recognized as competent and unprejudiced. And there should be at least one out-of-town judge, one with no New England or Canadian affiliations. Undoubtedly it is a very close thing between these two, but it should not be lost sight of by any one figuring on the outcome of the match, that Rubenstein has had the benefit of his brother's able coaching to prepare him for the contest, and that is no inconsiderable advantage.

THE SPEED-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, which will also be held in Boston at the same time, appear to belong to the Newburgh boys. Between Howard P. Mosher, Elmer Simpson, and Jim Donoghue, a brother of Joe, there seems to be little left for any outsider, unless some phenomenon should be sprung on the community. Mosher last year finished second to Joe Donoghue in all four of the races—the quarter, mile, five, and ten miles. Jim Donoghue will be Mosher's closest competitor in the longer distance, but in the quarter, Simpson is as likely to win as any one of them—in fact, a little more so, for sprinting is his strong point.

It is a noticeable fact that of late years we have developed very few figure or speed skaters; we see the same men competing year after year, until they drop out and are replaced by another set that continues to hand down the tradition. There used to be dozens of skaters, where there is now one, in the old days of rinks. What with our erratic climate and changing fashions, the good old skating days seem to have gone, never to return.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION BOXING AND WRESTLING championships turned out a sorry lot of champions.

Boxing has made no advance among this class of men; it is the same old hit or miss windmill business, and this year was not even good fighting. With the exception of Horton, 125-pound class, not a man boxed through three rounds in any kind of form. Leeds, 135 pounds, is clever and has form, but he won on a foul before the first round was half over. The decision in the middle-weight class was very bad. Wilson, who met Horton, should make a good man.

As for the wrestling, there were two couple—Moneypenny and Bertsch, bantam, and Klund and Troelsch, 125 pounds, that appeared to know something of the game; the others were of the main strength and awkwardness quality. Two of the cleverest men entered were Keppler, 158 pounds, and Appleby, 135 pounds. The former was defeated in the trials by Osgood, the ex-Cornell football-player, who certainly looked considerably over 158. He has great strength, but little skill, shown by the ease with which he was thrown in the heavy-weight class. Appleby won his way to the finals, but did not compete.

The referee was very unsatisfactory, making an outrageous decision in the 125-pound class, and permitting men in trials to wrestle for twenty minutes.

A LETTER FROM A MEMBER of the University of Pennsylvania Graduate Advisory Athletic Committee explains more particularly the recent movement towards securing a graduate as financial secretary to the several athletic associations. The report came from Philadelphia that the U. of P. had "engaged a salaried manager, whose business will be to manage the various athletic teams," and as such was criticised in this department. Now they have decided to follow Yale's example of appointing, on salary, some responsible graduate to look after the financial affairs of the athletic associations that have grown out of the undergraduates' reach in the last few years. If this newly considered power in college athletics is to keep within his domain of finances, the movement is a good one, for the undergraduate managers have their time fully occupied now by the duties of their office. But the "financial secretary" must stay in the counting-room, and not attempt to extend his scope to the management of the team other than to such matters as may concern its financial welfare. The large sums of money handled each year by the college athletic associations make it advisable to have an older head to protect the undergraduates against the leeches who are ever ready to fasten themselves upon the inexperienced. That such a one should receive compensation is eminently proper; but he is not the "manager" of the teams, as he has been called, nor the individual we have criticised so strongly.

Harvard is about to take a similar step, and will also soon have a financial secretary. It is well that the undergraduates have the business end of athletics taken from their care; it will relieve them of much bother and worry. The boys should have only the sport to look after, while the elders care for the money end of it. Somehow it makes the sport cleaner not to be dickering over the dollars and sense part of it.

EVERY PACK OF HOUNDS from which we have heard furnished the very best of sport in the season just closed. The Dumblane pack has consolidated with the Geneseo, and as usual there have been fields of from 75 to 80 people not infrequently up Mr. Wadsworth's country. Indeed, the Geneseo people believe they have about the best sport on this side of the Atlantic, and they are not very far from right.

A club that dispute such a claim is the Radnor, near Philadelphia, where they hunt the wild fox only. Mr. Charles E. Mather, the Master, reports the best runs they have ever had, especially for the month of December. They keep going over there all winter on frozen ground, whilst other packs stop when the ground is hard. The Radnor lost its pack a couple of years ago by rabies, but it has proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the importations have turned out to be very fine.

The Essex County hounds have been greatly improved by the present Master, Charles Pfizer; the servants are all well dressed and superbly mounted, and with the addition of the Morristown contingent, the entire Hunt is more prosperous than ever. The prominent people in that section of New Jersey are in sympathy with the sport, and Hunt breakfasts of the most delightful description have been given every week during the autumn season.

MR. F. GRAY GRISWOLD'S HOUNDS (a private pack) have shown excellent sport, with larger following than usual, owing to the unfortunate interruptions at Meadow Brook, many of the latter club having hunted with Mr. Griswold.

The Meadow Brook Hunt has undoubtedly the best country and the most level, and the fastest pack of hounds, but the season has not been so good as usual, owing to the severe illness of a member of the Master's family, which has kept Mr. Hitchcock out of the field. This and one serious accident have made fewer runs than is customary, but the sport shown has been of the highest order. With the new year there comes the news of a possible change in the Mastership, and a renewal of the sport on a more enthusiastic order. It is very likely true that Mr. Hitchcock will relinquish the charge of the Meadow Brook Hounds, and if it be that Mr. Griswold is persuaded to accept the office, and consolidate his pack with that of the club's, there will be rare sport in store for the Meadow Brook men.

The gossip in the fake society column of a certain morning newspaper, that Mr. Hitchcock's resignation pleased the M. B. men, who did not like his appropriation of club hounds to his own use, was as unkind as it is untrue. To question Mr. Hitchcock's sportsmanship is to proclaim one's ignorance.

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS WERE NO SINECURE when they came into the hands of the present Master, and to say, therefore, that the pack has been successfully hunted and managed by Mr. John E. Cowdin is giving that gentleman much praise. The fields have not been especially large, though there has been some new blood, and good sport.

T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., has finished another very successful season with the Westchester Hounds. These hounds, as a matter of fact, have never been handled better than under the present Mastership. There is an abundance of good country within easy distance of the kennels, and its diversity is one of the greatest pleasures of a season with this pack. There is good riding in Westchester County, and plenty of sport for the asking.

Down on Staten Island Mr. Charles D. Freeman has been working away persistently on the Richmond County Hounds, and has furnished good sport to fields that are steadily growing. Mr. Freeman has had the disadvantage of having little or no cross-country material from which to recruit riders; but there has been great improvement in the past season, and the pack has run in good form.

The Dutchess County Hounds have been hunted by Archibald Rogers and Samuel Colgate, and furnished good sport for the small but enthusiastic fields in that section.

A very decided departure has been made in Westchester County by Mr. William E. Iselin, who has established a pack of beagles, and promises to show most popular sport. The country is now being stocked with the Western jack-rabbits and with hares imported from England. There is much impatience in Westchester for the opening of the season.

Summing it all up, it may easily be declared that the sport furnished has been better and the fields generally larger than in previous years. The prolonged mild autumn weather helped matters greatly. As Long Island is the only section where the going is suitable for a spring season, the enthusiastic men of other Hunts have declared their intention of locating on Long Island for the coming spring season.

AS THE HUNT CLUBS FURNISH also our polo players, there is no dearth of interesting subjects to discuss even with the "beautiful" covering the ground in our vicinity. Nothing has been heard yet from Foxhall Keene on the prospects of English polo players coming over this year. Last season Mr. Keene made a similar attempt, and was unsuccessful; but it is not at all unlikely the World's Fair may prove to be a drawing card, even should all other persuasion fail. One thing is certain if the Englishmen do come, and that is we shall give them something of a surprise party in our play. When they visited us before, our game was crude compared to it now, and yet we were able to make a desperate though a losing battle. There should be a modification of the Englishmen's rules, so that hooking-mallets and off-side play, both of which are permissible in their game, be eliminated.

Last season was a very successful one in the history of American polo, more men playing and a greater number of ponies being used than ever before. Several new clubs were formed during the season, and it is especially gratifying to note that one of them was at St. Louis, Missouri. There are already unattached polo teams in several widely separated sections of the United States, and the growth of the game is further emphasized by the many individual players who may be found in a half-dozen States knocking the ball around where a year ago the game had hardly been heard of. The old impression that none save a wealthy man can indulge in polo is very properly dying out. Of course, to play in the class with our crack Eastern teams it takes several of the best ponies attainable; but for any one outside of the championship circuit, one pony will furnish plenty of sport, and in the West a pony may be purchased for less than $100. The same pony when he reaches the Atlantic sea-board fetches from $150 to $300.

There are thirteen clubs in the Association, with 163 members and 670 ponies.

ALTHOUGH RATHER LATE TO COMMENT on football, the great progress of the game in the West makes the recent match at San Francisco between the Stanford and Berkeley universities a matter of interest throughout the country even at this late date. We of the East are apt to imagine a game in California as being rather crude, and the spectators no more than would comfortably fill a back lot. It will surprise most readers, therefore, when it is said that this Stanford-Berkeley game would have been creditable to most of our Eastern teams.

The spectators numbered about 15,000, and were a typical football gathering, made up, as we see at our great games here, of the best people. And they witnessed a struggle worthy their attention. The style of play of the two teams was essentially dissimilar, but each showed exceptional skill along its own lines. The play of the Stanford team was more varied, and depended almost entirely upon assaulting the enemy's line at unexpected points—double passing and long end runs. Berkeley, on the other hand, made their gains by short but repeated plunges into the lighter line of their antagonists, and forcing them slowly but steadily backward until the goal-line was reached. Neither team understood the use of the punt as a measure of defense or offense. The Stanford men outclassed the Berkeley team throughout the first half, but in the second half the superior strength of the latter team was made manifest.

THE GAME RESULTED IN A TIE, each side securing two touch-downs and converting but one of the two into a goal. Taylor's kicks were very difficult ones, as both were made from punt-outs from well over toward the corner, but Kennedy of the Stanfords had both his touch-downs directly behind the goal, and should easily have made both.

Henry and Hunt of the Berkeleys are men who deserve especial comment, the former being an end of remarkable sprinting ability, and the latter a line-bucking half of well over 180 pounds, who strikes hard every time, and can repeat as often as called upon. In the line Foulks was the best of the Berkeleys, although their heavy centre three swept their men back well.

Clemans and Walton, the two half backs of Stanford, did the double pass cleverly, and the former is the strongest running half on the coast to-day for general work. He has a peculiar way of tossing the would-be tackler with his head, exactly as a bull would use his horns, and although being rather slight, and weighing only 155 pounds, his neck seems made of steel.

The stamp of the two Yale coachers was plain upon both teams, for there were the spring and dash (all the more noticeable, perhaps, because some of the individual work was crude), and the power to brace, which have become traditional at New Haven. That the match has given football a wonderful start upon the coast is certain, and it will not be long before we shall see some interchange of courtesies between the Atlantic and Pacific in football.

THE WRITER OF THIS DEPARTMENT has many times, I have no doubt, been voted a crank for his persistent hammering away at all things calculated to lower the amateur standard in athletics. He is willing to be called a crank if only the good cause profit thereby. The condition of amateur athletics has been dark indeed the last two years; but a cloud appears to have broken away just at this time, and shown its silver lining to the workers for sport for sport's sake. To the good hard work of Mr. William B. Curtis we are indebted very largely for the casting out of the "amachoor" scrapper, who feasted on the fat of the land so long, masquerading as an amateur; the whitewashing of penitent professionals has been stopped, and all attempts to raise the value of prizes futile. Now the news comes that the Manhattan Athletic Club will no longer support their athletes.

Running back over the changes for the better, it is astounding to note how little the A. A. U. has actually done; as a body the A. A. U. simply sits lazily nodding at all the infractions of the amateur ruling, and waits for some one else to clutch the guilty.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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SENATOR LODGE.



THE election of Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE to the Senate of the United States furnishes a striking illustration of the change which of late has come over the politics of Massachusetts. Some of the best political traditions of former days had been preserved in that State longer than anywhere else. Until a few years ago its Legislature was a remarkably true representative of the popular intelligence and virtue. It always counted among its members some of the best men of the State. Its debates excelled by their freedom and instructiveness. It maintained a high standard of official integrity, and was but seldom carried away by a narrow party spirit. It abhorred caucus rule in matters of such importance as the election of United States Senators, and cultivated among its members an honorable independence of individual opinion. The ruling party, too, in Massachusetts was controlled far more by public sentiment in contradistinction to control by "bosses" or "machines" than in many other States. It was proud of being the leading champion of great principles, and to fight in the vanguard of progress. Its conventions were meetings of freemen having opinions of their own, and intent upon putting forward for high office their best men, who would do honor to their State and to the whole nation. And such men would have considered it a disgrace to themselves and a desecration of the offices they were to fill had they in the slightest degree permitted themselves to descend to the low arts of political management in order to obtain their places. Such was the Republican Massachusetts of SUMNER, WILSON, and ANDREW.

There has been a deplorable change. The Republican party of Massachusetts is now hardly less machine-ridden than is that of New York. The Legislature has lost its prestige. Within a few years past it has repeatedly been subjected to suspicion of corrupt dealings, and now it obediently carries out the behests of the party boss. And this deterioration has for some time and in some important respects been most effectively promoted by the present beneficiary of it. Mr. LODGE is a man of fortune, of high social position, of large literary attainments, and of considerable general ability. He grew up under the influence of surroundings most favorable to the development of a high-toned public man. CHARLES SUMNER was an intimate friend of his family. He belonged to a circle of young men distinguished by ability, culture, public spirit, and a noble ambition of public usefulness. He started out in public life with the most laudable intentions as a Massachusetts Republican of the best type, animated with the purpose of keeping alive and improving upon the best traditions of the party and the State. In 1884 he attended the Republican National Convention as a delegate and as one of the most ardent opponents of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination for the Presidency. He was eloquent in his denunciations of Mr. BLAINE'S record and public character, and in his predictions of the evils sure to follow were such a man nominated and elected. But Mr. BLAINE was nominated, and Mr. LODGE had arrived at the turning-point of his career. Almost all the friends of his youth went one way, he the other. He remained with his party, not in silent submission, as some other Republican opponents of Mr. BLAINE did, but he became an open and active advocate of Mr. BLAINE'S election. He was rewarded with a Republican nomination for Congress, and he took the reward.

The reason he gave for his course—that he still saw in the Republican party, even with Mr. BLAINE at its head, the best safeguard of the public interest—would have been more readily taken as sincere had he not at once accepted his reward, and had he not subsequently, to accommodate himself to the tendencies of his party, dropped most of the opinions and turned his back upon many of the principles he had formerly professed, not only on the field of politics and economics, but also on that of public ethics. Had he remained true to his original convictions and standards, he would have resisted to the last the adoption by his party of an extreme protective policy—but he supported the MCKINLEY tariff; he would have strenuously opposed any policy dangerous to peace, prosperity, and the growth of friendly relations between the whites and the negroes in the South—but he became the sponsor of the famous force bill; he would not only have advocated civil service reform measures in the House of Representatives, but he would have made himself the example of a member of Congress practically treating the offices in his district as places of public trust, to be filled exclusively on the ground of merit, without any partisan consideration—but he became a distributor of spoils like the rest of them; he would have struggled hard to preserve the good old political traditions of his State; he would have fought to the bitter end to keep his party in Massachusetts free from machine rule, and to maintain its high intellectual and moral character; he would have modelled his own conduct strictly upon the high standard set by his early friend, CHARLES SUMNER, in proudly abstaining from anything like political "work" in the pursuit of public office—but it was he who introduced and developed machine methods in the government of his party; he pressed upon the Legislature a "gerrymandering" scheme from the shamelessness of which even his followers recoiled; he devoted himself to the running of caucuses and conventions like an old machine hand; he induced the Republican State Convention to pass a resolution instructing the Republican members of the Legislature to hold, for the first time in the history of the State, a caucus for the nomination of a United States Senator; he set up the pins and laid the wires for the election of members favorable to himself; he brought about the holding of a "snap" caucus even before the Legislature was organized, outdoing our own HILL'S and MURPHY'S, and he thus effected his nomination and election as a Senator of the United States. CHARLES SUMNER, had he lived, would have turned away with amazement and disgust from the conduct of his pupil. The State of Massachusetts has never seen a Senatorial election like this.

Success, by whatever means achieved, has a seductive charm for many minds. But those who study Mr. LODGE'S methods of achieving political success should not overlook this significant circumstance. Mr. LODGE might, and in all probability would, have reached the goal of his ambition just as surely, and much more honorably and satisfactorily to himself, had he remained true to his first ideals. He had all the requisite elements of a brilliant career at his command. Had he given all the ability and time and labor he squandered on the miserable business of machine-building and wire-pulling, and on the direction of tricky party politics, to the earnest study and treatment of public questions, and to the establishment of a solid reputation as a statesman, the Senatorship would surely have come to him as a free offering by a State proud of him, instead of his running after it like a man who would steal it if he could not get it honestly. He would then have sat in the Senate with a consciousness of dignity and independence, owing his position to his own worth, unhampered by any obligation to greedy henchmen, and free to do his best, according to his lights and his conscience, for the welfare of the American people. It is not improbable that, having six assured years before him, he means to do this now. But he will find that a machine-made Senator is not permitted to forget his origin. His associations are apt to cling to him, and, unless he finds in them his congenial element, to make his position of honor and power one of continual self-reproach and humiliation. There are not many instances on record in which a man of spirit and higher aspirations, once fallen under such dependence, succeeded in freeing himself entirely from the hampering and galling yoke.

THE "ANTI-SNAPPERS" AND THE SENATORSHIP.

THE "anti-snappers" are the great body of Democrats in the State of New York who are opposed to the methods of the "machine." Speaking broadly, they may be said to be the Democrats who believe in the Democratic principles that have triumphed in the election of GROVER CLEVELAND. The "machine" is composed of those to whom Democracy is merely an organization formed for the purpose of capturing offices, spoils, contracts, opportunities for making money out of public works, the control of the public business and the public moneys, with the opportunities thereby afforded for feathering their own nests, for filling their own purses with gains mainly ill-got.

The "anti-snappers" doubtless constitute the majority of the 650,000 citizens who cast their votes for Mr. CLEVELAND. The "machine" is thoroughly organized. Under the laws of the State, and its own rules and practices, it has control of the machinery by which Democratic nominations are made. It dominates the town and city committees outside of New York and Brooklyn, and consequently the county committees. In New York and Brooklyn the State machine is subordinate to local machines. The county committees control the various conventions within their jurisdiction, and the Assembly conventions which choose delegates to State conventions. As the State Convention names the State Committee, which, in turn, absolutely controls the subsequent State Convention, it is apparent why the "machine" is supreme in the party.

The Democratic voters, although apparently acting through the "machine," have no voice in the government of their own party. They cannot select their delegates for a convention. In the city the delegates are appointed by Tammany Hall. Outside of the city they are appointed by the local and State machines. Not only have the voters no voice in the selection of delegates, but the delegates to a convention have no discretion in nominating candidates. These are dictated to them by "bosses." The "bosses" at present constitute a group known as the "Big Four," of whom even the Governor of the State is an humble and obedient tool.

And yet this powerful and autocratic "machine" has been defeated and baffled by the Democratic voters who insisted on the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. Senator HILL, the leader of the "Big Four," proposed to defeat Mr. CLEVELAND and secure his own nomination through the manipulation of his "machine." Notwithstanding the fact, however, that the State's delegation was instructed for him, they could neither nominate him nor persuade the National Convention that Mr. CLEVELAND could not carry the State. In the campaign that followed, the "machine" was not loyal to Mr. CLEVELAND. On the contrary, it is now distinctly charged by Mr. SMITH M. WEED with using money contributed by Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends for the purposes of the national campaign to elect Assemblymen friendly to Mr. MURPHY. The campaign for the nomination and the election was waged against the "machine" by the "anti-snappers." They won the victory in each instance. They demonstrated in their first effort that they represented a large number of the Democratic voters of the State, and that they were in harmony with the Democratic sentiment and desires of the country. In their second effort they demonstrated that they possessed sufficient voting strength to overcome the "machine's" disaffection.

The weight of character and intelligence, as well as the majority of the Democratic voters, is against the "machine." The natural leaders of the party are "anti-snappers," and yet, notwithstanding this, the "machine" has pursued its purposes, and, contrary to the expressed wishes of the President-elect and to the desires of the majority of the party in the State, has made Mr. MURPHY a United States Senator. The edict of the "bosses" was carried into effect under the personal manipulation of Senator HILL.

During the weeks that intervened between the Presidential election and the Democratic caucus which set the seal of approval on Mr. MURPHY'S candidacy, as during the Presidential campaign, the "anti-snappers" maintained an admirable attitude. They recognized that the "machine" was in control of the Legislature, but they also knew that a popular clamor might have been raised against Mr. MURPHY which would probably result in his withdrawal. Such action on their part, however, would only embitter the "machine" against Mr. CLEVELAND, and surround the early days of his administration with difficulties. They realized, too, that for their own purposes, and for the eventual distinction of Mr. CLEVELAND'S second term in the Presidency, the "machine's" appointment of Mr. MURPHY to the Senatorship would be better than the election of any one except of some such distinguished man of their own number as Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. COUDERT, or Mr. GRACE. Nevertheless, in order to still preserve the full effectiveness of apparent Democratic union, and to give the State a worthier Senator than Mr. MURPHY, the President-elect and many of his friends were willing to accept a member of the "machine," and to agree upon his election. Mr. CLEVELAND did not request that one of his political and personal friends should be nominated. As President-elect, it was the duty of his party in the State to select as a Senator a man whose relations with him were of the closest and most intimate character, one who might speak for him with authority. But Mr. CLEVELAND was willing to yield to the discourtesy of the "machine," and asked of it only that it would name as Senator some one fit to represent the State. Most of his friends think that he went very far in naming Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN as a proper person. However that may be, the men who lead and speak for the majority of the Democratic party in New York, having unselfishly retired to the rear during the campaign, having thereby permitted the hostile "machine" to strengthen itself, have made no factional nor self-seeking fight in the Senatorial contest.

There is no doubt, if they use their great strength, that they can put an end to the "machine" and assume the organization which ought to be theirs by reason not only of their sympathy with Mr. CLEVELAND, but of their voting strength. They have gone far enough for harmony. Good citizens will rejoice that there was no compromise with the "machine," and that if there is to be a struggle between it and the "anti-snappers," it must mean the absolute defeat of one or the other. That there is to be a struggle no observer of current events can question. The patriotism that has induced the giant to remain inactive since the triumph at Chicago, will now compel him to put forth all his energy. The present duty of the "anti-snappers" is to give to Mr. CLEVELAND the support of the Democratic organization of New York.

MAYOR GILROY'S APPOINTMENTS.

ON January 3d, the day after he assumed office, the new Mayor of New York announced the names of the citizens who, under his commission, are to exercise the greatest powers and perform the most important duties for years to come. Under the present charter these high offices are filled by the Mayor alone, and these appointments are the highest acts of his mayoralty, those by which it will be mainly judged. Among them are a Commissioner of Public Works; the head of the Fire Department; one member each

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of the Tax, Excise, and Park boards; and four police justices. Each of them is an essential part of the great municipal organization, and wields more or less power over the well-being of the city and the daily life of its residents. The jurisdiction of a police justice in New York was said by Mayor HEWITT, in 1888, to be of more importance to the community than that of a judge of the Court of Appeals. It is *certain* that the prosperity of the metropolis and the comfort and safety of its citizens and their property for the next few years will depend largely upon the integrity, courage, and ability of the twelve officers appointed last week.

If these appointments merely excited dissent from the Mayor's opinion as to the wisdom of some of the selections, or if it were apparent that while seeking the best service for the public he had made some errors of judgment, the subject would be of great local interest, and the appointments would call for careful discussion and rigid criticism. But the case is very different. There is no room for doubt on the character of the Mayor's selections, nor on the principles which have controlled them. Good service to the public was plainly no element in his view of duty. The question whether the candidates were fitted by character and intellect for the offices was not considered. They were chosen solely in the interests and at the bidding of a private club, which exists only to control the city government and to share its emoluments. The great offices of a community far richer and more powerful than the Rome of AUGUSTUS or the England of ELIZABETH have been given to certain leaders and servants of Tammany Hall, either as rewards of past services to that organization, or to secure for it hereafter the profits of the city's business. The meaning and purpose of the appointments are undisputed. The outrage on the public has been committed in the form most shocking to the moral sense, and it is this which makes the event not merely a municipal disaster, but a national scandal.

The reputable press of New York, without exception, has exposed and denounced the Mayor's act. But its indignation has been expended mostly on details. That the greatest department of the city's business has been given into notoriously incompetent hands, and has for its nominal head the mere tool of an irresponsible master; that the guardianship of the city against fire is intrusted to a ruffian, whose narrow escape from the gallows is his only claim even to notoriety; that one of the most important courts in Christendom receives as presiding justice a vulgar and ignorant man, known to the city only for the unblushing effrontery with which he has practised corruption in legislation and protected vice in office—these facts have aroused the press to remonstrance. But these are mere incidents. The essential fact is that public office is treated as the property of a set of men, to be disposed of for their benefit at the cost of the community. Strange to say, journals which are emphatic in denouncing the most shameful nominations, speak of these as exceptions, and eagerly seek excuses to praise the rest. In truth, the entire list has been dictated by a single principle, and must be judged as a whole. It is the consistent expression of a fixed purpose to make the municipal government subservient to private ends.

Whenever Tammany has been held in check by a formidable opposition, its appointments have shown some respect, or at least fear, before public opinion. It is too prudent to defy propriety while its power is threatened. But now that it is supreme, it throws off disguise, and reveals the naked deformity of that selfish greed which inspires its whole career. Throughout its history its character has been consistent and its aims unchanged. Whether it puts forward as apparent leader a patriotic and wise statesman as a tool of its secret masters, whether it supports a HEWITT or a GILROY, its ultimate purpose is the same. It is a conspiracy to plunder the citizens in the name of government. In its nature it cannot present a good nomination, save when it must deceive its victims in order to secure its power; and the power once gained is used without scruple. It could not act otherwise. The fancy that the vast, complex business of the metropolis can ever be properly conducted under the sway of an association pretending to be political, which has no aim but to control the municipality, and no life but the spoils of office, is absurd. It is not by Tammany, nor through Tammany, nor with Tammany, it is only over Tammany that the way lies to any reform in city government. The appointments of last week will doubtless cost New York heavily. Their evil results can never be exactly measured, but it is likely that, in years to come, life will be cheaper and living dearer, public order less secure, vice and crime more rife, and the community poorer by millions of dollars in consequence of them. Yet if they open the eyes of citizens to the one way of reform, they may still prove worth their cost. There may be some reason to think that the hand which has thus moved Mayor GILROY as its puppet has overleaped its purpose, and that these appointments are the beginning of the end. It was said long ago, "Whom the gods will destroy, they first make mad."



A FASCINATING BOOK.

IT is an old saying that no autobiography honestly written can be dull reading. The *Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott*, edited by Professor MINTO, which the HARPERS have just published in two handsome volumes, illustrated with the author's own sketches and etchings, is so far from dull that its interest will for many readers amount to a fascination. The British artist is unlike the prophet in that he is honored in his own country. He is so much honored there, if he be honored at all, that his pictures are all absorbed by his countrymen, and that he may be a very famous man at home, and be scarcely known abroad, except by a name with which no impression is connected. Mr. SCOTT was a successful British artist. For autobiographical purposes he was something even better than that. He was a shrewd and humorous and yet a sympathetic and romantic Scotchman, who during a long life kept his eyes wide open, and knew most men and women that were worth knowing in his own sphere of life. His sphere was not limited to pictorial art, for he made several serious essays in poetry. These have no more crossed the ocean than his paintings, although one American, and that one EMERSON, wrote of one of his books, "It concerns me very much." But his literature was, at all events, not less important to the interest of his autobiography than his art, since it brought him into contact with people of whom all the world wishes to hear. He knew the men of letters and the artists of London for fifty years, and has much to tell of them.



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

There are delightful and novel glimpses of CARLYLE and LEIGH HUNT and TENNYSON and RUSKIN in these pages, though the autobiographer's familiars were among the painters, or rather among those who, like himself, were poets and painters both. Most conspicuous among these was DANTE ROSSETTI—at least he is most conspicuous in the book, which gives by far the best account that has been given of his curious personality. As a painter, ROSSETTI, with his brethren of the P. R. B., has just now an "actuality" in New York by reason of the recent exhibition here of pre-Raphaelite pictures. But the man was more interesting than what he painted, and perhaps than what he wrote, as Mr. SCOTT's reminiscences make clear. No reader will grudge the space that is given to him, nor, indeed, any of the time that he bestows upon Mr. SCOTT's portrait-gallery, in which by no means the least interesting figure is the autobiographer himself, whose regard is at once so shrewd and so kindly, who knows so well how to observe and so well how to describe. At the end of these delightful pages the reader is gratified to come upon Mr. SWINBURNE's admirable and just elegy upon a man who will be better known posthumously to Americans than he was during his lifetime, and who can only gain by being better known.

TO CLUBLESS MEN.



FOR the making of resolutions one time of the year is surely as good as another. The human race that dwells in this part of the world, however, has adopted the custom of beginning the new year with virtuous intentions; and who is there among those who are already as good as it is prudent to be who will not agree that even a short effort to be good, or happier, is better than nothing for the majority of their fellow-creatures?

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the New-Year's resolutions are too often inspired by the gross vices of intemperance in drink or tobacco. The regret is not that the victims of degrading habits determine to struggle for freedom from their bonds, but that the necessity for the struggle seems to be so universal. It is well that the new year should be begun by those who are in need of self-restraint in this direction with a pledge of total abstinence, but while men are overhauling their relations with their fellows, and taking their moral dead-reckoning, they might as well do something more for themselves than resolve to limit their intoxicants and narcotics.

They might resolve to be happier and more rational, to find more congenial comradeship during the remainder of their journey through life. There are vast numbers of men, for instance, who are wandering in the darkness outside of clubdom. To be sure, there are clubless men who are measurably content and happy, to whom slippers and the domestic hearth, and the society of a few congenial friends, are completely satisfying. To such men a club is not a necessity; it is, or would be, an expensive luxury. But there are thousands of others who are hungering and thirsting for a larger experience, who would be broad and generous where they are narrow and self-centred if they only recognized the value of free and intimate comradeship with men of their own kind.

It is unnecessary to say a word in defence of clubs. Their great prosperity is their sufficient *raison d'être*. They exist because men need the companionship of men. Without that companionship the race could not possibly attain its highest civilization; so that clubs may be said to promote the true welfare of the race, and to stimulate its progress.

There is nothing more dismal in human existence than the life of a bachelor who "has no place to go to" when his day's work is done. It is true that he may have apartments; his apartments, though they may be rich in comfort and adorned with all that the man needs when he is alone, cannot speak to him, cannot tell him of other contemporary experiences. They grow so hateful to him sometimes that, for an escape, he rushes to a ball or to visit a recently married friend, content to chatter inanities or to have his gloom deepened by witnessing honey-moon endearments; he is ready for anything, even a solitary walk in the streets, to be rid of the depressing solitude of his chambers.

Such a man, who has no club, is simply neglecting a duty that he owes to himself. The stern moralist asks, why not spend his evenings with his books? The answer is that while a man who has his books has always excellent society, he sometimes wants other society; that while it is entrancing to be at the heart of things in old Greece, or the Roman Empire, or the Stone Age, or in the days of good Queen ANNE, it is exciting to be at the heart of things in our own time. And it is the club man who knows best what is going on, and who touches most closely the rushing human tide of the end of the century. It is the clubless man who lives in an atmosphere of guessing and misinformation. Is it not well to know the men who are making the history of our times? Is it well to know no man intimately except the people with whom one transacts business?

All clubless men who can afford the small expense, and who have no other way of coming in contact with those who do, or with those who are acquainted with those who do, can make no more rational resolution in this new-year's time than to cease their clubless state.

A WORD WITH THE AMERICAN GIRL.



IF the American girl has demonstrated one thing more clearly than another, it is her disposition to do just about as she sees fit. Her ability in this direction may not be absolutely equal to her disposition, but it does not lag far behind. She intends to do what she wishes, and she usually does what she intends. It would be a bolder journal than this one that would attempt to convince her that her affairs could have any wiser guidance than they now enjoy, or that anybody's wishes respecting her general behavior should be preferred to her own. That she is in good hands and well managed is demonstrated by her success, which exceeds in solidity as well as splendor the achievements of the women of any other contemporary people. We would not have her any less dominant over her own concerns or any less a mother to herself than she is. On the contrary, it occurs to us that there is at least one particular wherein her motherly consideration for her dear self is defective, and she fails from an excess of amiability to exact what is properly her due.

In her journeyings in foreign parts in pursuit of culture, fine raiment, and experience, it constantly happens to her to attract the admiring consideration of gentlemen who have the misfortune not to be her countrymen. Their ill luck in that particular usually appeals to her sympathies, and she smiles such consolation on them as her pity prompts. Of course there is danger in that, and almost too often it happens that in the kindness of her heart she consents to bestow an American citizen upon some poor subject who had not the felicity to be born one himself. With that no effectual fault can be found. If the missionary spirit is so strong in her that she feels constrained to spread Americanism in the court circles of Europe, it is useless, as it would be unworthy, to try to restrain her. If it is her will to go, let us have no vain repinings. Let her depart in peace and with good will, cheered by the knowledge that her children or her grandchildren may come back when their money is gone and earn their living. Just one thing, though, we think she owes both to us and to herself, and that is to stand a little more emphatically upon the order of her going.

It is all very well for you, dear girl, when you have fixed upon your man, to proceed to Paris and sojourn there with your aunt while you buy your clothes. But when you consent to run over to London, meet the fortunate gentleman, and be married at St. George's, in Hanover Square, don't you think you are almost too complaisant? Is it necessary to make it so very, very easy for him? Wouldn't it do him good to "come out to America" and see the country and your father and some of your folks? He could do it for a hundred dollars if he was careful, and you know that at a pinch you could lend him that. The time he can spare, of course, for you don't go abroad to marry working-men.

Have him out, dear girl, have him out! We like to look at him; but that's a small matter. The great point is that a wedding at home is your due, and that it belongs to your dignity as a citizen to exact it. When you walk up the aisle at St. George's on the arm of Mr. Secretary WHITE, of course that seems homelike, but it isn't the real thing. Even when you get Mr. LINCOLN himself to give you away, and Mr. WHITE takes your mother up, and you persuade Mr. HENRY JAMES to sign the register as best man, it isn't quite the same as a wedding at home. It will be reported, to be sure, in the *Morning Post*, but what is the *Morning Post* to you? Description of your gown and a full report will be cabled to New York, and we will all read them, but we will blush between the lines.

You should spare us those blushes as you should spare your own. If the man won't come to you, let him slide. When you go to him, you mark yourself down, and in the plainest of too plain figures. If you persist in going on that way, there must be a mistake about you somewhere, and we will not shed a single tear if Congress puts up the bars against immigration, and prevents your straitened grandchildren from coming back.

[London papers please copy.]

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MARKING OUT THE ICE FOR CUTTING.



PUSHING ICE TO THE STOREHOUSE.



SAWING THE ICE INTO BLOCKS.



AN ICE-YACHT AT FULL SPEED.



CHOPPING A HOLE FOR FISHING.



TAKING FISH OUT OF NET.

SCENES ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER DURING THE COLD SPELL.—From Photographs by J. C. Hemment.

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A BAMBOULA.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

I.

FRANCIS UNDERWOOD glanced about him as the train whizzed away, leaving him the sole occupant of the narrow platform upon which he had alighted. His smaller luggage lay at his feet, but his travelling-trunk was nowhere in sight. The few idlers—a couple of sallow-faced, shock-headed crackers and a squad of noisy negro lads—who had collected about the little way-station while the train made its momentary halt had disappeared. He walked to the end of the platform, where a dozen or more turpentine barrels stood on end, their contents oozing from the rifts in their sun-warped sides, and cast his eyes over the green flat, which was bounded in every direction by low, red, pine-clad hills. The dim haze of an early autumn afternoon hung in the pine-tops; a thin spiral of smoke arose from the chimney of the single cabin within range of vision; a rickety buggy, over whose sagging top fluttered the loose end of a woman's veil, was just turning the distant bend of a road. There were no other visible signs of life. The perplexed traveller strode back to the dingy waiting-room and looked in. The tripping click of the telegraph in the cubby beyond and a familiar opening in the thin board partition indicated the occasional presence at least of operator and agent. But the individual who combined these two functions was in momentary eclipse.

Underwood thrust his hands into his pockets and meditated, frowning impatiently.

"De telegraph is boun' fer ter clickety-click, sah," said a voice over his shoulder; "she jes keep on er-talkin' ter her-se'f in yander same ez ef de boss was 'longside her ter write her down."

The young man turned quickly and found himself face to face with a negro, who held a carriage whip in one hand, and in the other his own bag, top-coat, and umbrella.

"Scuse me, sah," the speaker continued, removing his hat. "I reckin you mus' be Mist' Onderwood?"

Underwood nodded assent.

"Dey's lookin' fer you at Pine Needles, Mist' Onderwood. Step dis way, sah. Yo' trunk is gone on in de cyart. But I ain' been able ter fetch up de cay'age ontwel de ingine stop her fool screechin', 'caze my hosses is kinder res'less."

He led the way as he spoke to a light trap, which had been driven up noiselessly, and was waiting near the steps of the low platform.

Underwood settled himself comfortably on the cushioned seat, and turned a gaze of wondering admiration on his conductor, who stood with a hand on the glossy flank of one of the horses, respectfully awaiting orders. He was himself of unusual height, slenderly proportioned, but with an athletic frame and well-knit muscles, which contradicted a rather boyish face, laughing blue eyes, and a sensitive mouth, whose weakness was not wholly concealed by a light drooping mustache. But he seemed suddenly dwarfed. The negro towered like a giant above the tall mulatto who held the bridles of the horses. His large head, crowned with a bush of crisp wiry curls, was set squarely upon shoulders of enormous breadth. Underwood examined almost with awe the broad chest and massive limbs; the latter were straight and well formed; the powerful wrist, indeed, and the hand, with its long fingers, perfect nails, and outward-curving palm, might have served for a sculptor's model. He was jet-black. His square-jawed face was beardless. His long brown eyes had the melancholy softness characteristic of his race, the lips were thick, and the cheek-bones prominent, but the nose was straight and shapely, giving a curious and unexpected dignity to an otherwise typical negro physiognomy. He spoke the uncouth patois of the quarters, but his bearing was that of one who held a position of trust and confidence.

He was clad in a sort of homely livery of dark blue flannel—a blouse, whose open collar exposed his full throat, and loose trousers held in at the waist by a broad leather belt.

Underwood waved his hand as he concluded his brief, half-unconscious inspection, and the black colossus took a seat beside him, the mulatto stepped aside, and the handsome bays sprang forward at the loosening of the reins. The road wound gradually up long sloping hills, dipping now and then into a moist hollow, where the sturdy underbrush and the junglelike growth of trees were aflame under the first light touches of the frost. A few belated spikes of gokden-rod nodded by the road-side, and an occasional cluster of dim purple asters shone against the background of a fallen pine; but the Indian-pipe—precursor of winter—was already thrusting its waxen crook through the dark mould on the sheltered slopes. The hill-sides were brown with pine needles. The sky, in the waning sunlight, was a fine soft purple; the plumy tops of the lofty pines seemed to melt into it far overhead; the warm air was charged with aromatic odors. Underwood bared his head, and expanded his lungs with an idle sense of well-being. His eyes followed dreamily the flight of a hawk across the sky. A faint smile curved his lips.

"Dar's a Molly Cotton-Tail!" suddenly exclaimed the negro. A rabbit sped across the road a few paces in front of the horses and scurried up a ridge, her gray ears laid back, and her white bit of a tail in the air. "Dat's bad luck, Mist' Onderwood!"

Underwood recalled a half-forgotten superstition. "Not for me," he said, gayly. "I carry a rabbit foot in my pocket! What is your name—boy?" he continued, stumbling over the last word, quizzically conscious of its inappropriateness.

"Marcas, sah," returned the "boy," promptly. "Dey calls me Bluegum Marc," he added, with a side glance at the questioner; and a suppressed chuckle.

"Blue-gum Marc?" echoed Underwood, interrogatively.

The giant opened his mouth, drawing back his thick lips, and pointed significantly to a double row of glistening white teeth, set in gums of a dark leaden blue. "Dat's de reason, sah," he said, lightly. "I's a blue-gum nigger. An' dey 'lows ef I git mad at anybody, an' bite de pusson, dat bite gwine ter be wusser 'n rattlesnake pizen! Der ain' no whiskey in de jug dat kin heal up de bite of a blue-gum nigger!"

He threw back his head and laughed with a keen enjoyment of his own words.

"Have you ever tried it?" asked Underwood, carelessly.

"Who? Me? Gawd-a-mighty!—*no, sah!*" A sudden spasm of terror swept over the ebon face. "No, sah," he repeated, relapsing into decorous mirth. "I 'ain' never had no call ter bite anybody yit."

The horses shied violently as he concluded.

"What in de name o' Gawd is de matter wid you, Dandy? Whoa, Jim!" he ejaculated, tightening his grasp on the reins, and peering to right and left with a frown on his forehead. Underwood saw the frown melt suddenly, and a light leap into the dark eyes. He followed the direction of his gaze; his own heart beat tumultuously, and the blood surged into his cheeks.

The glade through which they were passing was filled with the uncertain shadows of a fast-gathering twilight, though the slanting beams of the sun still illuminated the crest of the hills. A little stream, whose rippling murmur filled the silence, ran obliquely across the road and widened into a broad pool in the thicket beyond. The half-dried reeds on the margin, and the overhanging trees with their festooning vines, were mirrored in the clear brown depths of this waveless tarn. A woman was standing on the further side, her tall, lithe figure outlined by the pale glimmer

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of her gown. One hand, which held a cluster of vivid red leaves, hung at her side; the other was arched above her brows as she leaned forward in a listening attitude. As they whirled past, Underwood caught the gleam of a bare tawny wrist and the glow of a pair of large lustrous eyes.

"Who was that?" he demanded, abruptly.

"S'lome," responded his companion, with affected indifference. "She Miss Cecil's own maid," he added, after a pause.

"I thought at first that it was Miss Cecil herself," said Underwood, glancing back over his shoulder.

"S'lome do look lak—" the negro checked himself and averted his face, flecking Dandy's arched neck with the whip-tassel.

Something in his tone struck the young man at his side; he drew the lap-robe closer about his knees, for the air was growing chill, and remained silent until Marcas sprang to the ground to open the boundary gate of Pine Needles, Miss Cecil Berkeley's fine old country place.

"How old are you, Marc?" he asked, struck anew by the negro's noble physical proportions.

"Twenty-five, come Christmas, sah. Bawn jes inside o' freedom. Hit's mighty liftin' ter be bawn free, an' ter be raise' up free, Mist' Onderwood," he went on, resuming his seat and taking the reins from Underwood's hands. "But my ole daddy 'ain' had no call ter complain whilse *he* was a slave."

"Where—" began Underwood.

"My daddy was a Affican prince—" the fine nostrils dilated and the broad chest heaved. "Colonel Berkeley bought him out'n a slave-pen in Charl's'n, wher he was dyin' lak a dog, an' fotch him home. An' fum dat day twel de day he died he had the treatments of a genterman at Pine Needles. Dere wa'n't a drap o' blood in his body dat he wouldn't ha' spill' fer de Berkeleys! An' dat buccome I 'ain' never lef' Miss Cecil, Mist' Onderwood. 'Cuze dat ole Affican prince is layin' out yander in de fam'ly buryin'-groun' 'longside o' ole marster an' ole mis'; an' who gwine ter tek keer o' Miss Cecil ef I go?"

Underwood, moved by the simplicity and earnestness of the speaker, laid his hand on the brawny arm next to him, and opened his lips to speak. But Marcas shrank from the light touch. Underwood felt the firm flesh quiver beneath his fingers. "He knows that I have come to carry away his young mistress, and he is jealous," he thought, smiling with pardonable exultation.

His eyes roved curiously over the broad park. The kind of table-land, from which the pine hills sloped away to the west and north, was covered with noble woodland trees, through whose trunks, in passing, he caught glimpses of orchards, vineyards, and fields. It was his first visit to Pine Needles, and he looked out eagerly for the house. A last turn of the smooth road brought it in view — a large rambling country-house, embowered in greenery, with wide galleries, slanting roof, and square, red-brick chimneys.

"Yander's Miss Cecil, er-waitin'!" said Marcas, pointing with his whip. Underwood barely had time to catch the flutter of light garments through the foliage before the horses were drawn up beneath the veranda where she stood.

She came down the steps with outstretched hands. "Welcome to Pine Needles, Francis," she said, with a sort of shy pride. "This is my cousin, Mrs. Garland," she added, presenting the small, alert-looking personage who filled the agreeable office of companion to the young heiress.

Cecil Berkeley offered a pleasing contrast to the man upon whom she was about to bestow the ownership of herself and the Berkeley estates. She was tall and slender, with hair and brows of an almost startling blackness, and dark eyes in which a smouldering fire seemed to dwell; her high-bred oval face was singularly delicate in its outlines. There was a pliant softness in her movements, and a hint of strength in her firm white chin and perfect mouth. She flushed as her lover's ardent eyes met hers in the fading light.

"Welcome to Pine Needles!" she cried again, springing lightly up the steps.

Underwood had not finished relating the commonplace details of his southward journey when the soft fall of unshod feet sounded on the polished floor; a shadowy form glided across the dim-lit room in which they were seated, and bent over Miss Berkeley's chair. He felt, rather than saw, that it was the woman whom he had seen an hour before standing on the edge of the dark pool in the hollow.

"Thank you, S'lome," said her mistress, in a tone of affectionate familiarity, taking the leaves, whose color was lost in the semi-darkness. The quadroon bent her shapely head, and passed from the room as silently as she had entered it.

That night they sat late before a blazing pine-knot fire in the snug library. The hands of the slow-ticking old clock on the mantel pointed almost to midnight when the guest arose to bid his hostess good-night. As he opened the door a strain of music fell upon his ears, accompanied with a burst of noisy laughter.

Cecil smiled in reply to his questioning look. "Uncle Darius is fiddling on the kitchen gallery," she said, "and the negroes are doubtless dancing there, late as it is. Come, let us take a peep at them."

She led the way down the wide hall, and out upon a small vine-hung porch in the rear of the dining-room. The night was clear and still. The grassy yard and the garden beyond were bathed in the tranquil light of a full moon. But an enormous fig-tree, whose branches brushed the low eaves, swathed the long kitchen gallery in dense shadow, save where, from an open door, a broad glare of red light streamed across it. Uncle Darius, lean and brown, sat just within the doorway, fiddling with all his might, his chair tilted against the wall, his gray head thrown back, his big bare foot keeping time on the floor. Aunt Peggy, the old black cook, dozed on a stool beside him. A confused mass of dark forms were dimly visible in the shadow, lying about the floor, lounging on the low steps, squatting against the wall. Here and there a dusky face, a bare foot, an out-thrust arm, gleamed strangely in the muddy light. Lindy, big-limbed and black, and Mushmelon Joe, small, wizened, and wiry, sank on their heels against the door-posts, breathless and exhausted after a prolonged break-down, as the invisible spectators drew aside the leafy curtain and looked out.

"I ain' gwine ter play nary 'nother tune ter-night," declared Uncle Darius, bringing his chair-legs down with a thump. "De chickens is fair crowin' fer day now." But as a tall figure stepped noiselessly from the darkness into the shaft of light, he tucked his fiddle under his chin again with a whoop. "Now you gwine ter see *dancin'!*" he shouted, flourishing his bow. "Blue-gum Marc gwine ter teach de niggers how ter rack down de cotton row!"

Marc swayed his huge body from side to side rhythmically, then paused. "Ain' you gwine ter rack down de cotton-row 'long o' me, S'lome?" he demanded, turning his face toward a group of women at the further end of the gallery.

"No," drawled a low musical voice there.

"Den you can ontie de fiddle-strings, Unc' Darius," said Marc, joining good-naturedly in the loud laugh at his own expense.

Underwood bent forward, straining his eyes in the darkness. But Aunt Peggy had already shut the kitchen door, and a moment later they all trooped away, singing, to the negro settlement in the pines, which had replaced the old-time quarters.

II.

One morning about ten days later Miss Berkeley came out of the house alone, and walked slowly across the lawn. Her step was listless; her eyes were downcast; her cheek had lost its brilliant color. She seated herself on a rustic bench under a low-branched oak and opened the book which she held in her hand. But her gaze wandered absently from the printed page. It fell at length upon Marcas, who was moving to and fro among the flower beds whistling joyously. He carried a small garden hoe, and the splint basket on his arm was heaped with tufts of violets. His face brightened as his eyes caught those of his young mistress. He took off his hat and came over to where she was sitting.

"Hits edzackly de weather ter transplan', Miss Cecil," he said; "de groun' is dat meller an' sof'—"

"Marcas," she interrupted, imperiously, leaning her head against the dark tree-trunk, and looking fixedly at him, "is it true that you carry poison in your teeth like a rattlesnake?"

"Lawd-a-mussy, Miss Cecil!" he cried, falling back a step or two in his amazement. "I dunno. Yes, 'm. I 'ain' never projecked none wi' dat foolishness. But my ole daddy useter *say* so, an' I reckin a Affican prince oughter *know!*"

Her eyes dropped on her book, and he returned with a bewildered air to his work. She watched him abstractedly as he placed the moist roots one by one deftly in the ground, and patted the loose earth about them with a large open palm.

"The dwarf-marigolds are nearly all gone," she remarked, after a long silence.

"Yes, 'm," assented Marc, glancing at a triangular plot in the centre of the lawn where a few small yellow flowers shone on their low stalks.

"S'lome has been gathering them—" she went on, musingly, and as if speaking to herself.

"S'lome do hone a'ter yaller, dat's a fac'!" he commented, with a pleased laugh.

"—for Mr. Underwood," she concluded, in a monotonous tone.

The negro rose slowly to his feet. A sombre fire shot into his eyes. He stood for a moment silently looking down at her. Then he dropped again to his knees, and drew the basket to him.

She went away presently, leaving the book, which had slipped from her lap, lying face downward in the yellowing grass.

He watched her furtively until she entered the house. Then, without a glance at the overturned basket and neglected tools, he passed across the grounds, leaped the low fence, and plunged into the silent reaches of the pines.

That night when the mistress of Pine Needles came down from her own room, whither, under pretext of a headache, she had withdrawn after the mid-afternoon country dinner, she found the house wearing an unwonted air of festivity.

"Ah, there you are at last, Cecil dear!" cried Mrs. Garland, bustling into the hall to meet her. "Everything is waiting for you. I've arranged what Uncle Darius calls a *speckle-tickle* for your Mr. Underwood," she added, dropping her voice.

She drew the girl into the long parlor, whose polished floor reflected the clustered lights in the old-fashioned crystal chandeliers. Wax tapers burned softly in the tall silver candelabra on the mantel; roses were stuffed in the wide-mouthed vases; the furniture was pushed against the wall; a couple of quaint high-backed chairs were placed side by side in the broad curve of the bow-window.

"You and Francis are to sit here, like the king and queen in a play," said Mrs. Garland, gayly. "Don't lift an eyebrow, Cecil, pray, if you recognize the contents of your own armoires and jewel-cases."

Cecil sank into the chair with a wan smile. She looked frail and almost ghostlike in her trailing white gown. Underwood, who seemed possessed by a sort of reckless gayety, seated himself beside her. He wore pinned upon the lapel of his coat a small yellow flower.

There was a moment of almost painful silence. Then Mrs. Garland, leaning on the back of her cousin's chair, touched a small silver bell. The heavy portière which draped the entrance to the library was pushed aside, and Uncle Darius, arrayed in an antiquated blue coat with brass buttons, light trousers, and ruffled shirt front, entered pompously, fiddle in hand, and seated himself on the edge of a chair. Mushmelon Joe, Scip, 'Riah, Sara-Wetumpka—a motley gang of field hands and house servants—swarmed in after him. They ranged themselves, grinning and nudging each other, about him, and began to pat a subdued accompaniment to his music. At a scarcely perceptible signal from the fiddler, Lindy bounced into the room. A scarlet sash was wound turbanwise about her kinky head, and an Oriental shawl draped her blue cotton skirt. The black arms and neck were encircled with strings of many-colored beads. She looked preternaturally solemn as she dropped her arms and began the heavy "hoe-down" for which she was famous in the settlement; but a broad grin presently stole over her face; her glistening eyeballs rolled from side to side; the perspiration streamed from her forehead.

"Wire down de crack, nigger, wire down de crack!" exhorted Uncle Darius. "Pick up dem battlin'-sticks you calls yo' feet, gal; an' tromp in de flo'!"

"She sho is made de flat o' her foot *talk* ter de fiddle!" remarked Mushmelon Joe as she executed a last breathless whirl, and retired giggling into the admiring circle of clappers.

The clear tinkle of the little bell echoed on the air. Blue-gum Marc appeared suddenly in a doorway that gave upon a side gallery, and folding his arms on his breast, leaned his great bulk against the frame. At the same moment S'lome stepped from behind the portière.

An involuntary exclamation burst from Underwood. Cecil closed her eyes, dazzled by the wild and barbaric beauty of the tawny creature before her.

She wore a short close-clinging skirt and sleeveless bodice of pale shimmering yellow satin; a scarf of silver gauze girdled her slender waist, and was knotted below her swelling hips. Her slim brown ankles and shapely feet were bare. Bands and coils of gold wreathed her naked arms; a jewelled chain clasped her throat; a glittering butterfly, with quivering outspread wings, was set in the crinkly mass of black hair above her forehead. Her eyelids were downcast, their long fringes sweeping her bronzelike cheeks. A curious light, defiant and disdainful, played over her face as she stood motionless, with her arms hanging loosely at her sides, while Uncle Darius played the first bars of the *bamboula* which had been brought by Marcas's father from the heart of Africa.

The music was low and monotonous—a few constantly recurring notes, which at first vexed the ear, and then set the blood on fire.

The girl hardly appeared to move; there was a languid swaying of the hips from side to side, and an almost imperceptible yet rhythmic stir of the feet. But as the music gradually quickened its time, a thrill seemed to pass along her sinuous limbs, and a subtle passion pervaded her movements; her arms were tossed voluptuously above her head; her breast heaved; a seductive fire burned in her half-closed amber eyes; the sound of her light feet on the floor resembled the whir of wings.

The negroes huddled mute and breathless against the wall gazed at her with wide, fascinated eyes. Suddenly, as if moved by some mysterious and irresistible impulse, they rushed forward and closed in a circle around the flashing figure, whirling about her with strange evolutions and savage cries.

.... A powerful, penetrating odor thickened the air....

Underwood had started from his seat; he stood as if transfixed, breathing heavily, his arms unconsciously extended, his eyes aflame, and the veins in his forehead swollen almost to bursting. Marcas, curiously impassive in the doorway, kept his gaze fixed steadily, not upon the dancer, but upon his young mistress, who leaned back in her chair, faint and dizzy, the rose-tint on her cheek fading to a deathlike pallor.

The movement of the bamboula became by degrees less rapid; the panting circle opened and fell back. S'lome paused, and stretched her arms slowly upward with the supple grace of a young panther. She looked full at Underwood, and her lips parted in an exultant smile.

The blood surged into Miss Berkeley's white cheeks; she lifted her head haughtily; her nostrils quivered; her eyes met those of Marcas for an instant, then rested, flashing, upon S'lome, decked for triumph, as it were, in her own hereditary jewels.

With a roar like that of a wild beast, Marcas leaped across the room. His hand fell with a viselike grasp upon the gleaming shoulder of the quadroon; he stooped with a second ferocious cry, and buried his teeth deep in the smooth flesh of the rounded arm. A single agonizing shriek pierced the sudden stillness; before it had ended he had caught the slight form in one hand, and bearing her high above his head he bounded through the open door, and disappeared in the darkness.

Underwood, heedless of the terrified confusion and wild clamor which reigned around, was springing after him, when he felt a hand upon his arm. "For heaven's sake come and help me, Francis," said Mrs. Garland, "Cecil has fainted."

III.

The next afternoon Miss Berkeley passed through a small gate into the pine woods which stretched away to the south, forming a part of her own domain. She walked slowly along the well-worn path, halting now and again with an air of indecision. Once she stooped mechanically and plucked a yellow daisy which grew in a drift of warm brown pine needles, but cast it from her with a gesture of loathing. Her black garments gave her an appearance of uncommon height. Her face was livid, her lips compressed, her dark eyes dull and suffering. She turned at length into the narrow lane which led to the negro settlement. As she drew near the outermost cabin she saw Underwood standing in the shadow of a scrubby pine that overhung the picket-fence. Aunt Peggy, the mistress of the cabin, was leaning over the low gate; her arms were uplifted as if in entreaty or adjuration.

He started at sight of the approaching figure, and walked rapidly forward. He had a white flower in his hand. His face was turned away, and for a moment it seemed as if he were about to pass his betrothed without a greeting. But as she stepped aside he paused, and said, abruptly:

"I am going away, Cecil. I—I think it is best." His eyes were fixed upon the althea blossom which he was twirling awkwardly in his fingers.

"You are quite right," she returned, coldly; "it is best."

She left him without another word. He lingered a moment, gazing irresolutely after her, then struck into the beaten road that led to the railway station.

Aunt Peggy had come out of the gate. "Miss Cecil, honey," she said, hoarsely, "dis ain' no place fer de likes o' you! Go back ter de house, chile—go back!" she entreated. "Mist' Onderwood yander he's been here, off an' on, 'mos' all day. But I ain' dassen ter let him go inter de cabin. I ax him fer Gawd's sake of he ain' mek enough trebble a'ready 'd'out showin' hisself wher' Blue-gum Marc kin see him. He say he wan' ter see *S'lome!* My Gawd! I gin him a althy flower fum offin de corpse, an' saunt him erway. Doan go in de cabin, Miss Cecil!" she panted, following her mistress into the little door-yard, and laying hold of the folds of her gown. "Blue-gum Marc is in de cabin. He ain' never lef' de gal sence he pizen' her. Nobody dassen ter go er-nigh him 'cep'n' me, an' he ain' lef *me* tech her, not even ter put on de grave-close. He say he gwine ter kill de pusson dat steps inside dat cabin do'. De mo'ners is 'bleedge' ter mo'n in Lindy's cabin yander. Fer Gawd's sake, Miss Cecil—fer Gawd's—"

Cecil put the old woman gently aside and pushed open the cabin door. The little room had been hastily put in order. The large four-posted bed was spread with white; the bare floor was swept clean; the pine table, piled with blue-rimmed dishes, was placed in the chimney-corner. Uncle Darius's fiddle hung in its accustomed place on the wall, with his Sunday coat on a nail beneath it. The level rays of a setting sun came in at the single window; a light breeze moved the white curtains to and fro.

The dead girl was lying in the centre of the room on a rude bier, her head resting on a pillow. She was still clad in the fantastic costume in which she had danced the night before; the gold bands and jewelled ornaments sparkled in the red light which streamed over her. Her eyes were closed; their silken lashes made a black line against the dusky pallor of her cheeks. Her lips were slightly parted, and an inscrutable smile seemed to hover about their corners. One arm was laid across her breast, a fold of silver gauze drawn over the purpling wound just below the shoulder; the other hung to the floor, the closed hand grasping the filigree chain which she had torn in the death-agony from her neck. A few white althеas were scattered on her bosom, and some sprigs of lavender and rue were lying on the rough boards about her bare feet and ankles. A short, large-handled, keen-bladed knife was laid across the

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pillow above her head. She looked like a savage queen asleep on her primitive couch.

Marcas sat by the head of the bier. His body was erect and rigid; his powerful hands rested on his knees; his feet were drawn close together; his head was turned toward the dead girl, showing his curiously fine profile. It was the attitude and pose of the Pharaoh of the Egyptian monuments.

He did not move as Cecil entered the room. She stood for a second as motionless as the dead and the watcher of the dead, with her hands clasped before her, the fingers interlocked. Then she stumbled across the floor, and halted at the foot of the bier.

The buzzing of some bees about the pots of flowering moss on the window-sill filled the silence with a low droning sound. The wail of the mourners in Lindy's cabin came in fitfully, softened by the distance.

"Miss Cecil," he said, presently, without turning his head or lifting his heavy eyelids, "I jes' waited fer de tu'n o' yo' eye, 'caze I didn' know which you was gwine ter p'int out fust—S'lome or *him*. De knife is fer *him*, soon ez de gal is ondergroun'."

Cecil shuddered and put out her hands.

"Doan fret, Miss Cecil," he went on, in the same sombre tone. "No stranger ain' gwine ter turn de rosy cheek o' Colonel Berkeley's chile white ez cotton—*an' live!* Not whilse de blood o' de ole Affican prince is hot in de vein o' his son!" His voice shook with sudden rage as he concluded; his breast rose and fell spasmodically. When he spoke again, it was almost in a whisper, strangely soft and musical: "S'lome! *S'lome!* I doan 'member de time, Miss Cecil, when I 'ain' been lovin' S'lome! Fum de day when she wa'n't ez high ez de pretty-by-nights in Aun' Peggy's do'-yard I is had my heart sot on her.... She was swif' ez a fiel'-lark, Miss Cecil, an' her eyes is ez sof' ez de eyes of a dove when she look at me an' say she ain' gwine ter love nobody 'cep'n' me ez long ez she is 'bove de groun'.... She is de onlies' one in de settlemint dat ain' 'feard o' de pizen in de gum o' Blue-gum Marc.... dat's de fam'ly blood in her ...de Berkeley blood—"

Cecil Berkeley threw up her arms convulsively and sank to her knees; her forehead pressed the feet of the dead girl, and she shivered as if the chill of death had passed from them into her own benumbed veins.

AN EARLY ROMANCE.

It was the afternoon of a perfect June day. Four of us—Hemmingway, Mac, the Doctor, and myself—had been out since early morning in the woods along the river-bank, fishing a little, eating a great deal, drinking claret punch in reasonable quantities, and filling in the interludes with friendly sarcasms and an innocuous sort of penny-ante, the former of which, if they were not genuinely witty, were at least sufficient to induce plenty of good-natured laughter, as such jokes at such times will.

By-and-by, when it grew later, the Doctor and myself who are not fond of the coarser details of camp-life, made an excuse of getting things together, and went over and sat down on the edge of the bluff to look at the west, where the red-faced old sun, drunk with wine from his own vintage, was preparing to go to bed with his Sunday clothes on. Hemmingway and Mac, meanwhile, put in the team and made ready to start. After a little we heard them calling us.

"Doc and the Professor think they are guests," said Mac to Hemmingway, in a loudly confidential tone as we drew nearer.

(Let it be explained here that I am not a professor. A slight brevity of vision, which has induced me to put on glasses in the heyday of life, being my sole pretence to that dignity.)

Hemmingway replied to Mac's remark by observing that he "guessed as much"—this brief dialogue being a fair sample of the harmless variety of wit indulged in by these gentlemen. Neither the Doctor nor myself saw fit to notice the thrust, and we were soon on the way.

The Doctor drove. He said he would take us home by a new and better road. It proved to be about the worst road we had ever seen. Hemmingway said the farmers had been improving it. Mac answered, as he dodged from side so side to avoid a sudden and violent death, that one more such a mending would render it impassable. By-and-by we reached a bit of unimproved road, and rolled along smoothly. We were inclined to be a trifle hilarious at first as we bowled along through the balmy evening. The wheat was just ripe, and in some places they were cutting, the red and blue shirts of the harvesters combining pleasantly with the straw gold of the fields. Green woods ran around most of these fields, and here and there a farm-house stood in the edge of the timber, with the yellow grain crowding up close to its gates. The meadows everywhere were green, with little shadow waves running over them, and larks and quails calling to each other from their nests.

It had been a late spring, and the young corn was not very large, but it was dark and fresh-looking, and its straight rows, that one could sight through in at least eight different directions, added something to the harmony of our landscape.

Gradually the riotous spirit within us moderated, until all four were silent at one time. I was beginning to feel a trifle sad in the thought that in a hundred years more, perhaps, other parties of four might be driving home through the cool evening, complaining of the roads and breathing in the sweet incense of life, just as we were doing, while we should have become but a handful of forgotten dust, when all at once Hemmingway began to sing. Hemmingway really has a very good voice, and the song was a sweet old air which we all knew. So the Doctor and I joined in and spoiled it. Then there was another interval of silence, which Mac was first to break. Mac is thirty and married. He also writes good verses sometimes—verses that most editors are more willing to publish than to pay for.

"That song," he said, reflectively, "revives a very tender recollection—the tenderest recollection of my life," he added, with considerable feeling.

"Tell us about it, Mac; tell us your story," we chorused, and leaned back comfortably to listen.

"There isn't much to tell," said Mac, slowly, and speaking as one who drifts back among day-dreams of forgotten summers. "I was a boy when it began—about sixteen, I think. There was a lady and her daughter who came to our house on a visit. The daughter was about fourteen, but well developed, and to me one of the most beautiful creatures on earth. I fell madly in love with her at once—a boy's love is purer and better in every way than it ever is afterwards. I lost whole nights of sleep, and would have walked miles over bad roads, worse than any Doc has dragged us over to-day, to have kissed the hem of her garment."

At this point in the narrative Hemmingway, who is a confirmed bachelor, at first looked somewhat sceptical, but becoming suddenly enthusiastic, cried, warmly

"Good for you, Mac. Go on, old man."

The Doctor was visibly affected. For myself, I looked hard at the sunset and listened.

"I was large of my age," proceeded Mac, "but awkward and wobbly, like a day-old colt. She patronized me, and when I attempted to become sentimental, snubbed and guyed me unmercifully. But sometimes in the evening she would sing that song that Hemmingway was singing just now She had a fresh, sweet voice, and I had picked up some chords on the guitar, so we made music together, and the moments were to me like tastes of paradise. When she went away at last with her mother I was inconsolable. I got used to it by-and-by, but I never forgot her I did not meet her again for years."

"And did the old flame revive, Mac, when you met again? Did you renew the romance of your youth?"

"Yes, entirely She was still unmarried, and more beautiful, I thought, and more fascinating than ever I loved her as tenderly as before, not only that, but my passion was now returned. She snubbed me no longer I was in heaven. For a month we lived in a halo of perfect bliss. We sang over the old songs, and relived our youth in the glory of ripened love."

Just at that moment I happened to catch Hemmingway's eye, and there was a look there that made me wonder if he had had his romance too. He did not offer any comment, however, and we sat waiting silently for Mac's conclusion.

"Well, of course it could not last," he continued, after an impressive pause; "it could not last—it never does, you know, except in the books."

"Why, Mac? Why couldn't it last?" I was unable to restrain myself any longer. "Why didn't you marry her at once, then and there?"

And Mac, looking out over the fields to the fading west, in a quiet, half-tender, half quizzical voice, answered, "I did."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

PERSONAL.

It only seems a short time ago that illustrations by Mr. ALBERT E. STERNER first began appearing in the publications of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, and he must still be considered as a man with plenty of time ahead of him, and of whom all things are possible. Undoubtedly the one quality in his work which has made him more friends than any other is the charming sense of what the French call *intimité*—that ability on the part of the artist to come into the room and find us with our friends as we really are. Perhaps it may be considered a far cry from "Le Célibataire," the painting which received a mention honorable in the Salon of 1891, to the really remarkable illustrations to *Prue and I*, just published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. But a look below the surface shows us the same sympathetic personality, glad when we are glad, sad when we are sad. This is the dominant note in *Prue and I*. To have so thoroughly enjoyed, and to have been able to depict so well with all the evidences of this enjoyment, the gentle, kindly sentiment which animated the author, was hardly to have been expected from so young a man. Word comes from Paris that Mr STERNER has recently opened an atelier at 141 Boulevard St. Michel, where instruction is being given in illustration. The necessity for some such practical turn to their study was expressed by some of the students, and a number of them are now enthusiastically working away, under Mr STERNER'S guidance, toward the end of finding out how interesting art can make life.



—The Emperor of China has, by imperial rescript, raised the ancestors for three generations of Sir HALLIDAY MACARTNEY, K.C.M.G., the Secretary to the Chinese Legation in London, to the highest rank in the Chinese mandarinate. This is in accordance with the curious usage of conferring ranks of nobility on ancestors rather than descendants. It is believed that the only other European on whom this strange honor has been bestowed is Sir ROBERT HART, the Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs, whose ancestors were similarly ennobled two years ago.

—Just before "Chinese" GORDON started on his fatal mission to the Soudan he was interviewed by Mr. WILLIAM T. STEAD, at that time editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Some of the details of this interview, as related recently to an American interviewer, give an interesting glimpse of General GORDON'S simplicity and lack of ostentation. When the editor rang the bell of GORDON'S house, the door opened, and a little fellow whom the visitor mistook for the butler ushered him in, helped him off with his overcoat, and hung up his hat. "I asked him if General GORDON was in," says Mr. STEAD, "and he replied that he was, and motioned me to go into the next room. I went in, and the little man followed me. I took a seat, and asked the little man to tell General GORDON that Mr. STEAD was there and would like to see him, whereupon the little man said, 'I am General GORDON,' and reaching me his hand, took a chair and sat down beside me."

—It was once said of Justice LAMAR, of whose approaching retirement from the Supreme Bench there have been rumors, that he "might be taken for a poet or an anarchist, but hardly for a judge," with his long hair and dreamy look, that give him the appearance of always being in a reverie. He is noted for his absence of mind, and is a man of moods, at times working with most zealous ardor, and again taking up his work with the greatest reluctance. As for his hospitality, a correspondent relates that when he asked permission to look over some legal papers, the justice gave them to him, and said. "There they are, with writing-paper and everything you want, and there, too, is a bottle of whiskey. If you need anything else, ring for it."

—PHILIP D. ARMOUR, the millionaire packer and philanthropist of Chicago, retains many of the simple habits of his boyhood, which he passed on a farm in New England. He rises at five, breakfasts at six, and by seven is at his desk, where he remains until six in the evening. His office methods are most democratic; the entire staff of clerks occupy one large room, with no railings or glass doors to hedge off those in authority, and Mr. ARMOUR himself sits among them, at a plain flat-top desk, distinguished from the others only by the presence there of a small bunch of roses. The great "pork prince," as he is called in the West, is a man of about sixty years, active, robust, and hearty, with the digestion of a farm-boy, and a capacity for work that occasionally surprises even those who have long been in his employ. His charities are many, the crowning one of them his recent gift of several millions to found a school for manual training.

—The youngest child of FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, who is undergoing in his old age the worst ordeal of his life, was born on his eightieth birthday, and is now just seven years old. M. DE LESSEPS is the father of eleven children by his second wife, who is still a handsome woman of but little more than forty. Up to a recent period the children were continually on exhibition in the Bois de Boulogne, all mounted on little ponies and all dressed alike, so that they looked, to one irreverent eye, like "a party of child performers from some itinerant circus." Sometimes they were accompanied by their distinguished parent, but for a year past he has been in too precarious health to ride in the Bois, or, indeed, to leave the threshold of his own house.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the "Hoosier poet," told a San Francisco reporter that the two keenest regrets of his life are that he is not married, and that he was never well educated. "I do not know the least thing about grammar," he said, "and cannot tell whether a sentence is right or wrong. The only way I judge is whether it seems right or not." Of the holy estate of matrimony the poet, who is now thirty-eight, said: "It shocks me that I am not married; why, a man without wife and children enjoys no life. Marriage is the poetry of existence, that is the only way to live. All the rest is artificial." If Mr. RILEY did not get a good "schooling" when he was a boy, he had one distinction over his playmates. His father, an eccentric lawyer, put him in long trousers when he was three years old, despite the tearful protest of his mother.

—JAY GOULD'S half-brother, ABRAHAM GOULD, is a purchasing agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and makes his home in St. Louis. He is one of the best liked of the road's employés, and a man from whom, it is said, "everybody has a pleasant word." He is taller than his famous brother was, broader in the shoulders, and stouter. In reference to JAY GOULD'S small physique, a belated anecdote from Washington relates that at the diplomatic reception some time ago everybody in the room was amused when the railroad magnate met Justice GRAY, the giant of the Supreme Bench Mr. GOULD'S head reached only to the lower button of Judge GRAY'S waistcoat, and the ludicrousness of the situation caused both men to smile.

—Twenty-seven surviving heroes of Balaklava, all that could be found by scouring England, celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of that disastrous charge by a banquet at St. James's Hall, in London, recently. It was an interesting assemblage of grizzled veterans, all except one in plain clothes, with no suggestion of gold lace about them other than that afforded by the Crimean medals on their breasts. The only one who wore a uniform was gallant Sergeant FAWKE, of the Scots Greys, who was twenty-two when he rode into the valley of death, and who at sixty is one of the finest-looking of the Queen's subjects. He gave an exhibition of his strength to the other old-timers by cutting bars of lead clean through with one stroke of the sword.

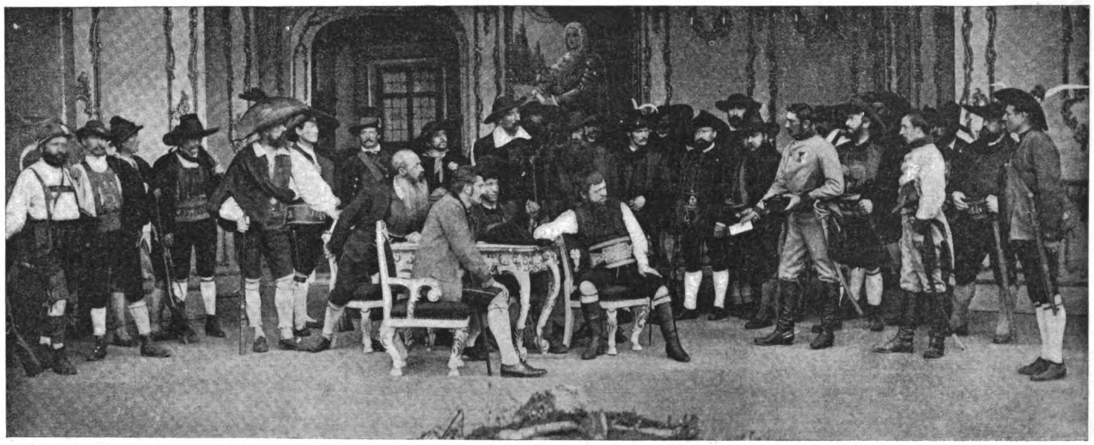


IMPROVING THE MIND.

FOND MOTHER. "My son, this is Sunday morning; why can't you sit down quietly and read something elevating and improving to the mind?"

HER ONLY HOPE. "So I will, ma, so I will, just as soon as pa lets me have the Sunday paper."

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ACT II.—HOFER RECEIVES AN EMISSARY OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.



ANDREAS HOFER.



TYPES OF TYROLESE PEASANTS.



HOFER'S WIFE AND PEASANT GIRLS.



ACT IV.—FRENCH SOLDIERS LEAVING FOR THE BATTLE.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR TYROLESE NATIONAL THEATRE AT MERAN—SCENES FROM "TYROL IN THE YEAR 1809."—[SEE PAGE 64.]

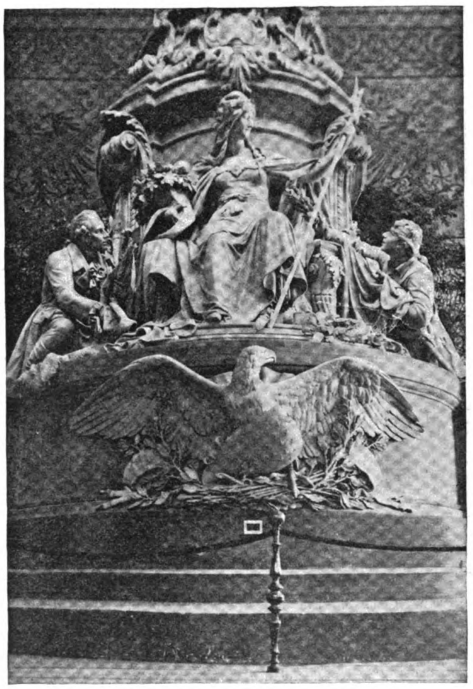
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THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE GREEN STREET ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, BY THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.—Designed by Rudolph Siemering.—[See Page 65.]

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RESTITUTION.

DEAR Love Disdain, I fain to you
Would offer this poor fan, in lieu
Of the rare toy I snapped in two
  Between my clumsy fingers.
You played a Machiavelian part,
Revenged your loss and broke my heart,
With smiles, whose subtle, mocking art
  Still in my memory lingers.

Unfurl it now; you will behold
A painted story—new, yet old;
She is not hard, indifferent, cold,
  This Watteau maid in yellow!
She does not scorn and then bid go
This quaint Marquis in lace *jabot*,
This "*après-moi-le-déluge*" beau,
  This Louis Quinzième fellow!

Therefore, I beg you condescend
To keep the trifle that I send;
I pray you, too, my heart to mend
  With one or two kind glances.
And learn a lesson from the fan;
It, not these halting verses, scan;
And substitute *me* if you can,
  Nor fly from Love's advances.

HER RETORT.

'Tis most incongruous, I ween,
To humble trade my arts demean,
Me, whom you oft have called a queen,
  This mending hearts for fans, sir.
And you, who princely gifts bestow,
I marvel should a beggar go.
I will not mend your heart—no, no—
  But send you mine for answer.

NANCY MANN WADDLE.

HIS WEDDING-DAY.

BY MISS MARGARET TENNANT.

IT was one o'clock on a hot day in June. The approach to St. George's, Hanover Square, London, was thronged with landaus and victorias, out of which beautiful heads strained impatiently to see how soon the policeman would allow them to move on; coachmen and footmen stiff with powder and bouquets eyed each other, and waited for the official arm to be lowered, and the counter-stream of carriages to be stopped in their turn. Thickly packed groups of on-lookers crowded round the pillars of the great black church, and jammed and jostled each other upon the pavement. Through the bustle and rustle of the open doorway strains of the organ were faintly heard. Carriage after carriage pulled up and delivered its burden of fashionable beauty.

A group of little bridemaids in white were chattering to each other on the top of the steps, hugging large bouquets of roses and ribbons, while their mothers in busy pride circulated smiles and bows, and readjusted the large hats of their officiating offspring, which, owing to the delay of the bride, were poised at strange angles.

"What a little sweet your Violet is," said one lady, pointing to a plain little girl standing stiffly in her new dress with her toes turned in. "I was thinking how becoming these hats are to your little Angela."

"Hold yourself up, darling," said another lady, tapping her child across the other one's hat, "and do not all stop at the altar huddled together, but leave a little space between each of you, and do not stand or kneel on the bride's dress, or our darling Pamela will be upset. What a long time the dear girl is, and she was nearly dressed when I looked in twenty minutes ago! The room was too full of people, and her poor mother would insist on kissing her after her veil had been most carefully arranged by Mary and Jane, and of course the diamond stars caught in the lace of her sleeves, and dragged poor Pamela's Greek knot and orange blossoms most terribly."

The church was filling rapidly. In the chatter and curiosity and whispered criticism a long figure of a rather obscurely dressed man slipped past the bridemaids up the steps, past the ladies'-maids holding wedding-favors, past the reporters and wedding guests, took up his position behind some young guardsmen who were standing just inside the door. He had a pale face, and on any other occasion the intensity of his expression must have attracted notice. He held his hand across his chest under his coat, and kept his eye riveted on the church door. At the entrance of the bride the excitement was great; the organ pealed and vibrated, and the company fell back to allow the bride to walk down the aisle on the arm of her father. Every head was turned and every eye strained to see the exquisite beauty of Pamela Churchill, as for one moment she stood in her long white gown and scanned the dusky interior of St. George's.

The pale guest had been carried forward by the eagerness of the crowd, but finding himself close to the bride, he stepped back, lowering his head to escape observation, not, however, before Pamela's little head, erect and moving, had turned towards him, and her direct gaze fixed upon his face. It was in the flash of a moment that their eyes met; the white swaying figure passed on, and its outline was lost in the procession of hats and bouquets, but the man shrank into the shadow of the gallery like "a guilty thing surprised," and if possible his face was a shade paler, while his arm seemed to contract across his heart as if stifling its throbbing.

The organ stopped playing. The voice of the priest rose clear, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God." Shafts of light fell in mottled purple at the feet of the young couple. The sun and shade from the stained windows cast a mystery over the altar, and the gloom of the whole church was in direct contrast to the summer brilliance of the congregation.

When the bridegroom, following the clergyman, said, in a deep audible voice, "I, Henry, take thee, Pamela, to be my wedded wife," there was a slight movement at the back of the church, and the long stranger stepped slowly forward to where he could see the altar. He stood quite motionless till the clergyman said, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," then he retired to the obscurity of his former position.

To quote the evening paper, "the service was choral, and efficiently conducted." The young couple walked out of church to the strains of Mendelssohn's magnificent Wedding March. It was noticed afterwards that Pamela did not stop, but walked rather hurriedly past her friends on her husband's arm, looking about her with less self-possession than she had shown on her entrance. As they reached the doorway a man pushed himself rather roughly through the scattering throng that was closing round the bride in enthusiastic congratulation, and stepping quietly up to the bridegroom, took from his own breast pocket a letter, which he pressed significantly into his hand. His expression was so sinister that Pamela shrank up closer to her husband; he hurried her into the carriage after putting the letter in his pocket.

It was not to be expected that such an occurrence should pass unnoticed, and many were the curious glances that followed the mysterious wedding guest as he stole into the street and disappeared. He was the subject of much speculation.

"I never saw a more threatening countenance in my life," said one lady; "poor Pamela was terrified, I could see; and did you see her expression when her husband would not let her have the letter? Depend upon it, there was something curious in that letter. I thought she was very absent during the service."

"Oh, my dear Fanny, how could you see—we were all behind her?"

"But she looked round continually."

"I never noticed that."

"Oh, I did; but it was to make little Violet come and hold her glove and bouquet," said another.

"But did you see the man? He was close to me, and never stopped staring at Pamela, and held his hand so mysteriously under his coat, I began to think he had a revolver, and would blow the bridegroom's brains out."

"Oh, my dear Fanny, what ideas you have got!"

"Well, such things have happened before."

"Have they? I have been to a great many weddings, and never saw anything interesting. I never have met any one who even heard the banns disputed."

"I wonder who the man was; he reminded me so much of a face I have seen somewhere."

"Don't let us think of him; his starved expression has made me quite hungry. Here we are at the house."

"I hope our present looks well, John. I rather wish we had chosen the other tea set, though £15 is as much as I ever give for a wedding-present."

"My dear Fanny, no one would think that our present had cost so little; if you look at the teapot, it might have cost anything."

"Jump out, Angela; and step on the matting, or you will ruin your shoes."

Nobody was very clear as to how the bride and bridegroom looked or conducted themselves during the wedding breakfast, but sly Fanny Jones said there was a visible change in their faces, and observed that the only time Pamela spoke to her husband he did not answer her. Some one said that this was because he was removing sugar cradles and bird-cages off the cake preparatory to cutting it. Pamela went up stairs, surrounded by a bevy of female friends, to change into her travelling dress. There was a deafening hum of talk and laughter, and the crush upon the stairs defied progression. A confusion of bridemaids' bouquets in waiters' faces; lace shawls caught into parasol spikes; dresses torn; toes trodden on.

In the long drawing-rooms the wedding-presents were laid out for inspection, and many and free were the criticisms passed upon them.

"This is the ninth travelling clock I have counted. I have given up trying to count the candlesticks and paper-cutters. Dear me, what a shabby writing-case! Who can have given that? (looking at the card). The Princess L. of Saxe D. Goodness! I dare say it's valuable. It grows on me. What a handsome glove-box! I am sure some great person has given our darling this. No! Mr. Truefitt! Fancy, John dear, look! I don't see our present anywhere. We must find it. If you take that side, I will work my way down here, and we can meet over at the diamonds. At this minute there was a rush to the foot of the stairs to see Pamela come down in her "going-away" gown. She wore a three-cornered hat and a long green cloak. Pulling one side of her skirt and cloak out of the way of a dainty little foot, she stepped slowly down the stairs, such dignity in the upward poise of her lovely head that, instead of crushed compliments and tearful embracings, the company stood still to look at her. The carriage drove off in a shower of rice and heelless satin shoes. Pamela, leaning out of the window, kissed her hand to her mother. As she did so, a face in the crowd caught her eye. She withdrew her head instantly, and the horses stepped on out of the square, swung round the corner of Park Lane towards Paddington Station.

After the incident which I have described, it was not to be supposed that such company as gathers at a fashionable London wedding should not talk.

Henry Mortimer was fifteen years older than his bride, Pamela Churchill. He was well known in two worlds, sporting and dramatic. Tall, well bred, and easy-going, there was no sensation he had not experienced. A finished man of the world, he argued, with Alfred de Musset, "*Qu'il faut aimer beaucoup de choses dans ce bas monde pour savoir après tout ce qu'on aime le mieux.*" The announcement of his marriage provoked considerable surprise. It was the subject of endless conversation, nor was the interest in any way diminished by the occurrence related above. Some time after the wedding a lady told the story to a few very intimate friends after dinner, thus:

"Of course every one knew why Henry Mortimer was in love with Pamela. She was not a bit in love with him. I know from her greatest friend that she has always cared for one man; I do not know his name, her friend was too loyal to tell me that, but I know he is a wretched creature full of debts, and with an awful temper. He had great influence over her, and every one knows they were most intimate. She was madly in love with him. At the wedding, I was told by the cousin of a woman who was there herself and saw it with her own eyes, a wretched-looking man, but a gentleman, of course, made himself most conspicuous, going right up to the altar and staring at the bride so intensely that she turned and shuddered whenever she caught his eye. A group of guardsmen pushed him back, but this made him wild. He slipped down the side aisle, and as Henry and Pamela were going to get into their carriage he placed himself in front of the door, and took a letter, which some swear was in Pamela's handwriting, out from under his coat and thrust it into Henry Mortimer's hand. Pamela, with a slight cry, tried to get it away from him, but he pushed her roughly into the carriage, and with a rigid face put the letter in his pocket and got in after her. My friend's cousin only just had time to catch Pamela's expression as she leant back in the carriage. Wasn't it terrible? And it is quite true, for I have heard much the same story from one or two very ungossipy people. Fanny says she will never forget that wedding. She kept the menu of the breakfast."

"Has no one heard anything of the young couple since? It would be a strange thing if, after all this, the marriage should turn out well."

"Let me relieve you," said a somewhat cynical listener to the lady speaker. "I met a man last night at the Turf who had seen the Mortimers at Monte Carlo. He was gambling most recklessly. From this you will surely infer the worst."

Let us go back to the church door.

The footman touched his hat, and jumped upon the carriage beside the coachman, who drove them rapidly away from the gaze of the crowd. Henry Mortimer caught his wife's little hand, and, powerless to speak the passion that he felt for her, looked silently into the depth of her eyes.

"Oh, Harry, at last we are alone! Must we go back to the house?"

And she pouted playfully, drawing the least thing nearer to him. He put his arm round her, and touched her hair with his lips.

"What a strange man that was that came up to us at the door, Henry."

"Yes, poor devil. Let us see what his paper says 'Venus Soap—saves rubbing.'" Henry laughed, and said, "They might have gone a step further, and said, 'Saves washing.'"

LOVE.

To some few souls it comes in all its power,
  And are they blest or curst? With indrawn breath
And hearts tumultuous they receive their dower,
  And love, for well and ill, through life, through death.

Howe'er it be, dear love, I know to-day,
  If all the world were ranged, and you stood lone
Upon the other side, I should obey
  If you held out your arms and bade me come.

This truth, then, dear, take with you every day,
  That, whatsoe'er may come of good or ill,
At night-time there is always one to pray
  That heaven may love you as one woman will.

A. P. B.



ABIEL ABBOTT LOW.

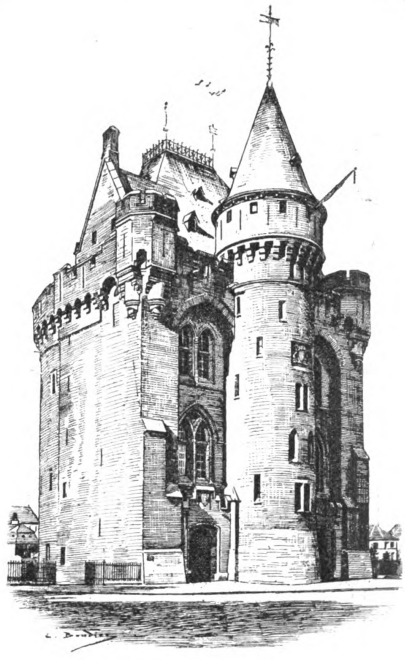
ABIEL ABBOTT LOW died at his home in Brooklyn on Saturday, January 7th. Mr. Low was one of the most prominent men of the city where he lived, being always closely connected with public and private enterprises tending to the promotion of the interests of Brooklyn. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, February 7, 1811, and at the age of twenty-two went to Canton, China, where he engaged in business with Russell & Co., entering the firm four years later. In 1840 Mr. Low returned to this country, and took up business in New York, establishing the famous firm of A. A. Low & Co., which soon grew to be the largest American house engaged in the China trade. In 1841 he married Ellen Almira Dow, by whom he had four children, the Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia College, and ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, being his second son. Mr. Low at that time made his home in Brooklyn, where he lived until his death. In 1850 Mrs. Low died, and two years later Mr. Low was married to the widow of his brother, Mrs. Anna D. B. Low. He had one son, William B. Low, by this second marriage. Several years ago Mr. Low retired from active business, leaving it in charge of his sons, A. Augustus Low and William B. Low. These, together with President Seth Low, are his only surviving children, two daughters having died.

Mr. Low never accepted public office, though deeply interesting himself in all prominent movements. For eight years he was President of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the founders of the Packer Institute of Brooklyn, and being chosen President of the institution in 1858, continued to hold the office until his death, always evincing the most lively interest in the work. Mr. Low was also connected with a number of charitable and financial institutions of Brooklyn, and was held in high esteem by all his associates, by whom his loss is deeply felt and lamented.

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BY CAMILLE LEMONNIER.



THE PORTE DE HAL.

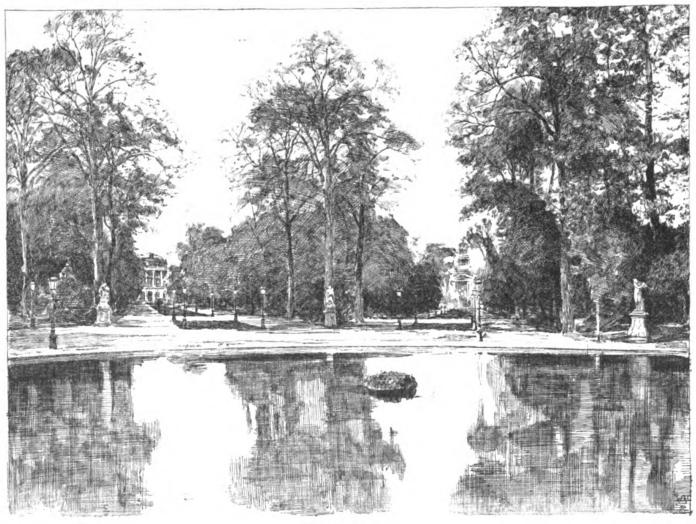
FROM the memories of my childhood stands out an ancient town with tortuous lanes, and projecting houses with crooked fronts looming forth from reeking mists with dripping eaves; a town with an appearance all its own, quite distinct from that of other capitals, homely yet fascinating, with no self-consciousness about it; a sleepy town with Béguine nunneries clustering about the apses of crumbling churches, but waking into life again with the noise of traffic, the clamor of markets, the hubbub of wine shops; a town which went tumbling down steep declivities, forming a perfect net-work of lanes and blind alleys crowding about the outlets of cross-roads, spreading across bridges, sending forth offshoots of masonry with tottering gables adorned with barge-board mouldings resembling pikes' jaws, the teeth of saws, or the prows of vessels, pediments surmounted by urns, lamps, or astrolabes, festooned with sculptured wreaths and embossed with bass-reliefs; a town the traditional boundaries of which were very restricted, descending in a series of irregularly built houses towards the Hôtel de Ville, the palpitating heart of the city, which had not as yet spread into the suburbs, but was girdled with counterscarps where its boulevards now are; a town taken by assault by the windings of a rapid muddy river meandering amongst the closely packed houses of the lower town, wearing away the bases of the façades, making breaches in the foundations of decorticated walls eaten away by the friction of the water, tattooed with patches of mould, and draped with wallwort, or the flanks of buildings mellow with age and altogether out of the perpendicular, with wartlike wooden balconies, glazed brattices, and parasitical excrescences; mill-weirs, mill-wheels, moss-grown arches, stagnant sewers with choked outlets flaked with ochreous foam, dashed with gelatinous streaks, rainbowed with the waste of dye-works, coagulated with the refuse of breweries—that putrid Senne, which, having assumed the office of public depository, became choked with the swollen bodies of drowned dogs and rubbish of all kinds, redolent of the charnel-house and the morass, and in a perpetual state of fermentation beneath a cloud of mosquitoes and black flies, a vast alembic bubbling forth hot exhalations and giving out poisonous gases; but with it all, there was yet the bright activity of a commercial waterway, with paddle-wheels churning up the scum, ducks splashing about beneath the drooping willows, whilst at midnight the reflections of lanterns and candles dashed here and there with light the black pathway of the water, with its tributary gutters and sewers, its affluents of refuse from manufactories, its rivulets sadly merging their existence in that of the main stream. The whole scene was, in fact, thoroughly characteristic of the easy-going provincial capital in its decadence, imbued with traditions, and respected ancient customs never ignored, with thoroughly domesticated and intensely commonplace manners, handed down from one generation to another.

From these far-distant days echo dull voices, the muffled sound of parish chimes, the tinkling of cracked bronze and sonorous brass, with the booming of the great bells on solemn occasions. Once more I see peaceful, unfashionable households, silent chapels, weeping tears of warm wax over the genuflections of good women in hoods and mantles of print; I watch whole families strolling towards the tea-gardens of Pannenhuys, Pachterziel, and Petit Paris, by way of paths bordered with cabbages beside little babbling streams. In streets as shady as woods, beneath the waving of oriflammes and banners fanning the countless illuminations in the windows, pass religious processions, with gleaming chasubles, dalmaticas, and flashing jewels, the sign of benediction made by the priest to an accompaniment of liturgical psalmody, the clashing of bells, and the crash of military music. The wild revelry of the Kirmess, or open-air fair, is going on, with its motley crowds, its feasting, and its gluttony. The air is full of the musty fumes of the kitchen, and here come the good giants, Janneke and Mieke, Ommegancks of clumsy gestures, athletes dragging along symbolic buildings, guilds defiling to the clinking of medals encircling the staves of standards.

Brussels is now a showy, geometrically built city, with endless straight avenues, cubic perspectives, and well-ordered suburbs; a young and laughing capital vulgarized by its imitation of every other capital, and which an immoderate love of stucco has led to the imitation of Paris in particular; a modernized town laid out by rule, scraped clean with pumice-stone, deprived of all the bric-à-brac of its antiquities, rebuilt without any of its primitive originality; a town which has sprung forth from the vitals of its ancient quarters with ready-made squares, symmetrical thoroughfares, straight streets, stucco and bastard-stucco buildings, five-storied houses, all the usual topographical peculiarities of Europeanism; a town which has laid aside its ancient robes, crumbled to dust its antique plaster-work, pulverized its venerable relics, cleaned out its sewers, aerified its sinks, desquamated its ulcers, to make itself like other towns; a town of palaces, barracks, academies, and official buildings, in which is concentrated all the machinery of government, and which is the very heart of the body-politic; a town which, with its sparse population altogether insufficient to people its wide thoroughfares, and with its somewhat paralyzing condition of well-being, its ostentatious luxury and wealth, calls up a vision of another La Haye, a purring, self-satisfied, quiet, satiated, much-envied place; a town which has retained its bourgeois character with all its pomp, a matter-of-fact, homelike, punctilious city; a town inhabited by men of simple manners and moderate intellectual power, combined with a weakness for trivial amusements and military pomp and show; yet, with it all, still remaining a very paradise to those who like to lead an easy, careless life.

The rapid building of houses has done away with the old boundaries. The rich fermenting mould of the market gardens of the past is now degraded to serve as manure, and is shut in by brick and mortar. The humid earth, so suitable for the growth of cabbages and turnips, has been baked into bricks for the building of faubourgs, which, stretching beyond the old suburbs, have in their turn become important cells in the big Brussels hive. Ceaseless building has encroached on the country; mortar, plaster, and stucco have replaced the fertile lands which so amply repaid the labor of the tiller of the soil. One must now tramp over miles of pavement between compact tetragons of houses before one can once more reach the country and inhale the aroma of freshly turned earth; at last the green zone comes in sight, and we see before us the undulations of the agricultural districts of Brabant, encircled by low hills, a pastoral land with valleys rich in cereals, avenues of poplars, woods and grass lands, hamlets of houses with whitewashed walls and red roofs, looking like strawberries in a bowl of cream.

One thing must, however be added to this account: the transition from the old to the new is not rendered melancholy in Brussels by the necessity, such as was formerly usual on entering a town, of passing through sickly, putrid, devastated quarters, waste places fit only for gibbets and encumbered with rubbish. The townsman on his way to the open country is spared the usual dreary stretch of wretched suburbs strewn with dust-heaps and cinders, fetid



THE PARK.

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deserts haunted by mangy dogs, gloomy cemeteries overcrowded with many generations of the dead, frequented by tramps, fugitives from the law, and other homeless wanderers.

In Brussels we are in the country lanes as soon as the last houses are passed, inhaling the scent of hay and of manure, amongst the trees and running streams of fair landscape scenes.

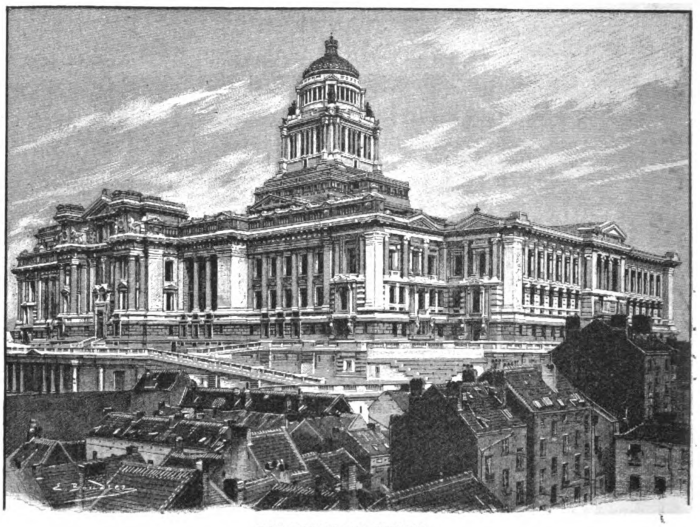
The avenues and principal thoroughfares of the town are the lungs through which it pumps fresh, bracing air, full of strengthening oxygen and iodine. All round about the outskirts of Brussels are villages, flowering meadows, farms noisy with lowing cattle, and the arbors of little Flemish inns, from which issue the sounds of skittle-playing. The low-thatched cottages, the leafy groves, the weather-cocks pointing to the sky, the thick-set, brown-skinned drinkers round the tables, remind one of a landscape by Teniers; whilst in the distance is the grand frame-work of a district which gradually becomes more rocky—the Walloon country, with its oozy soil, so thoroughly Flemish in character, inhabited by a sturdy, squat, and active race, speaking a rough, unchanging patois.

As a matter of course, an exodus *en masse* of citizens succeeded the extension of the suburbs. The people who had been crowded almost to suffocation in the narrow tortuous alleys and lanes, the well-to-do middle classes, the clerks with fixed salaries—in a word, the whole *bourgeoisie*, tempted by the thought of owning gardens of their own, rushed countrywards. At Ixelles, St. Josse, Schœrbeck, and St. Gilles the relative comfort of a house big enough to hold a family could be had at a low rent. The love of an open-air life and the horror of living on one story, so natural to the natives of Brussels, goaded on their hasty departure. Out there in small though private houses with six or seven stories, and a bit of lawn shut in between four walls, with the inevitable greenhouse projecting from the ground-floor, it was at least possible to have a home, a home of one's very own, in which the little ones could play about freely and grow naturally, the wife could busy herself with her household cares, and the husband plant out his borders of pansies, petunias, and mignonette, overfeed his rabbits, and rear his canaries. The result of all this was a very material happiness made up of many little pleasures, which added to the fame of the Capua of Brabant.

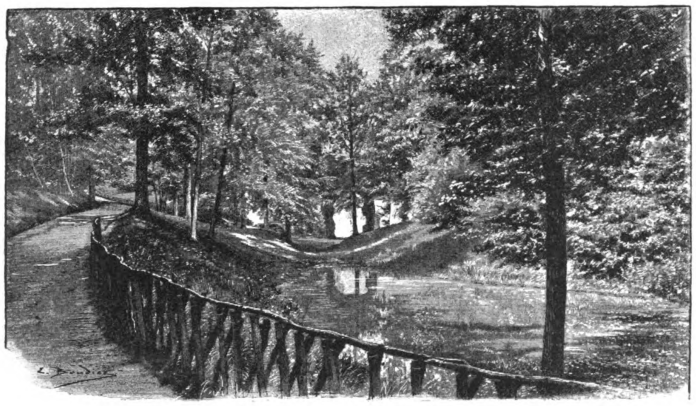
This type of Brussels house, more or less decorated, has been multiplied to such an extent that even those families with fluctuating, precarious incomes can each have its own private dwelling, go up its own stairway, live between walls papered at four sous the piece, and blissfully inhale the scents of a little garden shared with no one else. This is one of the peculiarities of Brussels life. From the upper stories one looks down upon tiny, geometrically shaped, rectangular spaces, with green trees and beds of variegated tulips, marked out perhaps with little nails, amongst which, his pruning-scissors in his hand, walks the owner, in a nankeen jacket. A shady path, a cloisterlike seclusion, a tonic soothing freshness in the air in these little spaces open to the sky, relieve the monotony of the dreary cubes of masonry with something of the brightness of the country. Then again, whilst the masses of the new boulevards were rising three or four stories high, in imitation of Paris, though the tenants were still to come, new arrivals were crowding into the faubourgs and suburbs, hastening to quit Brussels, where the concierge was firmly established, in their turn building houses like barracks, substituting for the old customs a life in lodgings, with its many little family groups under one roof.

Hitherto this kind of thing had been all but unknown; none but bachelors and journeymen put up with the risks of these little apartments, with their happy-go-lucky style of housekeeping. Squares of yellow paper stuck in the windows still announce, in local fashion, which part of the house is to let. "Apartments furnished" is one of the clumsy barbarisms which always rouse the mockery of the French. With a view to keep down expenses, the needy citizen would let out a few of the apartments of his house, in which there was hardly room to turn round. To live in lodgings is, however, still to lose caste in Brussels, where the people love to have plenty of room, and, like the rest of the world, judge very much from externals. On the other hand, the modern division of the houses into flats and stories, the casemated rooms giving the whole building the appearance of a commercial caravansary, and the sets of apartments on one floor, having different entrance doors, give the owners a certain sense of real estate.

I remember for what a length of time remained unlet the huge houses run up by speculative builders on the ruins of the tenements which once crowded together on the banks of the sluggish and slimy Senne. This primitive receiver of river-side filth is now bridged over with aqueducts, and winds its way out of the city through dark and gloomy catacombs. The old so-called Renaissance buildings have been exhumed and pillaged to be used up as sham pediments, pseudo-colonnades, and minor symmetrical and rectilinear but petty decorations, such as endives, cabbages, artichokes, acanthi, crucibles, astragals, Cupids, and allegorical figures; a debased bric-à-brac ornamentation, which has become the very base and foundation of a certain style of architectural decorations, and is piled up as if on a set of shelves. Well, none of these houses were taken; the huge carcasses remained empty, their ground-floors yawning wide; no industries came to give life to the cavernous solitudes; the lordly buildings became defaced by the peeling off of their plaster decorations and the growth of a leprous mould. In vain did the concierge—that imported creature, that exotic biped struggling to become naturalized in Brussels—exhaust his blandishments, stooping even to accosting the passers-by; the list of houses to let was not diminished.



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.



THE BOIS DE LA CAMBRE.



THE BOURSE.



OLD SWISS CATHEDRAL VERGER.

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To every one here, accustomed to owning the key of his own house, the thraldom of having a porter appeared quite insupportably repugnant. Neither did it suit the legs of the people of Brussels to have to climb up five stories, their Alpine feats having been hitherto limited to the ascent of the seven hills on which their town is built. Then again, the number of rooms in the houses prevented their being suitable for shops, offices, studios, or workshops. The natives prefer less rigorous conditions of life, where there is some scope for individuality, and where the house does not look quite so much like a syndicate of households and of composite communities.

Men who remember 1830 still speak with pride of a Brussels in which, after leaving the theatre on the Place de la Monnaie, the aristocracy of the time met at the so-called Au Doux, a simple tavern used as a kind of club, where members of the most distinguished noble families of Belgium, such as the Hooghvorsts, the Chasteleers, the Andelots, and the De Merodes, might be seen drinking Louvain beer and playing écarté by candle-light for stakes of fifty centimes (*Souvenirs du Vieux Bruxelles*, by J. Dierickx de Ten Hamme); a Brussels owning but three newspapers—the *Oracle*, the *Petit Courrier des Pays Bas*, and the *Lynx;* where the bourgeoisie flocked to the celebrated Café des Mille-Colonnes to see the owner of that alhambra himself light the gas, then an almost unknown luxury; a Brussels without carts, without cabs, or vigilantes, as they are called, and in which the first omnibus, under the name of *velocifère*, did not appear



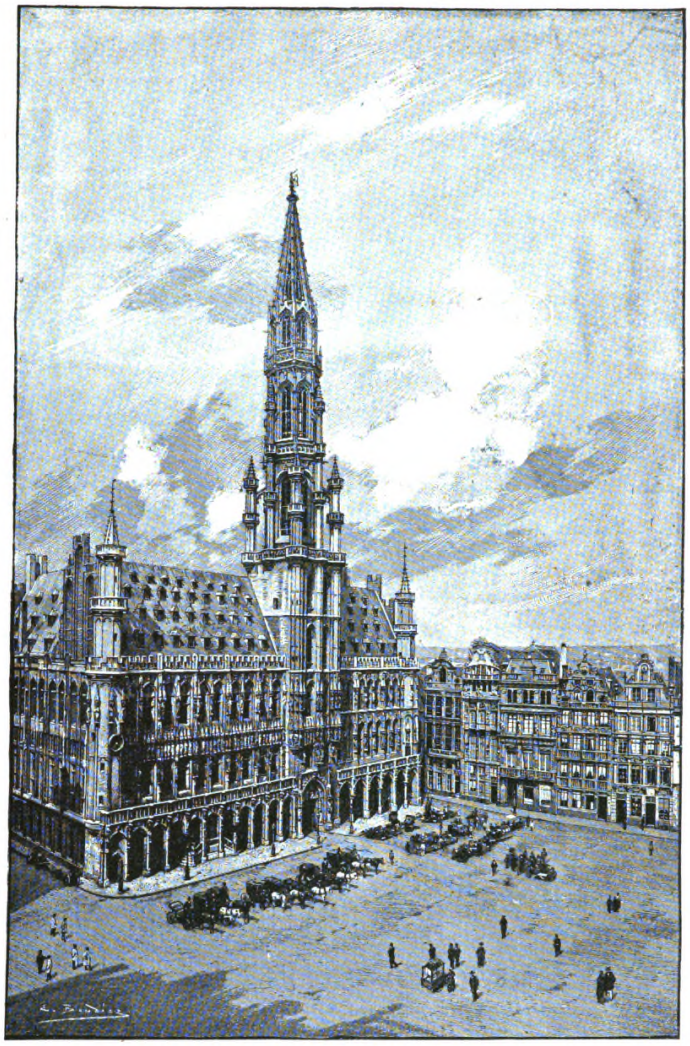
SOLDIERS OF A REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

until 1836; a Brussels where, on the 5th of May, 1853, the English Stephenson, inventor of the British steam-engine, came to start a train of *berlins*,* diligences, cars, and wagons, forcing a smoking passage through crowds of people rushing to see the strange sight; a Brussels from which started, twice a week, a carriage which made the journey from that town *viâ* Mons to Valenciennes in thirty-six hours; lastly, a Brussels where the political manœuvres of a reign, which opened with noble traditions and brilliant prospects, admitted to the ranks of the aristocracy many low-born but ardent supporters of the young monarchy.†

The hastily constituted court of Leopold I., recruited as it was from amongst merchants and masters of finance, was not at first characterized by the severe etiquette which was later enforced by the Belgian Nestor. The hatred between the old noblesse and the democracy was inveterate, and it was necessary to conciliate the ambitions and predilections of both

* An old-fashioned four-wheeled carriage, named after the town of Berlin, where it was invented.—TRANS.

† The translator has toned down a little, as repugnant to English feeling, the asperities of this reference to the great political struggle which took place between 1830 and 1838, when the Belgian monarchy became separated from that of Holland, and the people of Belgium won for themselves, with a moderation that cannot be too highly praised, a constitutional form of government, resulting in liberty of the press, of religion, and of education. A revolution, in which the democracy itself suppressed the first signs of anarchy, was succeeded by years of quiet and unostentatious progress; scarcely checked even during the upheaval in France when the Republic was proclaimed.



THE PLACE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE SCHOOLS.

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parties. This court was one of gilding and of plumes, of tinsel and embroidery, where plebeian dames blazed resplendent with jewels, and every one was decked with gold from head to foot; where tradesmen jostled civic guards in the anterooms of officials, and newly created nobles gathered in the presence-chamber. There was something quaint, almost comic, in the position of the newly elected monarch, whose difficult task it was to pilot with tact and dignity the ship of the young constitution through the political storm.

On looking out of the window of his palace the first thing to meet the eyes of Leopold I. was the Tree of Liberty, which increased in growth with every spring. Standing alone in the midst of the paving-stones used to make the barricades of 1830, this tree seemed like an advanced sentinel of the neighboring park, a popular gendarme, a guardian of the rights of the nation at the very door of the residence of the king. Old age and death at last relieved it of its task. But at the time of which we are writing it was still in its prime, and at every returning spring the good citizens of Brussels loved to climb the heights of the *Montagne de la Cour*, and to gaze at the fresh shoots of the old tree as they hummed a couplet of the old Brabantine song, *Sous l'arbre de Liberté*. In this tree and the park they had a historic monument of the most recent chapter of their country's experience. Scarcely dry, indeed, was the blood of the Dutch who had fallen beneath the luxuriant trees of the park, shot down by the mitrailleuses from the windows of the *Rue Royale*.



ROOFS OF OLD BRUSSELS.

In this connection the account should be read of the so-called four *Glorieuses* if one would understand the people of Brabant revelling in their revolution as if it were a mere fair, shooting down their enemies between draughts from their hogsheads of beer, with an air alike heroic and jovial, noble and merry. This extraordinary spirit, this truculent bravado, this proud boasting of contempt for tyranny, this superb good-humor, this blustering love of battle, this passionate, almost insolent, worship of freedom, this jealous love, ready to die gayly in defence of popular privileges, was the modern expression of the spirit of ancestors who, like the members of the French Fronde, leagued themselves together against masters who attempted to infringe their liberties. One brave fellow alone—called La Jambe de Bois, on account of his wooden leg—with a single cannon pointed on the Place Royale, kept back the advance of the enemy. In some streets where an attempt at a cavalry charge was made, every house was converted into a fort, women flinging down an avalanche of kitchen utensils, stoves, tables, etc., tearing out bricks to dash them on to horses and knights, who, shattered, wounded, scalded, and decimated, turned bridle and fled. Boys, young men and old, went to their death as to a play; and at last, at the end of four days of powder, struggle, and fever, the Constitutional Government was formed, Nassau packed up his baggage, and the people of Belgium looked about for a king. Leopold of Coburg arrived, his portmanteau in his hand—that traditional portmanteau which he offered to fasten up again when a seditious mob was howling in front of his palace.*



THE CATHEDRAL.

Brussels yearly celebrated the heroes of this time for more than half a century. The great struggle took place in September, and for four days in that month salvoes of artillery were fired the first thing in the morning in commemoration of the great event. The survivors of the brothers in arms buried in the vaults of the little mortuary of the Béguine chapel on the Place des Martyres were escorted there and to the cathedral—poor mutilated old men, for whom, alas! no Hôtel des Invalides had provided an honorable refuge for their declining years. The streets were draped in flags; there was dancing in front of the Hôtel de Ville; guilds, clubs, and other associations unfurled their banners and marched through the town to the sound of music. There was a general holiday. It was the great national fair, when all manner of pranks were played and beer flowed like water, when feasts degenerated into debauches, bands played in every square, and rival processions met at every corner. Gradually, however, as years rolled by, the fêtes were discontinued, and now all the feasting and revelry is concentrated into the one month of July, when the Great Kirmess or Church Fair of Brussels is held.

Meanwhile the capital was growing, but the population was gradually broken up into sets. Petty traders—such as grocers, who, from father to son, sold treacle and candles; primitive shopkeepers, who measured out cord by the ell and weighed out nails in scales on counters behind narrow windows with green glass admitting the daylight jealously—still frequented old inns with rows of oaken tables shaded by smoke-dried olive-trees; the old, well-fed, well-to-do bourgeoisie absorbed in business still congregated in the parishes of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, St. Nicholas, Riches-Claires, Notre Dame de la Chapelle, and the Béguinage; whilst clerks and others with small fixed incomes climbed the hills and became dispersed in the suburbs and green outlying districts. With the new reign, too, a third element was developed, financiers, wealthy tradesmen, and the nobility, all gathering about the Royal Palace, the Legislative Chambers, and the houses of the ministers and ambassadors.

On Sundays whole families went forth to watch the progress of the laying out of sandy esplanades on the east of the town, where were being set up on piles stately patrician-looking houses adorned with sculptured foliage and wreaths. This modern work, often of very ambiguous style, which seemed to hurl defiance at the old-fashioned gables and rows of houses in the ancient part of the town, was alike astounding and bewildering. It served, however, as a kind of introduction to the wild vagaries of the Haussmann period; the medley of styles which inaugurated that modern architecture, the decoration of which is like nothing so much as the masterpieces of the pastry-cook.

Whole districts, from Bon Secours to St. Grévy, fell beneath the pick of the destroyer; gaping wounds were made in the very heart of old Brussels, which, tottering, trembling, gasping for breath, was for some time but a waste of ruins. Then a breach was made in another quarter, that of Notre Dame aux Neiges, which in its turn was levelled with the ground. A brutal surgery, imbued, as it were, with a kind of murderous fury, pierced the very arteries of the town, cut away the gangrened flesh, laying bare the very bones of the historic skeleton, converting the district into a sort of slaughter-house strewn with the limbs of dismembered houses, and with the broken decorations which had once been their pride; whilst in place of these houses, on sites which had been properly levelled, with parallel streets and avenues, rose up rows of houses of a wonderful variety of appearance; some with Gothic, others with Renaissance roofs, a hotchpotch of Italian, French, and Flemish details, a fricassee of all the hackneyed vagaries of every school. Hotels, private houses, offices, banks, theatres, cafés, and shops with huge glass windows; arcades and squares succeeding each other with marvellous rapidity, till at last the Brussels of to-day was finally evolved.

Taken as a whole, Brussels, with its varied and well-kept decorations relieved by somewhat startling contrasts—such as one would naturally expect from an imaginative people so fond of color and of broad effects—with its variegated houses, pink bricks, blue mouldings, festooned balconies, adorned with embossments, brackets, caryatides, glazed tiles shining like looking-glasses; with the fresh air and cool shade of its tree-planted boulevards and of its wide main thoroughfares; with its green park adorned with fountains, statues, and groups by Grupello set about amongst its prim groves of equidistant trees; with its woods and lakes, its landscape gardens, which are the very lungs of its suburbs, its grand avenue leading to the Bois de la Cambre, with its shady countrylike walks, its streams, and its deceptive background of apparent forest; with the lofty dome and propylæa of the almost Babylonian Palais de Justice, and beyond the net-work of old streets still remaining; the soaring of the miraculously beautiful spire of the Hôtel de Ville, the marvellous gables carved into the semblance of rostra or beaks of vessels of the ancient Hôtel des Serments. Brussels is a picturesque and fascinating capital where people of means, whether small or large, may live comfortably, neither too noisy nor too monotonous, retaining its quiet béguinage corners amongst all the uproar of its chief thoroughfares; a town suited alike to dreamers, to those weary of the tumult of modern civilization, to dyspeptics seeking pure air and unadulterated food, or to those who crave for a secluded retreat away from the din of traffic.

In spite of the gaps in the old buildings, a very good general notion may still be obtained from certain elevated points of what Brussels was before its mutilation. Climb, for instance, into the tower of the old Museum of Painting, and look down upon the closely packed blocks of houses, overlapping each other at various levels, with pink, orange-red and blood-red roofs, checkered with irregular moss-grown tiles; a medley of chimneys and gables, of uneven strips of river beach strewn with nondescript rubbish, and with a background of undefined projecting angles standing out against the shrouded horizon, the whole canopied by a cloudy northern sky, towards which are ever-rising opalescent mists and pale humid effluent vapors. First we see a foreground of courts and gardens, of belfries flecked with houseleeks and wall-flowers, of needy homes from which issue the sounds of sewing-machines or the click click of bobbins beneath the fingers of the skilful lace-maker. Beyond the immediate foreground the houses become mixed confusedly together, they are yet more closely packed, and from them rises a yet greater medley of cones, gable-points, skylights, dormer-windows, and remains of turrets. Seen through the smoke, the fumes of gas, and the palpitating breath of the thousands in this human hive, Brussels resembles a whirligig in the neck of a bottle, or a tumultuous eddy twirling ever more and more rapidly round as the bottom of the gulf is neared; and, as a matter of fact, the effects of perspective are grander than ever about the Hôtel de Ville, from which looms out the exquisitely graceful spire surmounted by the gilded bronze figure of St. Michael, whose sword is raised to heaven, and gleams golden in the sunshine. And amongst the other closely packed buildings, with the apses, domes, square towers, and pointed belfries of churches rising with comparative heaviness here and there, we make out the Gothic pillars of the Cathedral, the low outlines of Notre Dame du Sablon, the buttresses of the Chapelle, with the outlines of the churches of the Minim Friars, St. Catherine and St. Joseph, etc. In the distance, through a veil of smoke and soot, can be seen the chimneys of the factories of Anderlecht, St. Gilles, and Molenbeek-Saint-Jean set in a gleaming frame-work of undulating country, with fields of pale-colored cereals, purple lucerne, and saffron-hued colza.

Here and there, too, open vistas of luminous horizons. The terrace of the Botanical Gardens and the Place du Congrés, with the steps of the Palais de Justice and the high ground of the Park of St. Gilles, are natural observatories, from which the town can be seen from different points of view, those points of view again being infinitely



A BRUSSELS MILK-SELLER.

* This refers to Leopold's offer to abdicate if the nation wished it when Louis Philippe resigned his throne. The offer was refused by the whole nation, and the Belgian monarchy became more firmly established than ever.—TRANS.

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varied according to the position of the observer. From the heights of St. Gilles—with the checkered mass of houses on the right, and beyond them the cupola of the Palais de Justice standing clearly out against the sky—you obtain a grand outlook on to stretches of open meadow-lands intersected by hills and lined with rows of poplars, above which floats the smoke of passing trains; whilst here and there are the dark-looking buildings of factories and mills, the advance-guard of the suburbs in districts still thoroughly agrarian.

From the upper town the lower is reached by steep break-neck thoroughfares which are dreadfully trying for horses. In this rough-and-ready topography some houses seem to go tumbling down hill in a helter-skelter manner, whilst others climb up in a similar style. The escarpment, for such it is, along which are echeloned the shops of the Montagne de la Cour, is connected by steep alleys like broken-down staircases, with the lower passages skirting the sides of the Butte, or, to be more precise, the archaic Rue Terarken, which is, so to speak, almost strangled between lofty gables and projecting façades. A whole quarter of the town is buried here in a hollow, in perpetual shade between moss-grown walls, and in a kind of twilight of decrepitude, suited only to the silent meditations of ecclesiastics, or the closing days of a long life, whilst just above it surges all the busy traffic of a crowded city.

This steep, tortuous Montagne de la Cour, with its broken pavement, its abrupt turns, its many cross-roads and alleys, narrowing here, widening out there, to narrow again a little further on, is the main thoroughfare of the city, and leads to the centres of commerce and of trade. It is a regular Kalverstraat, only longer and more tortuous than that of Amsterdam, through which flows an incessant traffic, the fashionable world, the women chiefly, gathering about the windows of the shops. On Thursday especially the narrow street becomes the rendezvous of idlers, mothers leading in tow a whole troop of eligible daughters. There is bowing and hand-shaking and taking off of hats. Substantial-looking matrons decked out like shrines and gleaming like reliquaries sweep along in velvet and satin in the style of the beauties of the canvases of Rubens. Marvellously and ridiculously dressed young dandies in close-fitting trousers, loose sack-coats, and shoes of the shape of an ace of clubs, walking like ducks, their elbows stuck out and toes turned in—stiff, starched, mechanical-looking figures with a *blasé* expression in their faces, resembling badly oiled creaking automata. The slow, dignified pacing of correctly got up old gentlemen, wearing coats of English cut, and with that quiet solemn manner characteristic of well-educated men of the north of Europe, is succeeded by the tripping past of a troop of flounced and furbelowed young ladies with rounded figures, who are already women at fifteen years old. Then come, perhaps, a lot of errand-boys rollicking along, with faces full of fun and mischief, and heads well in the air. Close on their heels are countrymen with heavy tread in rustic clothes, whilst behind them again are officers looking as if they came out of bandboxes, so spick and span is their get-up, and so stiffly, as if on parade, do they hold themselves in their gleaming accoutrements. And last, not least, the Brabantine women *par excellence*, fresh-colored and plump, with straight shoulders and supple limbs, the result of vigorous health—hopeful augury for the well-being of future generations.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon a closely packed crowd defiles, in accordance with time-honored tradition, past the shops of the Montagne de la Cour, the Rue de la Madeleine, and the Poultry Market, fluctuating between the Place Royale and the new boulevards, and now and then surging through the galleries of St. Hubert, usually sacred to people of modest incomes, clerks, old pensioners, etc. In the summer the promenade is generally preceded by a visit to the park, a saunter in the avenues, or a rest on the chairs, the toilettes of the women vying in brilliancy with the flower beds, whilst from some parlor near comes the music of a band performing the works of Flotow, Meyerbeer, or Donizetti. All this makes up a somewhat monotonous and spiritless life ruled by invariable custom. On Sundays the bourgeoisie take their meals with their families in the open air outside the cafés, going to eat honeycomb in the arbors of Laeken, or fried fish in the tea-gardens of Anderlecht, varying the programme sometimes by sitting on the grass under the trees, or even now and then venturing on a picnic as far away as Boitsfort or Groenendael.

Any suburban fair is sure to draw a crowd of admiring visitors, who are never weary of gazing at the feats of acrobats, tournaments, peddlers' wares, etc., and of regaling themselves with spicy cakes, greasy omelets, and great bumpers of Diest or Louvain beer. The saturnalia of fêtes opens in early spring with the Kirmess of Diegen, and closes with the autumnal Ducasse de la Hulpe. The former is famed for its mountebanks, shooting-galleries, panopticons, human and animal monstrosities, somnambulists, booths full of curiosities, etc. The interval between these two chief fairs is filled up by a long series of Sunday fêtes, with music, dancing, and merrymaking, now in the woods, now in the meadows, now near one, now near another village. To these must be added the minor fairs of the suburbs, which again are subdivided into great fêtes and small fêtes, and the district fêtes, or *fêtes des quartiers*, the people seeming to be never surfeited with noise, frolic, and revelry. In fact, in all the ancient quarters the name day is observed as a holiday, and there are the kirmesses of Notre Dame au Rouge, of St. Laurent, of the Minim friars, and of the Roches Claires. Even outside these main districts there are little streets, courts, and blind alleys, each with its own poor little image to honor, its own humble Madonna in her shrine to deck with flowers and present with tapers. Ragged flags, green garlands, transparencies, Venetian lanterns, etc., are hung out from the crumbling old tenements, and the miserable tenants make merry, forgetting their poverty for a few brief hours of enjoyment. The ingenious decorations have been paid for by little savings of a sou at a time scraped together out of the hard-earned pittances, and every one gives either a coin or his time, the fun lasting till past midnight, the people tramping merrily to and fro to the chinking of glasses, oblivious of the inevitable famine in store for them on the morrow.

Those who have not assisted at one of these popular fêtes, or who have not been present at one of the chief kirmesses of Brussels, know nothing of the passion of the people for drinking bouts, wedding feasts, and festivities of all kinds. There are certain ancient traditions about games and prize competitions which must not be passed over. For instance, a five-franc piece must be picked out of a bowl of syrup with the teeth, eggs suspended on a string must be taken down, with the eyes bandaged, with the help of a stick, the breaking of the eggs splashing everything and everybody near with their contents; there are races in sacks, and eager competitors for prizes climb up greasy poles, or creep along soapy bowsprits to plunge from them into deep water. Processions are organized, circus riders and conjurers exhibit their prowess, and there are shooting matches with the bow and the crossbow, games at quoits and skittles, buffoonery matches, and dancing in the open air.

When these fêtes are over, the flags furled, and the illuminations put out, an excuse is found for further revelry to celebrate the jubilee of some old married couple, or to serenade the winners of prizes to the light of flaming torches. All work is stopped on pretext of some unimportant anniversary, such as that known as *Verlorene maandag* (lost Monday), and pilgrimages are made to Notre Dame de Hal, whence the pilgrims return reeling along, blowing on harsh-sounding wooden trumpets; or again crowds flock forth together to the fairs of the neighboring villages and towns. On the occasion of the fair at Louvain, for instance, the fish-wives, young and old, of the Rue Haute quarter, the sellers of oranges and apples, with little flat curls gummed on their foreheads and looking like commas, with pink stockings showing beneath their ample petticoats, with the venders of *crabben en mastellen*, circulate amongst the tables of the inns, their baskets on their arms, whilst the factory girls, redolent of machine-oil, flaunt in finery hired for the occasion; the whole incongruous crowd, shouting, laughing, singing, and chaffing, troop along towards the tea-gardens, where they sell the loads of goods which have been prematurely deteriorated in transit. By the time Louvain is reached all the finery is crushed and spoiled, the merrymakers have already had too much to eat and drink, but they go on gorging themselves throughout the day, and return in the evening completely satiated and worn out.

In every rank of life in Brussels we find the same love of association—of doing everything in crowds. When five people have got into the way of drinking their glass of wine or beer at the same time, they feel ripe to become a society, draw up a code of rules, and adopt a banner of their own. There are as many Brussels societies, or *chochetés*, as they are locally called, as there are industries, trades, costumes, and entertainments. Besides the guilds, the historical corporations, the shooting and fishing societies, the skittle, quoit, tennis, and hockey societies, there are fraternities of handicraftsmen, saving and benefit workmen's clubs, sporting and entertainment societies, debating-rooms, choral societies, societies of professional wits, dining societies, and endless ramifications of groups and bodies of men realizing the national motto, *L'Union fait la force*. I assure you there is even a society of *Chasseurs de Hannetons*, who march in military style in companies, shouldering their guns and wearing helmets and gaiters like those of infantry soldiers. Two drummers and a standard-bearer lead the way down the street, and the members of this quaint society, most of them stout, well-grown fellows, march along with all the solemnity of members of the terrible *Wehmgericht* endued with occult powers. On the death of one of the brotherhood the body is escorted to the grave to the sound of martial music and muffled drums. There is no artisan so humble but what his bier is followed by a brass band. Later come processions in which the cross is borne aloft. Almost every day the quiet of the suburbs is disturbed by the sound of funereal music, to the accompaniment of which huge crosses, the symbols of inconsolable grief, are carried with lowered crest to the cemetery by four of the members of the society to which the deceased belonged, the rest of the fraternity following in solemn procession, carrying arms as tokens of mourning. These men feel that, federated beneath their flag, each one is some one. Slowly and solemnly the *cortége* files along the streets and out into the country, arriving at last at the entrance to the cemetery. The mortuary emblem deposited at last, the mourners turn back, and at a double-quick pace make their way to a wine shop and console themselves with copious draughts of beer or wine.

The Brussels wine shop is an institution of itself. With the qualified Electorate which predominates in Belgium it is the focus of the political organism. Mine host, plump, spruce, and unctuous, presiding over his beer-taps, is an important factor in the working of the machine. Standing behind the gleaming pewter pots, he controls the consumption of liquor with the air of a benevolent master; unbending but rarely, he maintains the correct deportment of an officer intrusted with the control of a system of irrigation. The establishment ruled by him varies according to circumstances: in the modern quarters of the town, for instance, the wine shop has been modified, and somewhat resembles the German tavern, with its looking-glasses, gilding, and mouldings; but in the lower town the old hieratic wine shop is retained with all its original peculiarities. As if to mark its superiority, the primordial cabaret is generally found close to municipal buildings, beneath the shadow of the spire of the church dedicated to St. Michael, the patron of Brussels, for instance, or round about the approaches to the Hôtel de Ville, and in the lanes and alleys radiating from them, and tenanted mainly by natives of the soil.

In the Brussels cabaret *par excellence* no gaudy decorations distract the attention from the important function going on around its massive oak tables. A dim religious light filters through the coarse glazed windows, faintly illuminating the plain walls, and mysteriously indicating an ancient clock ticking in its case in one corner. With their feet upon sanded flag-stones, a crowd of tipplers drink sour *faro* and *lambic*, smoke, and discuss politics. There is a droning buzzing in the heavy atmosphere, reeking as it is with tobacco and the fumes of drink, which predisposes to the semi-somnolent condition, in which the beer absorbed will work with the greatest efficacy. In houses of good repute no uproar is tolerated, but fermentation goes on in a subdued and peaceful manner. Such quiet sanctuaries are frequented by bourgeois clients who are averse to noise, and allow no singing or swearing. Any one infringing these rules is at once turned out. Even when the gas is lighted the room is still in semi-obscurity, for the jets are only half turned on, a subdued *chiar-oscuro* being considered desirable for keeping the mind in harmony with its surroundings. Now and then the door opens to admit some good simple old souls in jackets, frilled caps, and white aprons, all scrupulously clean, pushing before them baskets laden with eggs, crabs, prawns, etc., which they gently press upon the company as desirable additions to the refreshments they are taking. Sometimes, too, an old fellow, with white hair and tottering steps, sent out by one of the hospitals of the town, gets up from the table where he has consumed the two cutlets allowed him by the owner of the house, and goes round to collect contributions for his place of refuge, holding out a wooden bowl with his shaking hand.

This, to those at least of the generation now about to pass away, was an essential feature of Brussels life. Important personages, such as burgomasters or ministers of the King, have been known to frequent their own particular cook shop with the regularity of petty dealers enriched by trade, and who did not think it beneath them, after dining at the Palace, to sit down opposite to a glass of foaming *lambic*. This was the time of small houses, savory and juicy cook shops, which sprang up like mushrooms near the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville, amongst the medley of gables which darkened the still remaining but crumbling façades of the Broodhuys now restored. Here, on the stoves of the little cook shops, were turned out *menus* worthy of kitchens of Pantagruelic size.* Gourmands came to these little inns to glut themselves with crisp slices of grilled beef, served in tin dishes on a checked cloth by girls with bare arms—brisk *meejes* in frilled jackets, and with little caps stuck at the back of their heads. The master of the eating-house never failed, towards the end of the meal, to come forward, and resting his open palms upon the table, ask if you had enjoyed your food. Alas! this simple honest fellow has now been replaced by a sullen-looking waiter, with a face almost hidden by whiskers, and the checked table-cloth is represented by cheap damask, set out with damaged electro-plated spoons and forks, to give something of the appearance of a second-rate *table d'hôte*. The raised tariff now secures a select set of clients, who are always sure of a good brand of wine and fresh fish.

Brussels, though it has lost its Quartier des Marollés, with its crowded tumble-down buildings, its wretched hovels splashed with dirt, in which congregated beggars, wandering minstrels, and vagabonds with wooden legs and wounds of every description, has yet retained its so-called *Mannekenpiss*, who may be considered the most ancient denizen of Brussels. This Mannekenpiss is a little nude male figure, crouching down and flinging a thin stream of water into a basin at a street corner behind an ironmonger's shop. A popular idol, this brazen-faced little fetich has his valet, who on fête days decks him out, now in clothes fit for a marquis, now in the uniform of the National Guard. Then sometimes the water is changed to beer or wine, with which the people refresh themselves largely, and which flows on to the pavement in a pale purple stream.

Another relic of old Brussels is a group of six basket-work giants, representing three generations—the grandfather and grandmother, Janneke, Mieke, and Claeske their child, with the addition of an enigmatical Turk in a turban. The performances of these ridiculous puppets in their bundles of rags, beneath which is hidden the clumsy machinery working them, are watched with as much eager interest by the people as if they were the good geniuses of the city. The solemn-looking Hôtel de Ville shelters them in one of its rooms, and on fête days they have an escort in plumed shakos. They are fitting companions for the other huge monstrosities of Belgium, such as the Antigones of Antwerp and the Goliaths of Ath-Nieuport and Valenciennes, which are found scattered about the country as far as French Flanders.

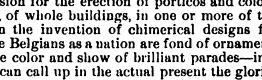
Not very long ago, on the occasion of some historical anniversary, a whole troop of these anachronisms was promenaded through Brussels. Some huge figures, poised at a giddy height on great old-fashioned cars, to which they were fastened with rusty iron bars, looked like the idols of a by-gone time, once held in supreme awe—an awe represented by their escort of dragoons and their accompaniment of grotesque figures on foot and on horseback. Wild beasts, too, formed part of the heterogeneous show, and the whole scene recalled the ridiculous merrymakings of the court of Philippe le Bon.

Every public ceremonial, moreover, is concluded in Brussels by heraldic processions, the marching past of militia, and the representation of historic scenes. No other people are so fond as the Belgians of the revival of days long gone by. This atavism, if we may so call it, is perennially manifested in the passion for the erection of porticos and colonnades, or, indeed, of whole buildings, in one or more of the old styles, and in the invention of chimerical designs for banners. But the Belgians as a nation are fond of ornament, and delight in the color and show of brilliant parades—in a word, in all that can call up in the actual present the glories of what they look upon as their past millennium.

But the Brussels type of character is gradually becoming modified, and the members of the young rising generation are more serious than their parents; their brains are more active, they mature earlier than their ancestors did, and are impatient of the senseless merrymaking of the past.

The men of action of 1830, the well-fed sturdy artisans of the time of the making of the Constitution, are replaced by a generation out of conceit with civic traditions, a generation of thinkers and dreamers, who are not content with the gratification of merely material necessities. The efforts of these men have unexpectedly resulted in the springing up, in what would naturally have been considered the hostile soil of Belgium, of a literature of prose and poetry worthy to rank with that of France. Baudelaire, bitter author of a bitter pamphlet, a man soured by exile in a gloomy country, which he characterized as without horizons, a man of noble birth, with shattered nerves, condemned to residence amongst homely burghers, would still find much to condemn in the "general and complete absence of intelligence, the general hatred of literature, and the spirit of conformity," the people taking their very amusements in sets only, but he would spare those of his followers who refused to think with the majority, and rebelled against anything like mob rule.

* Pantagruel, the hero of one of Rabelais's romances, was a man of gigantic stature, under whose tongue an army could take shelter, and who was able to swallow whole cities.—TRANS



NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

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MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

NONE who saw the last grand review of the soldiers of the rebellion when the veterans, 70,000 strong, marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, all through one fair September day of 1892, will forget the scene when General B. F. Butler drove past the ranks of the Department of Massachusetts.

The General had been driven in the parade behind the standard of his home Post of Lowell, Massachusetts. He had received the meed of cheers awarded to all the generals —Howard and Sickles and Wright and Franklin and Hayes and Miles, and a host of others of lesser note. Somewhere above the White House reviewing-stand his carriage, for some reason—the General's fatigue, perhaps, for he was then seventy-four years old—had turned back, and slowly retracing its way along the Massachusetts line, halted at the moment at parade rest.

Then the men, who as boys had gone to war with perhaps more of the old Roundhead spirit than any other men who went, leaned with their right hands on their bamboo canes or the staves of their battered battle-flags, and waved their slouch-hats and blue flannel képis in their left hands. A crackle of soldiers' cheers followed the bald old man's carriage-wheels from front to rear of the great Massachusetts column of 8000 American veterans, and as it went it stirred men's pulses as a battle-picture like "Scotland Forever," with the Greys in full battle-cry, stirs them.

It was the climax of Butler's career, and it was a fitting climax. Not that he was a great or even a good soldier. Grant's amused and amusing message, "Butler is bottled up at Bermuda Hundred," bespeaks the attitude of the professional soldier towards the political soldier of the Butler class. But that he was of the highest type of the political soldier, with all the merits and most of the demerits of the class, calls our attention to the value of the type in its time. It was the Grants, the Shermans, the Sheridans, the Meades, the Thomases, who led the bayonets to victory. But it was the Butlers, the Logans, the Sickleses, and their kind who made the bayonets out of the ballots. Butler was by far the ablest of the lot who leaped from the stump to the saddle, and the number of men who followed him personally to the field was probably larger than that influenced by any one other general. It was this feeling of loyalty to a leader of thought rather than to a successful military chieftain that brought forth these cheers, and made them significant with an intensely American significance. It is certain that a finished professional soldier like Warren or Rawlins or Hunt would not have been the object of one-tenth of the enthusiasm inspired by the man whose military career from his application of the term "contraband" to the race whose latest title is Afro-Americans down had always an element of the burlesque about it.

In any environment other than that of the almost fanatically liberty-loving atmosphere of New England, Butler's tendency to eccentricity might have led him wrong, and wasted the whole of the strong personality whose remnants in his later years he frittered away in political fads and personal squabbles. But he was born in New Hampshire (Deerfield, November 5, 1818), educated in Maine (Waterville College, class of '38), and lived his early manhood in Massachusetts, having been admitted to the bar at Lowell in 1841. Elected to the State House of Representatives in 1853, to the State Senate in 1859, and to the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in 1860. With this birth and breeding it was impossible for a man of his out-of-doors temperament not to inhale the sentiment of hatred to human slavery with which the air about him was saturated. So, when his motion that the party go no further in the *quem deus vult perdere* line than a reaffirmation of the platform of 1856, he withdrew to the Rump Convention at Baltimore, and there finding the same maniacal counsels prevailing, withdrew again, "upon the ground that I would not sit in a convention where the African slave trade, which is piracy by the laws of my country, is approvingly advocated."

Still, he remained with his party, and led it to political defeat as its candidate for Governor in the same heroic year of 1860. John A. Andrew, the famed "War Governor" of the Bay State, was his successful opponent. Then came the time when the story was told, which may or not be true, of "Where are you going, Butler?" "To h—l if Governor Andrew wants me to."

Sumter was fired on, troops called for, and Brigadier-General B. F. Butler, of the Massachusetts militia, marching with his men to the relief of the national capital, found—such was the furore that his action had aroused—loyal Philadelphia pretty nearly as difficult to get through as rebel Baltimore. It was a picturesque and thoroughly Butlerian spectacle this entrance upon the field of war of the defeated Democratic candidate with the successful Republican candidate's commission in his pocket. If it had been followed by military success, it would have been splendid.

But military success was not for him or any other political soldier, in the earlier years of the war at least, though some of them in the West developed something of the skill in the tented that they had shown in the political field. He made a creditable showing, it is true, capturing Forts Hatteras and Clark in August, 1861, in the Roanoke expedition, and occupying New Orleans after Farragut had reduced it on the following 1st of May. Here his strong administrative ability came into play, and he gave the slovenly Queen of the Gulf such a house-cleaning as she never knew before nor has known since.

Savage abuse from that quarter followed him ever after, though never to his personal discomfort nor to the impairment of his reputation. Overheated partisans sought to arraign the behavior of the Northern soldiery (whose attitude in such relations is best exemplified in the old war story—"Darn your honor! What we want is buttermilk") to have been that of a horde of Turks or Tartars in a captured Christian city.

An order of General Butler's for the restraint of dames and damsels who made a practice of spitting and spilling unpleasant substances upon Federal soldiers was sought to be twisted into a license for rapine. The order read, in effect, "Women acting like improper characters shall be treated as such"—*i.e.*, shall be arrested and locked up. On this ludicrous basis the fiery Southern imagination thought to picture before an affrighted world a taking of Ismail in the occupation of New Orleans. The world refused to be affrighted, and a general guffaw at "Beast" Butler's struggles with his refractory charges, whose mildest complaint was that he stole spoons, was the result. The single serious reflection that comes from a contemplation of the government of New Orleans at and since that time is that if General Butler had remained Governor from that day to this, New Orleans would have had no yellow fever, no White League riots, no Mafia assassinations and lynchings, and no eminence as the one great American city which welcomes the prize-fighter, driven from every other even decently ordered municipality in the land. Dirt, disease, and disorder could not thrive in the same latitude with the "Beast."

No other military eminence, save as Military Governor, awaited him. Made commander in 1863 and 1864 of the Army of the James, he failed in attempts to take Petersburg and Fort Fisher, those fortresses where stubbornness of defence and stupidity of attack cost the Northern armies at one time and another a number of lives so disproportionate to their military strength. His military career ended in that humorous comment of Grant's, and he returned home with the reputation rather of a patriot than a soldier.

The next Congressional election, that of 1866, saw General Butler returned from the Lowell district. His prominence was immediate and great. He severed all his old party associations, and was one of the managers for the House in the impeachment of President Johnson. This was in 1868. From this time until the close of his Congressional career, at the conclusion of the session of 1878, he was always a leading, an interesting, and often a consciously amusing personality, but his name is not linked with any great legislation. He must, however, for his course throughout the reconstruction period, be accounted one of the strongest friends of the negro race according to the lights of the time.

At the time when his Congressional career closed, it looked to General Butler and a good many other people as if a new political era had opened. The long depression of five years, since the "panic" of 1873, had unsettled the minds of many men on economic and social questions. It was the time of the height of the "greenback craze." It was but a year after the great railroad strike and riots. Denis Kearney ruled the populace on the Pacific slope. The conservative State of Maine was about to fall into the hands of financial heretics. There was a movement and mustering of blind forces throughout the country. At this time General Butler, who had ceased to be a power in his party, who had been defeated for the nomination for the Governorship in the early '70's, who had been raced hard for his seat in the election of 1876, and was at odds with the national administration, evidently thought that "the hour" had come, and that he was "the man."

He announced that having once left the Democratic party because it sought to destroy the Union, he had now left the Republican party because it had abandoned its friend the working-man. If 20,000 of these abandoned friends should sign a request for his candidacy for the Governorship of Massachusetts, he would consider the request a mandate.

Then occurred one of those political phenomena not uncommon in this country, which seem at the time to portend so much, and a year later are found to have portended nothing. Not 20,000 but over 51,000 men signed their names to a request for General Butler's candidacy, and he ran for the office on a greenback, labor, and anti-monopoly platform which denounced most existing things, from the resumption act to the Associated Press. This last curious "plank" is an interesting evidence of the attempt to start a socialistic press in this country, and the attributing of the failure by its exploiters to a dearth of news, which they fancied was the property of the telegraph companies, and should be made free to all. General Butler was not elected Governor, but he destroyed for the time being the Democratic party in Massachusetts, he having 109,000 votes on his "National Democratic" ticket, to the "regular" nominee's 10,000. He ran again in 1879, and was finally elected in 1882, having by this time made the Democratic party accept him. Profiting by his "labor" following and personal popularity in a year of universal Republican defeat, he was elected when all of his "regular" associates on the ticket were beaten.

He made a good and vigorous Governor, striking at abuses wherever he found them, and bringing to light some gross mismanagement and worse in the case of paupers. But his incumbency was an anachronism. The feeling of unrest among the people, which had been the cause of his third political prominence, had died out. The wave which had lifted him so high upon the beach had sunk back to the ocean's level at low tide. It was to rise again surely—suppose General Butler had taken the Populist nomination in 1892 instead of the Greenback nomination in 1884?—but not in his time. So when, two years after his brilliant capture of the Massachusetts State-house, he went forth to try his strength among the people of the whole land, he received for President 133,000 out of over 10,000,000 votes—some 18,000 less than St. John, the Prohibitionist candidate.

This, though it was no measure of General Butler's popularity, his absurdly small showing being the result of the engrossing war of the two great parties over the issue of personal character between their candidates, closed his political career. He continued in the active practice of his profession almost until the last, and published his autobiography when he was seventy-two years old.

He was a highly successful, perhaps a great, lawyer, by the standard of to-day, a generous giver, a stout friend and bitter foe, a thriving manufacturer, and an enthusiastic yachtsman. A much hackneyed and misused expression fits him—"an extraordinarily able man."

A. E. WATROUS.

THE TYROLESE NATIONAL PLAYS IN MERAN.

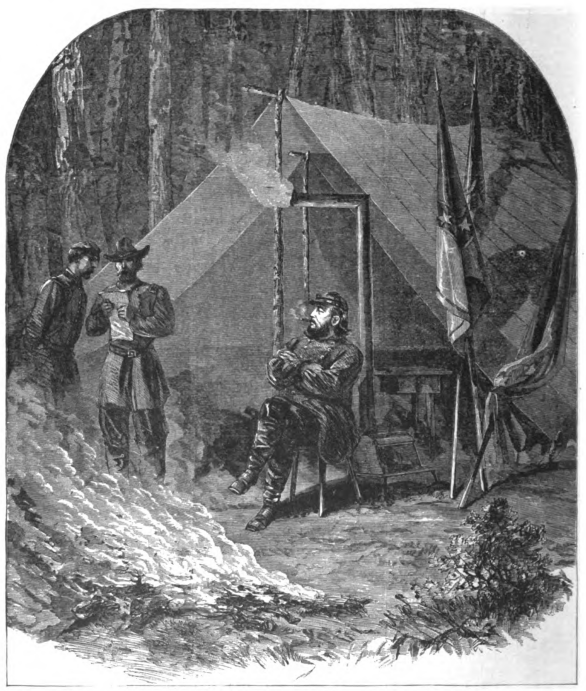
ALTHOUGH since the opening of the Tyrolese national theatre in Meran, September 5th, the principal German and Austrian papers have given full accounts of it, and hundreds of English and American tourists have visited the plays, nothing seems to be known of them in either England or the United States. Still, their success has been so great that in all probability no distant future will see them as well known as the Oberammergau Passion Play. Already this fall the demand for tickets was so large that sometimes hundreds of orders could not be filled.

Only inhabitants of Meran and the peasantry of this valley have been admitted as actors. They are mostly descendants of those hardy mountaineers of 1809, who, under their heroic leader, Andreas Hofer, vainly endeavored to shake off the Bavarian yoke; in many cases the grandson repeats the words and acts the deeds of his sire with the very arms and picturesque costume of the latter.

Tyrol in the Year 1809, the play expressly written for the Meran theatre by Karl Wolf, depicts that brave but fruitless struggle for freedom which ended in Andreas Hofer's death.

Following the crowds of people who on Sunday afternoons flock to the play along the pleasant country road, we soon arrive at the theatre, charmingly situated at the foot of the Küchelberg, a mountain to the north of Meran. It is an open-air theatre; the stage, an exact imitation of a Tyrolese mountain village, is planned much like that at Oberammergau, and accommodates four hundred performers. The accompanying illustration makes a more detailed description unnecessary. I will only add that the large peasant house opens, showing a spacious room in which all in-door scenes are acted.

But the background is the most striking of all, formed by nature itself; nothing more picturesque and fitting can be imagined than the high mountains rising behind the "village," their lower parts covered with vineyards and fine old Italian chestnut-trees.



MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER AFTER THE BATTLE ON SPRING HILL OF NEW MARKET HEIGHTS, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.
Tent Decorated with Flags captured from the Enemy in Battle.

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The opening scene—a market in a Tyrolese village—is made especially effective by the variety of old costumes, now long out of date, more fantastic and gay than those of the present day.

Of course Andreas Hofer is the principal rôle in the play. We see him at home in his "Sandwirtshaus" in the Passeier Valley, unfurling the old flag, and calling his countrymen to arms, "For God, emperor, and fatherland." We see him in Innsbruck, after the victorious campaign, surrounded by the jubilant Tyrolese.

After all this short-lived joy follows the sad end. Andreas Hofer is betrayed, taken prisoner, conducted to Meran; and then we behold him for the last time on his way to death in the fortress of Mantua.

"Hofer on his way to Meran" is especially effective. From the orchestra sounds, scarcely audible, a melancholy strain of music. Silence reigns over the village, the inhabitants of which begin to collect in groups about the streets. Sad are the women's faces, gloomy those of the men, and all gaze expectantly down the street. Now a body of men come in sight. A detachment of French soldiers, forty men strong, clad in exact imitation of the old historic uniform; in their midst Andreas Hofer and his family. Hofer's head is bowed, and his bearing denotes deep depression, but firmness. Not a sound interrupts the solemn stillness; but hardly have the soldiers passed when hundreds of fists are raised in powerless rage, and angry faces glower after the victors.

The two scenes, "Marching out of the militia" and "The victors' return," deserve especial notice. They march out, several hundred of these mountaineers, to battle, yodling, laughing, here and there breaking ranks to take a last farewell of some dear one. Young and old, every one who can bear arms, fall in. Wild and daring they look, these peasants, with their fantastically decorated Tyrolese hats, rusty halberds, old muskets and scythes, some even with only a stout club. Just as striking a picture presents the scene "Return of the victors," and not less so the fourth act, entitled, "During the battle of the Küchelberg."

The closing scene again leads us to the village, where the school-master, surrounded by young and old, relates in simple yet touching words the last hours of Andreas Hofer.

As for the acting, it is really remarkable when one considers that only three weeks intervened between the first rehearsal and the opening of the theatre.

From Andreas Hofer (Shoemaker Dechristin) and his companion in arms Speckbacher down to the least important rôle, all act naturally and easily.

The theatre was closed at the end of October, but will be reopened next spring as soon as the weather permits.

S. VAIR.

"MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF."

THERE is an old legend of Rome which relates that one day the priests of Apollo made a sacrifice to their god, but quitted the temple before the offering was consumed. The eagle of Jupiter, perceiving this neglect on the part of the priests, took advantage of the occasion to swoop down upon the sacred altar and make a meal of the consecrated victim. But Mercury, the mischief-lover, seeing this, followed the eagle, and pinioning him to the altar with the caduceus, began to worry and tease him, until the eagle was angered and attacked the god with his powerful wings, uttering fierce cries at the same time. This incident has been happily seized



MERCURY AMUSING HIMSELF.

by Mr. F. W. Rückstuhl, the sculptor, who has embodied it in a piece of statuary, which is to be erected in Portland Place, St. Louis. As this is to be the first piece of purely decorative art put up in that city, it marks the beginning of a movement that will redound to the credit of its citizens. The work is nine feet in height, and the sculptor has admirably caught the spirit of the idea. It was shown in the Paris Salon in 1891, and afterwards in bronze. Mr. Frederic W. Rückstuhl is a resident of St. Louis, and has studied six years in Paris under famous masters. He has now removed to New York, where he has a studio.

OUR NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BERLIN has had a magnificent exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture during the past year. It has been held in the Austellungs Park, and a vast building covering several acres in the midst of this park devoted to it. A leading idea connected with it was the popularization of art, and concerts have been held every night in the buildings connected with it, and the Germans have turned out by the thousands with their families to enjoy the paintings, and then go to another part of the grounds and listen to some of the finest military music in the world. The paintings in the exposition are by the most famous of the modern German artists, and the rooms devoted to sculpture are full of magnificent pieces. The work which has attracted the greatest attention is the memorial statue of Washington, which Professor Rudolph Siemering is making for the city of Philadelphia. Some of the figures of this have been completed in bronze, and a life-size model of the whole monument takes up one of the largest rooms in the whole building. This room is always crowded, and the statue is considered one of the finest of modern times. It has a base which is fully thirty feet in diameter, and this base octagonal in shape, and you rise from it by easy steps to the bottom of the pedestal upon which the monument stands.

The whole structure is fully fifty feet high, or about the height of a four-story house. A great glass roof had to be built up above it in order to allow it to be erected in the Exposition Hall, and this roof slopes up to an apex at the centre, in the top of which the head of Washington almost touches. The statue itself is an equestrian one, and it represents General Washington in his Continental uniform as he marched at the head of his troops. The figure is several times life size; and the horse, which stands with the right foot raised, is an immense stallion. Washington's cloak is thrown back from his body, as though blown back by the wind, and the whole statue is full of action.

The figures about the pedestal and the base of the monument are even more artistic than the statue itself. Ascending the first steps, you reach a second platform, around which lie great figures emblematic of American life and America. There are two of these figures at each corner of the monument, and some of them are already finished in bronze. Ascending one set of steps, you pass between reclining statues of an Indian hunter and an Indian maiden, who is repairing her nets for fishing. These lie on their elbows. They are about twice life size, and they are magnificent pieces of sculpture. The fisher-girl is entirely nude, and the brave has only a breech-cloth of feathers. Below them are magnificent bronze statues of buffaloes and deer, and on other parts of the base you find other animals emblematic of America. At another corner Columbia, in the shape of a beautiful woman with a horn of plenty in her



THE ICE JAM IN THE NORTH RIVER.—DRAWN BY A. HENCKE.

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hand, reclines on the pedestal of the monument, and there is a magnificent statue of America with the famous officers of the Revolution offering her the laurels of their victories. Under this is the American eagle on a shield.

To give you some idea of the size of these figures, those lying on the first base must be fifteen feet long, and the thighs of the nude fisher-woman are as big around as the ordinary maiden's waist, and her forearm is as large around as the thigh of a man. Her head is beautiful in all its proportions, but you could hardly put it into a peck measure. The statues of the animals on the base are more than life size.



RUDOLPH SIEMERING.

This monument was begun by Dr. Siemering more than twelve years ago, and he has been working almost constantly upon it. I called upon him at his home at Charlottenburg the other day and had a chat with him about it. He told me that the whole statue was now completed, and that it would be soon sent to Philadelphia. He said that he would like to exhibit it at Chicago, but the cost of sending it there would be about three thousand dollars, and he did not feel able to incur the expense. Dr. Siemering is one of the most famous of German sculptors, and all Germany is proud of the work that he has turned out for America. It is the largest statue of Washington in existence, and it will be the finest monument in America when it is set up.

Music and Drama

M. PADEREWSKI has come again, been seen again, and again conquered his audience. His powers of attraction are certainly most unusual, and he seems this year to have attained at once the full measure of financial success achieved last year. More than this, owing no doubt in a great measure to his noticeably improved physical condition, M. Paderewski plays even better this year than last, and so, from an artistic stand-point, has surpassed his previous record. One cannot help feeling that his playing has gained in repose, and his conceptions in breadth and authority; his marvellous technical mastery over the instrument appears also even greater if possible than before. All this means steady artistic growth; and it is pleasant to note this in M. Paderewski, as showing that he is too much of an artist to be led away by the enthusiasm or often unthinking plaudits of the multitude from that path which his reverence for true art and his own ambition have marked out for him.

In the programmes given thus far this season M. Paderewski has shown a commendable desire for change and novelty, and a dislike to be thought to be going over again the same ground so thoroughly covered last year. Unfortunately the list of compositions for the piano-forte, suitable for an artist like M. Paderewski, though large, is limited, and has received few additions of importance since Liszt. In thus seeking for novelty, the pianist is obliged to travel further and further from the central point of supreme excellence, and therefore in succeeding in novelty he runs the chance of failing in interest. The public which goes to hear piano recitals, too, like best to hear the well-known classics which they are familiar with, as, having in many cases heard them again and again in recital and concert, they feel competent to pass and express their judgment upon them, and find an added pleasure in so doing. M. Paderewski seems absolutely afraid of certain well-known Chopin works. One does not remember to have heard him play in this country, for example, the two best-known impromptus, either of which would probably give more pleasure to nine-tenths of his audiences than the less frequently heard barcarolle which he has taken to playing this season. M. Paderewski has no need to fear comparisons, and is in no danger of boring his audience, whatever he may play, and while his ambition always to present something new and fresh is more than commendable, he should not, one would think, dip too far into the recondite and ultra-modern in making up his programmes; old things are sometimes best, after all.

A week containing two important symphony concerts—at one of which a violin concerto by Godard was heard for the first time in this country—a first performance of a new comic opera by Gilbert and Cellier, and a piano recital by Paderewski may certainly be classed as one of marked interest, more especially as the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra brought forward a new pianist, Signorina Eugenia Castellano, of more than ordinary attainments and promise. The programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, while it contained no novelties, was unusually interesting, and showed the varied perfections of this notable organization to the fullest advantage. It is pleasant indeed to be brought in contact with artistic work of such almost absolute excellence that in the consideration of it the critic's occupation as such seems to be gone. It is all very pretty, and doubtless very learned, to pick out imperfections and call in question this or that point in the playing of Mr. Nikisch and his men, and this doubtless also serves a purpose in calling to their minds the fact that, being mortal, they may still err; but it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon merely personal opinions as to tempi and interpretation where the work undertaken is approached in the most artistic spirit and with honest intent. Even departures from established conventions are, under such circumstances, hardly worth discussing; for when all the world to-day seems bound in the trammels of conventionality and the commonplace, individuality which does not actually transgress any established canon of art is certainly at a premium, and we should therefore most admire interpretations which, while keeping within reasonably strict bounds, are nevertheless to a certain extent individual. It is hardly necessary to repeat that the precision, the wonderful nicety in shading and expression, the splendid sonority and compactness of tone, and the admirable balance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are almost absolute in their perfection, and that Mr. Nikisch, as regards his artistic conceptions and interpretations, is a conductor and musician *hors ligne*.

These facts have been so often stated and commented on that a reiteration of them partakes of the nature of a twice-told tale. There is certainly no orchestra in this country in any sense equal to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and very few abroad. As an illustration of the patient care and labor which attains the results so much to be admired, it is said that last year, previous to the first performance of Beethoven's "Leonora," Overture No. 3, under his direction, Mr. Nikisch made his first violins rehearse the difficult violin passages at the close for over half an hour each day for several weeks. Given artistic skill, and artistic patience exercised in this way, the result attained seems almost inevitable; and yet how seldom is such a result attained.

If they were not so odious, a number of comparisons, and notably one in regard to the refinement in the playing of the two orchestras, might be drawn between the concert of the Boston orchestra on Thursday evening and that of the Philharmonic orchestra on Friday afternoon; but besides being odious, comparisons, where the point of departure differs so radically as in this instance, are neither useful nor instructive, and so are perhaps best let alone. The Godard Concerto, which was written for him, was played by Mr. Wolff with great taste and refinement, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable addition to the repertoire of the concert stage.

If practice and example may be held to mean anything, we may shortly expect a revised and improved edition of Beethoven's symphonies, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Thomas. The musical world was recently set agog by the announcement that Mr. Thomas had had the audacity, and certainly questionable taste, at a recent performance of the Ninth Symphony, in Chicago, to transpose the last movement a whole tone down into C major. The reason given for this unwarrantable action was that the choral portion of the work would sound better; but this is no excuse at all, for if Mr. Thomas's chorus could not sing the music as it was written to his satisfaction, he had better have let the symphony alone altogether. Such a distortion of the evident meaning of a composer like Beethoven cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is all very well to say that the pitch in Beethoven's time was considerably lower than that in use at the present time, but this has nothing whatever to do with the case, as a variation in pitch does not alter the relation of the intervals in tonality. The key in which it is written has everything to do with the effect of a piece of music, and whatever may be the cause, each key has distinguishing characteristics and effects peculiar to itself, which are not reproduced when the tonality is changed. No composer would ever think of writing the musical setting of an ode to Joy (for which the gay character of the key chosen by Beethoven, that of D major, was eminently suited) in the key of C major, which on the violins is both grave, dull, and vague it its effect. If Mr. Thomas feels himself competent to alter Beethoven's tonalities at will, the step to the alteration of the score itself is a very slight one. Mr. Thomas's love and respect for the great classics has hitherto been so marked, so commendable, and so valuable in its result to musical art in this country, that his action in this instance is all the more unintelligible and unfortunate as coming from him. In spite of the commendation of local critics, one of whom gravely announced that the last movement of the symphony was played in C minor, there can be no question that the feeling of the entire musical world is, and should be, against Mr. Thomas in thus tampering with the greatest symphonic work of all times.

Although none of the ultra-moderns figured on the programme of the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the names of Beethoven, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Bruch might well be deemed sufficient warranty for the excellence of any programme. Of the two soloists who appeared, the one, Mr. Adamowski, possesses in a marked degree just what the other, Miss Castellano, is somewhat lacking in, and that is the true artistic temperament. Mr. Adamowski's style and technique are those of a refined, poetic, and educated artist, and his musical conceptions and interpretation are perhaps most admirable in that by means of them one is led directly to the composer's meaning without having the technical means whereby that intention is expressed brought into undue prominence. This is the best proof of both the excellence of those means and of the artistic value of the entire conception. Miss Castellano is still over-young to be in just this condition, but her playing now gives ample evidence of the notable artistic future in store for her.

The first four parts of an extended musical work, entitled *Famous Composers and their Works*, published by the J. B. Millet Company, of Boston, have been received. The work is to be complete in thirty parts, and two will be issued monthly from now on until completion. The publication will, when complete, contain seventy biographies of famous composers of all nations, and seven essays on the development and cultivation of music in different countries. The work has been written on the co-operative method, and the best musical writers in Europe and America have been gathered together under the editorial supervision of Professor John K. Payne. Apart from its evident musical value, enhanced by the portraits of the composers and illustrations suggested by their works or surroundings which adorn it, the work will have an artistic value due to the excellence of the illustrations themselves, which are certainly capital. A critical view of his work follows the biography of each composer, and an additional illustration in the shape of carefully selected music, showing the principal characteristics of his particular style, is subjoined. The body of the text is made further interesting by many fac-simile reproductions of original manuscripts, which not only give the reader an interesting specimen of the composer's handiwork, but in some cases render it possible to compare the composer's original thought with its final perfected form. An elaborate index will render the entire work valuable as a work of reference; and as a guide to the proper understanding of the subject, the excellence of the letter-press and the side lights shown by the selected compositions make its value from a critical and educational stand-point most apparent. Taken all together, the list of composers of whom biographies will be furnished is very complete, although one is a little surprised to find that the name Adam does not appear among the French composers at all, and that of Boito, the author of only one single operatic work, does appear among the Italian composers. The scope of the work, however, did not, probably, admit of all the composers of actual eminence being included, and, as has been said, the list is, generally speaking, very complete. The American contributors are in the majority, the list including such well-known names as Apthorp, Elson, Finck, Henderson, Krehbiel, Wolf, and Upton. The work will be sold exclusively by subscription, and published in serial form only.

The history of the inception of the *Mountebanks*, Gilbert and Cellier's opera, which was heard for the first time in New York on Wednesday evening, is rather curious. The real cause of the quarrel between Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, which has been ascribed to a petty disagreement about a carpet, was really jealousy. Mr. Gilbert, it is said, felt that Sir Arthur Sullivan was getting more credit for their joint work than himself, and he was therefore anxious to prove that it was his work quite as much as that of the composer to which the success of their previous operas was due. He consequently separated from Sir Arthur, and set to work to find another composer, having previously made a contract with Mr. Horace Sedger, of the Lyric Theatre, for an opera. Mr. Gilbert's first choice was Mr. Alfred Cellier, but he very soon quarrelled with him, apparently irrevocably, and Mr. Cellier went off to Australia. Then began a veritable chase after a composer. Mr. Goring Thomas, Mr. Cowen, Signor Tosti, and others were approached, but after a short trial each expressed his disinclination to collaborate with Mr. Gilbert, and it looked for some time as if the music for the *Mountebanks* would not be written at all. When Mr. Cellier returned from Australia he and Mr. Gilbert were prevailed upon by friends to bury the hatchet, and the work was finally completed, after many delays, owing to the ill health of Mr. Cellier, who, as it will be remembered, died just about the time of the production. The opera was a *succès d'estime* in London, and ran for some months, but did not achieve a real popular success, so Mr. Gilbert's separation from his whilom collaborator can hardly be said to have proved very much in regard to the surpassing value of Mr. Gilbert's libretti. As a matter of fact, a reputation once established can stand a good many shocks. Since the *Mikado*, Mr. Gilbert has written four books for comic operas—those of *Rudigore*, *The Yeoman of the Guards*, *The Gondoliers*, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and *The Wedding March*, a recasting of a former dramatic effort, with music by Mr. George Grossmith—which have proved flat failures. Yet to-day Mr. Gilbert could command a royalty for his work alone which would be largely in excess of that which is ordinarily paid for both book and music. The book of the *Mountebanks* is essentially Gilbertian and clever, but hardly in a novel way. Much old material has been worked over, and the familiar quips and oddities of previous works appear and reappear. While both the lines and the lyrics are undeniably clever, the effect of the whole book is such as to make one believe that too great cleverness may sometimes defeat its own end.

In spite of the exceedingly brilliant lines which at times fairly sparkled with wit and satire, in spite of lyrics which, while not up to those of the *Mikado* or the *Pirates*, are undeniably good, the whole book gives the impression of "linked satire long drawn out." This appears to be due to the central idea itself rather than to the way in which it is developed. In most of Mr. Gilbert's former books the pivotal thought round which the action revolved, although whimsical, was always in and of itself humorous. In the *Mountebanks* the idea of a magic philter which turns people into whatever they are pretending to be at the moment of taking, while whimsical enough, is eccentric rather than inherently funny; in fact, to the ordinary mundane person the contemplation of the effects of such a philter as described in the *Mountebanks* is little less than terrifying. One is tempted to think that in this, his latest libretto, though Mr. Gilbert's wit is perhaps keener, finer, more trenchant, and more satiric than ever before, it is not popularly attractive wit.

In speaking of the music to which Mr. Gilbert's words have been set, one is somewhat at a loss. As a composer of light opera, Mr. Alfred Cellier enjoyed, during his lifetime, a reputation only second to that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and it is difficult in many parts of the score to recognize the hand of even an experienced workman. Mr. Cellier was a dying man when he wrote the score of the *Mountebanks*, and knew it, and this must account for the lack of both spirit and individuality in much of the music, as well as the exceedingly sketchy character of the orchestral score. Indeed, so thin and weak did the score sound in places that one could hardly believe that it was anything more than a sketch. If Mr Ivan Caryll, as has been said, completed the opera, he must have skipped a good many numbers in the hurry and worry of production, all this allowing that the score was played as written. Apart from the exceedingly clever music allotted to the mock monks, the humorous "La, la," recitativo, admirably given by Mr. Coffin, the "Tic-tac trio," the "Nickle-in-the-slot" duet, and the finale of the first act (with which, if we mistake not, Mr. Caryll had a good deal to do), the music is distinctly uneventful. Three interpolated ballads by Mr. Caryll, and a waltz song in act two, by Mr. Karl, sung by Miss Russell, are effective in a thoroughly conventional way, but were more warmly received than any of the numbers for which Cellier is responsible.

The opera is superbly mounted, and in the main well rendered, though the effect of many of Mr. Gilbert's lines was much impaired by the way in which they were hurried over. Miss Russell did not succeed in making much of the very colorless part of Teresa (Gilbert's female heroines are always vapid) from a dramatic stand-point, but her music was charmingly sung, she looked a picture, and altogether may be credited with a hit. As Bartolo, the tragic clown, Mr. Harrison was entirely admirable, and realized the essentially Gilbertian spirit of the part in a most satisfactory, amusing, and legitimate manner. Miss Clement, too, as the Dancing-girl and companion clock-work figure, was exceedingly good, though many of the humorous possibilities of the part were lost through her evident desire to look pretty even as an automaton. Mr. Coffin as Alfredo, Mr. Carleton as Pietro, the principal Mountebank, Miss Dare as Minestra, and Mr. Dungan as the Mock Prior, were all worthy of decided commendation. The chorus, too, was unusually good; while a more beautiful scene than that of the second act, the cloisters of the ruined Dominican Monastery, with the sea in the distance, has rarely been seen on the New York stage. We are informed by the programme that many of the properties were imported from Sicily, so it is presumed that the scene is laid there; but it is rather curious that with so suggestive a *locale* neither composer nor librettist should have made the slightest attempt at local color. The good people of San Francisco and the Pacific slope did not, we are told, like the *Mountebanks;* what the verdict of the New York public will be remains to be seen.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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CONTENT.

I AM so happy, dear, when I am near you;
Then with the mad, sad world your course pursue,
But leave for me a corner to revere you;
I am so happy just with love, and you.

When that great life that would be earth's defender
Receives a thrust from them it would have spared,
Come, then, and learn, oh! bruised heart strong and tender,
No lonely joy can equal sorrow shared.

I am not wise, except that I adore you;
Nor strong, except that love its strength hath lent;
But, dear, if all my life upflung before you
Can soften one hard step, I am content.

ANNA POOLE BEARDSLEY.

A PLEA FOR THE WEDGE IN FOOTBALL.

BY WALTER CAMP.

AT this time, when it seems to be the fad of every one who talks, writes, or plays football, to reiterate the statement that legislation must in some way demolish the wedge, it seems only fair that the other side of the question should be heard, and, particularly, that any legislation should be neither hasty nor ill-considered. I am one of those quite ready to admit that the further development of wedge and mass plays would be detrimental to the interests of both player and spectator. I stated this in a New York journal previous to the final games of this last season, and have put myself thoroughly upon record to that effect. For this reason I feel that I can ask that this article may receive the fair attention of all parties interested, and that what I propose will be regarded only as a suggestion, showing what appears to be a safe experiment to try before resorting to the knife and excising the wedge altogether. Let me first call the attention of all interested in football legislation to the fact that it has always been impossible to predict exactly the result of any alteration in the existing rules as affecting the character of the play, so that all one can do at best is to hazard guesses. "Bar out the wedge," says one; "Curtail it," says another; while "Limit its use," says a third. But the first thing to do in each of these cases must be to define the wedge, in order to legislate against it; and while we all know what is meant by "the wedge" and "wedge plays," it would be more than the best of us could do to at once give a definition of such a nature as to preclude the evasion of a rule to bar out, limit, or curtail the use of the wedge. Were we to say that a certain number of men when massed together constituted a wedge, what number would we select? and how should we consider a number of men starting from different points, and not massing until the runner and his interferer had struck the line? There are great possibilities in this line still undeveloped.

Still others have suggested that the problem might be solved by a ruling forbidding the men to hold on to one another in the wedge formation. But here, again, it would be practically impossible for the umpire to decide, because the men in mass plays are so quickly in the midst of the opposing players, that the law would prove a dead letter as far as strict ruling was concerned, and only render the umpire's lot a still more disagreeable one.

A suggestion has been made that the wedge be permitted only inside the twenty-five-yard lines, or only outside the twenty-five-yard lines, thus limiting the use of it, and making the play more open. The objection stated above regarding defining the wedge is the chief obstacle to this.

But there is one objection to any legislation of this nature, and it is an objection in sustaining which I know that I may count upon the support of every devoted lover of the game. It is this, that legislation ought not to usurp the captain's rights in designating what plays he is to use so far as the placing of his men is concerned. We should give him all the chance we can for the exercise of his judgment in this respect, for it is one of the chief charms of the game. It is the result that we should ask of him rather than the means.

The plan I would propose has the merit of following close upon the heels and after the fashion of a rule which has done more to make the game satisfactory to American colleges than all the rest of the legislation combined. I refer to the five-yard rule.

As we now provide against the block game (which was to the spectator of the nature of the present wedge) by saying that in three consecutive attempts the ball must be advanced five or taken back twenty yards, so we can by following out a similar line provide, I believe, for the lessening of the wedge plays, and the introduction of many very pleasing long passes and combination plays. The rule might be combined with the five-yard rule, and provide that in perhaps two downs or fairs, if the ball be not advanced ten yards, it must traverse a space of twenty yards across the field either in the hands of a player or not. When a gentleman in San Francisco first mentioned a similar proposition to me I was inclined to hesitate about advocating it, but the more I have turned it over in my mind the more feasible it seems. In the first place, it will materially lessen one of the "grown-too-great" features of our present style of play. Possession of the ball has become abnormally desirable. It has been demonstrated that a strong team, even against skilled opponents, can carry the ball from kick off to touch-down without giving the opponents an opportunity of exhibiting any offence, and to be scored upon before having a chance at the ball discourages any team too much at the outset. Possession of the ball ought to be valuable, but not to such an extent, and the rule above suggested would insure the more frequent exchange of possession.

Then, again, it would probably stimulate kicking, and especially long passes toward the ends as well as end running, and these are the features which please not alone the ordinary spectator, but every football player who watches the great games.

Finally and best of all, such a legislation avoids any arbitrary assumption that the wedge is bad or unskilful or dependent upon brute force, avoids placing the umpire in a position which no man could possibly fill with satisfaction to himself, permits the captain to select his own method of play, and only provides for the results that he must accomplish.

The wedge play will continue to be used, but to a more limited extent, and with a probably greater distance of movement before meeting the line. The wedge play is not a mere weight play. It is a play that when well designed and skilfully executed has behind it weeks of planning and study. The University of Pennsylvania's wedges were models of skill. The Harvard flying wedge was a piece of clever headwork. The wedges which drove Butterworth through any line that opposed Yale were not mere push-plays. The wedge has a right to stay, and ought to be given a chance. But the wedge has a way of tying up the play to a too limited space; it has a way of exhausting and using up men who face it too many times in succession. Those outside the lines can seldom see its plan of action; they can only see the mass, and it loses its interest when worked too often. It ought to be *a possible play*, but not *all the play*, and legislation which will induce the captain for the interest of his team to use other plays as well is the legislation that will be productive of the best results in the end.

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MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS SHE APPEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE MASKED BALL."

MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

On October 3d of last year Mr. John Drew made his first appearance as a star in *The Masked Ball* in this city. His success was so actual that he has been here ever since, and other cities in which he was announced to appear have had to wait with patience for his delayed coming. It is not necessary to tell the people of these cities anything about Mr. Drew. He was known to them as a member of Augustin Daly's company when he had less to do; and now that he has more to do, and that there is more of a good thing in consequence, they will like him the better in proportion.

It is not of Mr. Drew that we need speak.

He has with him, as the leading lady of his company, Miss Maude Adams, and it is for her coming that the people of those cities towards which *The Masked Ball* is now making its way should be prepared, that they may not miss seeing her. People who write for the papers are very fond of discovering those who, so they declare, have "leapt into success with a bound," and who have "awakened one morning to find themselves famous." This sort of success seems to be much more popular with the reading public than the slow, plodding, and long striven-for success which every one has watched in the coming. It often happens that the objects of these sudden successes are spoilt by this chorus of as sudden praise, and turn out badly. The success of Miss Adams has been followed by this chorus of praise; but the success was founded on five years of training on the stage, and of twenty years of association with it through members of her own family.

So Miss Adams has done more than attain success; she deserves it, and is, in consequence, not likely to be spoilt. Miss Adams has appeared in many different parts, from the *ingénue* one of the school-girl in *A Midnight Bell* to the emotional rôle of the crippled working-girl in *The Lost Paradise*. She was with Mr. E. H. Sothern, and appeared in *The Master of Woodbarrow*, and as Dora in *Diplomacy* with Charles Frohman's company. She has had the advantage, in consequence, of seeing many different people play different parts, and of playing them herself, and has been fortunate in having been frequently in the same cast with her mother, who is an actress of experience. She is now in her proper element in light modern comedy, and it is as a comédienne that she will probably continue to be best known and best liked.

It is a good deal to say of so young a woman, but it is rather difficult to see just who is going to prevent Miss Adams from becoming the leading exponent of light comedy in America. We have emotional actresses and comic-opera queens and soubrettes without number—we have one or two who appear in the parts played by Miss Mary Anderson—but we have very few leading women who have not already passed beyond that age when the part of the young and *ingénue* wife, so dear to the writers of modern comedies, is becoming.

Miss Adams possesses much more than the delightful quality of youth, which is of chief value to her, or should be so, because it enables her to wait, to make her way slowly, and to train herself for the higher flights to come. She possesses, besides this, a manner charmingly refined, and yet piquant and daring, a naturalness that makes even the strained lines which the author may put into her mouth sound natural and appropriate, and a lightness and waywardness of touch which fascinates both women and men, and the critical and the uncritical among her audiences. She reads certain lines in a way particularly her own, and most charmingly—as, when her former lover, who had sent his rival, her present husband, to her to plead for him, upbraids her for marrying his proxy, and she says: "But why did you send such a nice proxy? It was very *foolish* of you." When Miss Adams speaks this line there is not a man in the audience who hears but agrees with her warmly and emphatically, and feels a sudden bitter contempt for the foolish gentleman.

And when, after giving her husband many different and excellent reasons why she does not drink champagne, of which he has been told she is inordinately fond, she adds, "Why, I just hate the stuff!" there is something more convincing in the way she says it than would be a course of temperance for the rest of her married life. And in contrast to this is the rebuke to the old lover, who tries to make her say she regrets she has married his rival, and which is given with such dignity that the child of a minute before seems to have developed suddenly into a woman.

What Miss Adams should do now is to burn her scrap-book of notices, if she keeps one, and all the articles about her leap into success, and prepare to lay siege to the place she will take some day on the American stage.

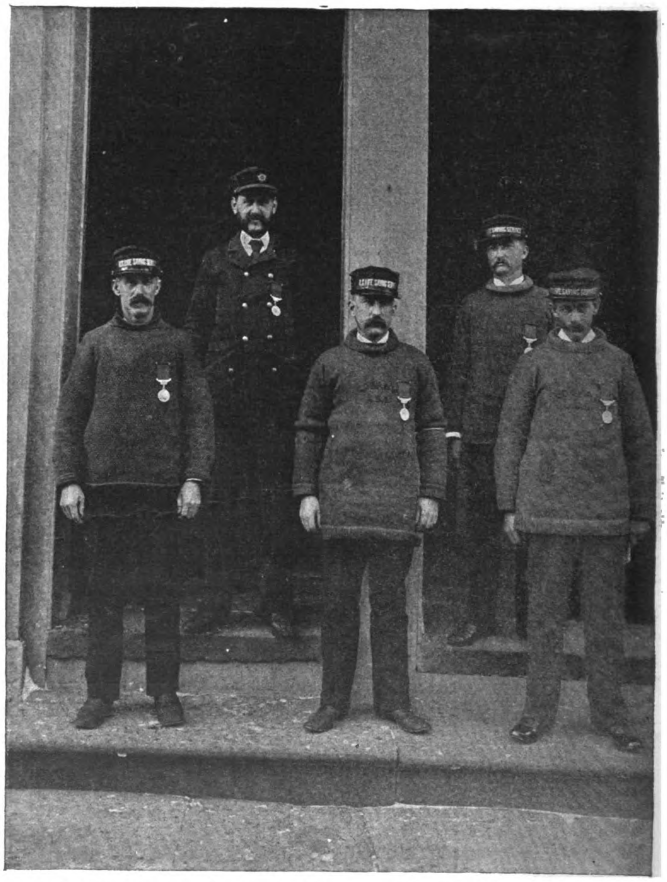
It is not what the papers or the people at the next one-week stand are going to think of her that is important, but what they are going to think of her three years from now or fifty years after she is dead. Hers is distinctly a waiting race, a race in which she can fill in her time seeing the people of the world she is going to portray on the stage, and not only the people of the world who do the portraying. She should study them, and dissect them, and listen to them talk, and hear what they think is worth saying, and keep on learning, and cultivating and caring for the gifts already hers. She is like a very fine violin that is to be played upon some day, and which should in the mean time be kept away from open windows and steam heat, and touched only by the best artists, who would play only the best music, and then, when the time comes, the instrument will be in good order and give out the best music. It is true, as injudicious friends have said, Miss Adams did awake one morning—the morning of the 4th of October—to find herself famous, but she can afford to go to sleep again. She can afford to wait. For when she is ready to take the place she is sure to take some day, she will find very few others there to crowd her.

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On the night of January 20, 1892, the light-keeper at Sankoty Head, on Nantucket Island, discovered flashes of light out at sea, and knowing that they were signals of distress, immediately telephoned to the Coskata Life-Saving Station that, as near as he could make out, a vessel was stranded on Bass Rip. "All right; watch her. We will go to her at daybreak," was the answer. After calling in the morning patrol and giving his men breakfast, the station-keeper launched his boat and started for Bass Rip—eight miles off—in a raging sea, through snow squalls driven by a heavy northern gale. The grippe had weakened all his men; three were at home sick, and raw substitutes were in their places. One of the crew had just recovered from pneumonia. The thermometer was down to 12°, and continued at that point throughout that and the following day.

Sail was set, and after a perilous run the Rip was made; then it was discovered that the vessel was five miles beyond, on the Rose and Crown Shoal. Nothing daunted, the little surf-boat, only twenty-three feet long, kept on out into the roaring sea, and at eleven o'clock the wreck, which proved to be the three-masted schooner *H. P. Kirkham*, was reached. The hull had already sunk and was breaking up, and the crew of seven souls were in the rigging. The perilous task of rescuing these men and at the same time preserving the station-boat from being swamped or stove was at last accomplished, and the effort to return to shore in the teeth of the gale begun. As the mast and sail were now useless, and only added weight to the already overloaded boat, they were thrown overboard. Out of sight of land, surrounded by miles of dangerous rocks, on which the waves broke with terrible fury, these men tugged at the oars for life. Dark coming on six hours afterwards, found them only one mile from where the wreck had been, for it had gone entirely to pieces within an hour after the crew were taken off. All that night the freezing life-savers battled with the cutting gale and the icy sea, and all that night the shipwrecked men, who had been fifteen hours in the rigging, lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. When morning dawned it was found that land was not far off, but it brought little hope, for the men were almost completely exhausted. Tide, however, favored them, and at about ten o'clock, after thirty hours of desperate struggling, without having tasted a morsel of food, they landed at the little hamlet of Siasconsett, eight miles from their station. For this act of bravery, which the United States government was pleased to call one of the most courageous in the service, the pay of all was raised to the highest allowed in the service, and the keeper was awarded a gold medal, and each of the crew a silver one. These medals were publicly presented before a large audience at Nantucket on January 9, 1893.

The following are the names of the crew: Walter N. Chase, captain; Jesse H. Eldredge, John Lyman, Charles B. Cathcart, Josiah B. Gould, George Flood, Roland Perkins. Of these, Flood was not present to receive his medal, and Roland Perkins, the man who had at the time just recovered from pneumonia, had been called before a higher tribunal for his reward, having died a short time after from the effects of the exposure on the night of the rescue.



Charles B. Cathcart. John Lyman. Jesse H. Eldredge. Walter N. Chase. Josiah B. Gould.

THE CREW OF THE COSKATA LIFE-SAVING STATION.

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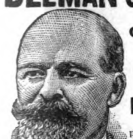
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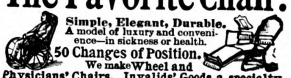




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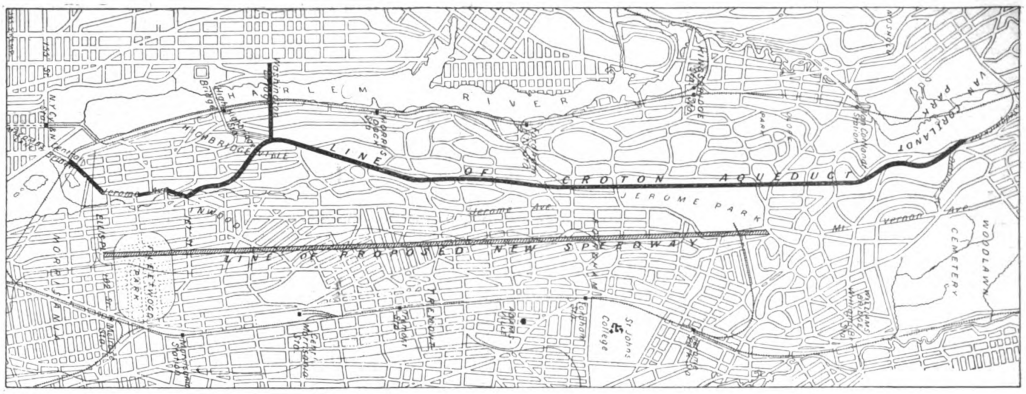


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MAP OF PROPOSED SPEEDWAY.

THE PROPOSED SPEEDWAY.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE project of a speedway or grand boulevard, to serve the double purpose of driving-course and connecting link between the system of new parks in the annexed district and that part of the city lying south of the Harlem River, is one which must command the attention of every citizen of New York, whether he be Tammanyite, Democrat, Republican, or mugwump. The agitation of the speedway bill last winter clearly demonstrated that public sentiment favors such a driveway, but it also proved beyond question that a speedway in Central Park will not be tolerated. Aside from the fact that there is no space for such a drive in Central Park, and the people do not want any encroachment on their one (at this time) accessible pleasure-ground, it does not take a great deal of foresight to appreciate that the annexed district is the only one in which such a boulevard would be feasible, to say nothing at all of the desirability of such location. Bearing in mind that the city grows at the rate of about 50,000 a year, it is easily calculated that in five or ten years from 250,000 to 500,000 souls will be added to our present population. It is quite as easily foreseen that in the present crowded state of affairs below the Harlem River the very natural progress of the increased population must be northward. Apart, therefore, from the mere material advantages to the city of a speedway in the appreciation of real estate along the line, the gratification of a rapidly growing class of drivers and riders (for there are to be bridle paths), and the breathing-spots afforded those less-fortunate ones whose outing depends on "shanks' mare," it is clearly seen that such a thoroughfare must in the course of a very few years become an actual necessity.

Granting, then, that such a driveway is both desirable and essential, the question of route becomes a most important one. In determining on a route three considerations present themselves most prominently, viz., ease of access to those below the Harlem River, economy in construction, and permanent benefit.

In Commissioner of Street Improvements Louis J. Heintz's report, made recently, he advises a route which, briefly, begins at East 161st Street in the Twenty-third Ward, and extends north, with the Harlem Railroad to the west and Jerome Avenue on the east, to the Mosholu Parkway in the Twenty-fourth Ward. The one advantage of this route lies in the configuration of the land, a ridge extending a greater part of its length, which would make the proposed speedway free to a considerable extent of grade crossings. But this advantage would seem to be more than outweighed by the tremendous cost of construction, which would include over forty bridges, and a viaduct 800 feet long and 60 feet high over the depression between 174th and 176th streets. Added to this would be the further cost of acquiring land. The proposed boulevard would go through a section pretty well built up, and it would be necessary to buy 1,921.37 city lots, besides, according to Mr. Heintz's report, 155 dwellings and 64 sheds more or less taken.

The approach to this roadway would be rather indirect, while the boulevard itself would stop short about a mile of Van Cortlandt Park, which is the most extensive and most beautiful of our public pleasure-grounds. To extend it to Van Cortlandt Park it would be necessary to make a sharp turn to the eastward after passing Jerome Park. (See map.)

The construction of any boulevard on the scale proposed would be a matter of great cost even at its cheapest, and should be planned to answer for all time. The statement of Mr. Heintz, in this connection, that it should be built with "the greatest economy and advantage, and with the least possible interference with the present and future conditions of streets and avenues, and the inevitable growth of trade and business enterprise," augurs well for the Commissioner's conception of what the people want, but the route he has suggested bespeaks his ignorance of the annexed district.

Probably less than ten per cent. of the citizens of New York know that the city owns a strip of land about one hundred feet wide beginning at about 170th Street, and running through the most beautiful section of the annexed district, on out past the city limits. Such, however, is a fact, and the old Croton aqueduct is the property. The building of the proposed boulevard along the route of the aqueduct would have manifold advantages. First, in point of economy, the city already owns one hundred feet in width, and the remaining eighty-two throughout its length could be purchased at a much lower figure than in any other section of the annexed district, because it is unimproved land to an almost entire extent. Its location is greatly superior to that advised by Mr. Heintz, insomuch as an approach could be made direct from the new Macomb's Dam Bridge, which would take drivers across from Riverside Drive, St. Nicholas Avenue, or the Boulevard, and still another connection could be made at Washington Bridge.

Starting from either of these points, it would give the easiest and most direct communication with our driveways below the Harlem, and run through a part of the annexed district, which, where it is built up, has far outstripped any other in handsome residences.

It would go along the east side of Jerome Park and the west side of Van Cortlandt. Its total length would be about six miles, and it could be made a grand boulevard unequalled in the world.

This is no matter for political predilection, but one in which every denizen of New York is interested. We want the greatest good to the greatest number at the smallest cost.

WINTER DAWN.

THE air is cold and crisp and clear,
The East is olive, tinged with gray,
And slender salmon strips appear
Beyond the faint hills far away.

The stars have faded in the blue,
And in the fast-approaching light
I see the distant train pursue
Its course across the wastes of white.

Its whistle long and sharp and shrill,
Pierces the stillness, ashen, drear,
And great smoke billows rise, and fill
With clouds the liquid atmosphere.

And in that smoke that upward flows
I note the light of day unfurl,
For now dawn's tender airy rose
Is trembling in its folds of pearl.

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AMATEUR SPORT

BARRING AMERICAN YACHTS from competition in the race for the *Meteor* Challenge Shield, which the German Emperor has presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron, is a very deft compliment to the prowess of American yachtsmen and the skill of our designers. It is distinctly of German extraction, but none the less a compliment. It must be remembered that his Imperial Majesty spent a great deal of his time last season in trying with his yacht, the *Meteor*—which is the old *Thistle*, that attempted to capture the *America's* Cup from us, rechristened—to win a race from the Englishmen. He probably believes, and with good reason, that he can build a yacht over there that will defeat any boat flying the British flag; but he knows his Shield would come to this country were he to open the competition to American yachts. He knows, too, and he will have good reason to be more thoroughly convinced of it after the race for the *America's* Cup next September or October, that he can only beat an American yacht by an American designer. The Shield is of embossed silver, ornamented with thalers of different periods, some of them rare coins; the year of 1888, for instance, is represented by three 20-mark pieces bearing the heads of the Emperors William I., Frederick II., and William II. The imperial arms are displayed in the centre, the shield rests on a velvet mount, with the imperial crown above, and the emperor's presentation inscription below. The whole is enclosed in an oak cabinet. The conditions of the race are that it is to be sailed in cruising trim in or across the English Channel, a distance of 80 to 100 miles, open to yachts of any rig rating 100 and over; but there is to be no race unless six yachts start. If the Shield is won three times, it becomes the personal property of the victor.

This event, therefore, will not be open to Mr. Carroll when he goes abroad; but there is still the Royal Victoria Cup, which Dixon Kemp has been proclaiming as the only real world's championship trophy; and the Brenton and Cape May cups.

UP TO DATE THERE HAS BEEN no further addition to the American yachts that will defend the International trophy. Mr. Archibald Rogers and his syndicate thus far are the only ones to have placed an order for a defender, but the yachting atmosphere is full of rumors, as we go to press, of orders that are to be placed, though, strange enough, not one of them hails from Boston. Two other syndicates are reported to be on the verge of ordering a cup-defender, both composed of New York men—one headed by E. D. Morgan, vice-commodore of the New York Yacht Club and former owner of the *Wasp*, and C. Oliver Iselin, owner of the 70-foot sloop *Titania;* the other said to be of Seawanhaka Corinthian clubmen. It is not unlikely that one of these orders will be placed elsewhere than with the Herreshoffs, and if so, there will be good reason for expecting yet another order to come from, say, Boston.

It would be a matter of deep regret if no Boston yacht were built for the preliminary trials, and just a bit curious, for there are several yachtsmen in and around the Hub to whom sixty or seventy thousand dollars would be a mere trifle. Chicago seems to think it should have some race on the lake; Chicago yachtsmen would do well, first of all, to place themselves in evidence, and no better year can there be than this. Here is an opportunity, if these yachtsmen want to declare themselves, for a cup-defender syndicate from Chicago. The truth of the matter is, a cup-defender of the present size is an utterly useless machine after the event is over, and an extremely expensive affair to race at all times.

Of course Mr. Carroll's yacht will be eligible, and will undoubtedly be raced in the trials if she does well abroad; she will be raced at all odds, probably, because we shall be able to get a line on the other yachts through the Carroll boat after her season in English waters.

IT WILL NOT ASTONISH AMERICAN sportsmen who are more or less familiar with the disinclination on "the other side" to take up modern ideas, especially if they are American, to learn that the Royal Canoe Club of London has again refused to recognize the sliding seat. When they first prohibited its use in '88, there was not such especial wonder, for the English are slow to learn; but to do so now, after the experience of the last four years, and the great strides we have made in the sport, means that this once pre-eminent canoe club has set its face against progression. There was a time, about a dozen or fifteen years ago, when the Royal Canoe Club was the most influential of the world, but from the time that we took up the sport, we have steadily improved in our craft and our skill, until to-day the Royal Canoe Club is a back number, while we lead the universe. There is an English association called the British Canoe Association, which has always been a mere perfunctory body that failed to influence even its own members. On the other hand, the influence of the Royal C. C. among English canoeists has been considerable, and the result of the recent action of the Royal in prohibiting the sliding seat may be watched with interest. It means much to English canoemen. Neither racing nor cruising in England has had very much life for several years. It has gradually reached a comatose state, from which only some radical movement can arouse it. If the other clubs have sense enough to appreciate their predicament and to countenance the sliding seat, they will rejuvenate their racing, give some life to canoeing, and put the ancient Royal Club upon the shelf, with the cobwebs which seem more to its liking.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR TIMBER-LAND and protection of what game there is left in the sections where once it abounded are matters that should have the earnest, vigorous support of every sportsman in the United States. *Forest and Stream* is doing good work in this direction by the circulation of a pamphlet opposing the projected railroad through Yellowstone National Park. The road proposed is to connect Cooke City, a small mining camp just outside the northeast corner of the park, on Soda Butte Creek, with Cinnabar, a station on a branch of the Northern Pacific Railway. The promoters of the road claim the proposed route, viz., down Soda Butte Creek to the East Fork or Lamar River, and on to the Yellowstone, to be the only practical one; but actual surveys prove that there are others equally as good, if not better. There are always to be found land adventurers backing railroad schemes, and this proposed invasion of the National Park is no exception to the rule. Every bit of forest-land, every section in which the game is comparatively plentiful, is simply beset by speculative sharks, and overrun by pot-hunters and that most despicable of all men who carry a gun, the wanton slaughterer, who kills out of season as quickly as in season, and rejoices in the mere killing long after he has secured a *sportsman's* "bag."

I HAVE ALWAYS MAINTAINED THAT PAPERS devoted to the cause of honest sport should never publish the big-bag records which are sent them from time to time, except to hold up the names of the butchers to severest criticism. A very large percentage of this weak-headed kind of men are incited to slaughter by a spirit of emulation which they hope may lead to their outbutchering all the other butchers. Probably if they did not read of these unsportsmanlike bags, they would not attempt to secure a record. Many men sin from pure ignorance. They really do not know that it is unsportsmanlike in the extreme to, for instance, trap bear—or anything else, for matter of that, except vermin—to use a shot-gun on deer, or blaze away at a bird that is not on the wing. If all our editors will insist on the suppression of big bags, and criticise mercilessly all cases of unsportsmanship that come under their notice, there undoubtedly will be a marked improvement in the ethics of sportsmanship throughout the country. And I do not refer to the editors of sportsmen's papers only, but to the editors of all papers.

The protection of our game and the preservation of our forest-land are matters not for the consideration of sportsmen alone, but for every thinking citizen of the United States. The casual reader little appreciates what he owes to the sportsmen of this country, for it has been through their efforts, individually and collectively, that so much good has been done. I have generally found the average man a good fellow at heart, and if the newspapers will help educate him on these lines of sportsmanship, he will not, as a rule, be found obdurate.

THE PAST YEAR HAS SHOWN a much greater compliance with the game-laws all over the country, and there has been, too, a noticeable improvement in the activity of game-wardens, for which we return thanks to the numerous associations that are forming everywhere for the protection of game and fish. In the cities, particularly here in New York, the members of the Game Protection Association have been after all offending restaurants where birds out of season were served, with a sharp stick, with the gratifying result of bringing them all to court. Political pulls have interfered in one or two cases, and it should be recorded among sportsmen of this country that Delancey Nicoll, our District Attorney, has failed, although repeatedly urged, to prosecute Delmonico on undoubted evidence gathered by the Game Association members. Mr. Nicoll is, therefore, not only no sportsman himself, but is hampering the good work of men who are sportsmen. We want an association in every State, and these, together with the more national work and influence of the Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett Club, will make us one of these days a nation of sportsmen in the very best interpretation of the word.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB, at its semiannual dinner last week, decided definitely on building a hunters' camp at the World's Fair. An island has been secured, and upon it there will be built the typical log cabin of the mountaineer, with all the accessories to a life in the Rockies. The idea is to give an insight into the frontiersman's mode of living and method of locomotion. The old-time prairie schooner will be on the island in all its pristine glory, and along with it pack-saddles and burros, and a hunter to illustrate all the mysteries of the diamond hitch. There will be also rifles of primitive and modern pattern, snow-shoes, etc. It will be an attempt to give people an object-lesson in the urgent need of protecting our game and timber-land. Few realize or even ever hear of the great work this club is doing constantly towards the preservation of our game and forests, and the education of the people to a rightful understanding of what qualities make the true sportsman. It is unobtrusive in its work, but collectively and individually it is hammering away continuously in the good cause. Probably the lay reader will appreciate the influence the club may bring to bear when I say that its membership at dinner last Wednesday night included Theodore Roosevelt, Arnold Hague, Hon. T. B. Reed, Secretary of Interior Noble, General Greely, M. H. Phillips, Royal Phelps Carroll, L. Nicholls, W. A. Chanler, Owen Wister, West Roosevelt, Hon. Bellamy Morer, Austin Wadsworth, Hon. H. Cabot Lodge, George Bird Grinnell, A. Gordon Cumming, Captain Frank Edwards, U.S.A., J. A. Chanler, and W. Warren.

ON THE OPENING OF ANOTHER COLLEGE YEAR it is timely to declare the death of a victim last spring demands a cessation of dangerous society initiations. College fraternities have many good features, I will admit; but when their tradition and mystery and brotherly love are allowed to stand as an excuse for manslaughter, the time has come to treat college affairs properly and reasonably, and not as though college men were in a world unto themselves, controlled by no laws save those they may impose.

In the category of collegiate "white sins" many apparently trivial things have been included, with few murmurs of disapproval; but when a man's life becomes the toll, graduate and undergraduate influence should combine to root out all traditions which tolerate "white sins" that are likely to darken innocent lives. That the college authorities should allow a guileless Freshman to actually intrust his life to the rough handling of a body of upper-class men may not be wrong, but it certainly is not very hopeful in its portent, nor does it reflect very great credit on the American college. Something is wrong, something is essentially bad, and an improvement must come sooner or later. Unless the leaders take a step soon, the change may not come until the Freshman classes begin to be decimated; and then the past can hardly be undone.

YALE, TO HER CREDIT BE IT SAID, falls in line with an undergraduate football captain, and Hinkey, the silent man, has fulfilled his destiny. One year ago last October, an unknown and unnoticed Freshman, he went out to the field with a score of others, and to-day he holds the most popular captaincy in college, and has in his hands the management of perhaps the most tenderly nurtured of all Yale's athletic branches. I know of no better commentary upon the value of brains and skill than this, for Frank A. Hinkey is a by no means exceptional man in point of physique, being rather slight of figure and of no extraordinary muscular development. But his play has been that of a careful student of the ever-varying situation, and upon a team and in a university where merit can always win a place.

IT IS A SUBJECT FOR REJOICING, also, to learn that while this writing is still in the press there is being made one more effort toward the protection of college sport from the professional element. No body of men can ever have the advantages enjoyed by the college men in the way of opportunities for perfect purity in sport. The college man is usually so situated as to be free from feeling the pressure of financial inducements, his time is his own for several hours each day, his associations are such as to lead him to the best spirit of sport, and, finally, the reward he is taught to look for is victory, not emolument. And yet there have been increasing tendencies toward the breaking down of the old barriers which surround college sport and the entrance of professional methods.

Men have been induced to go from one college to another, have been led to return to college for graduate courses, have been taken in for special branches, looked after during vacation in one way or another, and all this has not been done, I am sure, without the chink of the shilling sounding somewhere; and that cursed jingle will in time drown the protests of the best of us if it be not checked speedily.

I have always been an advocate of limiting the eligibility in college sports to the undergraduate, and I know that such a limitation, though it may for a time, perhaps, lower the standard of skill, will elevate the standard of purity.

By all means let us have only the undergraduate on 'varsity teams, and special professional school men and graduates from other colleges barred.

ONE OF THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURES in the organization of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association was the determination to keep the quasi-professional out of all competitions. It was resolved that each college entering a championship game must send, at least two weeks before the contest, a list of men from whom its players are to be taken. Any one on the list suspected to have done anything to mar his amateur standing can be challenged, and a most searching investigation follows. A competitor to be eligible must show that he is a *bona fide* student, "pursuing at least five hours of recitations weekly, or ten hours of laboratory work."

Thus it is that the good work towards keeping college sport clean grows apace.

The rules of the Southern Association in football are those of our Northern colleges, with the exception of the one relating to the number of years a student may play. With us it is five years; with them, six. It is entirely proper for a few years, and until the South has made more progress in the game, that the college elevens have all the graduate material available. The six-year limit, therefore, is none too generous. That reminds, however, that the five-year limit of the Northern colleges, or really those on the Atlantic particularly, is about one year too long. Four years is as long as the average man remains at college, and the extra year is a possible inducement that is not needed nowadays.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION include Johns Hopkins University, St. John's College, University of Virginia, University of North Carolina, Wake Forest College, University of the South, Sewanee (Tennessee) University of Tennessee, University of Alabama. There will be two circuits of the associations—the Northern of five, and the Southern of three clubs. This arrangement is to avoid long and expensive trips, which would otherwise have to be taken by colleges so far apart as Johns Hopkins and the University of Alabama. The two nearest each other will play first, then the nearest winners, and finally the champions of the two sections. The final game next year in baseball will be played at Richmond, Virginia, May 13th, and the football championship decided on Thanksgiving day at the same city.

It is pleasing to note that the good results in sustaining the tone of the sport which attended the management of the Yale-Princeton game here by the University Athletic Club, have reached even to the South, where at Richmond a club is forming which will do for the Southern Thanksgiving-day game what the University Athletic Club did for the Northern one. Track athletics received no recognition from the recently organized association, it being considered advisable to bend all energy towards making a success of the more popular baseball and football championships. Johns Hopkins University, however, will hold a field day next May, when all the Southern colleges will be invited to send whatever jumpers and sprinters they may have. The one sure way of developing athletes in a college is to offer cups for individual and class excellence. Class rivalry will succeed when all other means fail.

The athletic movement in the South is a strong one, and evidently come to stay.

SPEAKING OF CLASS CUPS, the last college year saw recognition in at least two instances of this wisest and most certain method of developing athletic material. C. C. Cuyler gave a very handsome cup to his *alma mater*, Princeton, to be contested for by class football elevens; and Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Yale, '74, offered three cups for inter-class contests for football, rowing, and track athletics at New Haven. The cups being won three times by any class become the property of that class. These two Cuylers, by-the-way, are brothers, and good sportsmen they are indeed. If every college that wished to create particular enthusiasm in any branch of sport would offer similar cups, their efforts would be well rewarded. Harvard will avenge more good punters and goal-kickers than any other university, and the reason is easily found in the annual competitions in punting and drop and place kicking for a trophy. The naval cadets at Annapolis strengthened their academy team immeasurably by holding class championships, and West Point will do much towards retrieving the laurels lost last year by following the example of its rivals.

THE STANDING OF THE POLO TEAMS for '92, as compiled from the Association records, follows:

Club.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
Rockaway	5	4	1	.80
Harvard	7	5	2	.71⅞
Morristown	7	5	2	.71⅞
Essex	3	2	1	.66⅔
Myopia	8	5	3	.62½
Country Club of Westchester	10	6	4	.60
Prides Crossing	4	2	2	.50
Meadow Brook	12	4	8	.33⅓
Philadelphia	4	1	3	.25
Westchester of Newport	1	0	1	.00
Beverly Ravens	1	0	1	00
Newport	1	0	1	.00
Oyster Bay	1	0	1	.00
Hingham	2	0	2	.00
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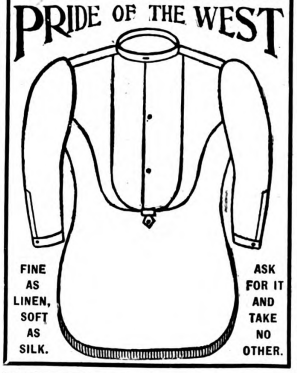
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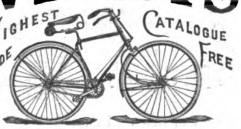
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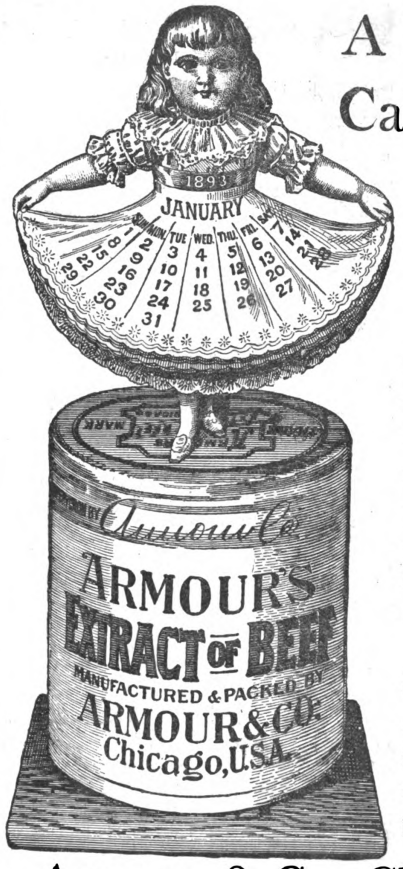
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RUTHERFORD BURCHARD HAYES.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE popular judgment of the character of ex-President Hayes and of his public services has no doubt been injuriously affected by the circumstance that the rightfulness of his election to the Presidency was subjected to serious question. This circumstance gave peculiar point to the bitter hostility of the opposing party, while the most powerful interests in his own, pretending to have "made" him, found in it a reason for demanding of him more than ordinary subserviency to their behests, and accused him of ingratitude when that subserviency was refused. But whatever opinion may be held of the true result of the Presidential election of 1876, there was not the slightest ground for believing, nor has ever anybody sincerely believed, that Mr. Hayes had sought in the remotest degree to influence the action of the Electoral Commission which declared him elected; and it must be evident to every candid mind that when the verdict of the Electoral Commission had been adopted and solemnly ratified by both Houses of Congress, it was not only his right but his duty as a good citizen, by accepting the Presidency awarded to him, to give final effect to that settlement of one of the most perilous contests in the history of this republic. He could not do otherwise, and every patriotic citizen, of whatever political party, having the true interests of the country sincerely at heart, would have acted as he did. His qualities as a man and his conduct as a public servant should therefore be judged upon their own merits, independently of the doubt which hung over his election to the Presidency.

It may be said without exaggeration that public station in this country has seldom if ever been graced by a man of purer character, or higher and more conscientious conception of duty, and more patriotic motives. His career in private as well as in public life was throughout that of a model citizen. He was born in Ohio in 1822. Having received a liberal education, he devoted himself to the practice of the law, and won the general esteem of the profession and of the public by the solidity of his abilities and acquirements, and a conscientious performance of his duties. He sought and found congenial companionship among persons of culture and high character. His principles and sympathies made him an antislavery man. When, after the outbreak of the secession movement, the national government called for defenders, he promptly abandoned his prosperous professional practice and joined the army. The wounds he received attested his valor. By "gallant and meritorious conduct in battle," and by giving evidence of the capability of leadership, he earned for himself the rank and command of a general officer, and a place among the bravest and ablest of our citizen soldiers. In 1864 a nomination for Congress sought him, and he was elected while serving in the field. In 1867 he was nominated for the Governorship of Ohio, and elected to that office twice in succession, with increasing majorities, one canvass turning upon the reconstruction measures, and the other upon the financial honesty of the national government, of which he became one of the sturdiest and most uncompromising champions. His administrations as Governor were without flaw in point of rectitude and good policy. Nominated for Congress in 1872, he was defeated by a strong combination of opposing forces, and then retired from public life, as he expected, forever. But he was called forth again by a nomination for the Governorship in 1875, which he reluctantly accepted, and then he led in that famous campaign for "sound money," the victorious issue of which sealed the final defeat of the paper-inflation movement.

It was not surprising that the modest man whom public place had so often sought, instead of his seeking it, who by meritorious service had to such a degree won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens without making enemies, and who had become so conspicuous a representative of public integrity and sound policies, should have been selected by the National Republican Convention of 1876 as a safe man to lead the party—then seriously discredited by the exposure of corrupt practices under General Grant's second administration—once more to victory. The doubtful result of the election, and the dangerous contest that followed and was finally settled in favor of Mr. Hayes, are well remembered. President Hayes assumed the duties of his office under circumstances of unusual difficulty. Had he been a selfish politician, or a man of no more than an ordinary measure of moral courage, he would have sought the favor of the most powerful elements of his party, that they might fight his battles for him. This he did not do. He had nothing in view but the great interests of the country. In his letter of acceptance he had, according to convictions long entertained, laid great stress upon the necessity of a thorough reform of the civil service. In his inaugural address he reiter-

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ated with emphasis his determination to carry on that reform. He formed his cabinet not with a view to please the party potentates, but with a view to the successful execution of the work to be done. He had hardly entered the White House when he began his preparations for the withdrawal of the troops from "the States lately in rebellion"—that great and wise measure of pacification which relieved the Southern people of the curse of so-called carpet-bag rule, gave them back their self-government, and became the starting-point of that prosperous development which we now behold. The Treasury Department at once vigorously prepared for the resumption of specie payments and the reduction and funding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest. The President by executive order warned public officers against meddling with party politics and the levying of political assessments; competitive examinations, discontinued under President Grant, were resumed in several of the departments in Washington and the great government offices in New York, and subsequently two of the principal and most influential officers in New York were removed on the ground that they had made their offices headquarters of political management—an act highly offensive to powerful party leaders.

While these measures were received with favor by the intelligent patriotism of the country, they aroused the resentment of the practical politicians high and low—the withdrawal of the troops from the South, because it would turn Republican into Democratic States; the civil service reform measures, because they curtailed the patronage domain of the member of Congress and the party magnate. Thus the opposition to the President in Congress and in the party councils grew steadily in strength and violence. The recommendations made by the President and the heads of departments were contemptuously thrown aside. Even the financial measures of the administration were hampered, and a silver bill passed over the President's veto. But he stood firmly by his principles. The Southern policy was maintained, the resumption of specie payments successfully effected, and the financial honor of the country preserved. It is true that the practical reform of the civil service fell short of the original programme; but considering that his predecessor had abandoned the whole system, that President Hayes and the heads of the departments under him had to work without any appropriations for the purpose, and were at every step obstructed and assailed by a hostile Congress, it is remarkable not that not more, but that so much of permanent value was accomplished. If President Hayes did not carry through a complete reform of the civil service, he certainly saved that reform from utter annihilation, and gave it a new and vigorous impulse without which its subsequent progress would hardly have been possible. And more than this; from the very day of President Hayes's advent to power that spirit of profligacy which had spread to an alarming extent in political circles rapidly gave way to a high tone of conscientiousness, integrity, and honor. Even the society of the capital received a new and most wholesome inspiration from the purity and sweetness of the family life at the White House. No attentive observer could fail to be struck by the salutary transformation.

The ordinary politician has been, and probably will remain, fond of saying that the administration of President Hayes was a political failure. But what is political success? If it consists in the organization and the support of a large following of henchmen who shout the praises of the leader that feeds them, or in securing the support of Congress by pampering its members with patronage, then President Hayes certainly failed. But if it consists in devising and carrying through measures and policies salutary to the country, then the administration of President Hayes, which sowed new seeds of peace, patriotism, and prosperity in "the States lately in rebellion," which carried through the resumption of specie payments, which gave new and vigorous vitality to the then moribund reform of the civil service, which infused a new spirit of purity and conscience into our political life, and which then was followed by a victory of its party mainly owing to the general contentment with the recent conduct of the government, has been the most successful of all Republican administrations excepting only that of Abraham Lincoln. That President Hayes might have accomplished still more had he possessed a less optimistic and a more combative temperament is true. But no fair-minded man will compare that which he did accomplish with the obstacles he had to overcome without recognizing in him statesmanlike good sense as well as firmness of purpose of a high order. Nor could any one knowing him fail to admire and to love the genuineness of his patriotism, the warm generosity of his heart, and the thorough nobleness of his character.

After the expiration of his term as President he gave his life to philanthropic work. He died after a short illness, and was laid into his grave on the 20th of January.

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SENATOR MURPHY.



THE State of New York, of all the States in the Union the greatest in population, in wealth, in manufacturing industries, in commerce, the financial centre of the country, has just performed the solemn act of appointing, through its Legislature, one of its citizens to represent it in the highest legislative body of the republic. It would seem natural that, considering the dignity of the State and the vastness and complicated character of its interests, great care should have been taken to select for so important an office a citizen distinguished by his ability, his political knowledge and experience, and his high standing in the esteem of his countrymen. There being no lack of such men among the inhabitants of New York, the only embarrassment in making the choice should have been that of selecting the worthiest among the worthy. This would seem all the more natural since an eminent citizen of New York has just been elected President of the United States, who should receive in the great political and economic reforms which are expected of his administration especially faithful and statesmanlike aid from the Senators representing his home constituency. But the man whom the Legislature actually did appoint is Mr. EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., a man whose opinions on political and economic subjects, if indeed he has any, are not known; a man whose only political training has been that of a fighter for spoils and of an organizer of a body of henchmen, and whose only political interest has been that of providing profitable places or jobs for these henchmen, and of "punishing" those who would not serve him; a man, too, known to be bitterly hostile to the newly elected President, for the reason that he found in him an obstacle to his selfish schemes—in short, a man who might properly have been selected had the purpose been to put a conspicuously unsuitable person into the important and honorable position to be filled.

Nor can it be said that the members of the Legislature belonging to his party selected him, for it is a notorious fact that in voting for him they merely ratified the selection made by others. The truth is that he selected himself, not because he thought himself the fittest, or even a fit, man for the position—for that is hardly possible—but because the place took his fancy, and he "wanted" it. And he obtained the almost unanimous support of the Democratic members of the Legislature through the aid of two of his friends. One of these was DAVID B. HILL, for many years the chief of the Democratic machine in the State, and now himself a Senator; and the other, RICHARD CROKER, who, as the leader of a powerful organization of spoilsmen, known as Tammany Hall, runs the municipal government of New York city, and controls the votes of the members of the Legislature elected by his organization. The motives which led these two men to make Mr. MURPHY Senator are also well known, and they are characteristic. Neither Mr. HILL nor Mr. CROKER would in the slightest degree be troubled by any consideration of the public interest in picking out a man for a position like the Senatorship. But Mr. HILL, who had been an aspirant to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, had found Mr. MURPHY a very useful ally in securing to him the delegation from this State, and he thought Mr. MURPHY fit for further use. And, moreover, he wished to have a colleague in the Senate who could be counted upon never to overshadow him by his ability, and who was likely to become a convenient tool in his hands, not in aiding, but in hampering the President in his reformatory efforts, and in wringing as much spoil as possible from the national administration. And as to Mr. CROKER, he was bound to Mr. MURPHY by a personal friendship cemented by a common interest in a stock farm, and by valuable financial benefits obtained from him. He also thought it a convenient thing to have a trusty fellow-wire-puller in so high a place in Washington. These two men ordered the majority of the Legislature, composed of their henchmen, to cast their votes for Mr. MURPHY, and thus the great State of New York, with all its dignity as the Empire State of the Union, and its vast and important interests, received Mr. MURPHY as a representative in the Senate of the United States.

This simple recital of universally known facts may read like a burlesque on democratic government, but it is none the less literally true. That not only the fact of the election of such a man as Mr. MURPHY to so high an office as the Senatorship, but also the manner in which that election was effected, must bring a blush of shame upon the cheek of every self-respecting citizen of the Empire State, is also true. That these things should be resented as a political crime and an insult to this commonwealth, and that they should bring forth before long a general revolt of the intelligence and the civic pride of our people against such wanton, insolent, and outrageous tyranny of organized selfishness, is equally true. The first mutterings of the storm have already been heard. The very caucus which nominated Mr. MURPHY for the Senatorship was startled by a voice of protest and warning lifted up by a man upon whose ready obedience the machine had counted. And this voice received its especial significance from the fact that it proceeded from a representative of the German element in the ruling party, who may have felt that his constituency had arrived at the utmost limit of their patience. That the chiefs of the machine, too, begin to think it necessary to pacify the feeling rising against them is evident. There is nothing improbable in the report that Mr. CROKER has concluded to relieve himself of the companionship of Mr. HILL in the direction of Democratic politics in this State. It is an easy sacrifice, and likely to turn out a very advantageous one. Mr. HILL, with all his seeming shrewdness as a politician, has proved himself a stupid blunderer, after all, and since the wretched failure of his attempt upon the Presidency he has lost his prestige and his power. Even the political rascals have ceased to respect him. By throwing him overboard Mr. CROKER will not only not lose an associate of valuable influence, but he may even expect in some measure to propitiate public opinion; for of the two men Mr. HILL is decidedly the most hateful and contemptible in the eyes of decent people.

Mr. HILL would also be a somewhat awkward figure in the game which is now to be played to gloss over the outrage of Mr. MURPHY'S election. It is reported, and no doubt truthfully, that immediately after Mr. CLEVELAND'S inauguration as President, Senator MURPHY will call upon him to present the formal assurance of his willingness faithfully to support Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. This promise will include an occasional vote for a reduction of tariff duties and for an improvement of the currency: for more than dumb votes Mr. MURPHY will hardly be able to give. But in return for his assurance of support, Senator MURPHY will expect the patronage of the national government in this State to be turned over to him; and if it is not, as it surely will not be, Senator MURPHY will think himself entitled to accuse the President, whom he approached in so friendly a spirit, of base ingratitude, and of a fiendish desire to disturb the harmony of the Democratic party. But the President, as well as every intelligent man in the country, will easily see through so clumsy a farce. They will appreciate the motives of this Greek offering gifts. They will understand that unless a complete change comes over their minds, which is unthinkable, these men who have vainly persecuted Mr. CLEVELAND with their malignity only insult him with their pretences of friendship. The insolent outrage inflicted upon the State of New York by the election to the Senate of such a man as Mr. MURPHY cannot win its pardon, and the coming struggle between the selfish tyranny of the machine and the honest and self-respecting elements in the Democratic party cannot be averted by artifices as transparent as this.

CONCESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

THE political situation in New York appears to have been changed by the actual election of Mr. MURPHY to the Senate. In reality there has been, and can be, no change. The "machine" has done its worst. It has accomplished its purpose. Mr. CROKER, Mr. HILL, and Governor FLOWER determined that their associate should be chosen Senator, and he is chosen. They insisted on carrying out their programme without consulting the President-elect, and against his protest. Only one man of their own kind stood in the way, and Mr. HUGH MCLAUGHLIN'S loyalty was purchased by giving to Brooklyn the chairmanships of the Assembly committees charged with legislation of importance to that city. Now that the task of the "machine" is completed, two men represent New York in the Senate who are hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND, and who have done their utmost to prevent his success, and to defeat the policies and the principles which he represents.

With victory has come an accession of cunning. The "machine" is now endeavoring to avoid the inevitable and logical consequences of its conduct.

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Mr. CLEVELAND, after all, is President, and he will have the appointment of many Federal officers. Some of the places that he must fill with Democrats are valuable in the eyes of politicians by reason of the revenues and the power enjoyed by those who hold them. The "machine" took the risk of losing all this patronage in order that Mr. MURPHY might be adorned with a Senatorship. Now, however, it hopes to save something from the wreck for which it is responsible.

Mr. CLEVELAND will probably not discuss patronage with the "machine" or the "anti-snappers." He will probably not change his rule with regard to appointments in order to revenge himself on the organization, or to gratify his friendships. But he must depend on some one for advice, and to whom is he to look? The "machine" is not so much interested in the appointment of its adherents to Federal office as in the appointment of adherents whom it recommends. The "machine" is not concerned about patronage unless its organization is thereby strengthened. In other words, it can only be satisfied by the acceptance of its recommendations, by turning over the appointing power to it.

The leaders of the "machine" are now striving to cajole Mr. CLEVELAND into a frame of mind that will induce him to listen to the advice of the men who have sent Mr. MURPHY to the Senate. It is quite probable that they do not expect or desire all the postmasterships, collectorships, and other offices within the President's appointing power. They would doubtless be glad if Mr. CLEVELAND should turn his back upon his oldest and best friends, and refuse to recognize their right to offer him advice, or to be consulted on public business, but they know that he is not only not an ingrate, but that he naturally respects the leaders of the "anti-snappers" more than he can respect the heads of the "machine." If they can secure from the President the appointment of one or two important officers, and a number of minor officers, on their recommendation, they will be satisfied, and their triumph will be complete, because they will thereby cripple the "anti-snappers'" fight against them for the control of the State organization by discrediting the friends of the President.

It is for this purpose evidently that Mr. MURPHY, Mr. HILL, and Mr. CROKER are eagerly asserting that the "machine" has no intention of placing obstacles in the way of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. For the same purpose they are utilizing Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN'S recently improved relations with Mr. CLEVELAND, and are endeavoring to make them the bridge over which they can walk into the promised land of patronage, and of continuance in power in the New York Democracy.

The difficulty is that no matter if Mr. CLEVELAND were more inclined for peace than we believe him to be, he cannot make concessions to a "machine" that is hostile to him and flouts his principles. He and the "bosses" are going in opposite directions. So far as political principles go, he and they have nothing in common. They do not know the value of principles. They are in politics for spoils. So far, also, as party management goes, he and they have nothing in common. Mr. CLEVELAND believes in the rule of the people, in the supremacy of the voters; while the "bosses" believe in their own irresponsible oligarchy. Everything that he does by way of recognizing the "machine" must increase its oligarchical power. The refusal to recognize it, to accept its advice, to act upon its recommendations, will help to free the Democratic party of the State from a control that makes its defeat in the immediate future inevitable.

There is only one end that Mr. CLEVELAND could possibly gain by being on such terms with Mr. MURPHY and Mr. HILL that they could keep their promise not to put obstacles in his way. He might increase his personal comfort. If such a peace were to be made as the "Big Four" would like, his "anti-snapper" friends would not trouble Mr. CLEVELAND with their advice or their presence. But the Democratic party in New York would be destroyed for years to come. Mr. CLEVELAND would find himself in the middle of his term with a Republican majority in the Congressional delegation from his own State. All the purposes of his re-election would be thwarted, and he himself would leave the White House convinced that it would have been better for his reputation if he had not entered it the second time.

There is, therefore, no probability that Mr. CLEVELAND will make any concessions to the "machine." He has shown more than once that he prefers party harmony, but he has also shown a determination not to sacrifice principles that have made him the most popular public man in the country. When the newspapers talk of harmonizing Mr. CLEVELAND and the "machine," as if the differences between them were merely personal, they show little appreciation of the fundamental character of those differences. It is inevitable that Mr. MURPHY and Mr. HILL should antagonize Mr. CLEVELAND. There cannot be harmony unless Mr. CLEVELAND makes concessions that to a man of his character are impossible.

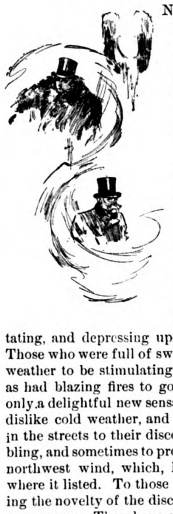
THE OLD CITY HALL.

THE resolution adopted last week by the City Club, urging the preservation of the old City Hall, undoubtedly reflects the opinion of the cultivated people of New York, and the action of that body has been repeated by or on behalf of other associations, including the American Institute of Architects, the Society of American Artists, the Historical Society, and the Century Club. It is not to be expected that such action should appeal with any great force to our municipal rulers, or that they should value the building either upon architectural or upon historical grounds. There is a tradition that an Irish immigrant, on his way up Broadway from Castle Garden, stopped before the edifice and exclaimed, "That was never built in this country," and possibly the General Committee of Tammany Hall is not merely indifferent, but animated by a positive animosity to the building from an unexpressed sense that it is European and monarchical. As for its historical claims upon our regard, those, of course, do not impress people who consider that the history of New York began with the Irish potato famine of 1847. A design was submitted a few years ago in competition which contemplated the demolition of all the buildings in the park excepting the City Hall and the Court-house, the erection of a new building on the west of these, and of another on the east, leaving a large open court in the centre, and the further erection of a tall and massive tower—a "tower of records"—to give unity and dignity to the group. That design was approved by a commission of eminent architects appointed to make selections from the designs submitted. It was published, and is, of course, still in existence. It is possible that it offers the best way out of the difficulties that beset the question of keeping the City Hall while providing the far greater accommodation that the municipal business unquestionably needs. It was at least the outcome of much more serious thought than can have been given to the matter as yet by Mayor GILROY and his associates.

It will be agreed that the retention of the City Hall in its present site is worth an effort, and that it should not be abandoned without trying to make it "fit in" with the scheme of a new municipal building. That may prove to be impracticable, but the impracticability should be demonstrated, and not assumed in advance of a demonstration. The significance and value of a historical building are of course greater upon its historical site than upon any other. A proposal to remove Faneuil Hall or the State-house in Boston, or Independence Hall in Philadelphia, would be resented almost as strongly as an attempt to demolish it. In truth, much of the historical value of an ancient building—and a building begun ninety years ago is ancient in New York—comes from the very contrast between itself and its modern surroundings. If it be removed, it may still be a monument, but can no longer be a "landmark." So that it is worth not only any amount of trouble, but some sacrifice, to keep the City Hall where it is, if this can be done.

If it cannot be done, the new site for the building should be selected and prepared with great care. It is obviously unsuitable for a rural park, and it must be borne in mind that it is fifteen feet too long to be set between two streets with a front on an avenue. It has been said that the Historical Society, which has contemplated a new building, would be glad to acquire possession of the City Hall, and if the city must part with it, that would be an ideal disposition of it, if the society can furnish a suitable site. But it is not necessary to discuss the removal of the building until its retention on its present site is shown to be impracticable, and that is very far from having been shown as yet.

AS TO THE COLD WEATHER.



UNEXPECTED events are touchstones by which to judge of human nature. Emergencies scratch the surface and disclose the character of man, whether he be savage, or what the old physical geography books, in the ethnological paragraph, used to call "civilized and enlightened."

The continued cold weather, during which a whole week passed with an average temperature of only seven degrees above zero, has been as genuine a surprise to New-Yorkers as anything imaginable could have been. No such meteorological caper has been cut in this vicinity before for many years. The effect has been variously exhilarating, irritating, and depressing upon various classes of the people. Those who were full of swift-running red blood have felt the weather to be stimulating as champagne, and such of them as had blazing fires to go home to have found in the cold only a delightful new sensation. Those who constitutionally dislike cold weather, and those whom necessity kept afoot in the streets to their discomfort, have been stirred to grumbling, and sometimes to profane swearing, at the freaks of the northwest wind, which, however, has continued to blow where it listed. To those who lacked proper food and clothing the novelty of the discomfort stood for neither palliation nor excuse. They have suffered more with every succeeding day, and there has been little in their misery which could be called either picturesque or endurable.

The severity of the cold has broken all ordinary bounds of latitude. All through the Southern States great loss of live stock, and even of human life, has marked this winter as the hardest in twoscore years at least. Game birds have perished by thousands. From Florida upward along the Atlantic coast the cold has been intense; and beyond the sea, as far south as Constantinople, many poor houseless wretches have died, we can fancy, as much from amazement and shock as from the process of freezing. At Monte Carlo the cold so lowered the feverish atmosphere as to check the gayety for a time, but in the reaction the play went higher than usual.

Here in New York various curious manifestations have been seen in the actions of individuals. The first impulse was toward brutal self-assertion, in a wild scramble for shelter in the public conveyances, but this soon gave way, in many instances, to distinguished altruism. Men well muffled in ulsters and furs stopped in the street to help stalled horses along by gentle encouragement, and occasionally by actual pushing behind drays and by the lifting of clogged wheels. Street beggars fared variously. Sometimes a burly beggar received a stronger rebuff than usual, oftener he got the few cents he asked for, while women and children asking alms almost invariably reaped their precarious harvest. Curiously enough, newsboys as merchants often fared badly, for men were in too great a hurry to stop, but when a boy did sell a paper he usually got twice or thrice its regular price. And the worn-out swindle of the boyish rascal, pretending, with tears, to be "stuck" with his bundle of newspapers, came out again and flourished bravely.

An edifying spectacle was seen in the Central Park. Upon the box of a magnificent Russian sleigh sat coachman and footman covered to their very eyes with costly furs. Behind them, with robes huddled about him, sat the supposably "proud millionaire" in a kersey overcoat and a silk hat. His ears were red; tears fell from his eyes; he snuggled down among his robes in a vain attempt to be as comfortable as his servants. There was the sudden emergency which showed human nature bare and unlovely. Such rigorous cold is unusual here. Therefore Mrs. Grundy has not gone further than to provide a proper livery. No suitable mode has been fixed. Mr. Midas dares not dress like his coachman. Therefore he goes near to freezing. This was one of the most melancholy sights of the whole cold snap.

MEN WHO EXCITE INTEREST.



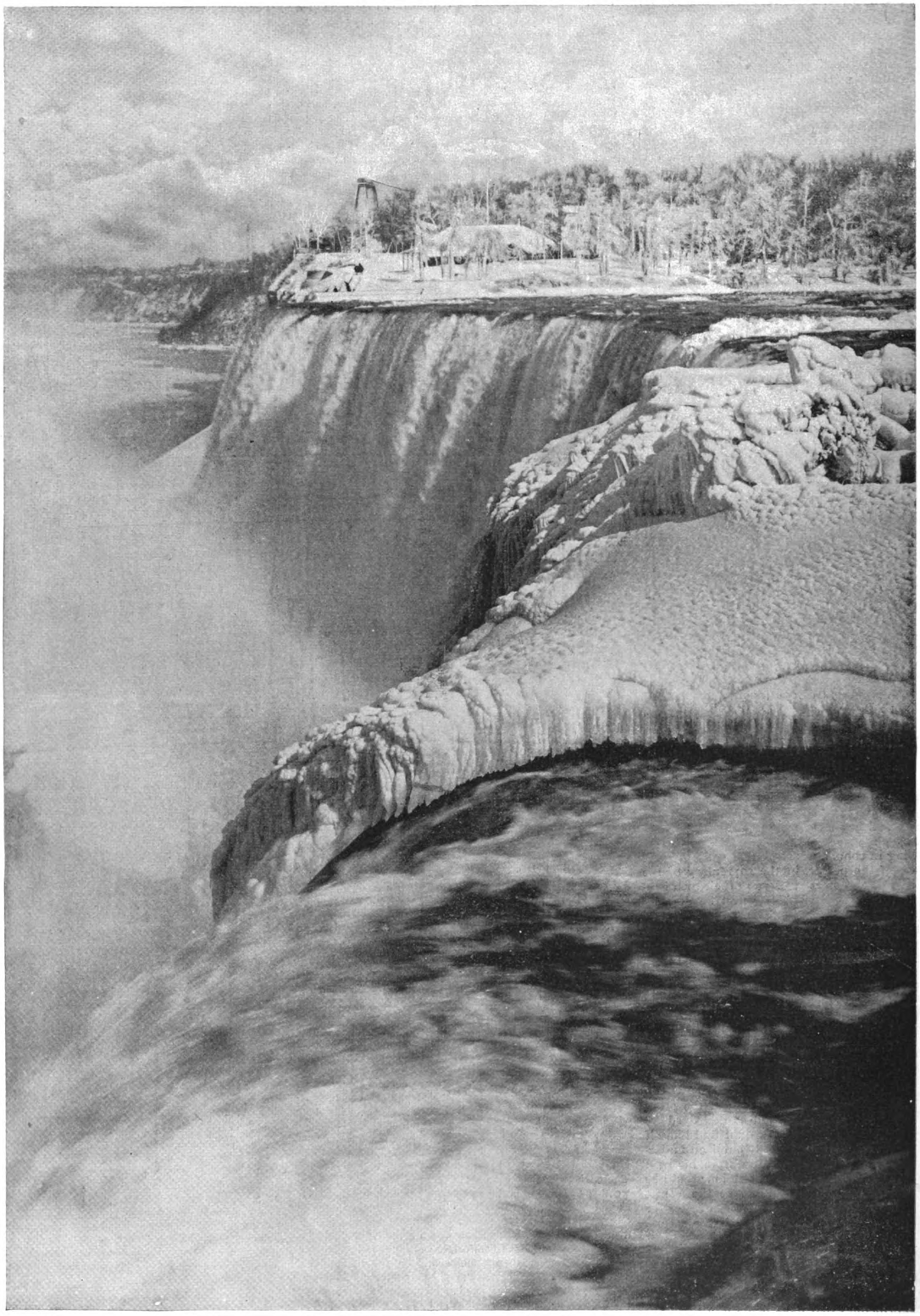
ONE of the things that can be learned to advantage at the exchange editor's desk in a newspaper office is that there is always a limited number of men in the world concerning whom their fellows cannot learn too much. Stories of such men are continually straggling into print, and the discriminating exchange editor, recognizing their current value, is constantly snipping them out and serving them up to his readers. In many cases some passing incident or exploit recommends an individual to the exchange editor's attention, but that sort of notoriety is short-lived. Thus PERRY, the train-robber, was the exchange editor's best man for several weeks, and SULLIVAN, the bruiser, furnished him in his time with many columns of anecdote, but they and their like are mere comets that cross the orbit of the shears and flash away.

But there are other men who are useful to him year after year—as long as they live and even for years after—men whom people are never tired of reading about as long as there are fresh tales forth-coming. Great men usually interest their fellows, and anecdotes that throw light on the characters of very prominent men are always marketable; nevertheless there is a distinction between the qualities that make men great and those that merely make them interesting. WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN were both great men and both interesting; but while WASHINGTON was the greater of the two, the more interesting was FRANKLIN. So JEFFERSON was a much greater and better man than AARON BURR, but BURR has been a darling of the paragraphers for three generations. JOHN RANDOLPH wrote his name in sand, and history has built a dike around it to keep the mark of a personality so striking from being washed out. General JACKSON was interesting in every aspect he had, and so was LINCOLN, who easily goes to the head of the column as the most interesting individual the nation has produced. WEBSTER and CLAY, SEWARD, GREELEY, WEED, GRANT, and BEECHER all stirred the imagination of the people, and stamped their personality upon it. CONKLING inspired endless curiosity, admiration, dislike, enthusiasm. Mr. BLAINE, too, has been vastly interesting as a public character.

All these were men of brains and force, and it is safe enough to say that unless men do have brains and force, they are not exceptionally interesting. Nevertheless, in this sort of competition mere endowments do not count for so much as the disposition to use them in an original and unexpected manner. WEBSTER was interesting because he was prodigious, but he was not nearly so interesting as JACKSON, who was vastly his inferior in mere intellect. It was a bold man, though, who permitted himself to prophecy what JACKSON would do next. He was a master of the unexpected, and more than almost any other single thing, it is the unexpected that interests.

There never was a more striking example of that than General BUTLER. He had brains and force, to be sure, but neither in such exceptional measure as to account for the exaggerated personal interest he inspired. He possessed, though, a persistent audacity that seemed always to prompt him to do the unexpected thing in an unexpected way. There was nothing humdrum about him, nothing monotonous. Oftentimes he was effectual, sometimes he was momentous, not infrequently he was absurd, but he was always interesting. Whatever he had or lacked, there was only a handful of the men of his famous generation who impressed themselves as vividly as he did on the imaginations of their contemporaries.

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NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER—VIEW FROM LUNA ISLAND.—From a Photograph.

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"AN AMERICAN GUELPH."

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

I.

FROM the street Widmore could see through the house, across a diminutive court, into an adobe hut where an Indian sat, modelling miniature men and women in clay. He passed in. On the red-tiled floor two children of the color of well-smoked meerschaums sprawled about—naked, happy, and strangely silent.

Stepping around them he moved into the court, carefully dodging the thorn-rimmed leaves of three enormous century-plants. For years these plants had steadily sucked the moisture from the soil, until now it was left friable, whitish, like dirty lime.

The man, after raising his head, continued to pat into shape a little sombrero which he intended for the head of one of his figurines. On a stone bench to the left of the door lay a woman's arm, done roughly in the clay commonly used by the potters of northern Mexico. Widmore held it curiously. From lying there in the sun it had acquired the temperature of flesh. He was interested, for it was not the arm of an Indian woman, not thick-wristed enough, and far too firm and strong for the average Spanish girl; besides, it was life-size.

"Mozo," he began, brusquely, "whose arm is like this? Did you do it?"

"No, señor; Panteleone did it. It is like the arm of the señorita americana at the Hotel Cosmopolita in Guadalajara. She comes here often with her father who speaks like a bull. I do not know her name, señor."

Widmore did, though. He had known it for three weeks now.

"Si, señor; Panteleone," the monotonous voice persisted; "he made it. Like me, he is Indio, but from Amatlan. You have tasted the pineapples of Amatlan? There are no such pines in all Mexico. But the people—they are different from us of San Pedro and Guadalajara—they wear the linen blouse, white with threads of silk, blue and yellow, and rich—they are very rich. Their young men go to the city itself, and learn there all that the world knows. But there they wear the dress of the Americanos, which is as smoke to the eyes, as the padre says. And there also they forget the women of Amatlan with their white blouses; but I tell you, señor, let the young men who return to Amatlan, let them forget to put on again the dress of Amatlan, they are stoned, señor, assuredly; and it is not like here—there are many stones in Amatlan. It is their custom."

"I know, I know," Widmore said, impatiently. "What about Panteleone?"

"He came here, but not to make water-jars. The boys can do that. He makes the faces—believe me, señor—with a ball of black clay he will make your face—so quick—There are some on the shelf," he added, pointing to a dusty row.

"Well?" said Widmore.

"Si, señor, Panteleone is different since she came. No longer does he play the bear at the windows of the girls. 'Do not think of her, Panteleone,' I say to him. But he says only this: 'To kiss and not to care like the Americanos, to be young and not to be a fool—that is to live in the infiernillo, the little hell.' The great hell is beyond, señor," the potter concluded, solemnly.

Widmore was puzzled. Why did she come out here and never mention it to him? He put down the arm carefully, the Indian following the motion with his eyes.

"But her arm, señor—so white. I cannot understand. Are the arms of those ladies of the North like the young snakes that have never been long in the sun?"

"Yes," said Widmore, thinking of something else, "that's the way they are."

Going out, he met Panteleone. The serious eyes, symmetrical brow, and self-respecting air of the man struck Widmore as out of place in a mere potter, and a peon at that. He crossed the plaza and chose a corner seat in the burro-car, where he could put an elbow out of either window.

The conductor said a word which means "let us be going," and the car started for Guadalajara. From San Pedro in, the street is wide and silent, made almost sun-proof by the thick arches of trees meeting overhead. Through this tunnel of leaves and branches the car ran swiftly, rocking from end to end. Beyond, outside, the sun on the light-colored soil caused it to shine like a salt bed.

Once, through an opening in the trees, Widmore saw a distant hacienda, which brought to mind another still more distant, near the base of the volcano, Popocatepetl the mute, and he remembered vaguely how one day, five years ago, the father of Mexican railroads, James, or, as the natives called him, Santiago Murphy, had taken him to that hacienda, and as they sat drinking champagne cooled by ice from Popo—ice that had been ice for centuries—the old man had looked at him, envious of his youth, saying, with his rich brogue: "Women will care for you, my boy; will deify you, and hang a halo about your neck. Be careful that it does not slip and become a lasso."

That afternoon at the hotel he said to Miss Talbot: "I saw to-day, in a potter's hut at San Pedro, a woman's arm done in clay, evidently from life; well done too. It surprised me, these Indians so seldom depart from the traditional thing."

"Probably the arm of some tortilla woman," she suggested.

"No," said Widmore. "It was most beautifully symmetrical—stunning, in fact. I asked about it, but he lied to me. They are all liars, these Indians."

Her eyes softened with pleasure, and Widmore knew that he had scored. "Was it really pretty?" she asked, greedily, it seemed to him.

"It was indeed—most beautiful." And all this time he was wondering why she should deceive him about it. Unexpectedly the door of his understanding opened, and with sudden clearness he saw it all.

This little American girl believed that she had discovered a sculptor in embryo. She wished to develop him, by herself alone, as one does a negative in a dark room.

He could have laughed. "Ages change," he said to himself; "the patron of the arts is no longer a man but a woman, who whispers in your ear, 'No matter, you are a genius, and I at least believe in you.'"

While they talked he thought about it. She had dreams of that kind, behind the golden eyes, under the glistening yellow hair, which the Indian had likened to the dry fibres of the maguey-plant, such thoughts were rioting.

"Shall we go out there to-morrow?" he asked at last.

"No, I cannot go to-morrow. But I meant to tell you. Papa has gone out with a man who knows you, a Mr. Galt. He told papa that you used to be at Manzanillo together. Is Manzanillo a city?"

"No; a coast town," Widmore answered. "It could almost be described in a telegram. Insects, with all that the word means, are everlasting and omnipresent, for frost is unknown there, Manzanillo being in the hot lands, the tierra caliente. There are alligators in the rivers, sharks in the Pacific, and fever everywhere. A German syndicate had the exclusive right to the alligators, but they became tired. Occasionally Colima, the volcano, reddens the sky with an eruption. And once a ship carrying California wine to France to be doctored, relabelled, and returned, came ashore. Two of the casks were sweet. While they lasted, Galt and I used to talk of home, calling it 'God's country,' as they do up on the frontier. But that only happened once, for the coast, as Galt said, is disgustingly safe. One wet, stifling night, I remember, we grew confidential, and Galt told me about himself. It is a matter of history. One of the Georges while Prince of Wales married a Catholic lady—a subject. Of course when the prince became king the marriage was annulled—morganatic, you know. She knew it would be so when she married him. They had one child. His son was sent out to America, and became an American general; and the general's son, the man who has gone out with your father this afternoon, is therefore the great-grandson of an English king. *Voilà*," Widmore added, with his pleasant smile, "your father is in good company."

"What is he like?" she asked, very slowly.

"Well, he brags a good bit; not about what I have just told you, but about his shooting and that kind of thing. For the rest, he is undoubtedly brave, and almost handsome."

After talking a few moments longer, Miss Talbot left Widmore and entered her rooms, which opened on the court. Widmore felt nettled, ill at ease, for the reason that he had dawdled away three weeks in Guadalajara, simply to be near this girl—three weeks of his first vacation in five years. He could have been in New York by this time, at home.

He sat down again, leaning over the balcony rail slightly, like a man in a hansom. He was thinking about himself, his life, and the botch he had made of it. He had gone to a college small enough for one man to be the recognized leader. He had been that man. Chiefly because he had that power which controls others—was frank, optimistic, strong-natured, and endowed with vim. In short, the present moment was never ridiculous to him. He remembered that a young woman who manufactured epigrams had once said of him that he was an irregular verb, the future tense of which was "succeed." After three or four years he had come to Mexico, as an engineer, believing that with his American energy he could outstrip these idle, to-morrow people. "To-morrow will be another day," he said to himself, bitterly, imitating their manner of saying it.

"No," he thought, uncrossing his legs and leaning back. Energy cannot compete with sunlight, at least not the sun-

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light of the tierra caliente. For a moment or two he really persuaded himself that he would go North, and leave her. He was weary of being her cicerone, showing her churches, and the knitting prisoners at the penitenciario, and many, many things, beside. Yes, he had been a good cicerone, and had shown her much, and all for what? That she might gratify her curiosity for the strange things of the South. "The South, the South," he repeated aloud, and the word that once had beckoned so wondrously now brought disgust.

The chair squeaked on the tiles as he pushed it back and walked down the stairs into the street. He wandered slowly along, keeping close to the wall, like a native, until he came to a door marked Baños, near where the little river of San Juan de Dios halves the town.

He pushed in and ordered a bath, but the tepid water did not better his humor.

An hour or so after, entering the hotel dining-room, he found them all there together. Galt was telling a story. Jumping up, he greeted Widmore in the effusive Mexican fashion. The two men stood a moment while Galt, napkin in hand, said that he had just been down the Uzumacinto River in a celba dugout, prospecting for mahogany, but had found little except black monkeys, ducks, and parrots.

Widmore took a seat next to Mr. Talbot. He noticed that the young girl had discarded the dark tailor-made clothes and the familiar cheviot shirts for a gown of that Annam silk, so light that the broad collar rose and floated as the waiter passed. He watched her while the old gentleman munched on and Galt talked in his jerky picturesque fashion. Undoubtedly she was interested. To Widmore, her face lit by health and excitement had the quivering brilliance of water trembling in the sun. Her eyes shone with warm white lights which seemed to change from time to time.

It may have been the dim candle flames that enlarged the gold-brown pupils, but it was to this blond Othello, this vaquero who was one part royal, that the thin flush on her cheek was due. And Widmore recognized that a little too well.

Somehow he felt that he had more right to her. She was of his kind, the kind that this man of the boarder was unfamiliar with. He took pleasure in her beauty, in her splendid youth, showing his admiration openly, candidly, as though she belonged a little to him. For five years he had seen no American women of the upper class. They are not found in the squat buildings of Manzanillo. So it was that his exile rendered him keenly observant. He marked details, unimportant things that a home-staying American would never have thought of—that her eyes and hair were of the same color, and that the sun had browned her skin until the almost imperceptible down on her cheeks glinted like the tiny particles of river gold that the natives catch in sheep's fleece standing in the cold mountain streams. Each thing about her was delightful to him—the shadows on her round throat, in her hair, in the white folds of her dress. For him she had the charm of home, of faces once familiar, the faces that his Anglo-Saxon nature and nurture had bred him to admire.

Once, divining that he was staring at her, she turned with an expression of annoyance, of trouble, much as if he, instead of a mouthful of ragout, had momentarily dammed Galt's eloquence. Mr. Talbot said: "Well, Mr. Widmore, your friend here, Mr. Galt, is teaching me a great deal about the republic, trying to convert me to enthusiasm; but I tell him it won't do, it won't do. A country where the soldiers wear sandals with uniforms made of linen dusters, where there are worms in the oranges, and the natives sell swords in the principal streets, and drink the sap of century-plants for pleasure, is no country for me. What if they do have strawberries every day in the year at Irapuato? That isn't seasonable, nor does it make up for the worms in the oranges. And then the towns where they have but one coffin, using it for the ceremony as we do a hearse. No, Mr. Galt, it is a second-class country, and will never be different." And the old gentleman laughed infectiously as he raised his wine-glass, thoroughly pleased with himself, his accumulation of facts, and the society of these adventurous fellows.

He was an old-school admiralty lawyer, whose life had been passed between his home, his well-worn office, and the United States courts. He was now going in for enjoyment, he said, having decided to allow his name and the younger men of the firm to do the work.

He could tell to a hair such things as the rights and duties of that weird personage the "ship's husband," but of the existence which these men had had he knew nothing. Nevertheless, by a familiar trick of egoism he felt that in some manner he was partaking of their untrammelled experience. And it pleased him.

"You are quiet to-night, Mr. Widmore," he said.

Galt answered, with his deep laugh, "Perhaps he is thinking of a certain Señorita Ursua, of Colima, who now sits alone."

Widmore blushed, boyishly. There was a Señorita Ursua, and she did sit alone after a parting that had had many beginnings, but the worst was that Widmore had told Miss Talbot about her; for naturally she was in his thoughts, and he had hung the tale on the convenient peg of an anonymous friend, making a cleaner breast of it than he ever could have done in the first person.

"And who is the Señorita Ursua?" Mr. Talbot asked, looking at Galt.

"A girl in Colima who can say 'Caramba!' so that it sounds like a gun going off in a fog." The old fellow laughed, for no other reason than that he knew the meaning of the word. His daughter looked at Widmore and said nothing.

Galt began one of his tales about a tract of land covered with caoutchouc-trees, that he had bought in Ecuador, up in the mountains, and how the natives had swindled him by selling him valley-bred burros that could not stand the high altitudes.

Later Mr. Talbot, apropos of a remark made by Galt, mentioned Panteleone.

"I know him well," Galt said immediately. "Panteleone out at San Pedro; why, you know he was sent to the Paris Exposition—shipped from Vera Cruz with the Guadalajara pottery exhibit. He does faces in clay. He did one of Carnot, the French President, and Carnot gave him five hundred francs for it. Some people over there tried to hire him for shows of different kinds when the exhibition was over, but he said 'No.' You see, he preferred to go home to San Pedro, to his dirty little garden with the big pulque plants in it. That's the way the Indians are."

"He is coming here to make one of his clays of me," Miss Talbot said, calmly, as they left the table for the balcony.

Widmore and the old lawyer smoked together somewhat back from the rail, just out of ear-shot of those others, who talked slowly, looking over into the court below. At intervals her laugh would come to him, enriched, deepened by the penetrating calm of the gentle night. An envy entered his heart, an envy of this man whom he had rather looked down on, but who could interest her, and so easily invade her nature and impart a languor to her voice that mingled well with the sound of the fountain playing on the gravel below. Perhaps, Widmore thought—perhaps it is due to that fraction of royal blood. "Yes," he answered, vaguely, to a question from the old gentleman.

During the evening they remained there, until ten o'clock, when the Talbots disappeared for the night. Widmore seated himself on one of the beds in his room, and began untying his shoes. He heard a sharp step on the tiles, and Galt opened the door.

"You don't want to go to bed," he said, in his direct way; "let's smoke awhile."

Throwing himself on the other bed, he turned toward Widmore, saying: "That girl is certainly a winner. What a pair of arms she has! She don't seem to have met anything nearer to a real man than those city pups they have up North. It's a pleasure to meet a girl like that once in a while—tall, blooded, splendidly put up—especially after having so many of these dumpy native women about."

Widmore did not answer.

Galt resumed: "I'm going to take her to the Hospicio de las Niñas to-morrow. You'd better come along, old man. Some of those orphans are good-looking. Don't you think I had better stay over and have a little sport with my tall American?" and rising, he picked up a pair of army brushes and began brushing his light-colored hair vigorously.

Widmore replied as though dust were in his throat: "We are not in Manzanillo, you know. It is not a case of the corregidor's daughter. She's not the kind of woman you've seen much of—down here," he added, relentingly.

Galt wheeled quickly. "By the gods, old man, do you like the child? 'Cause, if you do, I'll get out. You know I'm not the kind of a man to parallel a friend's track."

And Widmore the man said to Widmore the lover that he had gotten his just deserts for having said what he had. Therefore he added, slowly, with a tightening chest, affecting a serene carelessness: "Oh no; she's only an acquaintance of mine. I met her down here. Her father had a letter to me. I don't suppose I really know her as well as you do."

"I can generally draw a woman out as quickly as the next man," the other assented.

II.

They went to the Hospicio de las Niñas—from room to room—Galt biting his lips at the pretty orphans when the Talbots were not looking, and imparting bits of information about the cultivation of silk-worms. He eagerly explained everything—the many-shelved rearing-house, where one could almost hear the dry rustle of the greedy silk-worms among the mulberry leaves, the process of unwinding the dull yellow chrysalides, everything down to the fact that each cocoon contained 1100 feet of silk.

After that the days were much alike to Widmore. They strolled about Guadalajara, under the portales, or through the sunny market-places and plazas, Galt and the young girl always together.

Widmore felt a certain pride about it. He would not enter into a race for her with this man, this lion of the border fandangos. But what he could not understand was that Miss Elizabeth Talbot, of New York city, did not see through the varnish into the coarse, big-hearted, bragging nature that was the man. Galt always called her señorita, which disgusted Widmore almost as much as her imitation of his ranch method of pronouncing Spanish words.

The days were alike to Panteleone too, who waited about the hotel, leaning against some wall, with his ball of clay rolled in a banana leaf in readiness for the time when the young girl should summon him to her sitting-room to complete his tiny relief of her. And every afternoon she would pass him, nod, saying, "Good-day, Panteleone Pandura," in her pretty broken Spanish. "Will not to-morrow do as well?" "Yes, to-morrow," he would murmur. "That is it," Widmore said to himself. "The Indian and I have the to-morrows; Galt has to-day."

He had heard her say that she would so much like to ride, but that no side-saddle was to be had. Remembering this, he spent a morning with Juan Ruiz, the leather-worker, and between them they improvised one, so that Widmore had the delight of giving her a pleasure, and of seeing her start out in the late afternoon with Galt at her side. Waiting for Mr. Talbot to straddle his burro and follow, he heard them canter down the narrow, clattering street. He knew without looking, for he would not look, Galt's exact poise on his long-tailed, coffee-colored horse. He could almost see every threadlike arabesque, every delicate inlay, of the heavy silver-mounted saddle, which had cost Galt 900 pesos in the good times. It was a sole relic of the days when he was an aide in the Mexican army, spending his afternoons on the Paseo de la Reforma, occasionally picking up, at a hand-gallop, some handkerchief dropped on purpose from the window of a closed carriage.

The old gentleman and Widmore followed, but they did not see the others for a couple of hours. They had ridden rapidly out in the open until she had said, "There is something wrong with this saddle, I shall have to get off."

"Can you wait a bit," Galt asked, "until we reach an old place beyond here? I can fix it while you sit in the shade. Here it is," he said, almost immediately.

"Isn't it curious!" she exclaimed, dismounting and walking around the old adobe building, which was choked, distorted, and made wellnigh inaccessible by the close growth of nopales and organ-cactus. Looking about for an entrance, her eye turned on some large century-plants, with their fleshy leaves lobbing on all sides. "Don't they look like devil-fishes with the arms outspread?" she called to Galt.

"Yes," he answered, tugging at the saddle-girths.

"Is it a ruin?"

Why not, thought Galt. I don't know what it is, but she'd prefer a ruin. "Of course," he said aloud. "Toltec or Aztec. I'm not sure which. I wonder if I can find a stone in there to bend this buckle with?"

He joined her, and together they found an opening. She had walked a little in advance, and now stood peering through the canted doorway into a dark room.

"Shall we go in?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said, eagerly.

They went into the gloomy old room, standing uncertainly, waiting until the pupils of their eyes should enlarge. After a moment they could see, and she walked about quickly, exploring a room in which there was nothing except some rubbish, a pile of potsherds, and a broad old seat let into the clay wall. As she moved he followed her quietly, answering absently, standing very near her, and looking down at her intently.

Seeing she was about to go out, he said, abruptly: "Señorita, will you sit down a second? I have a story to tell you." And he told it, the tale of the royal branch on his genealogical tree, the same old tale that Widmore had told her on the balcony, about which Galt pretended to be so reticent, so contained; but which, nevertheless, he had rehearsed to thirty or forty women of his acquaintances. On the whole, he told it rather better than Widmore, at least Bessie Talbot thought he did, as through the open doorway she watched the brilliant, sterile landscape that it framed. Ah, how sorry she felt for him while his deep voice, vibrating slowly through the stillness, came to her ears, humid and low as the sound of a Japanese bell gently touched by a padded hammer.

When he had finished, she could say nothing. The moments were long before he began again.

"What is the use, señorita? What is the use? What is there to work for? Is it strange that up on the Texan frontier they used to say, 'Galt, you have no ambition'? To be a successful engineer, to bridge a few barrancas, getting the greatest possible strength with the least possible iron, because iron costs by the pound, what is that to me, when I remember, señorita—. No, there is nothing for me. I prefer to ride my days away in the yellow Mexican sunlight. It is all I can do."

"Don't tell me any more," she said, unexpectedly. "It makes me too unhappy. I can't stand it."

They were sitting very near one another. With a certain quiet suddenness he took her hand in his. She controlled her impulse to draw it away. Somehow it struck her as too little a thing, too much out of keeping with his theme. Added to this, she had felt his hand tremble. She thought it was due to the narrative.

"Señorita," he said, "forgive me. If I had known it, if I had thought for a moment that it would make you unhappy, that you would care at all—" and the big blond head came so close that one end of his mustache grazed her ear.

"Let us go and fix the saddle," she said, nervously, quickly, staggered by the many feelings assailing her. Something, however, of that sturdy insight that had made her father's name reappear so often on the calendars of the United States Supreme Court told her that this big magnetic man was not motioning aside disdainfully the prizes of the Western world because his inherited ambition was of thrones, but because he was lazy, self-indulgent. In fact, she fancied that he had developed his theory of renunciation afterwards, to fit his indolence. But what had he meant by bending over her that way? Had he meant to kiss her, or was it only because he was so strangely stirred, poor fellow? She could not tell; however, she was glad that she had come out when she had. And Galt, still looking at her, and at the hand that he had held for so brief an instant, was saying to himself, "Confound that riding-glove!"

Their eyes met, and he laughed. How can he do that? she wondered, angrily, while he recommenced pottering with her saddle, in order to conceal from her that he had already fixed it.

"Where's Galt?" Widmore asked, one morning, as Mr. Talbot came up to him in the patio of the hotel.

"Where's Galt?" the old lawyer echoed, in his court voice. "Galt is talking to my daughter. She is sitting on an iron bench upstairs, but he is not there. He is now in the United States of Colombia. He is coming down the Sinu River in a canoe. Two Indians are paddling. He is sick with a fever—calentura, he calls it. Lying under the hoops covered with rawhides—the toro—he begs the Indians to row faster. The hides are green, and the sun draws a vile smell from them. The Indians only smile, show their white teeth, and say, 'Muy borracho,' which he translates, 'very drunk.' At this juncture I left."

The old fellow's eyes twinkled swiftly. There was a pause. The puzzled expression fled from Widmore's face, and they laughed together, loudly, heartily, as at some forbidden joy—the kind of laugh, as old Talbot said, that would start a Swiss avalanche on a sunshiny day.

"Widmore," he said, delightedly, "this is simply our protest against this man who plays on a harp of a thousand strings, every one of which is tuned to 'I.'" After that they knew one another better. The old gentleman's heart opened. "Widmore, my boy," he said, laying his firm hand on the younger man's shoulder, "at first I thought Galt was a close friend of yours, but I see that the acquaintance was due to your both being engineers on the same work. I feel I know you, and acquaintance seems to flourish down here like other things, and I want to talk to you. Now my daughter is a young girl, barely twenty-one. She has had the experience of a girl of her age in New York, which is too sudden to give much except self-reliance; it's a Cook's tourist view of life, after all. Besides, she has imagination, which ruined Napoleon. Take our friend Galt. He tells a tale of high words and pistol shots in some white, picturesque cantina, where the walls are smutched with finger marks, bull-fight posters are hanging about, men are drinking taquila, playing monté, and all the rest of it, and my daughter listens with intense interest. The other day I said to her: 'A cantina is a bar-room; taquila is a wretched intoxicant; your sombreroed men are examples of the scum that floats around the edges of pots and the frontiers of countries. The tale is an item of police news, nothing more, which you would consider vulgar if it were not for the foot-worn hollows in the earthen floor and the other local touches at which his majesty is so apt.'"

Widmore nodded.

"You see," the old gentleman went on, "to her he is an English prince shelved by a legal quibble. To me he is—well, not the kind of man that I like to see with my daughter. I could take her away, but I believe in letting these things work themselves out."

Four or five days afterwards, late in the afternoon, Widmore entered the Talbots' sitting-room. He noticed Panteleone standing, as usual, near the head of the stairs, watching for the señorita americana. Galt had gone out. At half after five he returned in an exceptionally bad humor. Added to this, he had been drinking.

The presence of the Indian annoyed him. He stopped, saying roughly, "Here, Panteleone, you can't steal anything here; you'd better get out."

Miss Talbot and Widmore came out of the sitting-room, but Galt did not see them. Widmore made a fair snap judgment of what was happening, but it was too late to keep the young girl from seeing it.

Panteleone had not stirred. He looked up through the open building to the hot vivid sky, pretending he had not heard.

Galt, who had merely wished to vent his mood on something animate, now became angry. "Why do you not answer when I speak to you?" he said, grasping his arm brutally, tightening his hold until the pain became atrocious

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Panteleone drew his knife, but Galt was quick enough to catch the free arm.

The Indian struggled frantically, his lips drawn up from his teeth, and the veins in his neck distending. Altogether he resembled a cat in the jaws of a mastiff.

Evidently the white man was too much for him at this kind of pastime, and was in the mood to use his advantage. Shaking, lifting, and forcing him toward the stairs, he laughed in the Indian's face—a hot, mocking laugh that was nasty to look upon.

Miss Talbot seemed to think so, for she continued to utter helpless, nervous "Ohs," as she had from the beginning.

Meanwhile Galt trundled the Indian before him. As these two went around the curve, Widmore and the young girl could see the white man's enormous hips moving strongly, his head thrown back, and his face bright with the kind of triumph that comes best from a feeling of physical mastery. He threw the Indian heavily on the gravel, and the ball of clay, that by some chance had not been dropped before, fell at Galt's feet. Picking it up, he flung it with tremendous force, striking the potter full in the side. He really had not meant to do that.

It was plain that Panteleone was temporarily stunned by the fall and the blow. Galt ascended the stairs, and saw Miss Talbot. Altogether he was not so sorry that she had been there.

"Oh," she said, "what an awful thing to do! Cruel!" And going into her room, she slid the bolt sharply.

"Why she should bolt it I can't for the life of me see," Galt said to Widmore, with a laugh that was only muscular.

"I didn't see the point of hammering his ribs with that heavy wet clay," Widmore observed. "How did it begin?"

"Oh, they don't mind. They're used to it," Galt answered, between breaths.

Below there on the gravel Panteleone was rising very slowly, staring stupidly at the ball of clay, which, either from instinct or economy, he took with him out into the streets of the town. He walked along the long roadway out to San Pedro, resting many times by the way. Coming to the little hut, he threw down the ball of clay, which was never to be fashioned into a semblance of the features of the señorita americana of Nueva York. He sat awhile very still; then he sobbed. The other Indian looked up, but made no comment. "I will kill him," Panteleone said, when he had told the tale. "I will kill him—at night."

The other man was not much moved. He replied, in his soft far-away voice: "What is the use, there are so many of them? They come from everywhere. You have said that out there beyond the water there are many, very many, and in the North too. I know about him. Vicente told me that he has seen him kill flying birds. And he always walks in the middle of the road at night. You cannot kill him; he will kill you."

"They are animals—those Americans," said Panteleone, weakly.

"Yes," the man answered, rising to go out, "they are animals, and when they come they never leave, always more of them. Yes, they are bad, but, Dios! they are strong. Do not go to him. He will kill you. You cannot kill him."

During that evening, while Panteleone sat looking toward Guadalajara, brooding in a vague way on the injustice that subjects one race to another, the Talbots and Widmore were out on the plaza listening to the music of the band; for it was Friday night.

"Wasn't that perfectly frightful?" she had said to Widmore. "You seemed so indifferent. What were you thinking of?"

He looked down at her in silence. Then with sudden decision he turned on the iron bench, saying: "I will tell you my exact thoughts, although you may not like them. First, I pitied that poor Panteleone, sticking out his legs so aimlessly, trying to brace himself on such a broad stairway. He could so easily have tripped Galt up. Then I noticed his face as he saw you. You see, you were interested in him because you thought that he was a genius, something divine, a man who could create with clay. You forgot that he was an Indian. He charged eight pesos apiece for his images, and life was full. You were interested in him, and under your interest he became Panteleone the gay, who made aphorisms to the effect that to kiss and not to care like the Americans. You remember, I have told you it. In short, you aroused in him a feeling which I doubt if he could name. I pitied him because he desired the impossible; and when he went out a new thought struck me, and I pitied myself, for he and I are alike. I also love you, and you are as impossible for me as for him. I see that plainly. I am glad that I have told you at last, for now I shall have to go away. I have been long enough like a boy afraid to jump into a cold bath. Nevertheless, I am a fool to tell you. I will go in the morning. That will end it."

Then, as he saw her father coming up, his voice lost its even control, and it was a Widmore that she did not know who asked her if there was any chance for him.

"I cannot tell," she said, hurriedly. "It has never occurred to me—the possibility, I mean—"

Mr. Talbot sat down, and Widmore departed. She watched him as he walked away from the plaza and disappeared among the dark portales. And he loved her.

"He is a fine fellow," her father said, following the direction of her eyes.

"Yes," she said.

But, after all, she did not care for him, and she decided easily that she would be dealing more fairly by him to tell him so immediately. An opportunity came that very night in the court of the hotel, and there and then, in a night made weirdly magnificent by the Southern moon, she gave him his congé, speaking fluently, with a certain perfection of decisive thought, indicating vaguely a future in New York, which Widmore knew could not possibly mean more than a couple of dinners a season, at which he would be assigned to some strange young woman. Altogether it was a very conventional congé, with the requisite atom of sympathy and handshake at the end, in which there was dismissal, good-by, and perhaps an unconscious self-appreciation at having so overcome this masterful strong-willed man that his restraint was directed toward managing his face and voice.

He bowed a trifle lower than usual, and bidding good-by to the cordial old gentleman, went into his room.

In the morning, while he was getting his things together, Galt came up.

"Cayetano tells me you are going to the city. I guess I'll go with you, and I'll just leave without any adios to my little American."

So they went together, Widmore leaving him at the entrance of the Hotel Iturbide in the city of Mexico.

"Good-by, old man, good-by," Galt said, with genuine feeling. "Be sure you come back to us."

"He's a better man than I am," Widmore thought as he clambered into the stage which runs to the Buena Vista station. He went down to Vera Cruz that day.

For three or four days he lolled about the old town. The desire for home had in some way lessened. He sat about the Plaza Mayor at night, listened to the music, smoked altogether too much, incessantly revolving in his mind the simple fact that in a week the Talbots sailed north from this very port. The *Yumuri* was their ship. There was a steamer before that on which he could go, on which he must go. One night he strolled down to the stone pier. There lay the steamer riding on the glistening water, under the lee of San Juan de Ulua, the old fortress which looms from the sea. Under the dying moon he watched a great green turtle which had been laid on its back within a few feet of him. It must have tried for hours to right itself, for it had worn its flippers raw, until the place where it lay looked as if red paint had been spilled there. No one was near. Moved by impulse, Widmore gave the huge body a tremendous lift, and laughed as the turtle lumbered along the pier and plunged like a dredging-scoop into the sea.

"Nevertheless," he reflected, "I have really stolen about seventy-five cents from some poor devil of a fisherman. Yet he was happier, and when on his return to the plaza he saw again all those men and women so happy together, he thrilled anew with this insidious music, which seemed to rise and eddy through the air like smoke in a room when the door is suddenly opened.

And a great desire came upon him. Why not telegraph her for permission to go on the *Yumuri*?

He thought of the nights at sea. The unending vibration of the screw. And then as they sat at luncheon how one could see through the open port-holes of the rolling vessel! First the blue of the gulf, then the blue of the sky. It could not, it could not be that she would not care a little for him; that at least he might not enter a little into her life.

In the morning he telegraphed her, and about one o'clock received this reply, "Yes, if you wish it."

All that week voices sang in his brain. He was exultantly, insolently happy.

An old acquaintance that he ran across at the hotel told him what hard luck he had been having with a mine at Zacatecas. While he talked Widmore's mind played truant. Knowing her as he did, he thought, her calm, balanced nature, he knew what that must mean, that "yes, if you wish it"—that surrender which was almost naïve in its pretty affectation of subjection. He was smiling when the man said, complainingly: "It is no joke to me, I assure you. I'm broke, dead-broke."

No, he could not restrain his happiness. Life held so much; the future was so rich. He wandered about the shops, bought carved cocoanuts, laces, opals, and other absurdities for his mother, his sisters, and their servants. Youth ran stronger in his veins. Existence seemed to purify itself. Odds and ends of old misty ambitions formed themselves anew. But, after all, the most momentous thought with him was whether to meet her at the station or on board the ship. He knew the Talbots would go aboard at night, as the vessel sailed early; therefore, against inclination, he decided to wait.

That was Thursday afternoon, and the steamer left on the morrow. He slept well that night, rose early, had his belongings loaded into one of the small boats, and was rowed out to the ship in the soft coolness of the early tropical morning. Going up over the side of the *Yumuri*, he noticed a young girl with her back toward him. She was looking over at San Juan de Ulua, where the convict patrols were changing for the day. Her gown was of dark blue. Paying his boatman with shaking fingers, he walked up behind her. "Well," he said, "you see—" The girl turned. She was a stranger. As Widmore walked down the deck he could not help smiling at himself. He was so disappointed. "What a fool I am," he thought, "to dream that she would rise at this unchristian hour." He stopped at the door of the deck cabin. The purser was inside working at his accounts. He was a round little man, merry-eyed, with hips far broader than his shoulders. Widmore wished to ask him if the Talbots had come aboard, but he could not. He felt the weakness of a convalescent. He was afraid. Suddenly he thought of her telegram. Why, it meant nothing. It was simply a recognition of his right to travel on any public conveyance. What else could she have done? For a week he had been constructing with his hopes a château en Espagne through the rooms of which a young girl moved smiling. "How could I have been such an idiot?" he said, aloud. But he would not mention his caring for her during the voyage. He would wait. He would have sufficient delicacy for that.

The steamer left the harbor. He wandered about the deck for two hours. Then he went down to his state-room. Coming up again, he saw her at the stern. As he walked toward her she looked up and came forward, holding out her hand. Widmore was disconcerted.

"Have I been a fool to do this?" he said.

"No, I do not think so," she said, frankly, simply, as though answering a question to which she had already devoted much thought. "I am glad you changed your mind."

Vera Cruz had almost shrunk into the distance, when she said, "Good-by, for a little; I must go and speak to papa."

Widmore stood there looking at San Juan de Ulua, the white fortress, which lay like a rumpled napkin on a motionless sea. He knew that behind it, in the roadstead, boats were idling along, their colored triangular sails, umber, ochre, or blue, barely drawing. And back of that was the great mysterious republic, with its lethargic millions, but it was nothing to him. To him the world was below telling her father about him, for he had acquired a contempt for the exact use of language.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL JOHN S. MOSBY, the once dreaded guerilla leader of the Confederacy, peacefully practises law in San Francisco nowadays, and attends to his duties as one of the directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In the thirty years that have elapsed since his sudden raid upon Washington terrified the national capital he has lost but little of the activity that made him so formidable as a cavalryman. He is said to have received many offers of commissions in foreign armies, but, unlike some of his brother officers, who sought service under the Khedive and in the French army, he declined them all, as he says that he no longer has any desire to fight, "for revenue only or for any other reason."

—It has been said of EUGENE FIELD, the Chicago poet and humorist, that he is anywhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years of age, but he confesses to about forty, and for ten years past he has been regularly engaged in newspaper work in the Lake City. Physically he is tall, angular, and energetic, with a smooth-shaven face, and a head, as Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON once observed, in harmony with his face. He has recently completed a very successful reading tour of Eastern cities in company with Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE. Mr. FIELD was accompanied on his travels by his daughter "Trottie," the "Little Mistress Sans-Merci" of his verse, and her father's inseparable companion and friend.

—Mr. STEPHEN BONSAL, Jun., of whose adventures while travelling through different countries as a correspondent an account was lately given in HARPER'S WEEKLY, has written a book. It has already appeared in England, and is now issued by HARPER & BROTHERS in this country. *Morocco As It Is*, is an entertaining and spirited series of articles on Mr. BONSAL'S travels and adventures from Tangier to Fez. It gives a very much up-to-date picture of that very old country and state of civilization, and is generously illustrated. The exciting incidents connected with the mission to the Sultan of Fez of the British ambassador, Sir CHARLES EUAN SMITH, are told by Mr. BONSAL, who accompanied the expedition. There is also an account of the difficulties which beset him and Mr. WINTHROP CHANLER, over which they finally triumphed, bearing off presents from the Sultan as a reward for their temerity and diplomacy. The portion of the book which relates to the life of the women of Morocco, the material for which was furnished the author by Mrs. BONSAL, is by no means the least interesting part of the book.



STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

—FRANK A. HINKEY, the new captain of Yale's famous football eleven, is a resident of Tonawanda, New York, and is rather a small man physically, being five feet nine inches in height, and weighing 156 pounds. He is twenty-one years old. His record as end rush, particularly in some of the hard-fought contests with Princeton, has been a most admirable one, and he is believed to possess the qualifications of a great captain, such as PETERS, CORBIN, and others of his predecessors.

—GILBERT A. PIERCE, the new United States Minister to Portugal, had attained high standing as a newspaper writer and editor before he got into the political swim that carried him into the Senate from North Dakota, and has now landed him in one of the pleasantest bowers of the diplomatic service. He is fifty-four years old, a native of New York, and a colonel of volunteers with an excellent war record. He was a lawyer in Indiana with a small practice when he entered journalism in Chicago in 1872, and he has been a resident of Dakota for about ten years. He was appointed Governor of the Territory of Dakota in 1884. Mr. PIERCE'S term in the Senate expires this year, and he sought the mission to Portugal because of ill health.

—One of the most singular of Christmas presents was received by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, the novelist, to whom an admirer sent a package containing the ashes of a long-departed Spanish grandee. The parcel reached the novelist by mail, and with it was a note reading, "Dear Sir,—Please find herewith the cremated remains of Dom D. de Castro, which I found the other day in some old furniture." Then followed the name and address of the sender, with a suggestion that the remains would form a good foundation for a new romance.

—Some amusement has been caused at the court of the Hague by the decidedly characteristic Christmas present which has been sent to the little Queen WILHELMINE by the Emperor of Germany. The gift is contained in a number of large boxes, and consists of lead soldiers representing all the regiments in the German army.

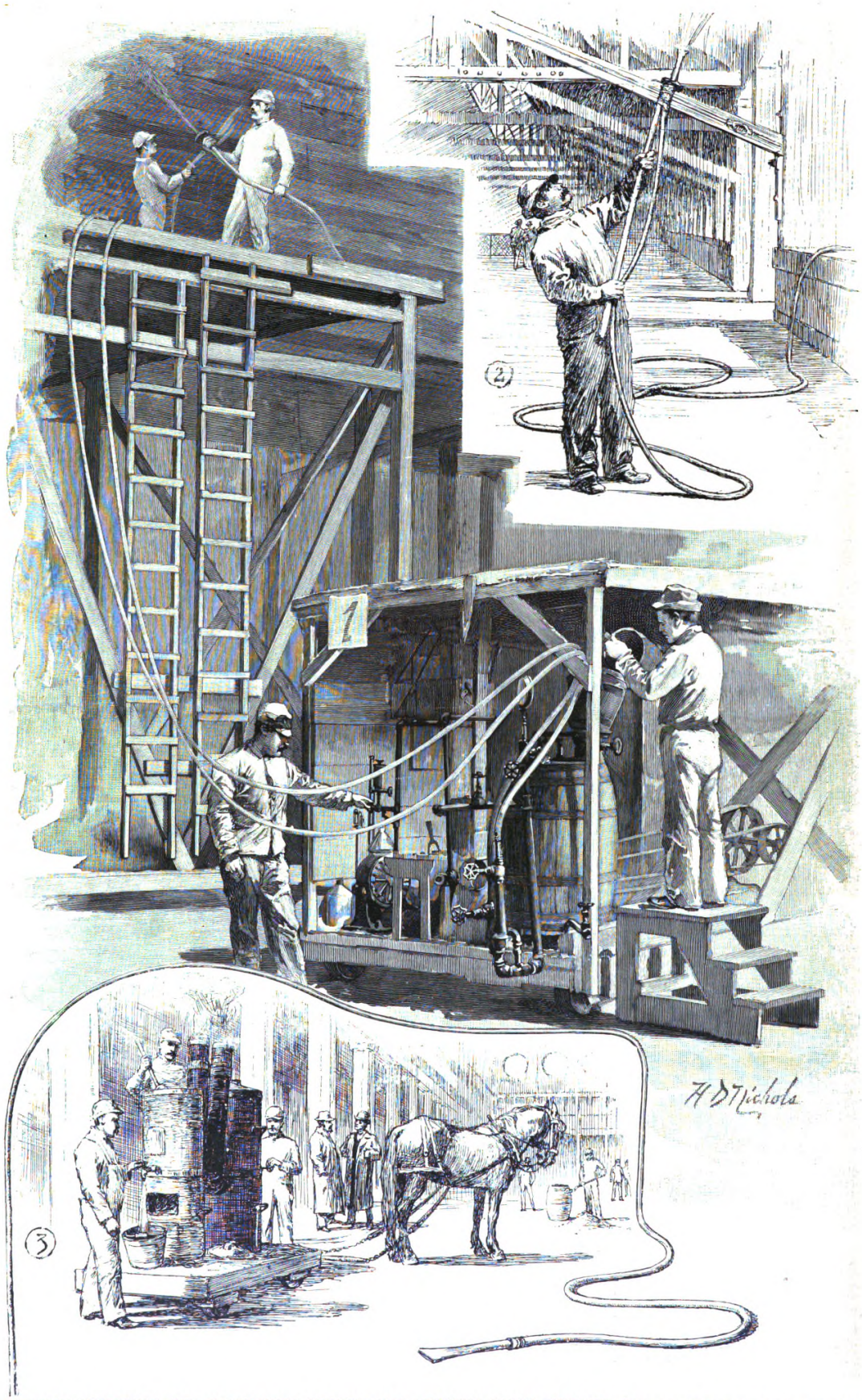
—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE, the well known actress of an older generation, died in London on January 16th. She was born in that city on the 27th of November, 1809, the daughter of CHARLES KEMBLE, and was therefore the niece of Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS and JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE. Miss KEMBLE, in 1831, was married to PIERCE BUTLER, of Philadelphia, but was divorced seventeen years later, resuming her maiden name. Mrs. KEMBLE belonged to by-gone generations, and many people of to-day doubtless thought that she had long since passed away. The poet LONGFELLOW, in a most beautiful sonnet, has expressed his delight at her readings which she gave in this country; and Mr. CURTIS, in the Easy Chair, has also testified to the singular pleasure with which he saw and heard her. Mrs. KEMBLE read here in the winter of 1848–9, and even as late as 1868, but Mr. CURTIS speaks of her as "The FANNY KEMBLE of Talfourd, and of the wild enthusiasm of the grandfathers of to-day"—and the grandfathers of that day are the great-grandfathers of now. The spell that Mrs. KEMBLE wrought "was resistless"; and a relative of Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS, writing in HARPER'S MAGAZINE thirty years ago, speaks of seeing FANNY KEMBLE as Julia in *The Hunchback* as long since as 1832. The portrait herewith given is by SULLY, one of the fathers of American art.



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

—Among the notable visitors to the World's Fair in Chicago will be the Duke of Veragua, who is a direct descendant of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. He comes by special invitation of Congress, and will be the guest of the government during his two months' stay. The expectation is that the Duke will sail from Gibraltar about the middle of April. He will be accompanied by his friends, and probably by his brother, the Marquis of Barboles. Pictures of the Spanish nobleman received on this side of the ocean indicate that he bears an extraordinary facial resemblance to CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

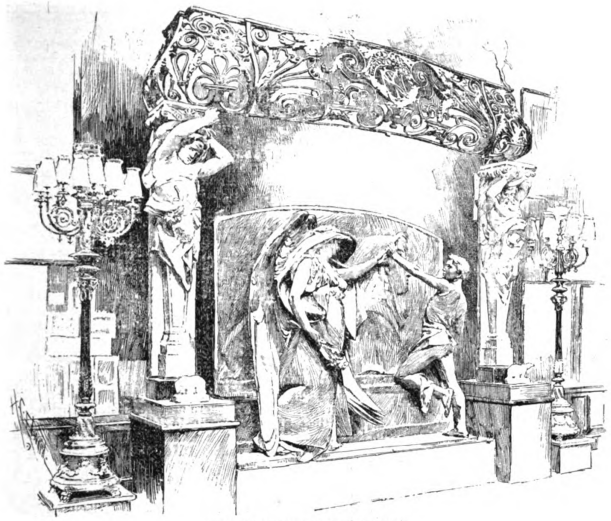
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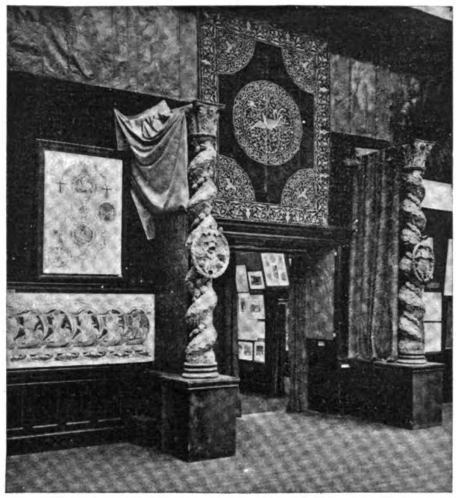
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE KALSOMINING MACHINE FOR COVERING LARGE SURFACES.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 91.]

1. The Machine. 2. Working from the Floor. 3. The Steam Engine (Kalsomine Heater).

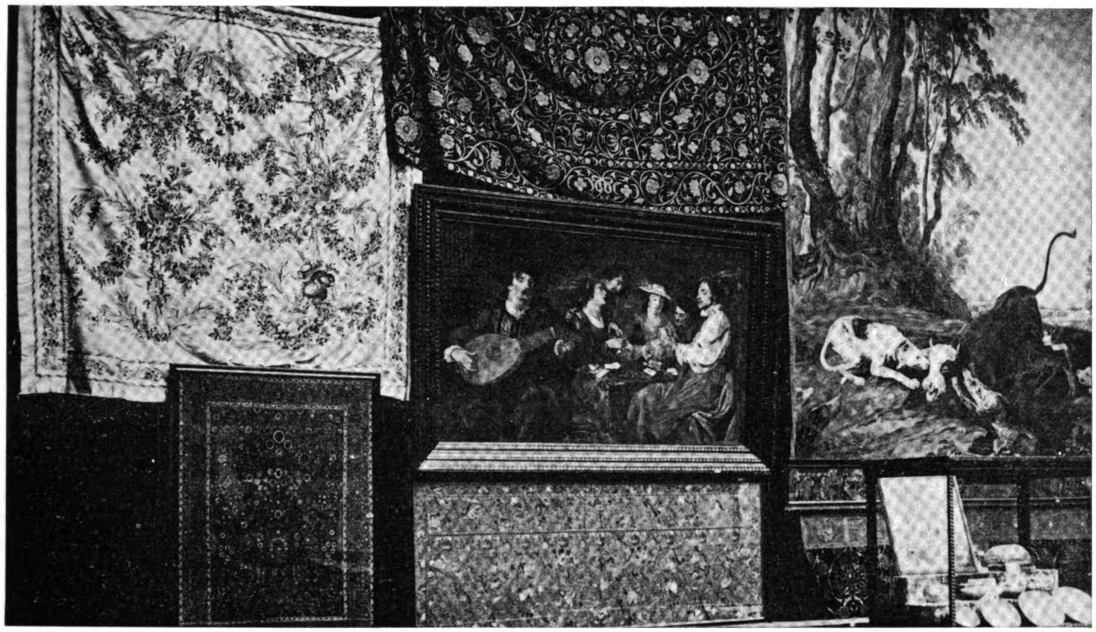
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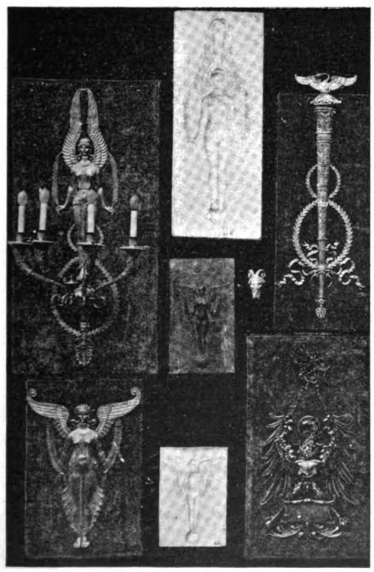
THE EXHIBIT OF SCULPTURE.



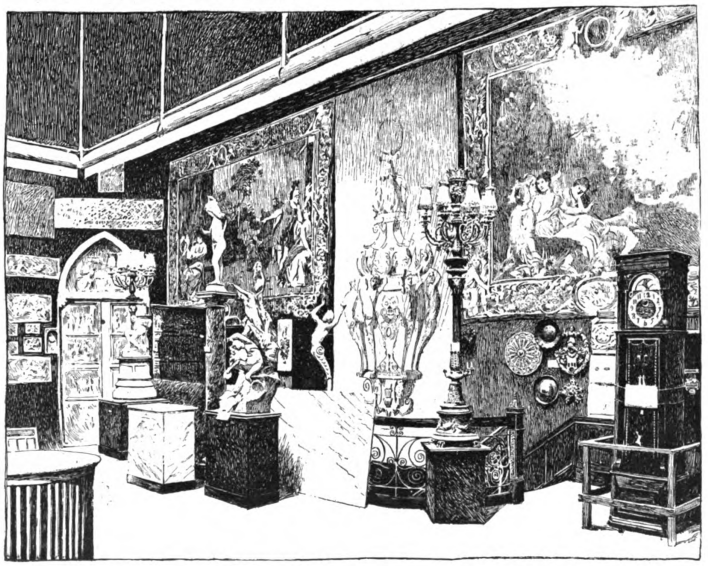
DOORWAY.



OLD TAPESTRIES AND EMBROIDERIES.



METAL-WORK.



WEST SIDE OF GALLERY.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK—VIEWS IN THE GEORGE W. VANDERBILT GALLERY.—Drawn by Rose and Edwards after Photographs by Langill.—[See Page 82.]

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UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

SCENE.—*An apartment in the Falls View Hotel. Doors at* R. C. *and* L. *At* R. *a speaking-tube and bell. Window at* L. *fitted with a portable fire-escape.* Mr. Arthur Pelton *is discovered sprinkling a new silk hat with cologne atomizer.*

THERE, that is better. (*Surveying the hat critically.*) Too bad to spoil a new hat, but this will save its value in fees every twenty-four hours. (*Shaking a quantity of rice out of his umbrella.*) Positively, our supply of rice seems inexhaustible. But this *must* be the last of it. I can't imagine why the general public should take such an absorbing interest in a newly married couple. Everybody looks at me as though I had done something extraordinary. Well, so I have. I've married Claire, and it isn't everybody who could do that. Dear Claire! I haven't seen her for over ten minutes. (*Walks to door,* R. C., *and looks in.*) There she is. (*Throwing a rapturous kiss through the door.*) Business, dearest. Hadn't you better take off your hat? You may catch cold when we go out. Now *don't* look at me like that, or I shall certainly come in and kiss you. (*He does so. Reappearing.*) This is dreadfully unbusinesslike. (*Calling.*) Claire, you mustn't interrupt me again. I've lots of things to do—the bill to pay, and everything else to arrange for before we go to the train. (*Resolutely.*) This is my busy day. *This is my busy day.* THIS IS MY BUSY DAY. (*At door,* R. C.) Are you sure that you don't feel a draught, dearest? No, you can't do anything to help me. I don't want you. Oh, good gracious! I didn't say *that.* You don't—I don't think—I mean— (*Exit hastily,* R. C. *Re-entering.*) What a brute I am! And she was such a perfect angel about it! Angel, thy name is Claire! "Angel, thy name"—why, that's rather pretty (*seating himself at centre table and writing*)—"is Claire. Tell me, bright vision, where"—(*biting his pen*)—fair—chair— Oh, confound it! (*Turns the paper over carelessly.*) My bill! (*Reading.*) "Ice-cream, carriages, ice-cream, rooms, ice-cream, breakfast, ice-cream, luncheon, ice-cream, dinner, ice-cream, um-um-um, ice-cream, ice-cream; grand total, ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents." For three days, that is what you may call living! We—I like that word; it is so comprehensive—have certainly enjoyed our honey-moon. Dear Claire! How happy I am that I am able to give her these little luxuries! (*Looking at his watch.*) Nine o'clock. Our train leaves at half past; our trunks have gone already, and the carriage will be here in ten minutes. I had better settle this at once. (*Feels carelessly for his wallet. Doesn't find it. Searches another pocket. With a slight anxiety of manner looks in more pockets. Frantically turns them all inside out, disdodging a quantity of rice, but no wallet. Catches up his umbrella and opens it. Rice falls in copious showers all over him. He runs to bell at* R., *and rings vigorously. Examines lining of silk hat. More rice. With a forced smile.*) How ridiculous all this is! Utterly absurd! (*A knock at the door. He answers it, and a pitcher of ice-water is handed in, which he carefully places on table.*) I must be calm; I must be very, very cool. Let me see. I had four hundred and seventy odd dollars in my wallet, and it's there yet; I know it is. The wallet is easy enough to find. (*Commences a systematic search of all his seventeen pockets.*) Confound this beastly rice! (*Throws a handful angrily away. A coin is heard to jingle.*) What's that? (*He searches diligently on the floor and discovers a penny.*) Well, that's a beginning. Come, now, we'll find the rest. (*Searches.*) By Jove, I believe it *is* gone! (*Sinks into a chair.*) I'm a perfect stranger to the landlord and to the town. Our trunks have gone to the station, and our tickets and berths are engaged. Everything is paid for but this confounded bill. We must be in the city to-morrow; I have promised Claire that we should be. (*Ringing bell,* R.) To-morrow is the anniversary of our wedding—that is, we will have been married just a week. I'll see the landlord—(*A knock is heard at door,* L.) There he is. (*Walking to door.*) I'm afraid it won't be so easy, after all, to make him understand. I—I—I can't do it. (*The door opens, and a second pitcher of ice-water is handed in. He takes it, and places it upon the table.*) If only our trunks hadn't gone. If I only had time to telegraph before the train leaves. (*A whistle is heard from the speaking-tube.*) Good heavens! What was that? Ah! (*He goes to speaking-tube.*) Carriage ready? Well, never mind. I think we'll go by the omnibus with the rest of them. Did I get the er—er—bill? Oh yes! thank you—thank you very much! (*Walking up and down room.*) How can I keep it from Claire? And I promised, only six short days ago, to shield her from every breath of sorrow. (*Carefully opening door,* R. C., *and looking in.*) There she is. My golden-haired darling! Eating caramels, and reading *Their Wedding Journey,* and I a pauper. Oh Lord! (*Groans.*) No; nothing's the matter, dearest. I was only trying to imitate that funny rhinoceros we saw the other day at the Zoo. I'll tell you when it's time to go. (*Throws a kiss through the door, and closes it quickly.*) The only thing to do is to see the landlord at once and explain. He will understand—I know he will. (*Advancing towards door,* L.) Perhaps it would be easier to explain through the speaking-tube. Happy thought! (*He whistles sharply through tube.*) Yes; I'm Mr. Pelton. I want to see Mr. Darling at the speaking-tube. Engaged in his office, eh? Never mind, I must see him. Very great importance. Ever so much obliged. (*A pause, during which* Mr. Pelton *stands nervously first on one leg, and then on the other. A whistle is heard.*) Yes; Mr. Pelton, Room 17. This is Mr. Darling? Yes. How are you, Mr. Darling? So sorry to call you away from your engagement. My business? Oh, certainly, certainly, I'll state it at once. It is such a lovely day that I can hardly collect my thoughts. Oh no! Nothing about the bill. It's all right—perfectly so. (*Aside.*) I can't do it. (*At tube.*) Exactly. Yes; I want it very particularly, and I hope it won't inconvenience you. (*A pause.*) I beg your pardon; I only require a little—a very little—ice-water. (*Sinking into a chair.*) Now I *have* done it. After that piece of asininity I might as well look for sympathy from a roaring bull of Bashan as from my landlord. (*A knock is heard at door,* L.) It's all up. I'm to be arrested as a common hotel beat. (*Recklessly.*) The sooner it's over, the better. (*Opens door and receives pitcher of ice-water, which he places upon table. Irritably.*) Confound it! Do the people in this hotel imagine that I am a raging volcano, and are trying to put me out? Not that they'd let me out? (*Opens door,* L., *cautiously. Another pitcher of ice-water is handed in.*) Well, I'm getting pretty well provisioned for a siege. (*Picking up his gloves.*) There's my gloves. Often put bills in 'em. (*He shakes them; a lot of rice tumbles out. He falls into a chair, and buries his face in his hands.*) This is a weakness unworthy of me. I'll see the landlord. I'll bully him into letting us go. I'll meet him face to face or back to back, just as he likes. No; I'll toss up for it. (*Takes his penny out.*) Head, face; tail, back. (*He tosses the penny in the air. He fails to catch it, and it slowly rolls along the floor and falls down the register.*) Ha! ha! I have struck bottom at last. Now it is every one for himself, and Heaven help the landlord! (*He rushes to the portable fire-escape at window,* L., *places the belt about his waist, and is about to lower himself from the window. With a sudden start.*) Good heavens! Claire! I'd forgotten all about her, forgot I was married, forgot everything—everything but the bill. (*Bringing his fist down upon it.*) Dash the bill! (*Picking it up.*) Hang the bill! (*Reading.*) Ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents, and—and—and RECEIPTED IN FULL! (*A whistle is heard at speaking-tube, and a knock at the door. Opening door, and receiving a pitcher of ice-water.*) Thank you. I sha'n't want any more. (*At speaking-tube.*) The omnibus ready? All right. No, you needn't send up my wallet. I'll call and get it from the hotel safe when I come down. So much obliged to you for taking such good care of it. Ha! ha! Yes, I am quite forgetful at times. Good-by. (*At door,* R. C.) Claire, are you nearly ready? (*Rapping impatiently.*) Hurry up; it is an age since I saw you. To speak more precisely (*consulting his watch on walking up centre of stage*), a Very Bad Quarter of an Hour.

CURTAIN.

OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

MOST people have heard something of ostrich-farming in South Africa, but few, comparatively, know that within the last ten years ostriches have been imported into southern California, and thrive well in that beautiful climate. "I was lately staying," writes a correspondent from California, "on an ostrich farm, owned by an Englishman, at Norwalk, Los Angeles County, California, and took some instantaneous photographs of these interesting big birds, with their 'attitudes queer and quaint,' as well as some sketches. It was a sight well worth seeing in the mornings when some fifty birds were let out of the paddock, where they had passed the night, into the pasture or field. The whole troop with wings outspread, their long white plumes waving, rustling, and almost whistling through the breeze they made, would race in a body several times round the field at a pace that would leave a good race-horse nowhere at the finish. This would invariably be followed by some of the finest kicking I have ever seen and by some very entertaining waltzing. Some well-aimed kicks would resound here and there; but their powers of taking are quite equal to their powers of giving, and I never saw one kicked into an invalid. When going amongst the birds, it is sometimes necessary to carry a long forked stick, and if they should show fight, they are literally 'choked-off' by the application of the fork of the stick to their necks. The illustration shows a couple of birds fighting in the paddock, and the men rushing up with forked sticks to choke them off before they have time to injure their feathers. Their diet is varied by giving them chopped-up sugar-beets, maize, and alfalfa hay, cut up and well moistened, and thus even a small farm of twenty acres, highly cultivated, can well support one hundred ostriches. The eggs are hatched in incubators, for though the birds will 'set' after laying fifteen eggs, double that number is obtained by their removal to an incubator. The first plucking from chicks six months' old averages $4 per bird at wholesale prices, after which the birds are plucked every seven months, the second plucking averaging $12 50, the third and after, $20, until the birds are full grown, when the annual proceeds from the feathers of an ostrich are over $35. Owing to some eggs being unfertile, it is difficult to estimate the increase; but this might fairly be placed at eight chicks a year from a pair. The unfertile eggs are blown, and have a ready sale at $15 and upwards a dozen. The admission fees of visitors to the ostrich farms are another source of profit. One man can do all the work on such a twenty-acre farm, but at plucking-time extra help is advisable. A duty of twenty-five per cent. levied on raw feathers imported into the United States gives the ostrich-farmer there an additional advantage."

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

SPECULATION as to the future of American architecture is in order when we see a body of architects and artists 250 strong entering elaborate quarters, and spreading before the public for the eighth year in succession an exhibition containing 600 pieces, either elevations of buildings erected and about to be erected, or iron-work, or marbles, or statuary, or stained glass, or hangings—in fine, objects which have to do with the building adornment of structures above the ordinary town or country dwelling.

The care with which these exhibitions are conducted increases each year. The present show is not only larger and more closely confined to things relating to architecture than ever before, but it is arranged in a series of galleries the finest in the land, and with uncommon skill. Stained glass, for example, has never before had proper showing; in the large gallery of the Fine Arts Society on West Fifty-seventh Street a dark chamber has been arranged to show the splendid windows our artist-artisans compose. But in little things the same evidences of thought appear. The Avery prize of fifty dollars secures by competition a design for the catalogue of the exhibition. It was won by J. A. Schweinfurth, of Boston, and honorable mentions were given the designs by Julius Beeckman and Edward B. Edwards, of New York, as well as Claude Fayette Bragdon, of Rochester.

What is the future of an architects' guild conducted after this fashion? The members meet in committee, at banquets, at lectures. They man a large number of social clubs, where they mix with the movement uptown; they labor during the day in the lower city, coming in contact with business men of all kinds. By virtue of the business side of their work they cultivate the practical; but in consequence of their present organization and headquarters they are in close touch with the painters, sculptors, engravers—artists more given over to art, or, what is perhaps another thing, less versed in the practical side of life. To say the least, their position seems very advantageous.

Whilst artists, whether as members of the Architectural League or of the two other bodies associated with the league in the Fine Arts Society, must exert a good influence on the architects, the latter are of great use to the artists. Architects have helped not a little to give the Society of American Artists the lead which that organization takes in the United States, and they have persuaded clients to indulge in luxuries in the matter of decorations which already have had the most healthful effect on some of our painters and sculptors. The most striking instance is the World's Fair, for notwithstanding the fact that in this case architects have taken the lion's share, leaving but crumbs to the artists, those crumbs are worth a good deal. They have afforded sculptors and painters a chance to return to the legitimate sphere of their work, namely, the façades and interiors of magnificent buildings which they have been asked to embellish, and the squares, water-courts and bridges round and near which these buildings rise.

It was most fitting, therefore, that the work of our artists at the World's Fair should be represented at the Architectural League by sketches, scale-drawings, cartoons in color, photographs, plaster casts—all in addition to the views of a large number of State edifices built, or in process of building, at the World's Fair, buildings for Ohio and Iowa, Georgia and North Carolina, Texas and California, Massachusetts and Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, Minnesota and Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey, not to speak of the Italian villa for New York designed by McKim, Mead, & White. This exhibit alone is interesting, but some idea of the decorations of the great structures may also be had.

In sculpture there are the models by Phimister Proctor for his polar-bears, which will stand on a bridge; views of colossal heads of artists, by Olin L. Warner, for the Fine Arts; photograph and plaster sketch of French's statue of the Republic, and photograph of French and Potter's four-horse chariot for the Columbian Arch, all at the World's Fair. In painting there are the sketches by W. L. Dodge for the ceiling for the Music Hall, four symbolical figures for the Fine Arts Building, and a tympanum for the Manufactures. Seven of the eight New York painters who decorated the side domes at the entrances of the Manufactures furnish details of their compositions, from the sketch to the enlarged cartoon, and in some instances the sketch for color. They are Messrs. Shirlaw, Beckwith, Weir, Kenyon Cox, Blashfield, Reinhart, and Reid. Many of these studies for the domes are more interesting than the figures in place, because the great height of the vaults makes the latter less easy to see, and the absence of color from the studies allows one to appreciate the fineness of pose and of drawing.

Another case in which architects and artists have combined to advantage is the decoration of the Hotel Waldorf, which Mr. Hardenbergh is putting up for the Astor estate. Maitland Armstrong has composed in stained glass a landscape with the church spires of the Rhenish village Waldorf in the distance; this will fill a large lunette. Will H. Low offers studies for several ceilings, sketch for a decorative panel with figure of Echo, another sketch for ceiling, "The Flight of Night," and designs for mosaic, all for the same hotel. Frank Fowler also has Waldorf decorations, studies for ten decorative figures for the ballroom.

The League continues its efforts to lead architecture out of the commercial wastes by granting gold and silver medals to draughtsmen under twenty-five years of age. The subject this year is a fountain which shall commemorate the Discovery. The gold medal went to Alfred F. Evans, of Chicago, and the silver to Hobart A. Walker, of Oak Park, Illinois. But of greater use to architects than medals are these exhibitions themselves, which permit of comparisons between the plans of the most active men in the profession, and thus allow the most absorbed architect an opportunity to learn what is going on. They keep the architects in touch with each other, and spread the knowledge of anything novel and useful. For instance, the Yandell leather hangings are represented this year by a goodly number of pieces, and the artificial marbles of the Mycenian Company can be seen without the trouble of hunting for the address of such products and loss of time in visiting the shops. So with wood-carving, brass-work, and wrought iron. An architect gets a very fair idea what certain shops can be called on to produce, and can make his choice. This is particularly the case with stained glass.

For its proper showing the big annex, or Vanderbilt Gallery, as it is called since Mr. George Vanderbilt presented $100,000 toward its erection, has the dark chamber on the mid-floor already mentioned. Here the Tiffany Glass Company makes a brave show of glass, and John La Farge, Maitland Armstrong, and others display their brilliant compositions, aided at night by artificial light. Cartoons and colored sketches for stained glass and mosaics occupy much wall space in the West Room, showing the various artists who design for glass and their several methods. It lies with the architect, therefore, if he does not know where to get the best that the world affords in stained glass. One may use that expression advisedly, for New York has been for some years the city where the finest stained glass is made.

In an exhibition so heterogeneous and in great part composed of sketches for large works which merely suggest the completed thing—and sometimes suggest it misleadingly—one can hardly say what makes the deepest impression. For mere beauty of color and tone the Persian rugs lent by Mr. H. G. Marquand are the greatest feast for the eyes; Mrs. A. S. Hewitt's tapestries and embroideries, her landscape picture in embroidery and Italian chasubles, are beautiful objects in their way; Duveen lends some tapestries of Beauvais. Native work is represented by Mrs. Wheeler's embroideries, including five pieces designed by as many young workwomen.

Of objects particularly interesting to New York people there are the plaster cast of one of the bronze doors for Trinity Church, memorials to the late John Jacob Astor, designed and modelled by C. H. Niehaus in his somewhat dry style, the several panels having scenes relating to the history of the church; elevations in colored drawings made in competition for the Manhattan Life-insurance, to stand near the Petroleum Exchange on Broadway, by J. C. Cady & Co., C. W. Clinton, Lamb & Rich, and Babb, Cook, & Willard, of which the design by the last-mentioned firm is much the best, being simplest, most massive, and dignified; the design in front elevation for the Post-graduate Medical School on Second Avenue by William B. Tuthill; and two large designs in perspective for the new St. Luke's Hospital, one by James Brown Lord, the other by the first-place man in the competition, Ernest Flagg. The New York headquarters at the World's Fair, which HARPER'S WEEKLY showed some weeks ago, is here in a colored drawing; and here is a picture of R. W. Gibson's church and collegiate school for the Dutch Reformed congregation on West End Avenue.

But to name the drawings that belong to New York alone would fill a column. It is enough to mark the fact of organization among our architects, and their close alliance with the artists, and to wonder—for who can tell?—what the results will be. It is certain to end by putting great power for good or evil in the hands of architects who become influential enough to direct matters. Along with the rise of the Architectural League into its present prominence there goes a very serious increase of responsibility for the status of art in all parts of the Union.

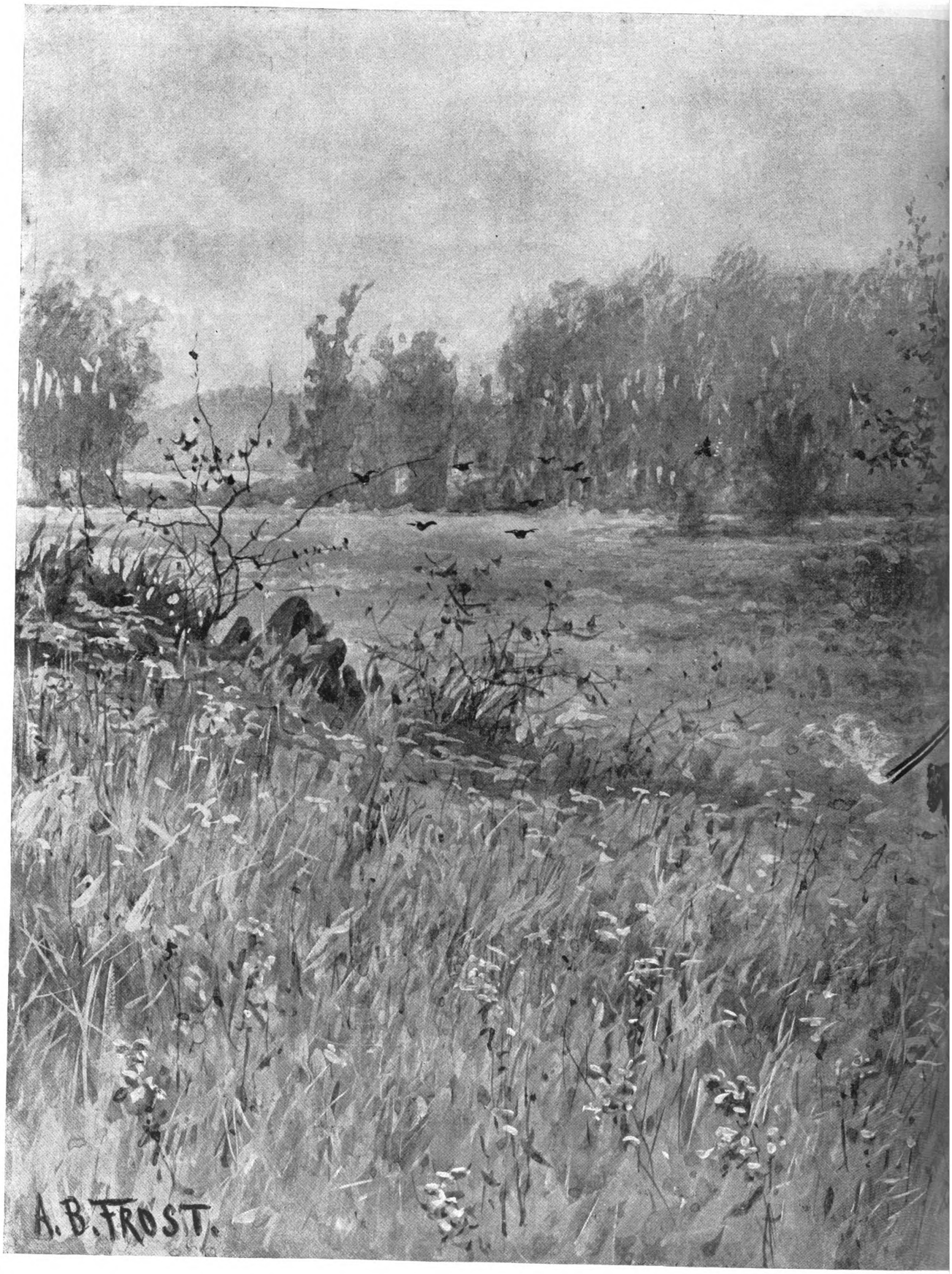
CHARLES DE KAY.

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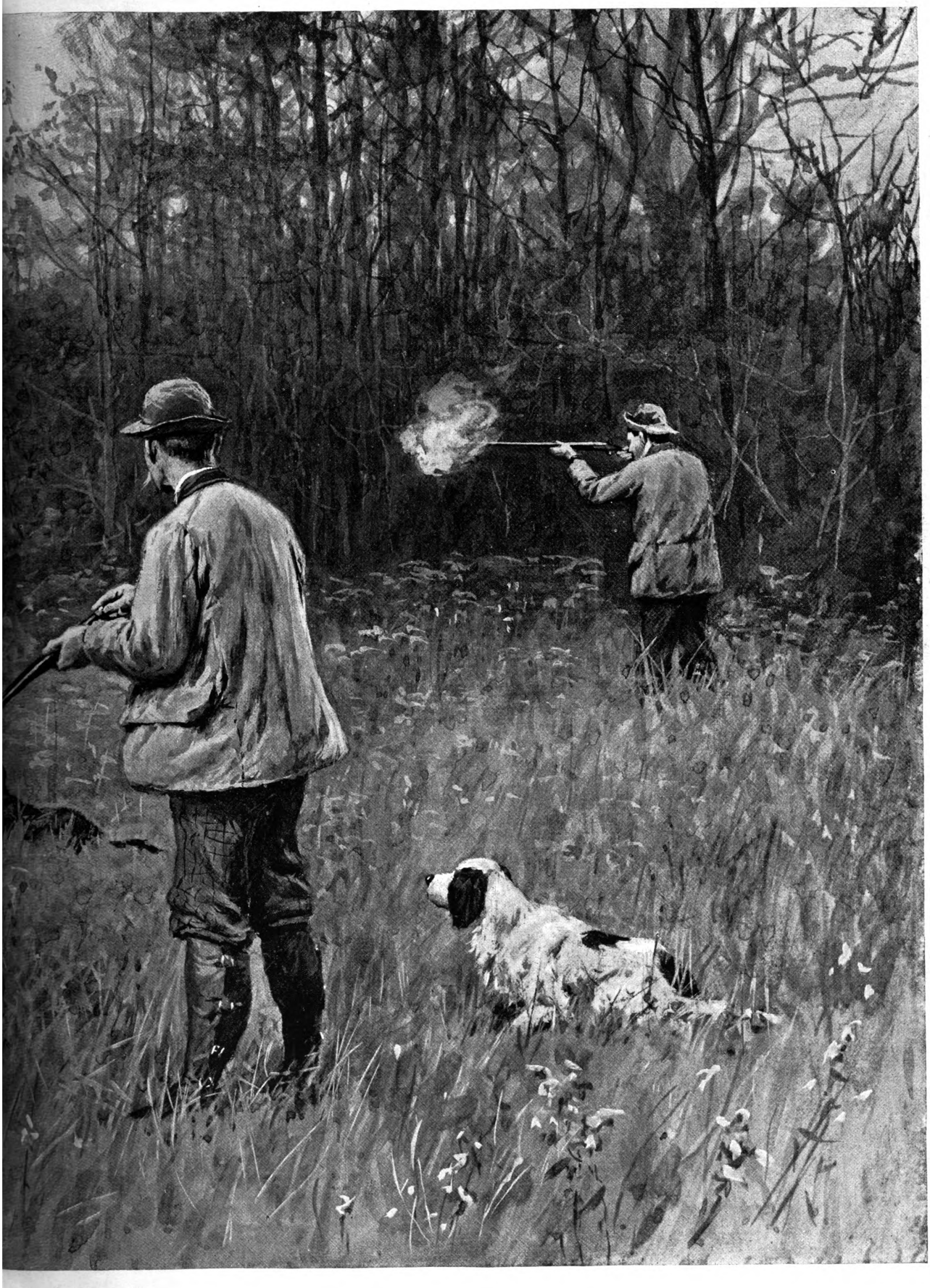
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QUAIL-SHOOTING—FOUR BARRELS AN

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FOUR BIRDS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.

So much has been said about the difficulty of making good country roads without involving a great outlay of money that it seems rather presuming to take a contrary view of the subject, but I think the matter has been much exaggerated, and that in any part of the country where clay, hard-pan, gravel, or disintegrated rock can be found it is quite easy to get excellent roads at comparatively little expense. I speak from some practical experience acquired in road-making in a very wild and hilly region of northern New Jersey, where we are accustomed to work out our taxes on thirteen or more miles of public highway, and by adopting the following system we have found it easy to keep the roads in such good condition that they can be driven over at all times with speed, comfort, and pleasure.

The proper time to begin work or repairs is in the early spring, just after the frost comes out of the ground, as soon as the roads have thoroughly settled and dried out. Where the road is old, with a good solid bed, the first thing to be done is to cover it all over with a light dressing of gravelly material, and when possible finish it off with a top coating of hard-pan; but avoid putting it on too thickly, lest the going become heavy, as it is slow to dry out. Loam is worse than useless, because it never packs properly, and makes mud. Care must be taken to raise the road up toward the centre, and give it a slight elevation at the crown, but only just enough to shed the water on either side into the gutters. On a level, straight road the crown should only be slightly convex, for rounding up a narrow road in the middle is objectionable, insomuch as it has the immediate effect of forcing wheels of vehicles to run always in the same line and wear away the new material into deep ruts that quickly become watercourses for the wash of the next rain, and assist the rapid destruction of the road by preventing the water from reaching the gutters. As fast as the new material can be laid on, it should be very carefully raked over to remove all the large stones and as many of the smaller ones as possible; for where this precaution is neglected until the stuff packs down hard, which happens in a few days, the stones become so firmly embedded that they are not only difficult to remove, but soon cause the road to wear in humps and bumps, and later in the season, during the dry weather, they work up continually and become a source of annoyance and danger. These stones should never be left in piles along the road-side, to be driven into, or scattered about by mischievous boys or stray cattle, but carted immediately away and dumped out of sight. The gutters should then be carefully cleaned by removing from them all deposits of mud, decayed leaves, or branches which have collected there during the winter months; never allow this stuff to be heedlessly thrown along the edges of the gutters or on the banks above them, for the first rains will surely wash all back to its old place, and the work has to be done over again. It is even worse to spread it out on the road, according to the common but mistaken practice of many road-masters, since decayed material can never pack properly, and always tends to make mud in wet and dust in dry weather. Another practical reason in favor of keeping the gutters free just after the roads are first repaired, is that when the heavy spring and summer showers have washed away the greater portion of the good new coating, it is at once caught and retained in the gutters, ready to be used the first time the road needs patching, when a man or two can quickly put it in first-class order by simply shovelling back the material to its old place again and then raking it over.

In the early spring, while the gravel or hard-pan is still sticky or heavy, the process of drying out and packing down can be greatly accelerated by keeping some one raking over the road to level off and smooth down the ruts as fast as they are made by the cutting in of the wheels, instead of allowing them to wear down deeper and deeper and to furnish sure channels for the wash of water which adds to the difficulty and expense of repairing. This method is quicker, easier, and far more economical than rolling, which requires a pair of horses, and it is surprising how great a distance a smart worker can get over and put in perfect order during a day. By repeating this raking once or twice, according to the condition of the road and the amount of travel upon it, the surface will pack down quite as hard and even as that of a park road.

Whenever a mud-puddle appears, owing to some slight depression, in a place so shaded by trees or shadows of hills that the sun loses its power, it should never be left to dry out slowly, day after day giving the wheels a chance to cut into it more deeply, but as soon as discovered a cart-load of good dry gravel should at once be dumped into it, then raked off, tamped down, and perhaps reraked until it packs hard and smooth.

Unfortunately farmers and road-masters have a fixed idea that the one way to prevent hills, long and short, from washing, is to heap upon them quantities of those original tumular obstructions known indifferently as "thank-you-ma'ams," "breaks," or "hummocks," and the number they can squeeze upon a single hill is positively astonishing. I remember one hill, less than a quarter of a mile long, where I counted twice as many as ten of these horse-killers and carriage-destroyers, yet in spite of these clumsy precautions the hill was always in bad order, and horses obliged to walk up it the whole way. Now, however, since the "breaks" have been removed and replaced by culverts, and the road properly graded and rounded at the crown, horses can trot easily over up or down, and it costs very little to keep the hill in good repair. Of course much eloquence, tact, and flattery must be expended to bring about the desirable result of inducing road-masters to abandon their most cherished belief, but in the interest of good roads it is well worth the effort on the part of everybody. When "breaks" are done away with, the crown should merely be raised somewhat higher than on a level road, giving it a good pitch to the gutters, which in this case must be sufficiently wide and deep to contain the large amount of running water that often accumulates so rapidly on a hill during a heavy shower as to resemble a small torrent. At certain intervals, therefore, where too large a body of water would collect for the capacity of the gutters, instead of the antiquated "break," a culvert must be introduced, which will afford the means of carrying off the overflow into the adjoining fields or fields.

This question of culverts is really quite an important one, since they bear almost the same relations to roads that keystones do to arches. Culverts made by putting together vitrified cement or glazed earthen-ware pipes are the most satisfactory, being easier handled and comparatively inexpensive, and when laid a certain distance below the surface, with little or no danger of being broken. But to obviate this they should be laid diagonally across the road, which prevents the weight of wagons from bearing upon them all at once, and also gives them better fall. An eight or twelve inch pipe will carry off a large amount of water, but where the volume increases to the size of a small stream, a twelve to fifteen inch pipe will be found to work admirably. On long hills it is advisable to lay some eight-inch pipes at reasonable distances apart, dividing up the gutters into short sections instead of giving them a free flow down the entire length of hill, and attempting to have the mass of water carried off by means of a large pipe introduced at the bottom, for in case of stoppage at this point, the road must necessarily be cut out. Shortening the length of gutters means diminishing the water's force and power to wash away material from banks, or to cut so deeply into the road edges. The difference in the cost of small pipes over a large one is not only exceedingly slight, but the little extra expense involved through putting them in is more than saved in one season alone. A short steep hill needs only a single pipe placed near the foot of the hill. These culverts have one advantage over all others, namely, a concave bottom with a smooth glazed surface, which allows the water to rush through so freely that it carries all obstructions before it, and permits no rubbish to choke up the pipes. These require no further attention than a slight examination every spring to see if the frost has cracked a joint, or the ubiquitous country boy has taken it upon himself to stop up the opening by stuffing small stones into it.

When carefully built, stone culverts are not bad, but they are expensive to make well, and, as a rule, their sides are laid up so carelessly in dry walls of such small-sized stones that they are liable to upheave and be thrown down by frost. Moreover, the flat stones laid across the top are often so badly dressed and fitted together that the gravel covering them keeps sifting through the cracks, filling up the culvert and exposing the holes on top, which are either chinked up with cobble-stones or left bare until some horse gets hurt and a row is made, with the only result that more earth is spread over, and the same process is kept up *ad infinitum*. Left entirely to himself, the native road-master prefers a more primitive culvert of his own make, which has the enormous merit in his eyes of being cheap, quick and easy of construction. His method, delightful in its simplicity, consists in digging a trench across the road, and bridging it over with a few split green chestnut rails cut by the road-side, which are afterwards covered with earth or sod heaped above the level of the road in such a manner as to make a disagreeable "break." Besides its liability to become choked and useless, this sort of culvert is particularly objectionable because it is always neglected and forgotten, being left to rot, until at last some horse's foot crashes through it, and the driver may consider himself lucky if the animal escapes with nothing worse than a slight wrench or scratch. During harvest, when it is almost impossible to get men to do any continuous work not connected with farming, to save time we are sometimes obliged to put in a temporary box culvert, made of planks nailed together like a long narrow box open at both ends. These culverts are a slight improvement on the local ones made from chestnut rails, inasmuch as, being quite flat on top, they do not destroy the road's level surface; but, unless care is taken to have them made of oaken planks, they rot out even more quickly than the others.

It is naturally a simpler matter to keep in good order those roads that have been constructed in the first place upon correct principles; but the so-called "old Revolutionary roads" have such a characteristic way of twisting and winding about or climbing over the highest points of hills to avoid ledges and bowlders that they require an entirely different sort of treatment, and can only be improved by slowly and patiently straightening them out through blasting and by removing all obstructions. Any attempt to improve these roads by covering up their rocks and ledges is worse than useless, for the earth cannot hold for any length of time on their hard smooth surfaces, consequently a season's rains are certain to wash away every bit of covering from the road-bed, leaving the stones more exposed than ever, from which doubtless arises the popular tradition throughout the country that stones actually grow. In spite of many repairs, year after year, small stones would keep working up, and the only way we found to prevent this was, for several seasons, to keep a couple of boys taking out each stone with a pick or crowbar as fast as it appeared, filling up the hole afterwards with the best gravel or hard-pan, tamping it down with a shovel, and then raking it over. In this way a smooth firm road-bed was finally secured to work upon, making all subsequent repairs light and durable. The tops of pointed rocks that stuck up were either knocked off with a sledge-hammer or blown up with a charge of powder, and all obstructions in the gutters removed in the same way, the sharp sudden turns in the road modified and rounded off, and the crown lowered to its proper height. It is extraordinary what inexhaustible patience and wonderful constitutions our ancestors must have possessed to enable them to jolt contentedly, day after day, over the same old obstacles, without its seemingly occurring to them to make any effort to remove the obstructions; and on a really bad road how one longs for similar philosophy and such admirable backbone!

Another excellent precaution, but one rarely attended to, is the cutting away of brush and weed growth along the road, particularly around the inside of a sharp turn or bend, in order to enable one to see if any traps are coming from the opposite direction; for in these days of fast driving, when every man imagines he owns a trotter, a narrow winding road becomes dangerous unless means are provided to get out of the way of the "old mare" as she tears around the corner. Brush when not cut down every season encroaches with incredible rapidity, and spreads so fast into the gutters that if neglected it narrows the roads perceptibly, and the same thing is true of weeds and grass, although in a lesser degree; they also should be removed at least once every year. Not, however, by the following reprehensible process, which finds great favor in the eyes of road-masters and farmers, and consists in sending out the "boy" with a yoke of oxen, or the "hired man" with a team to run a couple of furrows up and down the gutters with a plough, thereby loosening but not destroying all this vegetable growth, which is then either left to obstruct the gutters with useless ridges, or flung out over the road to pack down in all sorts of unequal masses.

The introduction of broad tires upon all farm wagons and carts adapted for heavy draught purposes alone would do much to improve roads, since half the trouble seems to arise from heavy loads carting over country roads at seasons of the year when the ground is soft. At Tuxedo, where all draught wagons are prohibited an entry unless furnished with broad-tired wheels, the tremendous advantage over the ordinary tires has been plainly proved, for there, even when the roads are softest and at their worst, they never cut up through the constant carting of heavy loads of brick, stone, or lumber over them; for the tires, by being so broad that they cannot cut in and hence track in the same place, act somewhat like rollers in keeping the roads hard and smooth. So much might be accomplished in this way if every one living in the country, when buying a farm wagon or cart, would not only make a point of getting one with broad tires, but would at the same time exert their influence to that effect with their friends and neighbors. For could the merit of these tires as road-improvers once become known throughout the country, public spirit alone would cause their use to become general, and much of the present trouble arising from the deep rutty condition of the roads would cease as if by magic.

SARAH COOPER HEWITT.

THE REIGN OF WINTER.

A COLD Thanksgiving and a white Christmas for the first time in many years certainly gave warning of what the winter had in store for us, but the wiseacres and amateur weather prophets pooh-poohed the idea of any lasting reign of cold. "Why," laughed they, "the seasons now have changed. A cold winter with plenty of snow is a thing of the past." And so they continued to talk, advising all men to make what they could out of the gentle freeze at Christmastime. But with the advent of 1893 the predictions of the old year were verified. The first three weeks of January were freeze, thaw, freeze, with very little thaw. But the combination played particular havoc with all kinds of shipping and navigation, and the worst is to come. At one time last week the old sea-dogs and the river boatmen about New York staid ashore, and over the fire predicted the most awful things if the mercury went any lower, and told of horrible things that would happen if a mild spell set in. The cold strengthened, and traffic on the water was almost at a standstill. The boats in the bay had a terrible siege for two or three days about the middle of the month, when the weather moderated, and large fields of ice came down the rivers and choked the waters of the harbor. The Staten Island ferry-boats had a most unenviable time for a while. One day there were three or four of them held in the pack of ice, wholly unable to move, while the horses and passengers could do nothing but shiver with the cold. Several hours were consumed in making the trip from St. George to the Battery, a run of six miles, that generally takes thirty minutes. These boats lay helpless for hours until the turn of the tide, when the ice cracked and set seaward, thus enabling the boats to reach the nearest dock with the aid of several strong tugs. Business men, due at their offices at nine or ten, reached the city at the luncheon hour, and some of the late ones did not get up at all because there were no boats to take. There was no attempt at schedule time, and some trips had to be abandoned altogether at night. Tugs and barges were caught in this awful jam, a tramp steamer keeping them company. Some ferries had to forego any trips at all during the blockade, and many ferry slips had to be abandoned altogether owing to the ice packed within. A Brooklyn ferry-boat took three hours to land on one occasion, and was obliged to summon a tug to force its way.

The tugs did noble service when they were not frozen in. They would back a short distance, put on a full head of steam, and go crash-bang into the ice, making a little channel. But it was slow work, as only a few feet were gained each time. After a few days of extremely severe and dangerous travel, most of the ice went down to the lower bay, and there froze up. The Staten Island boats were enabled to make their trips, accompanied and assisted by tugs, in a comparatively short time. The rivers meanwhile having been frozen tight and fast, very little ice came down into the bay; but around the shores, by long docks, and in the basins on all sides, the ice was solid, and many vessels were unable to move. The Sound steamers managed to keep a small channel open, but there were great fields of ice all about, and the Hudson was frozen across almost down to the ferries. At Yonkers many people crossed on the ice to New Jersey, although one of the first who tried it fell in. But as this man's name was Snow, the disaster may be accounted for. At Nyack, where the river is three and a half miles in width, a safe passage to the opposite shore was easily made. When all this ice breaks up and comes down into the bay, boats of all kinds will probably be laid up; and should another freezing spell set in after the bay is choked up, then sea-dogs and boatmen will have even less to do than now.

New York is, or was, by no means the only sufferer from the cold. The mercury has hovered about zero, but rarely fallen below it, except in the upper portion of the State. In the Northwest it is reported that the cold was so great that after doing its best to register 30° or 40° below zero, the mercury simply froze and couldn't do any more. The Southern States experienced weather which was simply "unprecedented," as the despatches put it. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall such an intense or prolonged cold spell, and is miserable in consequence. On the Tennessee and North Carolina line, a despatch of January 16th stated that snow was nine inches deep and the thermometer 14° below zero. The Cumberland River is frozen solid, and people are skating in districts where the inhabitants never before saw skates. In Virginia, at various points, it was 10° below zero, and the suffering of the natives terrible. Even in Charleston ice has remained in the streets all day, and there everybody had a terrible time. "Winter resorts" have become the resorts of winter, and it is impossible to estimate the damage the intense cold has brought to the South. As far down as Titusville, Florida, freezing weather was experienced.

Coal famines are generally threatened in many large cities, and in some cases the danger is still very great. Cincinnati was probably the worst off at one time. There the coal supply ran short, and only by extraordinary efforts was any procured. The *Enquirer* newspaper managed to obtain some coal, and sold it in quantities of not more than a ton to the poor at slight cost. Another paper gave bread to the poverty-stricken people of the city who were thrown out of employment by the cold. The Ohio River is frozen across and wagons have crossed on the ice. About the river-front of Cincinnati boats were kept moving to and fro in order to keep the river open, but it was impossible to prevent the ice from gaining the upper hand. There are several gorges of great height and strength at different portions of the river, and the greatest danger is not yet passed. It was proposed to the United States engineers to blow these dangerous spots up with dynamite, but the Federal authorities would not allow the money for the purpose. A fall in the river would break up the boats now held fast by the ice, and a rise would also do great damage. It is a most unpleasant position altogether, especially as the weather gives no signs of abatement. The present year has started in sure enough to make itself remembered in one way at least.

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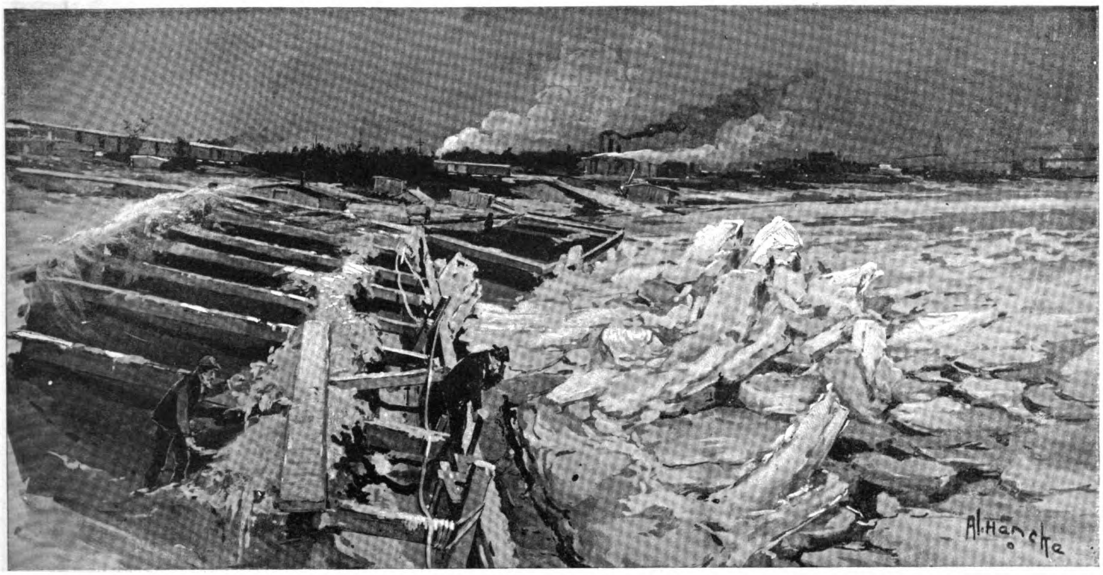


OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 82.]

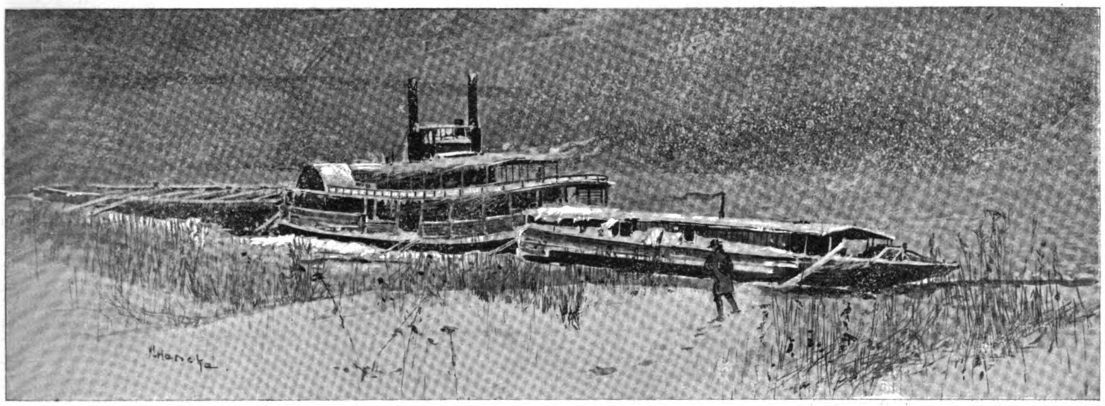
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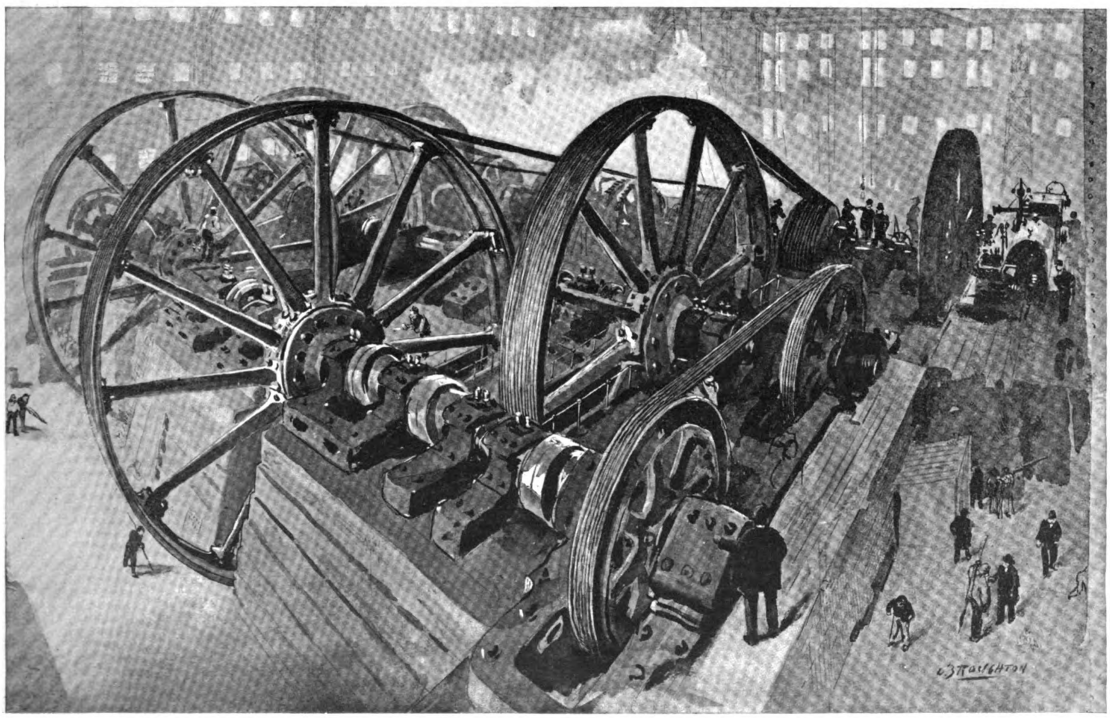


THE JAM ON THE OHIO RIVER NEAR CINCINNATI.



COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT OFFICERS INTENDED BLASTING WITH DYNAMITE.

THE ICE GORGE ON THE OHIO.—Drawn by A. Hencke after Photographs by Landy, Cincinnati.—[See Page 87.]



THE NEW CABLE ROAD ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE POWER-HOUSE AT FIFTY-FIRST STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.

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IN THE WHITE WOODS.

When winds are wild o'er steep and plain,
And Nature's beauty seems to wane,
The winter woods are still as fair
As when the summer lingered there;
All is white and chaste and hushed
When Nature, tired and summer-flushed,
Lays her down where snows are deep,
And sinks into her beauty sleep.

And Nature's lovers love her best
Sleeping through her winter's rest.

Francis S. Palmer.



The principal event of interest in a rather featureless dramatic and musical week was Mr. Daly's revival of Sheridan's comedy, *School for Scandal*, as the fourth production of his annual old-comedy season. *School for Scandal* is one of those absolutely great plays which never grow old; time cannot change or custom stale its infinite variety. As it is said, too, that a new generation of theatre-goers appears every two years, it rather strengthens one's opinion that quite a goodly proportion of the audience at Daly's the other night had apparently never heard the play before. Dramatic art does not seem to have made any very important advance since Sheridan's time, as, in point of deftness of construction, of humor, wit, and satire in dialogue and situation, of sustained interest and vivid portrayal of character, no better comedy than *School for Scandal* has ever been written, and certainly none better has been given to the world since it was first produced in 1777. Why, the ideas in the fourth act alone have furnished the starting-point for comedies and farces in every language. Possibly the stage has gained in variety of incident since Sheridan penned his immortal comedy, but certainly not in variety of character, and it may well be that the variety of realistic incident which modern dramatic taste seems to call for in modern plays has not a little to do with the decline in the art of acting and play-writing since Sheridan's time. *School for Scandal* was written by Mr. Sheridan for the ordinary stock company at the Drury Lane Theatre. Probably there were a dozen actors in that one company who could have played Sir Peter Teazle, and played him well; it would be difficult to find at the present day the same number, both in England and America, who would be adequate in the part.

In view of this, Mr. Daly's season of revivals of old standard comedies is of unquestionable advantage to both actors and audience, in showing the one what a well-constructed play which can stand the test of time and the almost complete change of manners and customs incident thereto ought to be, and in giving the others practice and experience in the way such a play ought to be acted. As a whole, the revival of *School for Scandal* was an enjoyable one, though, perhaps, not altogether equal in merit to one or two previous ones in this city, notably that at Wallack's Theatre at the close of Mr. Wallack's management in the spring of 1887. The truthfulness and charm of Miss Rehan's impersonation of Lady Teazle are too familiar to New York playgoers to call for extended comment; but one can hardly refrain from noting specially the artistic and logical development of a conception of the part which is none the less admirable because in a measure unconventional.

At first sight Miss Rehan's Lady Teazle seems almost too impertinent, too frivolous, and too restless, and one is rather inclined to sympathize with the irascible Sir Peter than with the lady herself in their quarrels. But in the great scene of the fourth act we realize that the half-cooked country girl, suddenly raised to a sphere of life beyond her own, and with almost childish thoughtlessness determined to out-Herod Herod in fashion and frivolity, for the first time sees what the world is and what her position in it means, and the full force, subtlety, and surpassing excellence and art of the whole conception comes home to us. It is a pleasure also to be able to record the success made by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, whose appearance as Charles Surface had been awaited with considerable curiosity. A certain lack of finish in delivery, and an absence of the reckless elegance natural to a gay spendthrift and man of fashion, noticeable in Mr. Bourchier's impersonation, were more than atoned for by a geniality, heartiness, and humor which were most sincere and most convincing, and which made the audience realize from the first that the judgment of Sir Oliver in regard to his two nephews was the correct one. Evidently Mr. Bourchier shows to better advantage as a light comedian than as the conventional *jeune premier*. As regards the rest of the cast, the shadow of Mr. Gilbert rather obscured the quiet excellencies of Mr. Wheatleigh's Sir Peter, while the elegant finish of Mr. Herbert's Backbite and Mr. Lesoir's Trip was as evident as of yore. In the hands of Mr. Clarke, Joseph Surface was clumsy rather than shrewd, blundering, rather insinuating, and although admirable in many respects, one could hardly recognize in his impersonation the subtle attraction and fascination which could ensnare such a woman as Lady Teazle. Mrs. Gilbert was, as usual, excellent, and the rest of the cast was at least adequate to satisfactorily complete the groupings around the principal characters. Lord Tennyson's pastoral comedy, *The Foresters*, is next in order in the series of old-comedy revivals.

This week will witness the rise above the horizon of a new dramatic star, which, if report speak truly, should be of the first magnitude. Italian dramatic art has been made known to the American public hitherto principally through Salvini, Rossi, and Madame Ristori, and its supreme power and excellence in each of these instances was so marked that the arrival of a new and much-heralded exponent of that art in the person of Miss Eleonora Duse, who appears for the first time in this country at the Fifth Avenue this week, has been awaited with no little curiosity, expectation, and interest. Miss Duse, who was born at Vigevano, a small town in northern Italy, comes of a theatrical family, both her father and grandfather having been actors of no little ability and considerable local reputation. She went on the stage when twelve years old, and after considerable experience with travelling companies, finally became leading lady at the Florentine Theatre at Naples. Although considered a great actress in Italy, where every one knew of her name and fame, her reputation has only travelled into the big world beyond in the last year, during which she has made a most successful *tournée* of the great European capitals, where, it is said, her appearances have excited the utmost enthusiasm. Thirty-two years of age, and not, strictly speaking, beautiful, her artistic strength is said to lie in her power of sinking her personality absolutely in the author's conception, and in a



ELEONORA DUSE.

personal magnetism and fascination which, as it were, hypnotizes an audience. It is reported that Dumas has said, "It is to be regretted for our French dramatic art that this unsurpassed artiste is not French." Coming from a Frenchman, this is the highest possible praise. The great characteristic of this actress which raises her above all her contemporaries is said to be her truth in feeling and action, and the manner in which she eliminates all artifice, method, and everything that partakes of the artificial in her impersonations. Miss Duse will have to be a great actress indeed to realize all the expectations which have been raised by the commendation which has been passed upon her before her appearance; but as good actresses are rare, it is sincerely to be hoped that she will prove one.

It is curious that of late years, whether by accident or design, the works of the great French composers resident in Paris have had their first presentation outside that city. Massenet's opera, *Werther*, produced in Vienna nearly a year ago with great success, has only recently been performed in Paris, where it did not make the triumph it was expected to. In *Werther*, of which the subject is cleverly drawn from Goethe's great romance, Massenet has to a certain extent endeavored to apply the principles of the Wagnerian music-drama to ordinary social life. There is no chorus, and the music is made up largely of recitative in the Wagnerian style. The piece is in four acts, of which the first and third would appear to be the best, the second act being spoken of as indifferent, and the last as bad. There is an evident lack of purpose in the music of this opera, which, it is said, lays it open to severe criticism. At times the music is of the ultra-Wagnerian school, and then again exhibits the meretricious superficiality of the Italian style. Altogether, whatever success the work has appears to be due to the fresh beauty of the first act, an arietta for Charlotte in the second act, and a superb scene for the same character in the third act, with a magnificent "air des larmes" for soprano. Mlle. Delmas, who appeared as Charlotte, made a great success; the Werther of M. Ibos was not good. On the whole, it would seem that M. Massenet had not been altogether successful in his attempt to ingraft Wagnerian principles and methods on what is, strictly speaking, lyric opera.

Two melodramas—one of English, the other of native manufacture—have been produced on local stages during the past week, which partly illustrate the present tendency in dramatic work of making realistic incident do duty for, and take the place of, dramatic construction, dramatic characterization, and almost everything else which is usually considered as necessary attributes of a successful play. In the one, *The Flag of Truce*, the hero lies wounded in a stone quarry, under a derrick, on which is suspended a large block of recently quarried stone; the villain cuts the rope, and the audience gasps for breath as the hero is pulled from beneath the descending stone just in time to escape being crushed, and then breaks forth into wild enthusiasm. This is a specimen of American dramatic inventiveness. In the other, called *The Span of Life*, in order to effect the escape of the heroine and a child, who are pursued by Arabs, three men, evidently acrobats rather than actors by profession, mount on each other's shoulders, and, falling forward, form a living bridge across a chasm, over which the pursued heroine retreats to safety. This feat, whether as dangerous as it appears or not, is certainly thrilling, and succeeded, like the previously mentioned one, in eliciting tumultuous applause. This eminently dramatic conception is of English origin. If realism of this kind be pushed much further, the next thing in order on the stage will be gladiatorial shows of the kind popular in ancient Rome. Possibly this might be an efficacious way of disposing of our criminal classes; but the popularity of these and similar devices would seem to indicate that our popular dramatic taste is at a pretty low ebb.

The present theatrical and musical week, which will be marked by the opening of a new theatre with a new play of American parentage, the first appearance of an eminent Italian tragedienne, and the inauguration of a season of opera in English, with a new opera, *Boabdil*, hitherto unheard in this country, is certainly of exceptional interest, and of sufficient variety to interest the most hardened and *blasé* first-nighters. Of all this, more anon.

Reginald de Koven.

CRINOLINE.

The times are ominous. The last end of the nineteenth century is like a bad old man with a sinister threat in his eye. The air is thick with whisperings. We shiver and look over our shoulders, hardly knowing what we shall see; we cringe as if some blow were about to fall on us—what, whence, why, we do not know, but we cringe. The steeple of the church seems quivering in the very act of toppling on our heads; scandal springs on us from innocent-looking corners; war thrusts a menacing face at us. We start back from one horror only to stumble on another.

But what are they all—all these bugaboos of the troubled times (I speak to the women of America)—what are all the "army bills," "Panama scandals," "tariff reforms," "reciprocity treaties," "home-rule bills," "papal delegates," "silver situations," "Tammanys," "deals," immigrants, pensions, McGlynns, Parkhursts, Briggses, Corrigans, beside the new disaster that threatens us—crinoline? The question is not asked in a flippant spirit. There is a dark significance under the seemingly trivial agitation; there is more involved in the issue than a few yards of horse-hair stiffening. Under such innocent guises some of their greatest woes have stolen upon humanity.

But a great light has burst in upon our darkness; the hidden springs of the movement have been revealed to us as by a lightning flash from heaven. Promptly we sound the note of alarm to rouse all the women of the land to join hands in concerted action against a common foe—man. For who can doubt for a moment that man is at the bottom of the whole black business?

With a jealous eye he has long watched his fair competitor gaining on him in the races, ousting him from positions he considered his by divine right, pushing into his colleges, snatching his prizes, riding his bicycles, drawing his salaries, and sulkily he has noted, keeping pace with this movement, the evolution of her clothes; for, with his other prerogatives, she seemed to be seizing upon the pre-eminent one of sensible dress. When she stepped out in front of him finally in her "blazer suit," with its trim and narrow skirt, its neat shirt front and cuffs, its comfortable blazer, its accompaniment of tie, belt, dog-skin gloves, and sailor hat, his rage knew no bounds. He might have forgiven her even then if that had been all; but when he knew that under her arm she carried a lawyer's brief, or a professor's diploma, or a doctor's medicine-case, or a ledger, or a lecture, or a sermon, or some other symbol of her profession, he darkly vowed vengeance. And mark how craftily he sets to work! To lure her back to the old manner of dress, he argues, will be to lure her back to the old manner of life, and subdue her to her proper sphere; he will bind her again with the old shackles, and once more she will crouch submissive at his feet. And again I say, mark his cunning! With a ruffle—an innocent ruffle—he decoys her to the first step; with inoffensive stiffening he entices her on; with a breadth here and a breadth there he leads on by insensible degrees; and behold she is in crinoline up to her knees!

But the evil does not stop at that. As we said before, that is merely a simpering mask for an ugly fact. A wire, harmless in itself, is insinuated—two wires—three—good heavens, she is caged in a hoop-skirt! And wait a minute; that isn't all. With the hoop-skirt must come the old poke-bonnet; for who could imagine wearing a sailor or Derby hat with a hoop-skirt? And the old pelisse or shawl folded three-cornerwise; for fancy wearing a blazer jacket with a hoop-skirt! And so on and on, until he sees before him the ideal women as she looks in the old-fashioned daguerreotypes and prints of his grandfather's time, prim and balloon-like, gathering her shawl about her shoulders with silk-mitted hands, and smiling modestly in the depths of her poke, under the ample roof of a toadstool sunshade. Look at her! and then say if it would be possible for this human umbrella to go to court to argue a case, to mount the pulpit to preach a sermon, to drive a coach, to run a ranch, to do the thousand and one things that are supposed to be the birthright of the lords of creation, with their unhampered legs.

Such is our diagnosis. To suggest a remedy is another matter. If our enemy would come out and fight "like a man"—oh, irony of language!—we would not tremble for the issue. But when he works with "the craft and subtlety of the devil," with like craft and subtlety must he be met. An indefinite idea or two suggests itself to our mind that others may elaborate and put into execution—a Crinoline Bill to be laid before Congress, a Pope of Fashion established in Paris, with an Apostolic Delegate to America, a Salvation Army—but, doubtless, ideas will not be wanting when once the spark has been kindled.

The situation is a grave one. We solemnly appeal to all the women of this free, unfettered country to bring the proverbial ingenuity of their united intellects to bear upon it, to suggest some measure whereby the hand of vengeance may be stayed, and the curse of crinoline averted from their unoffending heads—we would say, feet. Our sisters of England have instituted a No-Crinoline League, each member of which binds herself by a solemn pledge to "do all in her power to prevent the wearing of" the abomination; shall we be less bold, less zealous, more easily ensnared than they? No! no! we cannot but believe that the blood of the "Daughters of Liberty" still courses in the veins of the women of this land, and that it will stir them to battle for their freedom in the grave crisis that approaches.

In those stirring Revolutionary times one of those same patriotic "daughters" wrote, "I hope there are none of us but would sooner wrap ourselves in sheep and goat skins than buy English goods of a people who have insulted us in such a scandalous manner." This, sisters, is the spirit for us to emulate! Rather than submit to be incarcerated in the diabolical cage into which our oppressor would drive us, "I hope there are none of us but would sooner wrap ourselves in sheep and goat skins!"

Louise Worthington.

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PAINTING BY MACHINERY.

In the painting of the buildings of the exposition the necessity for some method of covering their great areas which would be more rapid and less expensive than the brush was realized almost from the beginning of construction. Where such extensive wooden construction is used it is impracticable, if not quite impossible, to dress all surfaces, and there exist many spaces inaccessible to the brush; further than this, the rough or "whiskered" lumber makes the life of the brushes exceedingly short.

As early in the period of preparation of the exposition as the placing of foundations, careful consideration was given this subject, and efforts made to perfect a painting-machine. The earlier experiments were, however, far from successful, and it was not until the buildings were ready for their decoration that the subject was again taken up. Additional impetus was now given by the fact that there remained insufficient time before the opening of the exposition to accomplish so vast a work by hand. Some weeks were occupied in further experiments, Mr. F. D. Millet, director of decoration, and his assistant, Mr. C. Y. Turner, each giving much time and attention to the problem. Meanwhile the painting of the buildings then nearing completion progressed as rapidly as possible by hand in the usual manner. Finally a machine which successfully sprayed color upon the surfaces to be covered, on the same general principle as the "atomizer," was produced and immediately set to work. In this first successful apparatus the color (in nearly all cases kalsomine) was passed directly through the rotary engine used for compressing air; but because of its gritty nature the wear was so great as to become a serious objection, and to render a more satisfactory method of introducing the color necessary. Further work produced the machine which is now a most important factor in the rapid completion of the fair.

A Turner rotary engine, invented by Mr. T. G. Turner, of New York, driven by a five-horse-power electric motor, provides the compressed air in cases where the pneumatic system of the exposition is not available. This engine furnishes the required pressure in a uniform manner, without the cumbersome air-chamber necessary to overcome pulsation of compressors operated upon the cylinder and piston principle. The engine, electric motor, color reservoir, etc., are mounted upon a truck, which is readily moved from place to place. Into the reservoir the kalsomine is poured after having been properly mixed, and through it from the bottom there is forced a jet of air at a pressure of eighteen or twenty pounds per square inch. In this manner the contents are kept agitated, and any deposit of sediment prevented. From the top of the reservoir the air is then conducted through a pipe to a point on the outside near the base, and here, by means of a half-inch regulating valve, the color passes into the main air-pipe, where it unites with the compressed air, forming a spray which passes into an ordinary three-quarter inch garden hose of any desirable length. At the end of this hose is attached a nozzle, a simple arrangement, consisting of a brass pipe flattened out so as to leave an aperture one-sixteenth of an inch in width and about an inch and a half long. One machine furnishes spray for two nozzles, each being operated by a skilled painter, who applies the color as one would handle a lawn-sprinkling hose. While trained painters are not absolutely necessary to the proper operation of the appliance, it has been found that better results are obtained by their employment. From ordinary scaffolding the color is sprayed upon the wood-work in sections, the machine being moved as work progresses.

In many cases in the main buildings the use of a separate compressor has been unnecessary, the exposition having in operation throughout the grounds an underground system of compressed air for the movement of the ejectors in connection with drainage of the grounds. Where this system is available the process is the same, except that the compressed air is heated by means of a coil adjusted in a salamander containing a coke fire. This secures the proper temperature, and enables the machine to work in very cold weather, when hand-painting is impossible. Heating is not required where individual compressors are used, because the friction of the machine raises the temperature of the air to the required point.

There are now at work within the grounds fourteen machines, each with a force of three men, covering an average of 140 squares, or 14,000 square feet, per working day of eight hours. A comparative test recently made showed that one painter could cover with a brush a daily average of about eight squares, while a machine upon similar work accomplished with equally satisfactory results nearly twenty times this amount, there being, however, two nozzlemen for each machine. As high as 304 squares have been done by one machine in eight hours, but this was an exceptional case, where all conditions were favorable for rapid work. December 8, 1892, a number of machines began work upon the interior of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. At the end of three weeks, with a daily average of about thirty men, 1,332,669 square feet—one-half of the entire surface to be covered—had been finished. One of the advantages of this system is that in the coldest weather, when brushes are frozen solidly in transit from pail to wall, the machine-work goes actively ahead.

The only comparison between machine and brush whereby the former suffers is in the amount of material used. Where twenty barrels of kalsomine are required for hand-work, the machine will use twenty-one. With a saving, however, in time and labor of about twenty to one, the small amount of waste in material is scarcely worthy of consideration.

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Just so surely will a neglected attack of liver complaint multiply other bodily troubles. To the prompt, certain relief of this ailment, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is particularly adapted, as well as to the indigestion, constipation, and sick headache of which it is the parent. The liver is always affected in malarial complaints. These are cured and prevented by the Bitters, potent too in rheumatic, nervous, and kidney disorder.—[*Adv.*]

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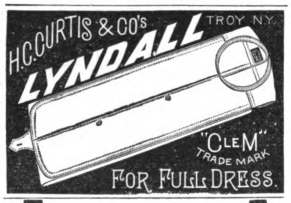
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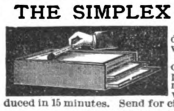
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AN ABANDONED FERRY-SLIP.—From a Photograph by Hemment.

NEW YORK BAY DURING THE COLD SPELL.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.—[See Page 87.]

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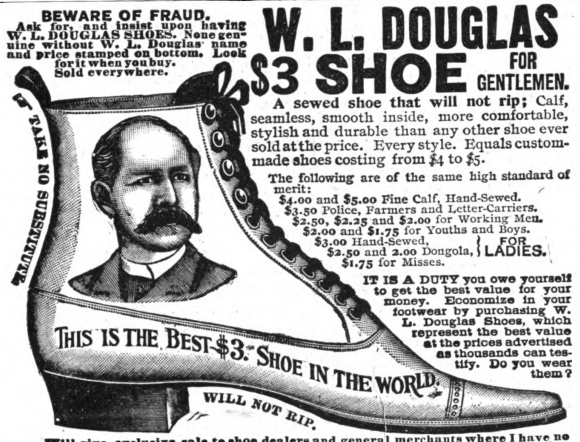
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A MENTAL ELOPEMENT.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

It was late in August. The air was soft and sweet. I was free from care. Lying in a hammock, swinging idly to and fro, smoking my after-dinner cigar, I was to all intents and purposes thinking—thinking in the abstract. It was a moment of reflection that involved no concrete thought.

Thinking is one of my bad habits. My friends say it is the ruin of me—destroys all my positive qualities, they say. I never assert—I always think. I believe that this is wise. The man who never asserts is never mendacious. Assertion is the thief of accuracy. My friends tell me that any idiot can think a thing is so, but that it takes a genius to assert and support his assertion. This may be true.

But I prefer to be an idiot; it is easier, happier, less committal than genius. Anyhow, to all intents and purposes I was indulging in two bad habits that late August evening—smoking and thinking in a thoughtless fashion.

And as I smoked and thought, the door of the little Queen Anne cottage on the other side of the street opened, and there in the moonlight stood the fairest, rarest, most radiantly lovely creature I had ever seen. And my heart gave a great throb. It was a throb of pain. For I am engaged, and any heart disturbance that had not for its initiative that other fairest, rarest, most radiantly lovely being I had ever seen was necessarily painful, particularly so on this occasion, because the party of the first part, she who was now wearing the useful little solitaire that had done service in my two previous engagements, was at that moment within the house on whose porch my hammock was swinging.

What if she should come forth and surprise me while I was admiring the vision across the street?

Horrible thought.

I lit a fresh cigar and felt secure, for my Phyllis cannot abide smoking.

Whether it was the light of my cigar or the scratching of my match on the sole of my shoe that attracted the attention of that rare pale Margaret across the way I don't know, but, at any rate, she cried, in silvery tones,

"Hullo! is that you?"

It was a difficult question to answer.

I certainly am myself, but equally certainly I was not the person to whom she so fascinatingly referred as "you."

I was too much overcome to think, so for once I asserted.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm me." And then my heart throbbed again, this time with a fearsome throb lest she should notice the ungrammatical quality of my response. I should have said "I'm I," but, as I have already remarked, I was indulging in assertion, and assertion and I are not at home together.

My fears were groundless, for my words had hardly had time to cross over the highway which separated us when she replied, "Come over."

Engaged as I was, I went. As I drew nearer she grew lovelier and more radiantly beautiful.

"Where have you been all this time?" she asked.

Again I was nonplussed. I had never seen her before, and it would have taken me a long time to tell her where I had been in the twenty-seven years I have had the honor to exist. If I had stuck to my habit of thinking, I should have seen at once that she took me for somebody else; but, alas! my thinking apparatus was out of gear, so I answered, "Waiting for you." Another assertion, and untrue.

"Well, I came as soon as I could," she said. "I mislaid my glasses, and you know how upset I am without glasses."

"Yes, I know," I said. Assertion number three. Alas! untrue again.

"I can hardly see you now," she added. Then she nestled up against my coat and looked at the moon.

"You've got a new suit, haven't you?" she asked.

"No—that is, yes; pretty new." I had worn it only six summers.

Then there was a deep and lasting silence, and I put my arm about her waist.

"Summer girls don't count," I said to myself, though I knew if Phyllis should happen to catch sight of us out there in the moonlight she wouldn't agree with me.

"I told papa," said my new-made friend at last.

"Did you?" I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes; and he won't hear of it."

"What's his objection?" I ventured.

"He says you can't support me."

This was rather sudden, and for a moment I was so disturbed that it looked as though papa's objections were to be literally demonstrated.

"We must elope," she added; "and to-night, because papa is going to take me away from here to-morrow."

Great Scott!

"I am in for it," I thought. Then Phyllis's fair face rose up before me, and making all due allowances for its visionary qualities, I must say it wasn't quite up to that of my new-found love.

"All right; let's start," I said.

We were married, a half-hour later, by the village parson, and started on our way back to the parental roof to ask forgiveness. As we walked along in the moonlight, I saw something on the ground before me that looked like two bright silver quarters. I stooped to pick them up. They were nothing but glasses.

"What have you found?" asked my bride.

"A pair of eye-glasses."

"Oh, good," she ejaculated, taking them from me. "Perhaps they are mine." Then she tried them on. "Yes, they are mine," she added. "Now, let me look at my sweet old hubby."

Alas for the weakness of man! I let her look, and all was over. I was not the George she thought I was, and she ran shrieking into the house.

"By Jove," I said to myself, when I realized the situation, "I'm in the deuce of a hole. How on earth shall I ever get out of it?"

"Give me your hand and I'll help you," came the reply instanter, in a familiar voice, not that of my bride, however.

It was Phyllis's voice, and it added, "You'll catch your death of cold going to sleep in the hammock without anything around you."

Then I knew all. I had smoked and thought myself into a smokeless, unthinking somnolence, and needed but to open my eyes to be free from the dreadful trouble I had fallen into.

I have given up smoking, but still cultivate thinking, for that evening's episode convinced me that I didn't think as I should.

Had I thought the matter out clearly, I should have remembered that my Phyllis's home, at which I was visiting, looked out over the ocean, and that if the Queen Anne cottage was in existence anywhere, it must have been situated upon the coast of Africa, which is a distance too great to be pierced by the eyes of a thoughtful devotee of the weed like myself, or to be overcome by the voice of a radiantly lovely creature that never lived.

AN ETCHING.

BY MAUDE MENEFEE.

They were sitting together in Scudder's little studio one gray Sunday afternoon. Boecklin had been talking in his slow desultory fashion, while Scudder lounged back in his old chair, and the smoke changed from gauzy curls to slow drifts that hung between them. Scudder was just saying, as he strolled over to the little north window, where the fading light flowed in palely: "That reminds me of something I came across not long ago; only, in this case it was a girl—a young thing with the face of some one I've seen somewhere," he added, musingly. "I heard you were to rehearse for the Christmas festival over there," he went on, with an indefinite movement of his head toward somewhere outside the little window, "so I went over, and at the door I met Chisholm, and he took me up to a seat with the tenors, and, after a while, I noticed this girl at the end of the row of sopranos near us. Her shabby attempt at the picturesque in the things she had on—a little fine soft something she'd wound around her throat, and her hat," he added, vaguely—"made her stand out from the rest, and somehow I fell to studying her."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began refilling it from a rude little box on the sill. "At first I thought she was merely listless and absorbed, but I found—she was waiting for something." He struck a match on the window-casing, and as he held it over the bowl of his pipe it flashed his pale face out of the gloom and showed Boecklin lounging back, with his hands clasped behind his head. "I liked it, you know, because there were none of the vulgar marks of expectancy; her eyes were off a little, but she wasn't looking toward anything, and she was merely quiet, with just a suggestion of tense straining for—for what she looked for. And after a while he came. I knew he had come, because she drooped back slowly, and she made a sort of indefinite movement of her hand toward—nothing, and the strained quiet gave way to a sort of—of muffled vibration. I was so near that it was all plain to me."

After he had puffed for a few moments in silence he took the pipe from his mouth, and examined the bowl casually.

"He was one of the violinists." He paused again, and smiled slowly.

"Once when she saw that he looked her way, she turned to the woman near her and said something—some little thing, wishing to impress him, I fancy, with the fact that she was not thinking of him. But he was not looking at her; as far as I could tell, he never once saw her. He had the habit all you fiddlers have, Boecklin, of—when the 'cellos or the others take the theme, and you rest for some measures—of staring off over the audience or the chorus, as though you were looking for some one, and once—he smiled and bowed to some one sitting with the altos. It's a very trivial thing when you think of it, but—it was a blow to her. I suppose in her mind he had stood wholly alone and unrelated until then—that's how I make it out—and when she saw there were—others, it was a blow. She had been singing along until then—" He was gazing down abstractedly at the glowing end of Boecklin's cigar as it waxed and waned, and he did not go on.

When Boecklin asked, with drowsy interest, "Which of the men was it? you know I know those fellows," Scudder winced slightly, and half closing his eyes, made a mental note of the dusky, half-defined figure and the glowing spark.

"It was you," he said.

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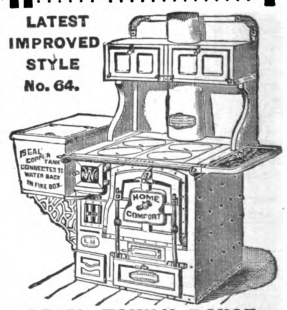
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AMATEUR SPORT

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN Racing Board at its recent meeting promulgated the following new ruling to govern its members.

The amateur rule shall cover and be divided into two classes, as follows:

CLASS A.

An amateur of class A is one who has not engaged in nor assisted in nor taught cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or one who, after having forfeited the amateur status, has had the same restored by a competent authority having jurisdiction over the sport. A cyclist ceases to be an amateur of class A by:

(a) Engaging in cycling or other recognized athletic exercise or personally teaching, training, or coaching any person therein, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood, for a wager, money prize, or gate money.

(b) Competing with a professional or making pace for or having the pace for himself made by such in public or for a prize.

(c) Selling, pawning, bartering, or otherwise turning into cash or in any manner realizing cash upon any prize won by him.

(d) Accepting, directly or indirectly, any remuneration, compensation, or expense whatever for cycling.

(e) In this class no prize shall exceed $50 in value, and such prizes shall be limited to medals, wreaths, diplomas, plate, and jewelry only.

(f) Competing with amateurs of class B, and having once lost his status in class A, cannot recover it or be restored thereto.

CLASS B.

An amateur of class B shall be a cycle-rider who may compete in public for pay or remuneration for riding, but shall not compete for a cash or divisible prize, nor realize upon any prize won by him.

A cyclist ceases to be an amateur of class B by:

(a) Engaging in cycling or other recognized athletic sport or exercise for a wager, money prize, or gate money.

(b) Competing with a professional or making pace for or having the pace made for himself by such in public or for a prize.

(c) Selling, pawning, or otherwise turning into cash or in any manner realizing cash upon any prize won by him.

(d) License may be granted by a majority vote of the Racing Board for competition in invitation races between amateurs of class A and class B. The prize rule of class A to govern.

(e) A cyclist does not forfeit his amateur status by teaching the elements of cycling solely for the purpose of effecting the sale of a cycle.

(f) The League recognizes as athletic exercises, in addition to cycling, all sports over which the Amateur Athletic Union, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and other amateur athletic organizations have jurisdiction.

THE AVERAGE SPORTSMAN WILL READ the League of American Wheelmen's definition of what constitutes an amateur with unfeigned astonishment. He has, undoubtedly, always labored under the delusion that an amateur was one who received no pecuniary benefit from sport, directly or indirectly; that such a thing as degrees in amateur distinction were as impossible as are degrees of rotundity in a sphere; he has thought that as any object that is round *is* round, so an amateur is an amateur. But he must upset all his theories and begin over again if he would comprehend the present-day status of the bicyling amateur as interpreted by the League of American Wheelmen. This department time and again has made the statement that here in the East our only salvation for pure amateur sport was through the colleges; and this late action of the L. A. W. shows with painful clearness just how low so-called amateur cycling racing has descended. Will any one say after reading this manifesto of disgrace that we can guard our college athletes too zealously? The Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen is a disgrace to that organization, and the amateur sense of the great body of L. A. W. members must be dull indeed to permit such legislation. Probably there are one hundred of the crack racers, certainly there are no more than that number, in whose interest solely the Racing Board has agreed to call a professional an amateur. There are upwards of THIRTY THOUSAND members of the League of American Wheelmen in this country!

THE FORMATION OF CLASS B is nothing more nor less than a sop to the manufacturer, and the reason the newspapers comment on the scheme favorably is, they want the advertising patronage of the manufacturer. From what stands for the editorial page of a certain paper more or less devoted to sport I quote the following from a column plea for the perpetuation of the "paid amateur": "I have not the slightest doubt that certain riders, and a great many of them, were really kept by the athletic clubs and the manufacturers. There is no doubt about it whatever. Even the sage men of the Racing Board would admit that if you could get them into a corner. It only goes to show that such practices must continue if bicycling is to be advanced. Take the allowing of expenses away from your amateur bicycle man, and they will either *go to work or turn professionals*" (italics ours). Consider for a moment the full meaning of this text; here are a class of young men who are actually living by their skill in riding the wheel, who are out-and-out professionals in every sense of the word, and worse, because they lie about it; and the League of American Wheelmen, the national body of the United States, which is supposed to guard our amateur standing, foists these men upon us as amateurs!

THE IDEA OF MAKING A CLASS to keep these men from "turning professionals" is ludicrous in the extreme. The situation, so far as the amateur standing of these racing cyclists is concerned, is no different to-day from what it was two years ago. These men have been professionals in reality for the last two seasons or more, and everybody, including the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen, has known it. If the board had shown the slightest desire to fulfil the mission of keeping the sport clean, for which it was appointed, it could long ago have put its finger on the offenders (for they have been flagrant), and kept bicycle-racing honest and decent sport. But they have pursued the course followed by the Amateur Athletic Union in the farce of bringing the "amachoor" slugger to justice; they have made a great splutter over doing nothing, and whined of the impossibility to get any evidence that would convict.

After whining for two years, the cowardly Racing Board of the L. A. W. now proposes to obviate the entire difficulty by making a special class for the men it did not dare to bring to trial under an honest amateur ruling.

IT IS AN INSULT TO AMATEUR WHEELMEN in this country, and one that will be resented by all honest sportsmen from Maine to California. And what makes this action of the L. A. W. the more audacious is the openly expressed reason, by members of the Racing Board, that there was a "necessity of adopting a lenient rule this year, or else suffering their best riders to be drawn into a cash prize association!" Think of amateurs—God save the mark!—whose allegiance must be bought and paid for! And we are going to have a meeting in Chicago during the World's Fair to decide the amateur racing bicycle championship of the United States and of the world! As an American and as a sportsman I protest against any class B rider competing for the honor of holding the amateur championship of this country, and I urgently call on all amateur clubs and all sportsmen to raise their voices against this outrage.

It is proposed by the L. A. W. to permit the members of class A and class B, *i.e.*, the amateurs and the professionals, to race together in championship meetings. It is a decidedly weak ruling, for in every land and in every sport the amateur is prohibited from competing with the professional under pain of disqualification.

AND THAT IS NOT THE ONLY WEAK POINT in this recent action of the L. A. W., throwing the amateur question out of consideration entirely. The Racing Board of the L. A. W. has fallen into the same trap that has caught several other puny athletic legislators. They are just smart enough to see ahead of their noses and not a yard farther. They have given this professional class an amateur whitewashing, because they believe, so they say, that it will boom bicycling generally. But it is a very short-sighted policy, and the blessing they crave will be ephemeral; the class of racing cyclists, to retain whom this Racing Board of the L. A. W. has dragged the amateur standing of a good sport into the muck, will shortly tire of their foster-parents and seek pastures new. It has been the experience the world over that when loyalty becomes a question of dollars and cents it is not to be depended on. When a man puts his ability on the market his services are certain to go to the highest bidder. These are facts that need no argument. The men who ride in class B will be professionals in heart and in fact, no matter what cloak the L. A. W. may throw about them. They will ride on a salary for the manufacturers of bicycles, and they will ride solely for what money there is in it. The question of sport does not enter into the matter at all.

In these days, when professional sport is at a very low ebb, it may be depended on that the League of American Wheelmen will soon have competitors in holding these professional entertainments. Indeed, already there has been formed by a number of professional baseball men an organization for the purpose of holding bicycle meetings and giving cash prizes. When the season begins, therefore, it will simply be a competition between the manufacturers and this organization. One will give its cash prize under the guise of a salary, while the other will give tempting purses at its meetings. Does any one who gives these matters even the smallest attention question what will be the result? It will be the old professional baseball war over again, and the members of class B will go where they can get the most money. Eventually professional racing will die out, and degenerate to a cycling Guttenburg. Is this the sort of thing the thirty thousand members of the League of American Wheelmen and the amateur clubs of this country are going to permit?

THERE IS YET ANOTHER SIDE TO THE QUESTION. What are the amateur athletic clubs and the Amateur Athletic Union going to say about this? Neither the A. A. U. nor any amateur club can afford to permit the League of American Wheelmen's professional racers to compete at meetings held under their auspices. First of all, it would make a professional of any man not an L. A. W. professional who entered and rode in the same race with them; and second, no athletic club with any regard whatever for the purity of the sport it is supposed to foster could accept the entry of an L. A. W. professional. There is no knowing what the A. A. U. will do; probably the same as it has been doing for the last three years—winking the other eye. But if there is any sportsmanship at all among the governors of the best clubs, or if they have any regard for the future of amateur sport in America, they will not permit the entrance of an L. A. W. professional bicycle racer at any of their meetings. Moreover, I cannot see how they can live up to the amateur rule without expelling such of their members as join class B. As for the colleges, they should, and undoubtedly will, treat the members of the L. A. W., class B, as they would any other professional who attempted to rub elbows with honest men who are in sport for sport's sake, and not to make a living out of it.

This question is too serious a one to be treated lightly. The Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen has set up an out and out professional, and attempted to pass him off as an amateur. They should be shown that such a swindle cannot be perpetrated with impunity.

RESTRICTING THE MEMBERSHIP OF UNIVERSITY football elevens to undergraduates is the most vital question that has ever come up for discussion. It is a question that means everything to amateur sport in America, it is the very essence of purity in university athletics, and it is a question that should not be hurriedly decided at an undergraduate meeting. This department has put itself on record so often, and in no hesitating manner, as being first and always in favor of confining members of athletic teams to undergraduates, that I will save space by not again drifting in that direction.

Before taking up the question, however, I cannot refrain from criticising those college men who, since the matter came before the public, have lost neither time nor opportunity in vesting it with as many sensational features as possible. There may be men, probably there are a few, though I confess I do not know them, occupying different relations to college sport, from the undergraduate player to the *alumnus* on the Advisory Board, who would be contemptible and narrow minded enough to permit their personal college prejudice to dwarf their consideration of a great and universal subject like this one relating to the undergraduate. Assuming, for sake of argument, that there are such, no one who knows the athletic advisors of the several larger Eastern universities will have the temerity to assert that the few could influence the majority.

The public charge, therefore, by certain University of Pennsylvania men, that the undergraduate movement is nothing more nor less than a collusion between Yale and Princeton to "freeze the U. of P. out," is an assertion that cannot be founded on fact, because, to my absolute knowledge, Eugene L. Richards and George A. Adee, of Yale, and Cornelius C. Cuyler, of Princeton, have been advocating the undergraduate plan for the past three years. To rush into print with such a charge is bad policy and poor sportsmanship.

THE OBJECT OF THE UNDERGRADUATE PLAN is, above all else, to cleanse college football of the element which has gradually been working into it the last five years. To cast out that worthy who goes to college to play ball instead of to educate himself, and who ever stands ready to desert one university for another that in some way makes it an advantage for him to do so.

Football has grown in the last few years to be of such importance in the athletic curriculum of every university that the efforts to obtain star players have stopped short of almost nothing. There has been a continuous scout among the smaller colleges, and wherever a student has developed into an exceptional football or baseball player his allegiance to his *alma mater* has in one way or another been alienated, and we have seen him taking a course of law or medicine or dentistry at one of the larger universities. Men have been played on football elevens and baseball nines, and played last year, who, left to themselves, would not be in college; who had neither capacity nor desire for a college education, and who were taken care of during vacation by one means and another. I am sure I could go through the larger universities to-morrow and pick out a number of men whose names are enrolled on the college roster solely because of their athletic ability.

To crush out this pest there is no ruling too stringent, and if it is decided by the older heads that confining membership to the academic department is the only means to the end, then let such a rule be put in force at once. It is my belief, however, that such a course is not the best nor the broadest lines on which to conduct sport at American universities. I do not think that such a question should be decided quickly, or without there being a general meeting of the *alumni* advisory boards of the several large universities. This is the time now, while the iron is hot, to strike an effectual blow for the purity of all college sport, and let it be one that will weld together football, rowing, baseball, and track athletics.

WHAT AT LAST HAS BROUGHT ABOUT this movement is the determination of the *alumni* and the undergraduates themselves to do away once and forever with the accursed professional element that has established itself in the last few years.

What a sad commentary it is on the indifferent custodianship of those who have stood guard over the amateur escutcheon that it should have this wellnigh indelible blot upon its face! Had there been no "inducement" offered the cads that are always to be found where an opportunity exists of doing a disreputable thing under the guise of respectability, there would be now no occasion for such drastic measures. The *alumni* who have acquiesced in the deception, and even aided it in many cases, are more to be condemned than the boys who have accepted their bribes. Many an honest, well-meaning boy who has developed athletic ability at school has been turned into a dishonest cad by these "enthusiastic" athletic *alumni*. As the idea is then to root out this evil, it seems to me it may be done effectually by making it impossible to hang up athletic skill as a bait for inducements, and confining absolutely the members of athletic teams to the undergraduates of the university.

I know I have given this subject as much thought as any other one man in the country. I am sure my interest in the purity and honesty of amateur sport is as keen as any other lover of sport for sport's sake, and I have come to the conclusion, after looking the question over from all sides and from a perfectly impartial stand-point, that by restricting athletic teams to members of the academic course only, we would publish to the college world that we were incompetent to successfully cope with an evil except by drawing a very narrow circle about our university athletics. The universities of the world are universities in fact as well as in name, and ours are growing more like them every year. We cannot afford to suffer by comparison even in our athletics; indeed, there is no need to do so. The time is coming when there will be international athletic contests between the universities of the Old World and the New. We must be ready to hold our own.

IN MY JUDGMENT THE FOLLOWING would go further in cleansing college sport and giving it a healthful national tone than restricting university athletics to the academic department:

A man is eligible to membership of a 'varsity team:

1. When he is a *bona-fide* student, regularly enrolled on the university register, and in good standing.
2. When he has not been a member of any other university or college team, or played on a class team at any other college or university.
3. When he is taking the same number of lectures as are prescribed in the academic course, either in one of the professional schools or as a regular student of the university in any other capacity.
4. When he has not been a member of the university team more than four years.
5. When, if he is challenged, he produces certificates from the faculty of his university showing him to be pursuing the required course.
6. These rules to cover football, baseball, rowing, track athletics, and all other intercollegiate sports.

THERE HAS BEEN NO ATTEMPT in these rules to cover all the details, but only to suggest a basis from which to control the evil.

As the reformation proposed is directed against the men who have been brought to college solely on account of their athletic ability, it seems the desired end will be attained by coercing them alone. The absence of any supervision regarding the number of hours taken, etc., has thrown the professional schools open to this class of men.

The man who goes to a certain university to play football or baseball is not inclined to study, and he will not go if he knows he must study and secure a certificate from the faculty that he is an honest student in good standing before becoming a member of the team. It is not fair, and it seems to be a narrow policy, to exclude all members of the professional schools. Many enter direct from preparatory and other schools, and graduates of the academic department not infrequently use that course as a preparation for the study of the one they may have chosen as a profession. It is unjust to bar out the honest student, and it is unnecessary if a certain number of hours is prescribed for every man on a university athletic team. It would be necessary, of course, for members of a league to make that number of hours an average of the academic courses of the several universities in the association. I should add also a rule prohibiting members of baseball teams from travelling about during the summer with athletic or other club baseball nines.

With all channels for offering "inducements" effectually closed, and the membership of teams limited to university undergraduates, the future of honest, pure sport would be assured.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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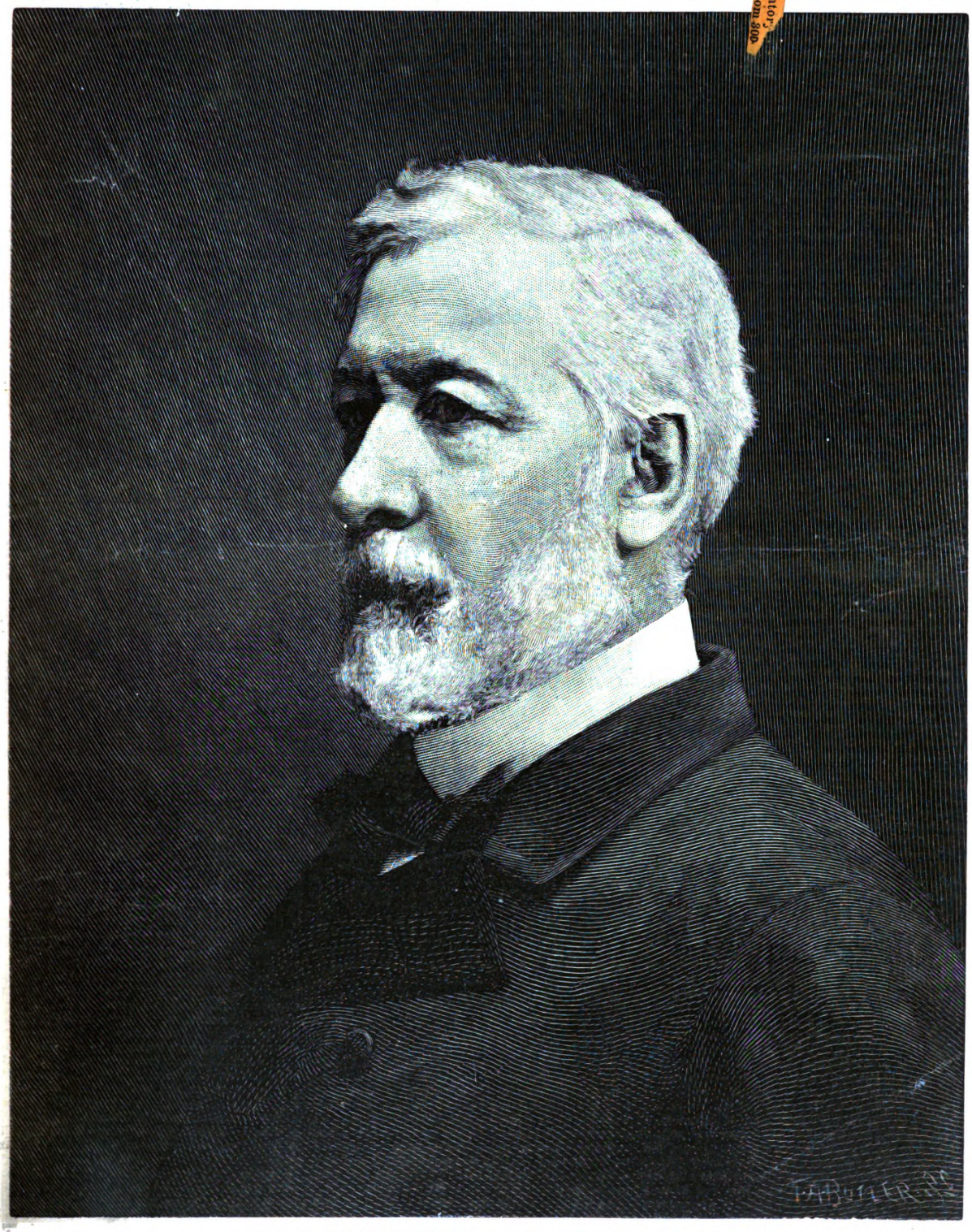
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JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE death of JAMES G. BLAINE has removed from the political stage of America one of its most conspicuous, important, and remarkable figures. No public man in this generation has been supported by his followers with more enthusiastic and demonstrative fervor, and been combated with more persistent earnestness by his opponents. The feelings he aroused in both directions were called forth less by his views and achievements as a statesman than by the peculiar attributes of his personality. His public service indeed covered many years, and he steadily rose from one position of importance to another, stopping short only of the highest. He was a young man of thirty-three when, after the election of 1862, he became a member of the national House of Representatives. He soon distinguished himself as a man of uncommon ability, as a vigorous debater of the combative order, and as a party man of great usefulness. These merits were quickly recognized, and he was elevated to the Speakership, which powerful position he held during three Congresses, to be superseded only when the Democrats obtained a majority in the House. Then followed a few years in the Senate of the United States, whereupon he was twice appointed Secretary of State and put in control of our foreign affairs, first by President GARFIELD, and then by President HARRISON. During the last years of his life he was, if not the actual leader, at least the most prominent member of the Republican party.

This was what might be called a political career of remarkable brilliancy, and such a career can certainly not be achieved without faculties of an extraordinary nature. The future historian who will have to tell the story of our days without having personally known Mr. BLAINE will, however, in some respects, be puzzled by the reputation Mr. BLAINE enjoyed in his day. He was called a great orator, although he had never delivered a speech that produced a profound effect at the time or that will live to be remembered hereafter. He was celebrated as the first American statesman of his period, without ever having initiated a measure of great importance or distinguished himself as the advocate or as the antagonist of one, until toward the end of his career he became the champion of so-called "reciprocity," in opposition to the dense stupidity of the MCKINLEY tariff, and of the scheme to unite the American republics in an economic policy hostile to European competition. In this, indeed, whatever we may think of the reciprocity scheme in its economic aspect, he showed a sagacity far superior to that of the party majority. But during all the years that Mr. BLAINE served in Congress he cannot be said ever to have been a genuine leader of opinion, except, perhaps, in his opposition to certain measures of a coercive policy to be applied to the South during the Presidency of General GRANT. Nor was his conduct of our foreign policy distinguished by any striking achievements promoting the interests or exalting the honor of the United States, unless the reciprocity treaties concluded since the enactment of the MCKINLEY tariff be called a national benefaction. His administration of the State Department was rather characterized by a strong flavor of that "jingoism" which is apt to be more prolific of embarrassing and humiliating quarrels than of diplomatic victories, and which, while tickling the vanity of the unthinking, disquiets and repels the sober-minded patriot.

That Mr. BLAINE, in spite of his shortcomings, attracted the attention and engaged the interest of his countrymen in so remarkable a degree was in greatest part owing to his extraordinary power of personal fascination. No public man in the United States, in our day, united in himself so many of those elements of popularity which will not only "make friends" among the politicians and charm the multitude, but also win the good-will, and occasionally mitigate, if not disarm, the criticism of men of thought and principle. A naturally vivacious and versatile mind, well stored with that kind of information which makes conversation interesting and attractive; a ready, brilliant wit, and the capacity of enjoying the wit of others; a manner of cheery, jovial, apparently confidential good-fellowship, making every one coming in contact with him feel himself the object of special interest; genuine, sympathetic good-nature, rather inclined gratefully to remember a friendly act than to resent and punish an unfriendly one; an uncommonly retentive memory for names and faces; a quick perception of the movements of popular opinion, and a ready inclination to yield to them; an eloquence neither remarkably argumentative nor elevated, but endowed with a peculiar dash, giving the impression of courageous frankness—all these qualities contributed to that "magnetism" with which Mr. BLAINE attracted and held a large following of personal admirers by no means confined to his own political party. It may be said that if he was not in the true sense a leader on the field of opinion, he was a leader on the field of sentiment. His followers and friends sincerely believed that if he were put in the proper place of power he would certainly do something brilliant that would redound greatly to the advantage of the American people and to the glory of the American name, although nobody seemed to have a definite and clear conception of what that brilliant achievement would be. No doubt he was himself inspired by the ambition of making this republic the ruling power on the whole American continent and one of the most influential powers in the world, no matter what might become of our safe and time-honored traditions of foreign policy.

Nothing is more natural than that a man so endowed and so situated should have thought of himself and should have been thought of by others as a candidate for the Presidency; and nothing is more certain than that he would have been elected President had not certain transactions which had happened while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives subjected him to the charge of having used his official power for private pecuniary gain. While his personal following—in fact, all those under the charm of his personality—as well as a large majority of the members of his party were ready to deny any and every charge against him that was not proved to evidence, and to excuse, palliate, forgive, and forget all that could not be denied, there was a strong minority of Republicans who believed the accusations well founded, and who insisted that a man with such a stain upon his character should not wear the highest honors in the Republic. And thus Mr. BLAINE was condemned to the miserable life of a standing candidate for the Presidency, constantly reaching for the glittering prize, but seeing that prize constantly eluding his grasp, and this for a reason which was to himself most painful and humiliating. Although he was undoubtedly the most popular man with a majority of his party, the National Republican Conventions of 1876 and 1880 refused to nominate him because they would not intrust the fate of the party to so vulnerable a character. And when he succeeded in obtaining the nomination in 1884, the disaster which his opponents had predicted overtook him. All the votes he won by his personal popularity outside of the party ranks—and they were many—were overbalanced by the Republican conscience votes cast against him, and for the first time the long succession of Republican Presidents was broken by the defeat of the man whom his admiring followers called the most popular of them all. Finally, in 1892, he suffered the crowning humiliation of seeing his announcement that he would not be a candidate treated as insincere by his very friends; and when he then, at the eleventh hour, permitted his name to be presented to the Republican Convention under the auspices of a set of discredited politicians, he met with a last and crushing defeat, from which no recovery was possible.

Thus disappeared from public life, under the dark shadow of the sorest disappointment, a man whose uncommon gifts and winning graces might have opened to him a career of brilliant success to the end, had he possessed those moral qualities which make a man not only beloved, but also trusted. It is a most instructive coincidence that while he so sadly failed in reaching the goal of his ambition, another public man, who possesses neither the attributes nor the arts of personal magnetism and popularity, but whose main strength consists in a character inspiring general esteem and confidence, has for the second time, even against a seemingly insuperable opposition in his own party, been rewarded by the American people with the highest honor in their gift.

A PERILOUS CRISIS.

MR. CLEVELAND'S personal attendance at the funeral of ex-President HAYES has been received by every fair-minded man in the country, of whatever political party, as a graceful act, and it administered a wholesome and impressive rebuke to those who even at this late day fiercely assail Mr. HAYES as one who had "stolen the Presidency," and committed a great crime against the republic, and all those who served under him as equally guilty aiders and abettors in an unpardonable iniquity. A brief review of what actually happened in 1876 and 1877 will serve to show that if Mr. CLEVELAND really intended his action to be such a rebuke, he was right.

At the time of the Presidential election of 1876 some of the Southern States were still under so-called carpet-bag governments. There were in those States two elements calculated to render elections uncertain, not only as to the number of votes cast on one side and the other, but also as to the rightfulness of the result. The Democratic party consisted there almost exclusively of Southern whites, the Republican preponderantly of colored men. In some of the Southern States the colored voters had a majority, but the white Democrats sought to overcome that majority by means of intimidation, actual force, or artful contrivances of various kinds. On the other hand, the Republicans, being in possession of the State governments, controlled the so-called "returning boards," which in most instances were empowered by law to reject returns from election districts in which the vote was shown to be vitiated by fraud, intimidation, or violence. These boards, if so disposed, could by an arbitrary use of such power cut down the Democratic vote, and thus "count in" the Republican candidates. That intimidation and violence were frequently employed on the one side to keep down the Republican vote, and that fraudulent returning devices were with equal frequency resorted to on the other partially to nullify the Democratic vote, was universally believed. It appeared really doubtful to the most impartial mind in not a few cases on which side the illegitimate practices had been most largely effective, and which side was fairly entitled to victory in the election. This was the condition of things in several Southern States in 1876, and, unfortunately, the result of the Presidential election turned upon those very States.

The number of votes, as reported from the election districts, clearly indicated majorities for the Democratic candidate, Mr. TILDEN; but the majorities, as they came out of the hands of the returning boards, which had rejected the returns of many election districts on the ground of alleged intimidation, violence, and other irregularities, were for the Republican candidate, Mr. HAYES. The Democrats had thus in their favor the unquestioned fact that a majority of the votes actually cast in those States were for their candidate. The Republicans maintained—and many Republicans no doubt sincerely believed—that the Democratic majorities were in fact the result of unlawful practices, and that the returning boards had acted within their legal power and done substantial justice. There was enough of doubt in the case to authorize a difference of opinion. From several of the States double sets of certificates, one set for the Democratic, the other for the Republican candidate, were filed with the President of the Senate of the United States, subject to the action of the proper authority when the votes were counted before or by the two Houses of Congress. The Constitution provides that "the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." The President of the Senate and a majority of the Senate were Republicans; a majority of the House of Representatives, Democrats. Which of the conflicting sets of certificates would the President of the Senate open? Which would the Democratic majority of the House insist upon counting? Would not there be an irreconcilable conflict between the two political parties and the two Houses in Congress? Would not that conflict spread to the country? The popular excitement ran high. There were hot-headed threats of civil war. The crisis seemed full of peril.

The danger was averted by an extraordinary expedient agreed upon and advocated by members of both parties in Congress. An act was passed to refer all contested cases to a commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five judges of the Supreme Court, the decision of this commission to be final unless set aside by a concurrent vote of the two Houses of Congress. The "Electoral Commission" decided in favor of the Republican candidate, Mr. HAYES, and Congress, according to the terms of the act, accepted the decision. The conflict was settled, the popular excitement subsided, peace and order remained undisturbed, and the government went on as if nothing extraordinary had happened. It is no exaggeration to say that the unquestioning readiness with which this settlement was acquiesced in throughout the country furnished one of the most striking proofs of the capacity of the American people to carry on republican government. There were many reasons for dissatisfaction with the award made by the Electoral Commission. Every point of importance had been decided by a vote of eight to seven, and according to the party leanings of the different members; and the reasons given by the majority for their votes left much to be said on the other side. The decision, therefore, had a decided partisan aspect, and did probably not change the previous conviction of any man as to the rightfulness of the contention of the winning side. But the result was submitted to by the defeated party—to its lasting honor be it said—without the slightest hesitation. Every good American was governed by a correct instinct as to what was the principal thing to be accomplished. It was not that the decision should satisfy everybody of its moral justice, but that it should secure to the country a government the legal character and author-

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ity of which would not be seriously questioned. Thus this settlement was a signal triumph of the political genius of the American people.

Nothing could be more absurd, therefore, than the assertion that Mr. HAYES should, under such circumstances, have declined to accept the Presidency. It was not only his right, but evidently his duty as a patriot to uphold the settlement that had with such difficulty been effected. Assuming that he had been not entitled to a majority of the electoral votes, what would the consequence of his refusal have been? The Presidency would not have gone to Mr. TILDEN, but, according to the Constitution, to the Vice-President, Mr. WHEELER, and Mr. HAYES'S declination would simply have served to discredit Mr. WHEELER'S title. What would the consequences have been had those whom President HAYES called into his cabinet refused to accept office under him on the ground that they did not consider him rightfully elected? Simply to shake the moral authority of the settlement which had happily ended a dangerous crisis, and to open the way to new agitation, confusion, and possible disaster. To blame them for consenting to serve under Mr. HAYES is no less unreasonable, no less un-American, than it would have been to blame Congress for submitting to him its bills, or the officers of the army and navy for obeying his orders, or the American people for not rising in arms against a President holding his office in obedience to law. As soon as Congress had declared the result of the Presidential election the legal status of Mr. HAYES as President of the United States was clear and unassailable, and every American citizen was as much bound to respect it as if no contest concerning it had ever taken place. Mr. CLEVELAND was therefore eminently right in paying to ex-President HAYES the same honors he would have paid to any one of his predecessors; and if his conduct is regarded as administering a rebuke to the ranters who are ignorant of the true duty of the American citizen, so much the better.



THE story of the inception and development of the project for constructing a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is full of interest—historical, commercial, and diplomatic.

Since gold was discovered in California the Eastern States and Western Europe have been filled with a desire for a shorter line of communication to the rich States of the Pacific. The slender isthmus has been a constant temptation to the adventurous schemers, and many plans have been made with a view of overcoming the apparently slight barrier that it opposes to the continuous journey of ships between Liverpool, New York, and San Francisco. For more than forty years the capitalists and speculators of the United States have been more or less interested in one project or another of interoceanic communication. Now it was a Nicaragua canal, again a railroad or a canal at Panama, and then a ship-railway at Tehuantepec. Finally, in 1888, the United States government chartered the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, and there seems to be promise that the undertaking first conceived more than forty years ago will be accomplished. The charter provides that nothing in the act "shall be held or construed to in any manner involve the United States in any pecuniary obligations whatever other than in respect of the payment of tolls," but it is believed now by a great many of those who have studied the financial problems involved in the enterprise that if the necessary capital is to be obtained for the construction and operation of the canal the government must at least guarantee the payment of interest on the company's bonds.

It was in 1848 that the canal was first suggested, and, as has already been said, it was the rush for the gold fields that stimulated the conception. Concessions were obtained from Central American states, surveys were made, a company was organized, and a joint protectorate was established by the United States and Great Britain. Hopes were entertained that within a decade from the time when the first concession was granted the vessels of the Atlantic would sail to the Pacific through the quiet waters of the canal, instead of through the stormy seas of Cape Horn. But the war of 1861 hastened the completion of the Pacific railroads, and long before a spade entered the earth to begin the construction of what seemed to be the natural route of commerce, several lines of railroad had been built across the Rocky Mountains, with much labor and at great expense.

The splendid territory thus developed, and the enormous impulse given to commerce, vindicated the judgment and justified the imaginings of the promoters of the interoceanic canal. They saw not only the wealth of California and South America, but the riches of India, China, and Japan, pouring through the canal into our Eastern seaports.

The first treaty between the United States and Nicaragua concerning the canal was concluded in 1849, but it was not submitted to the Senate, in consequence of the subsequent conclusion of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty between this country and Great Britain. In a previous treaty concluded between this country and New Granada, in 1846, a right of transit across the Isthmus of Panama was granted to the United States.

In 1849 the state of Nicaragua made a contract with the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company, and this grant was accepted in an article of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. The incorporators bound in this contract were CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JOSEPH L. WHITE, and NATHANIEL H. WOLFE. In 1850 the Supreme Director of Nicaragua decreed the incorporation of the company. In 1852 surveys were finished by the American and British engineers. In 1856 Nicaragua vacated the charter because the company had done nothing towards carrying out its part of the contract. In the mean time, in 1850, the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty had been negotiated and ratified. In this country it was contended that the treaty was based on the assumption that the canal should be built by British and American capital, and that therefore the two governments should exercise a joint protectorate over it. In Great Britain, on the contrary, it was held that, no matter who should build the canal, when it was finished the two countries should enjoy common right and privileges in its navigation, and be charged with a common duty in the maintenance of its neutrality.

For nearly thirty years the project slept. The Panama Railroad had been built, and connected the two southern termini of the Atlantic and Pacific routes of the steamship company. M. DE LESSEPS had entered upon the unhappy task of constructing a Panama canal, Captain EADS was asking Congress to aid him to construct a ship-railway at Tehuantepec. In was in 1887 that Mr. MENOCAL, an engineer of the United States navy, secured another concession from Nicaragua. Several years before, however, the project was revived, and an effort was made, based on treaties of 1864 and 1867 between Honduras and Nicaragua and the United States, to form an American company. A diplomatic correspondence followed the conclusion of the new treaties between this country and Great Britain, which was carried on on the part of the United States by Secretaries FISH, EVARTS, BLAINE, and FRELINGHUYSEN, the representatives of this country insisting that the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty was no longer in force. President HAYES announced in a message to Congress in 1880 that "the policy of this country is a canal under American control. The United States cannot consent to the surrender of this control to any European power, or to any combination of European powers," and he concluded that "it is the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any interoceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests. This, I am quite sure, will be found not only compatible with, but promotive of, the widest and most permanent advantage to commerce and civilization."

Eight years afterwards, after a long struggle, a company was chartered by Congress, and, unopposed by any foreign claim of right or power, is beginning the construction of the waterway dreamed of by the gold-hunters of 1849.

CROWDS AND MANNERS.



NEW YORK city is growing steadily and rapidly, but the increase in population seems to be at a greater rate than the improvement in facilities for taking the people comfortably and rapidly from one part of the city to another. When the elevated railroads on the east and west sides of town were first extended north of Central Park the population above Fifty-ninth Street was comparatively small, and these roads could carry the passengers without much difficulty. But during the past ten years what is equivalent to three large cities has been built where before were only barren and shanty-covered rocks, with here and there a market garden. On each side of the Central Park there is a large and splendid new city, and a third to the north of it and stretching across the Harlem. Now a large proportion of the people who live in these three metropolitan sections need to go several miles south every morning, and to return north to their homes in the evening. This necessity has brought about that congested condition of all the lines of travel of which we have read so much. Something, of course, will ultimately be done to provide rapid transit for New York. But in the mean time the crowded condition of street and elevated cars is producing very bad results.

We used to believe that Americans were the most considerate and the politest people in the world. It may be that this belief was properly founded, and it may be also that they are still the politest people. But certainly if New York manners ever contributed much to raise this high American average, a new reckoning would make another and a lower rating. A large majority of New York's people are made so uncomfortable by the great crowds that result from insufficient means of transit from one part of the city to another that all considerations save those of pure selfishness are abandoned by most of these people for an hour or so twice a day, and on the journeys to business and back home again the old and the young, the men and the women, with much persistence push and shove, each trying to get some advantage without regard to the rights of the rest. This condition is having a very bad effect upon the manners of the people of the town. The change is already to be noticed in other places than in the elevated cars. Time was, and that not a great many years ago, when a New York man would not sit in a horse-car or a stage and let a woman stand. Now a woman, unless she be very young and pretty or very old and feeble, has precious little chance of having a seat given to her in a crowded car. That an admiration for beauty and a respect for age still have some potency against growing selfishness shows that the manners of the men have not been abandoned entirely beyond reform. But bad manners, like vices, grow with great rapidity, and if we would check this distressing decadence we must insist that something be done without unnecessary delay to solve the problem of rapid transit in this great city, which otherwise is one of the pleasantest and best places on the face of the earth.

DRINKWATER *VERSUS* CAMPBELL.



THE courts of South Dakota are about to be called upon to settle an exceedingly interesting mining suit. The question involving the ownership of a mine nearly always, when brought into the courts, makes a difficult and complicated case, and judges could scarcely be blamed were they to express the wish that all misunderstanding about mines might be settled with that important mining implement known locally as a "gun," or "shooting-iron," as, indeed, they frequently are. But legal proceedings have already been begun in the case of DRINKWATER against CAMPBELL, and the Dakota judges will have to make the best of it.

Mr. DRINKWATER, the plaintiff, is an old and experienced miner, living at Deadwood. About a month ago he went up into Tanglefoot Gulch, which is near Deadwood, and staked out a claim. It was close to one side of the gulch, and much of it was shadowed by a great overhanging rock, some fifty feet in thickness, which extended out from the mountain-side over his claim something like a penthouse above a door. But it was some six or seven feet from the ground, and gave him ample room to work beneath it, so he paid no attention to it. He sank a shaft, but found no gold. He concluded to abandon the claim; but just before leaving, as he was standing on the outer edge of it and looking up, he saw a rich vein of ore cropping out of the overhanging ledge about half-way up. He instantly decided in his own mind that the vein was his, as it seemed clear to him that anything directly over his claim was as much his as anything directly under it. He determined to dig up to the gold. Returning under the rock, the ingenious Mr. DRINKWATER began to sink, or rather to elevate, a shaft.

It so happened that Mr. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, another old miner, was out doing a little prospecting that afternoon, and in coming down around the mountain he halted on top of the very rock into which Mr. DRINKWATER was raising his shaft. Looking over the edge, his eye lit on the auriferous vein some twenty-five feet below. He instantly staked out a claim, and began to sink a shaft straight down into the earth directly over the one being lifted by Mr. DRINKWATER.

There then followed during the ensuing week one of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed in the Black Hills. The rock was soft, and each man made good progress. Mr. DRINKWATER ran a staging up into his shaft, and extended it as he worked higher. Mr. CAMPBELL let himself down into his with a rope. Each became aware of the other's presence. All through the day and half of the night Mr. DRINKWATER could hear the man above wielding his pick and whistling "The Campbells are Coming." Mr. DRINKWATER recognized the tune, and replied with loud strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein," varied with bursts of "Onward and Upward." As they drew nearer, each frequently inserted heavy blasts with the pleasing purpose of blowing the other out of his shaft, but nothing came of this. On the morning of the sixth day but two feet of rock remained between them, and Mr. CAMPBELL stopped his whistling, and, as he worked, shouted out his favorite tune in a tenor voice which could be heard half a mile. Mr. DRINKWATER, swinging his pick with desperate energy, roared back the German national hymn in a deep bass voice which seemed to make the ledge tremble. At four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. CAMPBELL, after striking a particularly fierce blow, broke through, and landed on the scaffolding in DRINKWATER'S shaft. Mr. DRINKWATER stood upright, with his head and shoulders in CAMPBELL'S shaft.

"Hoot, mon!" cried CAMPBELL; "an' wha tauld ye ye could pick out the bottom o' my mine?"

"An' who you t'ink gif you lipperty to preak into de tob of my mine?" roared DRINKWATER.

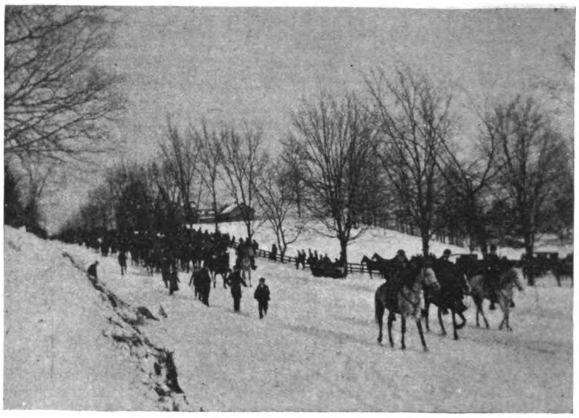
They then clinched each other, and fought desperately. The staging gave way, and they fell to the bottom of the lower shaft, which so startled them that they gave over their murderous intentions, and each sought a lawyer.

We are not, of course, in a position to predict which way the suit will be decided, but it cannot fail to awaken much interest. Mr. DRINKWATER'S lawyer will contend that his client's claim not only extended to the centre of the earth, but up into the air indefinitely—that, in short, he had as much right to tunnel up and secure the gold over his head as he would have had to pick the fruit hanging from a tree on his claim. He will tell the court that CAMPBELL had no better right to descend from above and take his client's gold than a man in a balloon would have to come down and gather the apples from a farmer's trees under the plea that he had staked out a claim on an overhanging cloud. CAMPBELL'S attorney will laugh at this reasoning, and contend that his client marked out his claim on the surface of the earth, and was going down after mineral which belonged to him, and that the burrowing DRINKWATER was simply committing terrestrial burglary. He will say that DRINKWATER had no more right to do what he did than a man would have to go under a hill and burrow up through and take a farmer's turnips. Each lawyer retained is one of the best in the Black Hills, and the legal battle promises to be a warm one.

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AT THE HAYES RESIDENCE.



LEAVING "SPIEGEL GROVE" FOR THE CEMETERY.



THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH BUCKLAND AVENUE TO OAKWOOD CEMETERY.



THE MARCH THROUGH BUCKLAND AVENUE TO "SPIEGEL GROVE."



THE CLEVELAND LIGHT ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY NEAR THE GROVE.

SCENES AT EX-PRESIDENT HAYES'S FUNERAL.—From Photographs.—[See Page 106.]

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JAMES G. BLAINE, JUN.



MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE, JUN.



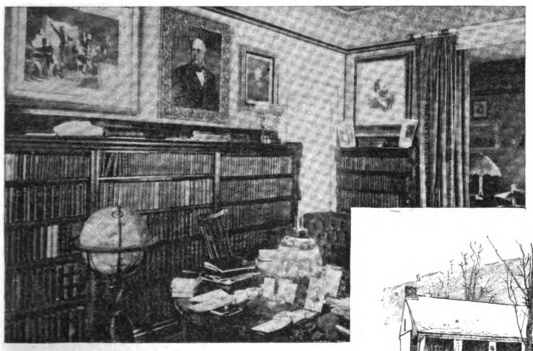
WALTER DAMROSCH.



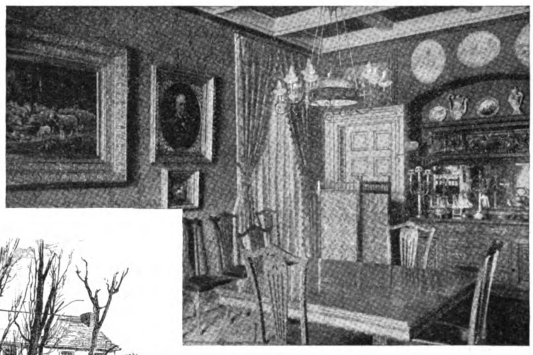
"STANDWOOD," MR. BLAINE'S COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.



MR. BLAINE'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.



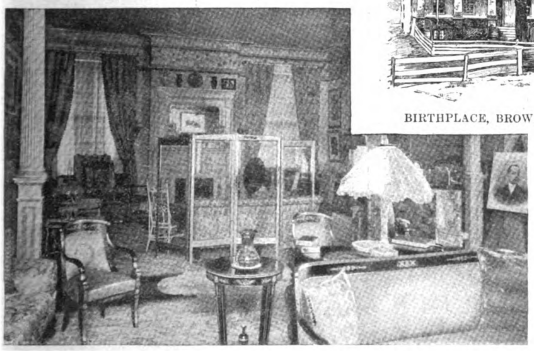
LIBRARY, WASHINGTON HOUSE.



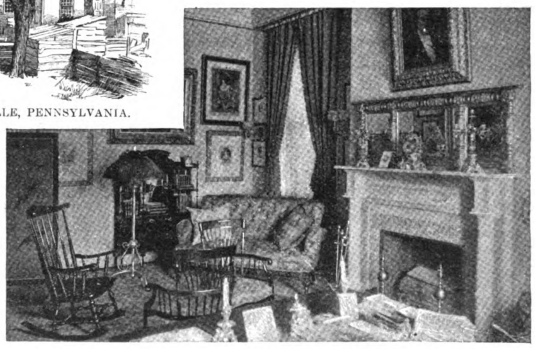
DINING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.



BIRTHPLACE, BROWNSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



DRAWING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.



RECEPTION-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.

THE BLAINE HOUSES, WITH PORTRAITS.—[SEE PAGE 102.]

THE WASHINGTON HOUSE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL.

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JAMES G. BLAINE'S RESIDENCE, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE was born at West Brownsville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1830, being the second son of Ephraim L. Blaine and Maria Gillespie. His paternal ancestors were of Scotch-Irish stock, and were early settlers in the Cumberland Valley, and among the founders of the town of Carlisle. His grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, took an honorable part in the Revolutionary struggle from 1778 to the close of the war, and was Commissary-General on the staff of General Washington. Mr. Blaine's father inherited a large landed estate in western Pennsylvania, and removed to Washington County in 1818, where he married, in 1820, the daughter of Neal Gillespie, a wealthy and influential Roman Catholic. Although his mother continued a devout Catholic, the son always adhered to the Presbyterian faith of his father. His early education took place under competent teachers at home, though he spent part of one year, at the age of eleven, in a school at Lancaster, Ohio, where he lived in the family of Thomas Ewing, a relative of his mother, and at that time Secretary of the Treasury. He was prepared for college in association with Thomas Ewing, Jun., afterwards a member of Congress, by an English teacher named William Lyons, a brother of Lord Lyons. At the age of thirteen he entered Washington College in his native county, and was graduated in 1847. Although under eighteen years of age, he obtained one of the honors of his class, and delivered a Commencement oration on "The Duty of an Educated American." After graduating he became, for a time, an instructor in the Western Military Institute at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky. In the neighboring town of Millersburg there was a seminary for young ladies, at which Harriet Stanwood, from Maine, was engaged as a teacher. This lady he married, soon after which he returned to Pennsylvania, where he began the study of law. In 1852 he accepted the position of an instructor in literature and science in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia, at the same time continuing his legal studies. He was also a contributor, from time to time, to the *Daily Inquirer*. He contemplated entering upon the practice of his profession in Philadelphia, and in 1853 had a favorable opportunity for entering the office of Theodore Cuyler, who became one of the most prominent lawyers of that city; but about the same time a half-interest in the Kennebec *Journal*, at Augusta, Maine, the former home of his wife, was offered him, and he purchased and became the editor of that paper. He ever after made his home at Augusta. As an editor Mr. Blaine soon became known for the trenchant style with which he entered into the discussions of the time, and for the mastery of political facts which he acquired. He likewise became an acknowledged leader among the Whigs, and was active in the organization of the Republican party. He entered into an active participation in political management, and in 1856 was a delegate to the National Convention which nominated John C. Fremont for President. On his return from the convention at Philadelphia he gave an account of its proceedings in a public address, which first revealed his aptitude for political speaking. In 1857 he went to Portland to take editorial charge of the *Advertiser*, the leading Republican newspaper of the State, still retaining his residence at the State capital; but being elected to the Legislature the year following, and also accepting the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee, he became involved more and more in political activity and public life, and gradually gave up the duties of journalism, though he retained the nominal editorship of the Portland *Advertiser* until 1861. As an editor he had called attention to the condition of the penal and reformatory institutions of the State, and was appointed by Governor Morrill to examine those of other States and suggest improvements. In the discharge of this duty he visited fifteen States, and made an extended report on the subject of prison administration. Some of his recommendations were adopted, and the penal institutions of Maine were materially improved thereby. He served in the lower branch of the Maine Legislature four years, being Speaker during the last two. His position as chairman of the State Committee he continued to hold for more than twenty years. In 1862 Mr. Blaine was first chosen to the national House of Representatives, and served in that body continuously for fourteen years. He did not at first take a prominent part in the debates, his only extended speech during his first term being in favor of the assumption by the national government of the war debts of the States. In the Thirty-eighth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Post-offices, and was instrumental in the establishment of the postal-car service on railroads. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on War Debts of the Loyal States, and a member of the Military Committee. In the Fortieth Congress he became chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He gradually acquired command of his resources for debate and parliamentary leadership, and took a more and more active part in the proceedings of the House. He heartily supported the various war measures, and took a leading part in framing and supporting the reconstruction measures. He opposed the proposition of Thaddeus Stevens that representation be apportioned according to the number of legal voters, instead of the number of inhabitants, and proposed an amendment to the Constitution by which there should be excluded from the basis of apportionment "those whose political rights or privileges are denied or abridged on account of race or color." This was, in effect, covered by the Fourteenth Amendment as adopted.

Mr. Blaine was the author of that feature of the reconstruction act of 1867 which provided that the seceded States should be admitted to representation on assenting to the Fourteenth Amendment and establishing equal and impartial suffrage without distinction of race or color. Later he was one of the vigorous opponents of the proposed policy of paying the public debt in legal-tender notes, and advocated the resumption of specie payments. He was a bimetallist, but favored making the silver dollar equal in value to the gold dollar. In 1869 he was first chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and held that position continuously for six years. During that time he rarely took part in the proceedings on the floor, but his mastery of parliamentary rules, his dexterity and alertness, and his ability for a rapid despatch of business gave him the reputation of a brilliant presiding officer. When the Democrats acquired control of the House in 1875, Mr. Blaine became the leader of the minority, and his experience in the chair gave him rare advantages. One of the most conspicuous incidents of the session preceding the Presidential contest of 1876 was his controversy with Southern members, notably B. H. Hill, of Georgia, in urging the exclusion of Jefferson Davis from the benefits of the general amnesty bill then pending.

On the 2d of May, 1876, a resolution was adopted by the House directing an investigation of an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, at an excessive price, of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. This was recognized as aimed against Mr. Blaine, from whom the purchase was alleged to have been made. Certain correspondence of his with Warren Fisher, of Boston, had fallen into the hands of a former clerk of Fisher's, named Mulligan, who was summoned to Washington by the committee charged with the investigation. Mr. Blaine obtained possession of the letters from Mulligan, and on the 5th of June rose in his seat, and declaring his purpose to conceal nothing, said, "I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from the desk." He denied that he had ever received any of the bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, except at the market-price, and declared that instead of disposing of them at a profit he had incurred a loss. The Republican National Convention was then approaching, and on June 11th, the Sunday before it was held, Mr. Blaine was prostrated by heat while going to church in Washington. The investigation was soon after interrupted by the adjournment of Congress, and was never resumed. Mr. Blaine was a candidate for President before the National Convention, and on the first ballot received 285 votes out of a total of 754. On the seventh ballot his vote rose to 351, but by a union of the supporters of other candidates Mr. Hayes, of Ohio, received the nomination.

In July, 1876, Senator Lot M. Morrill resigned his seat, afterwards becoming Secretary of the Treasury in President Hayes's cabinet, and Mr. Blaine was appointed to the vacancy, and in the following winter was elected to the full term. He opposed the creation of the Electoral Commission, on the ground that Congress did not possess the power which it proposed to delegate. Mr. Blaine's career in the Senate was not so conspicuous as it had been in the House. He continued to take a prominent part in financial discussions and in dealing with questions affecting the South, framed measures for reviving American shipping, including a subsidy to a steamship line to Brazil, and supported the policy of excluding Chinese immigrants from the country.

In 1880 he appeared again as a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. On the first ballot in the National Convention he received 284 votes out of a total of 756. A contest extending through thirty-six ballots ended in the nomination of General Garfield by the union of the supporters of Mr. Blaine and Senator Sherman.

Shortly after the election of Garfield, Mr. Blaine wrote a letter to the President-elect on the policy to be pursued by his administration, and was afterwards offered the position of Secretary of State in his cabinet. He entered upon the duties of that office in March, 1881, and soon adopted a policy of unusual activity in connection with the foreign relations of the country. One of his purposes was to promote closer commercial and international relations with the republics of Central and South America. He planned a congress of representatives of all the American nationalities, to be held at Washington in November, 1882, and although a letter of invitation was issued as late as November 29th, some weeks after General Garfield's death, the project was abandoned by Mr. Blaine's successor. His administration of the State Department was also characterized by an effort at mediation between Chile and Peru, then at war, and a special envoy was sent down on that mission, but the effort was fruitless. The Colombian government having proposed that the European powers unite in guaranteeing the neutrality of the projected Panama Canal, Mr. Blaine on the 24th of June issued a circular letter declaring the objection of the United States to such action, and asserting the paramount rights and obligations of this country in the premises. He subsequently proposed to the government of Great Britain the modification or abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. His plans were seriously interrupted by the shooting of the President and his lingering illness, and, in the December following General Garfield's death, Mr. Blaine finally retired from the direction of the Department of State, urging upon the President, in a public letter, the continuance of his policy for bringing into closer relations the independent nations of the Western Continent.

Being out of public life for the first time in twenty-three years, he set about a historical work which he had planned, entitled *Twenty Years in Congress*. It began with a review of the previous history of the republic, and then considered in detail the events and characters which had come under the author's personal observation. The first volume was published in April, 1884, the second appearing in January, 1886. When the Republican National Convention met in Chicago in June, 1884, Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidential nomination with increased support, though he was very earnestly opposed by many of the delegates. His vote on the first ballot was 334½, there being 278 for President Arthur, 93 for Senator Edmunds, and 63½ for Senator Logan. On the fourth ballot he received the votes of the supporters of Logan and some others, and was nominated by 541 in a total of 813, Mr. Logan accepting the candidacy for Vice-President.

Mr. Blaine's letter of acceptance, published July 19th, gave special prominence to the tariff question as the leading issue in the canvass, and contended that the policy of protection was of special importance to the great agricultural interests of the country. In this letter he also gave prominence to the question of civil service reform, but without explicitly favoring the system of competitive examinations. He said: "Impartiality in the mode of appointment to be based on qualification, and security of tenure to be based on faithful discharge of duty, are the two ends to be accomplished. The public business will be aided by separating the legislative branch of the government from all control of appointments, and the Executive Department will be relieved by subjecting appointments to fixed rules, and thus removing them from the caprice of favoritism." The canvass was characterized by considerable excitement and bitterness, the scandals connected with Mr. Blaine's railroad transactions and the so-called Mulligan letters being revived in great detail and with much persistency. In the latter part of the canvass he made public addresses in several States during a period of forty-three days, in which he is said to have spoken over four hundred times. Many of the addresses were very brief, and delivered at stopping-places on the railroads over which he travelled. The election resulted in his defeat, and the choice of Governor Cleveland, of New York, for President. Mr. Cleveland received 219 electoral votes, being those of twenty States, and Mr. Blaine 182, being those of eighteen States. The vote of New York was decisive of the result, and was obtained by Mr. Cleveland by a popular plurality of only 1047. The total popular vote of the country was 4,848,334 for the Republican electors, and 4,911,017 for the Democratic electors. After the result had been determined he delivered a speech at his home in Augusta, in which he attributed it largely to the suppression of the Republican vote in the Southern States. He immediately resumed work on his history, and after its completion continued to take an interest in political affairs in his own State, making several speeches in the State canvass of 1886, in which he criticised the national administration for its course with reference to the fisheries difficulty with Canada, and presented the question of protection and free trade as the one great issue between parties.

It was in December, 1887, that President Cleveland sent his famous message on tariff reform to Congress. The ink was scarcely dry on the European papers which printed it when Mr. Blaine, being abroad at the time, practically reassumed the leadership of his party by answering the message, at first in an interview, and then in a letter. From that time till the session of the Republican Convention in June, 1888, the uppermost political question in the minds of men was whether Mr. Blaine would face his old opponent again on the issue of protection and free trade, or tariff reform, which the writings of the two men had so clearly defined. There was no doubt in any one's mind that Mr. Blaine could have had the nomination had he become a candidate. The only moot point since that time has been over the terms upon which he would have accepted it. It has been said by an intimate friend and earnest supporter of one of the candidates before the convention of 1888 that Mr. Blaine would have accepted the nomination had all the contestants cleared the field for him, and made his candidacy unanimous on the first ballot. All the candidates save one, Senator Sherman, who had 300 votes in the convention, were said to have agreed to this programme. As Senator Sherman's managers very properly refused to sacrifice the very promising chances of their candidate for what seemed to be a mere sentiment of personal loyalty, the plan, according to this authority, fell through. This is a rational and plausible explanation of that curious and hitherto unexplained scene in political history where for a hot week in midsummer the assembled leaders of a great party hung upon the wavering inclinations of a once defeated candidate to accept the highest honor in their gift. When Mr. Blaine declined finally to allow the presentation of his name, his friends gradually rallied to General Harrison, with the result of his nomination and election.

Mr. Blaine had been in Europe throughout all the canvass prior to the convention, and did not return to this country until the early autumn of 1888, when the campaign was already under way. He was received with a great demonstration by his party, and immediately took an active and effective part in the campaign. He promptly framed a new issue by attacking the administration plan of disposing of the treasury surplus by loaning it to what he called "pet banks," and thus added another point to the long line of defence which Mr. Cleveland's followers had to maintain. After the election of General Harrison political discussion centred again about the remarkable personality of Mr. Blaine, the point at issue being whether he would resume his old place in the cabinet as Secretary of State. Though the Harrison cabinet was full of surprises, his place in it was not one of them, and the chief element of the unexpected about his incumbency was for a long time its uneventful character.

All of Mr. Blaine's enemies—and he was distinguished by the possession of the most bitter foes—had prophesied a period of "jingoism," "foreign entanglements," and what was sneeringly denominated a "vigorous foreign policy." The public at large, whether friends or foes, being quite uninformed as to the robust individuality of President Harrison's character, concluded that his brilliant Secretary of State would dominate his administration as he had that of the able but plastic Garfield. For a year and a half after his accession to office, save in the prosecution to a successful issue of his plans for a Pan-American Congress, relinquished at the time of President Garfield's death, Mr. Blaine made no visible sign of a desire to control in any way the administration of the government. This may have been due to some extent to failing health and family affliction, which so singularly pursued him; but the great causes of his abstention from political prominence were first his great absorption in his pan-American project, and next the discovery, which a great many people besides Mr. Blaine made, that General Harrison was going to conduct the office of President in a manner "to please himself," or, in consonance with the famous phrase, according to his own idea of what a President should be.

It was when the scope of the McKinley bill, with its theory of prohibiting all imports of all goods such as are manufactured at home, and putting all others on the free list, was made clear in the Congressional session of 1890 that Mr. Blaine once more assumed, almost violently, his position of a party leader. Doubtless the vehemence with which he assailed the bill was largely due to the fact that he saw that it threat-

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ened the complete destruction of his brilliant and alluring scheme of pan American dominion. Doubtless, also, he saw in it the great party danger which has since been twice materialized to such a destructive extent. At all events, he procured in the new bill the insertion of the famous reciprocity clause, which the party proceeded to make, with protection, its war-cry. That Mr. Blaine thought that he had by the framing of this "new" issue—which was simply the policy proposed by President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen in 1884–5, and at that time abandoned in the Senate by the wish of the incoming administration of President Cleveland—insured party success was shown by his candidacy in the convention of 1892.

Between his promulgation of the doctrine of reciprocity and the meeting of that convention much had happened which seemed to make him the choice of a larger number of the people than any prominent personage in either party. In the spring of 1891 came the incident of the lynching of the alleged members of the New Orleans Mafia who had been charged with and acquitted of the murder of Chief of Police Hennessey. The lynching was followed by an intemperate demand on the part of the Italian government for reparation to the families of the victims and punishment of the offenders. Almost simultaneously with the demand Baron Fava, the Italian minister at Washington, was recalled.

War seemed for a time imminent, and the country was ill prepared for it. Then Mr. Blaine exhibited at once all the dexterity which his enemies had alleged to be his single statesmanlike attribute, and a coolness of judgment which his most devoted friends had not entirely suspected in him. He made clear the difference between the responsibility of the Federal government and that of the city of New Orleans and State of Louisiana in a way that suggested a judicial statement of constitutional limitations rather than a mere shirking of blame. With great dignity he declined to be bound by the statement of facts contained in the report of an indignant consul at New Orleans, and advised the Marquis di Rudini that the Federal government would ascertain the facts for itself, and act accordingly. So temperate, dignified, and masterly was his treatment of the question that he succeeded immediately in extricating the government and the nation from the almost indefensible position which the faulty construction of the Federal system, in its relation to the rights and duties of the separate States in regard to domiciled aliens, had placed it. The result was a chorus of praise from all quarters, in which voices were raised at home and abroad which had never before been heard save in his most unqualified condemnation. The Italian government finally justified Mr. Blaine's position, and vacated its own, by acceding to the payment of $75,000 reparation—a good deal less than a bad derailment of a passenger train costs a railroad company—and completely restoring diplomatic intercourse without a further whisper as to the punishment of the New Orleans law-breakers, who to this day go unwhipped of justice.

When, less than a year later, it was known that President Harrison, and not Mr. Blaine, had been the author of the compulsory measures adopted towards the Chilian government upon the occasion of the assassination of the *Baltimore's* sailors in Valparaiso, and when it was further known that the President had taken entirely upon himself the conduct of the Bering Sea dispute, which was characterized by a most "distinctively American" tone on the administration's part, the people who had always considered Mr. Blaine a "dangerous" minister of foreign affairs were dumfounded. In short, his last incumbency of the office of Secretary of State brought to him the respectful consideration of a larger portion of his fellow-countrymen than any other period of official or political activity of his entire life.

The motives controlling the close of that incumbency are still wrapped in great mystery. Why Mr. Blaine in the early spring of 1892 withdrew his name as a Presidential candidate is partially explained by the supposition of a promise to President Harrison, and his own nervous, not to say hypochondriacal, solicitude for the state of his health. One of the greatest mistakes in his career was thereafter made in resigning his office and allowing his name to be used and his cause conducted to its one ignominious defeat by men whose only claim to his fellowship was a common irritation at the imperious official methods and personal manners of the successful candidate. He who had only been defeated by the stratagems of a coalition in 1876, who had foiled the great Grant triumvirate in 1880, had received the nomination in 1884, and declined it in 1888, the popular idol of a party which never ran to party idols, which has never rewarded its founder, Hamilton, and which during his lifetime often accorded scant devotion to its greatest exponent, Lincoln, came out of the Minneapolis convention with a beggarly array of votes.

The first action of the Democratic national gathering, which immediately followed that convention, was the passage of a resolution of condolence with its great opponent upon the death of his son Emmons Blaine, which had followed that of his son Walker at an interval reckoned in months.

Despite this crushing affliction, his ill health, and his own defeat, Mr. Blaine evinced the quality of his party loyalty by a long letter, a magazine article, and a speech in behalf of the nominee in whose favor his own claims had been disregarded.

The mental growth of no American public man is easier to trace than that of Mr. Blaine, and the broadening of the man from a politician into a statesman since his defeat in 1884 is a remarkable and pleasant phenomenon of our political history. The research necessary for the preparation of his really remarkable book, inappropriately named *Twenty Years in Congress*, was, doubtless, the cause of this gratifying change.

AN IDEAL TRADE IN COAL.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WHAT is the use of inveighing against that useful class, the middle-men, that is to say, when they are contented with an honest and every-day profit? But when the middle-man takes advantage of the situation, turns the screws, insists on an exorbitant advance on prime cost, or when what he peddles is one of the necessities of life, as is coal, then the middle-man wrings the vitals of the poor, for he extracts from their scantily lined pockets the very last penny. The late arctic two weeks in New York was the coal-peddler's and small-groceryman's opportunity, and the sufferings of many honest, deserving people were intense, for coal in a small way had risen to monstrous figures.

Mr. Nathan Straus does not pose as a political economist. He is simply a kind-hearted man, with a rapid receptivity when an object-lesson is presented to his notice. It so happened that during one of the coldest days of this month Mr. Straus paid a visit to a poor man who was ill. A pail of coal was brought into the room, and a third of it was used to replenish a small stove. "What does that much coal cost?" asked the visitor. "Fourteen cents," was the reply. Mr. Straus is no lightning calculator, but he figured it up that at fourteen cents a pail coal was costing not a penny less than $14 a ton. At once he hired a wharf at the foot of Third Street, East River, bought a boat-load of coal, costing $4 90 a ton, built a shanty, put at work a number of hands, and established something apparently absurd—a coal business entirely in the interests of the consumers; or, in other words, he was prepared to peddle out coal at prime cost. On Friday, the 20th of January, just as soon as the first barge was made fast, her cargo being nut and stove, a coal trade began. At the grand opening nobody knew anything about it, but in a few hours the business advertised itself. "A chump as sells a full pail for five cents," just took down that east side.



WHEN BUSINESS IS BRISK.

The measures of coal are five. Twenty pounds cost five cents; forty, ten cents; sixty, fifteen cents; eighty, twenty cents; and a quarter of a dollar fills up a hundred-pound measure. There is no skimping. After the basket is filled up, then comes the extra shovelful, and that delights the purchaser.

In just as polite a manner as if they were behind a jeweller's counter the young men in charge of the coal shanty carry out the business. The coal is not given away, but exchanged for coin, but on such a basis that if the coal does not quite pay for itself, the difference is but slight. Your man who gives away a thing for nothing rarely stands any nonsense, and well-meant beneficence is sometimes rather toplofty and exacting. The really nice thing about it is that the coal receivers feel no humiliation. For the five cents that old woman passes to the clerk she receives in exchange a red ticket marked "good for twenty pounds of coal." She may have made a shirt or more for that money, and been underpaid. She smiles as she has the measure of coal dumped into her apron, for she thinks she has equalized her chances.

The great run is for the five and the ten cent tickets, but the five-centers are most in demand, and a Pactolus of pennies pours through the ticket-hole. Half-dollars are rare coins, and so are quarters, and so far only two bills have been taken. The scenes are amusing, for the coal mart is overflowing with good-humor. Here is a strong lusty German. He is a millionaire; he wants a twenty-cent ticket, which entitles him to eighty pounds. It is a weight beyond his capacity. "I have worked all day. I am tired. I tell you what I do, I fetch my wife; she make nuddings of it."



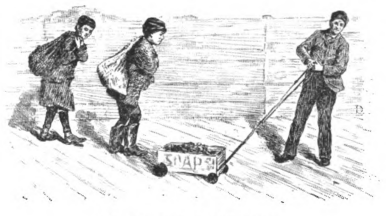
PRACTICAL METHODS.

The children come in flocks, particularly after school hours. Said a little rosy-cheeked girl to her companions: "Oh, I have had such a lufly time. Mommer's got 'nuff coal for ter-day and ter-morrer all for ten cents, and a gent guv me five cents fer standin' still when he took my pigshure"—for our artist made a photograph of the little woman.

Methods of transporting the coal are numerous. A soap-box on wheels or on a pair of runners was the favorite. There was a Moet & Chandon champagne case, very aristocratic-looking, on the running gear of a velocipede; a goat-cart, with a fairly well put up billy, drove up in spanking style. Several boys, not one over ten, had a peddler's hand-cart, and with their combined efforts shoved off 100 pounds. A dish-pan, a tin basin, a clothes-boiler, a colander, a market basket, anything but a scuttle, moved the coal. The Italians used sheets (there was no color contrast), and one little Sicilian woman laid a once gaudy bedspread on the wharf, and had turned into it sixty pounds of coal. She tied it up tight, using her white teeth to fasten a rope knot. Then a gallant outsider heaved it all up on her black coil of hair, and she marched off, teetering as if it were a feather weight. There was also a procession of baby-carriages, coal-laden.

Suppose there were some middle-boys who earned a penny in freighting? Such an enterprising urchin might become in time a railroad magnate for future coal barons. Well, that was none of Mr. Straus's business. He got his coal.

There are charitable men and women, members of regular organizations, who were helping their deserving poor through the medium of Mr. Straus, buying tickets, as they had a per fect right to do. As long as there is coal it can be had, only not more than a dollar's worth can be bought at a time.



THE YOUNG CONTINGENT.

The business will continue until cold weather is over, say until the end of March. Just as soon as one boat-load is carried away another will take its place. It is not charity. No coal is given away. All Mr. Straus does is to approximate values, or to bring closer together a cent and a lump of coal. In that general scheme of future economics (belonging to the golden age) we are to be happier, so it is said, when we trade in this ideal kind of way.

The many hand-to-mouthers on the east side are now getting their full pennyworth, and so in time will the north-side ones, for this week the coal business to suit small pockets will open a branch at the foot of Fifty-second Street, North River, under precisely the same methods as have been described.

THE NEW YALE GYMNASIUM.

THE gymnasium dedicated to Yale University on the 23d ult. by the committee which has labored so diligently in its perfection is, without doubt, the handsomest and most completely appointed of any in the world.

Though the movement for its erection was really begun over seven years ago by Professor Eugene L. Richards, and though work on plans was commenced almost immediately afterwards, yet definite action was not taken until the formation of a committee of New York alumni early in 1889 to raise funds.

This committee was composed of Arthur M. Dodge, '74, chairman; William McLane, '67, treasurer; E. L. Richards, secretary; H. E. Howland, '54, George A. Adee, '67, William C. Gulliver, '70, Thomas C. Sloane, '68, since deceased, and Frank Jenkins, '74. To these were subsequently added William W. Farnum, '66, and W. K. Townsend, '71, of New Haven; and the committee was regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of Connecticut in June, 1889. The building committee consisted of George Adee, chairman, and Messrs Richards, Farnum, Sloane, and McLane.

From the competing plans handed in, those of Mr. E. E. Gandolfo, of New York, were finally accepted, and ground was broken in the spring of 1890, and the foundations were laid in the summer of the same year.

The ground on which the gymnasium stands, on Elm Street, between High and Wall, was bought soon after the committee formed, and has a frontage of over 188 feet, running back in its deepest place over 300 feet.

The building, with lot, when passed over to the Yale corporation had reached a cost of about a quarter of a million of dollars. The building itself is in reality a palace for athletes, adorned in classical style, and by far the handsomest on the campus. The exterior lends the impression of strength and massiveness. It stands on the northern side of Elm Street, opposite the Peabody Museum, and occupies nearly half a block in length. The exterior may be called a Renaissance application of the Romanesque style. At the southern entrance of the building is a porte cochère, and under the archway opens the entrance to the main stairway, a plan adopted from many of the public buildings of Paris. The entrance to the porte cochère is guarded by massive iron gates, which weigh nearly 4000 pounds, and adorned by iron chandeliers, and lighted by electricity or gas. The front of the building is richly ornamented in bass-relief with figures and instruments symbolic of sport. The top story is ornamented with terra-cotta frieze and eaves. The main entrance is magnificent in its wealth of Italian marble, while the main stairway is of the same material, with balusters of Carrara marble, and the vestibule of white marble, the latter running nearly the whole width of the building. The stairway alone cost over ten thousand dollars.

In the basement are the twelve tub baths, of the finest marble from Carrara. They are supplied with showers, spray, and douche. The floors are marble, and the adornments nickel-plated. Off this room will be found the bowling-alleys, while the rest of the basement is occupied by the engine and the heating apparatus and the laundry. The engine-rooms are in a separate building across the street. The cold air is heated from coils, and forced to all parts of the building by enormous fans. On the floor above is one of the finest swimming-pools in existence; it is also of Carrara marble, with silver railing, and silver ladder leading to the pool. The pool proper is 50×25 feet, and varies in depth from four and a half to seven feet. The tank is surrounded by marble ambulatories and lounging galleries wainscoted five feet high all around with Italian marble. The entire tank is lined with imported glazed tiles. The water is heated by live steam from an injector.

In connection with the pool is the Turkish bath department, which is supplied with showers, steam, and hot-water baths, and the massage and toilet rooms. The tepidarium is of steel filled in with fire-proof blocks. The interior is covered with imported tiles of pure white. The ceiling is of hammered glass, the dome being cast to shape for this special purpose. The next is the cooling-room or frigidarium of classical times. It is beautifully plastered and corniced, and its sides are covered to the height of six feet with tile-work. In this room is a magnificent drinking fountain, open fireplace, and all other requirements for rest. These series of baths occupy a space of 100×27 feet. On the same floor are

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the girl's body in his arms and carry her out of the carriage into the house.

"Next thing I know," thought the unregenerate son of Texas, "they'll be wanting to hire me for some Wild West show in this town." Just then it seemed to him that the eyes of his burden opened, and that a soft sigh escaped the lips. Then he heard her murmur, and this time she was looking at him, oh, so softly! "How brave it was—how brave!" The eyes closed again, but a wonderfully sweet smile passed over the face, and when he gave way to the excited army of relatives who swarmed up, each with a different restorative, it seemed to him as if he had just breathed a something so indefinably sweet, so lovely, that it almost bewildered him. He did not know what was the matter. It was as if he had caught the scent of the cedars on a spring day in Texas. He rode away so fast that a Park policeman thought seriously of pursuit and reprimand. When he returned home his pony was all in a lather.

The shock didn't hurt Madge at all. Her nerves had been a little upset, that was all. The next day she greeted Jack just as cheerily as of yore, and chaffed him quite as mercilessly, and yet it seemed as if there was something wanting in her raillery. Was it sincerity? We could not know. We contented ourselves with chaffing both of them as soon as we discovered all the particulars of that Park adventure. And the Little Tin God no longer replied with fierce philippics against us, our ways, and our North. He was placid, almost docile. Surely here was a great change! We prepared to congratulate Madge upon the excellent success of her mission.

But about this time one of us decided that he wanted Miss Madge for a wife, and told her so, whereat she sweetly but decidedly shook her pretty head; and yet it was a thing that all of us had always considered as one of the certainties. She flirted in an equally charming manner with all of us, to be sure, but with this man there had always seemed to be less of frivolity in her fascinations.

We shook our heads and wondered. You see, we didn't know then that Jack had been asked by his father if he didn't want to go down to Texas again, and that Jack had politely declined. If we had known that—

The Collingwoods gave a reception. We were all there, and we were ready to enjoy ourselves immensely. One always did have a brilliant time at that house. The evening had got along pretty well, when there was a call for Madge; they wanted her to sing. But there seemed to be no Madge visible. We began a joint search. Somebody headed for the conservatory, and we became aware of two people engaged in silent communion in a shadowy nook of that fern-covered spot. Almost before we could stop and retreat we saw that it was Madge and Jack, and the rascal had his arm around her. They saw us too, then, and stood for a while almost defiantly. Then Madge said to us all, "I—I've converted him, haven't I?" She had, but it was not exactly as we had intended that consummation. And Jack said: "You called me a Little Tin God, didn't you? Perhaps I was, because I've won a goddess." Which was a pretty compliment, and shows that love will teach where nothing else will.

From Texas, where these two spent their honey-moon, came reports that Jack had addressed his fellow-members of the noble army of cowboys and high priests of philistia thus:

"Boys, I reckoned to come down here again hating the North worse 'n poison, but the North's a heap better'n we thinks. Why—the North—is *her* home!" And then he introduced his wife, and made much of her before them all.

And this was the decline and fall of the Little Tin God.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.

SHORTLY before his election by convention Bishop of Massachusetts I spent a day and night with Phillips Brooks. Even to his intimate friends he seldom readily and with ease spoke of himself. When, therefore, late into the night (it was Sunday, and he loved to sit up, smoking and chatting with a friend or two after Sunday work was over), we were left alone, I was deeply moved when he himself let our talk take a personal drift.

I had known him since 1876. Then as a very green and unaccustomed English stranger, he had taken me in and made me preach at Trinity. In a hundred ways since then he had helped me to larger views of the truth of God. I had many times tried to speak about my own personal wants and fears, and had found that such confidences seemed to be rather unwelcome and difficult to him. But this evening I felt near the great good heart of the man as he passed from discussion of the work we were given to to his own experiences and life. He spoke frankly of the possibilities of his leaving Trinity. I said something of the deep pain such a move would cause. "Yes," said he, "but I feel I have delivered what was given me to say, and now nothing remains for me but to amplify it." Wisely and accurately he summed up his life. So it seemed to me that night. So it seems now.

Bitterly as we mourn him, greatly as we need him, much as we expected from him within our House of Bishops and without, no man could doubt, of all those who loved him and learned from him, that his own view of his ministry was the true one. A man of his time, inheriting all that was best in Puritan ancestry and tradition, and thus fitted preeminently to mould and influence the descendants of the Puritan, he was a true spiritual descendant of that great-hearted pastor John Robinson, who, with a prophetic instinct that rose superior to the narrowness of his day, to the little band embarking more than two hundred years ago for these shores from Delfthaven delivered as a final solemn injunction, "Beloved brethren, I charge you to believe that God has yet more light to break forth from His Word."

Here lay the power of Phillips Brooks's ministry. With all his soul and mind and strength he believed in the living God who upholdeth all things by the word of His power, whose nature is love, whose home is in the heart of man. He based his thoughts fairly and squarely on the immanence of God. Because there is divine immanence, there must be ever divine evolution. Men are looking in vain for Him without, because they have forgotten Him within. This was his message. Others with more intimate knowledge of the man, and more constant opportunities of watching the results of his wonderful ministry, are better fitted than I to deal with the theological features of it. Many have spoken somewhat slightingly of his powers and gifts as a theologian, yet surely one who moved so continuously and permanently the religious thought of New England shall not in the future be denied a place among her great theologians. Of the theological science, in the old use of the term, he may not have been an expert; but who among the living—yes, who among our dead—has done so much as he to fix the eyes and faith of men on the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? A God revealing in Jesus Christ those laws, that life, by which ever and always, whether in the darkest past or remotest future, He must mould and woo mankind to Himself.

If the theologian is the man who helps the mind of his fellow-man to lean on the divine, Phillips Brooks was no mean theologian.

As a preacher he was easily our first, nor to my mind has there been since Robertson died thirty-seven years ago in Brighton, England, his equal across the water.

Three great elements of power were his—the genius of insight, wonderful powers of expression, and a soul-compelling love. Cried Matthew Arnold,

> "We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire that in the soul resides."

Ah, true! so true! and just because it is so, we revere the genius that, like the fabled demigod of old, brings heavenly fire to the cold ashes of our poor human hearths. Those who listened to the rich tones of his voice, carried beyond themselves, lost to all outer things, the man himself forgotten by them, were wont to say, as was said by the men in the company of the Greatest one evening long ago, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked to us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?"

You felt that he lived for men, and loved them, and knew them, and that he lived with God. And so the worship of God was, after all, beautiful and possible, and His service was perfect freedom. You felt that he spake not as one standing on an impossible height (he never made that most common and fatal clerical mistake of talking down to his people), but what he knew, he did; what he said, he was. I know no words of his that bring before me what he strove for more clearly than these, spoken shortly before his death: "We must come back to our Lord again, and everything becomes clear in that clearest life which is our perpetual inspiration and study. You are to cultivate yourselves for the sake of your fellow-men, and you are to serve your fellow-men for the sake of your own self-culture. But you are to save both these efforts from the self consciousness which is the taint and poison of them both, by forgetting both of these, and by lifting both of them into the very life of God."

He has died as he would have liked to die—in the full vigor of a manhood that had never known the soilure of one ignoble touch. His strength was firm, his natural force not abated, when "the post from the Celestial City sounded his horn at his chamber door."

Tens of thousands mourn for him, for by burning word and by brave example he had cheered them onward as he offered them the very bread of Life. Let no man then say the days of the preacher and of preaching are over, that amid the hurry and stress of our life the opportunities of the preacher are passed or are passing away. To a man who understands his time and believes in his God men will reverently listen; they will hail him as a leader, they will trust him and love him as a friend, and among the very chiefest of their benefactors they will delight to count him. Generations hence the memory of Phillips Brooks will be fragrant, and men who never saw him will think of him as one who, like Greatheart in the immortal *Progress*, was specially chosen of his King to guide pilgrims to that Celestial City which, with inspired eye, he so clearly saw.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, the wealthy young American who is leading an exploring party in savage Africa, has recently been heard from. The letter which was received in London bore the date of November 28, 1892, and was written from Hameye, on the river Tana. This river had been followed by the expedition after leaving the coast, and Mr. CHANLER gave glowing accounts of the beauty of the stream. According to the letter, the young leader, with his companion, Lieutenant HOHNAL, was to leave the main body for a couple of months and go in search of a lake that was supposed to exist somewhere in the northwest. Ninety men and a servant were to be left as a guard to the caravan, while the rest of the party hunted for the lake. By this time the explorer has probably found out whether or not rumor spoke the truth regarding the existence of the lake, but the outside world must wait a little longer before curiosity is satisfied.

—The young Khedive of Egypt is evincing a spirit of independence not at all in accord with the powers of England, which practically directs the affairs in the land of the Ptolemys. Through the machinations of England the FAKHRI cabinet was dismissed. Then the Khedive decided to form another cabinet as he pleased, without any "infidel dictation," as the Prophet's followers put it. The French government sent a little note to England, holding that the Khedive had a right to choose his ministers to suit himself. The Sultan of Turkey telegraphed to his young brother in the faith to the effect that he was glad to see the youth object to English rule. Furthermore, the Sultan signified his intention of presenting the Khedive with six horses. GLADSTONE'S cabinet has discussed the situation, and one thousand more troops and three war-ships are to be sent to Egypt. Meanwhile the natives are in a most excited state, and threatening dire disaster to British interests in Egypt. Just what the Khedive is going to do no one knows; but if he continues to assert his independence there is going to be trouble, and the end cannot be foreseen. But even with the Sultan's magnificent gift, which seems to imply Turkish backing, Egypt and its young ruler will suffer in any event.



—In 1857 NAPOLEON III. caused a medal to be struck in honor of the veterans of the First Republic and the First Empire. It was called the St. Helena medal, and was only conferred on those old soldiers who had served under French colors between 1792 and 1815, and for a period of at least two years. In the year 1869 this decoration was in the possession of no less than 43,592 veterans, and now, according to the German *Militar-Wochenblatt*, the total has dwindled to 13. In 1877 the number had sunk to 10,540, in 1880 there were 4024 survivors, and in 1890 only 48 worn-out old men remained to answer to any mortal roll-call. Of the thirteen veterans who are yet alive—men who have actually seen "le petit Corporal" face to face—the youngest was born in 1800, and the eldest on July 28, 1786; he is therefore one hundred and six years old. He lives in a hospital for veterans at Lyons. He served with NAPOLEON in Egypt, and marched with him over the Great St. Bernard. He took part in the Peninsular War and the fatal retreat from Moscow. Five times wounded in Russia, he carries one of the bullets in his body still. His battles and bruises ended at Waterloo, where he served with the Imperial Guard.





—AN English paper contains the following interesting American news: "Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, who has just left here on his way homeward from a visit to Jerusalem, will, it is reported in Legation circles, be almost certainly offered the vacancy at the Court of St. James, but will, it is added, almost certainly decline the post. Mr. DANA is seventy-three, and though strong enough to make a tour of Palestine, does not feel equal to the exacting obligations inseparable from the office of United States Minister." "A more important point really concerns the Secretary of Legation. One of the most popular men in London society is the gentleman who fills this post, Mr. HENRY WHITE. Mr. WHITE is practically the Minister, and is indispensable to the Legation in a social sense. He has served under both Democratic and Republican Ministers, a fact which constitutes the best reason for continuing Mr. WHITE in his office. To American travellers in Europe passing through London the Secretary of Legation is everything." To find a statement in an English paper about anything American as correct as is the latter of these two is almost as remarkable as is the absurdity of the first.

—The English painter BURNE-JONES is one of the most industrious and painstaking of artists. It is said that there is not a day in his life that he does not make some small sketch in pencil from a study, and he never exhibits a painting until he has given the most careful attention to its details. Some of his pictures hang for years on the walls of his studio before the general public sees them, being left there to await some moment of inspiration for the addition of the finishing touches.

—BELLE'S letter in the London *World* contains the following comment on the latest international engagement: "I never knew there *was* a Miss BRADLEY-MARTIN until I heard of her engagement to Lord Craven, although I have sometimes met her mother, Mrs. BRADLEY-MARTIN, who is always very noticeable on account of her lovely jewels. She possesses some of the French crown jewels; and the last time I met her she was wearing some wonderful brooches, with brilliants in them bigger than most marbles, and a chain of diamonds hanging to her waist. You can imagine how the domestic dovecotes are fluttered at the notion that another matrimonial prize has been secured by an American. People talked of nothing else for more than nine days. MILLIE has been very sharp with me about it, which is a little unfair, as I don't even know Lord Craven by sight; and though a title is something to the good, he has not so much money." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of the same engagement: "The Earl of Craven, whose engagement to the daughter of the wealthy American, Mr. BRADLEY-MARTIN, of New York, is one of the topics of the hour in society, is the nephew of Countess Cadogan, the Countess of Coventry, ELIZABETH, Countess of Wilton, Lady EMILY VAN DE WEYER, and Lady HALDON. He is first cousin to Viscount Chelsea, Viscount Deerhurst, and the Hon. LAWRENCE PALK, and also to the present Marquis of Ailesbury and Lady MABEL SIEVIER. Lord Craven's principal seat is Ashdown Park, Lambourn, Berkshire, but he also owns Hamstead Marshall, in Berkshire, and Combe Abbey, near Coventry. Lord Craven is a lieutenant in the Berks Yeomanry, and has been A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

THE late Rutherford B. Hayes was laid to rest on the 20th of January. The funeral procession, which is illustrated on another page, was a large one, attended by many mourners in private and civil life, together with a military escort composed of the Cleveland City Troop, the Sixteenth Regiment, Battery D of Toledo, and a number of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. The city of Fremont, Ohio, the residence of the ex-President, was in mourning for their distinguished fellow-citizen, and business was suspended for the day and the public schools closed. The services were held at the Hayes residence, where the body lay in state. At nine o'clock the school-children and the civic societies of the city assembled at the house and passed before the coffin. The decorations were quiet and simple, although the floral tributes, which came from all quarters, were numerous. The services began at two o'clock, being conducted by the Rev. J. L. Albritton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and President J. W. Bashford, who had officiated at the marriage ceremony of Mr. Hayes forty-five years before. The active pall-bearers were members of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, while Secretary Charles Foster, Governor McKinley, J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, Senator Calvin S. Brice, Major E. G. Dawes, General Wager Swayne, General M. F. Force, and W. M. Haynes constituted the honorary pall-bearers. The procession moved from the house to Oakwood Cemetery, where the benediction was pronounced by Chaplain Webster, of the Eugene Rawson Post of the Grand Army. The temperature, which was near zero, prevented any lengthy service at the grave. President Harrison was represented at the funeral by several members of the cabinet, and delegations from the Senate and the House of Representatives were also present. President-elect Cleveland journeyed from New York to attend the services, and in addition were representatives of the State and city, together with members of a number of organizations.

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FOR three long days, on a vessel dressed with flags, I had been floating down the wide, brown waters of the Danube, which rapidly increased in volume like the final movement of a symphony.

Everywhere, whether in town or village, a brilliant reception was accorded me; and yet my eye was not satiated with the richness of coloring beneath the Oriental sky, which in the daytime was of a turquoise blue, melting at sunset, when the orb of day was magnified to double its ordinary size, into a gleaming yellow, strewn with golden dust. In the pure light of the end of November, on the lovely undulating fields, on the black soil which had yielded riches without effort, and was prepared, on demand, to give yet more, on the thick white dust of the wide roads, marked out by the reckless driving of chariots, the bright colors of the costumes of the peasants trooping forth to receive me, stood out in vivid relief—bodices of dazzling whiteness, richly embroidered with red, black, and gold; floating veils of white linen, or of ivory-white or sulphur-colored silk, and petticoats of peony red or claret-color. Men were galloping on their small and thin but swift horses, their goat-skin cloaks floating behind them and looking like a second mane on the necks of their steeds. An embroidered *sayon*, or outer coat, covered their chests, resembling a many-colored tattooing above the sash, which was twelve inches wide, and held a perfect arsenal of pistols and knives. The shirt, also embroidered, fell over their white felt pantaloons; and on their heads were large caps, looking like white furs, beneath which curls of raven-black hair hung down to their shoulders.



A ROUMANIAN POSTILION.

As I approached these picturesque groups I noticed some men of noble stature, with faces of rare beauty, whose grave expression was but seldom varied by a smile, showing rows of pearly-white teeth. And these faces, of a type so new to me, with the aquiline noses, the delicate quivering nostrils, the marvellously large black or greenish-gray eyes gleaming with a sombre fire, deep-sunk within their sockets, and overshadowed by thick straight eyebrows, the bronzed complexions, the sonorous language, sounding now harsh, now almost guttural, spoken with such ease, indeed with such extraordinary eloquence, by these grave Roumanian men and matrons, and by children whose expression was as soft as the gleam of a star, all combined to produce on me an impression of an intensity and passion unknown in our northwestern climate. And then I noted, with admiration, that the handsome face, of southern type, of my young consort, was in perfect harmony alike with the men and with the country he has conquered for himself by his own unaided effort.

This, then, was my new country! This was Roumania, of which so far I had seen nothing but the vast melancholy plains, the shores of the wide river, and the all but uninhabitable marshes in which the frogs croak amongst the reeds and the wild hemp.

Every now and then a picket of Dorobantzi presented arms, or sounded a flourish of trumpets which was heard on the other side of the water and died away amongst the opposite mountains of Servia and Bulgaria, districts less fertile, it is true, but of brighter aspect and with more inhabitants than Roumania. On a daughter of the Rhine, that Rhine which leaps happily along like a flash of lightning between bright villages nestling amongst trees, the wide, silent, mighty river flowing through uninterrupted solitudes produced an impression of melancholy, and added to that *serrement de cœur* with which I approached the unknown possibilities of my new destiny.

If there be a difficult position in this world it is surely that of a young foreign princess making her entry into her capital. The faces about you express nothing but a cold curiosity, whereas but a few days before every eye that looked on you was dim with tears, and every lip trembled, in spite of the shouts of "Hurrah!" and "God bless you, our dear child; our little princess!" You are no longer a child to any one, and you are astonished to find yourself married; you are afraid of displeasing, and convinced of your incapacity to cope with the grandeur of the mission, which will weigh upon your shoulders like a too heavy mantle.

I carried with me, however, one consolation, which I concealed with a kind of shame, and that was my pen. But I should have been as much astonished at being called a poet as a bird would at being called a singer. Can the soul of your soul have a name?

In those days I realized, painfully, that it is not enough to have a soul, however big, full of love, rich in good intentions, and overflowing with affection that soul may be. One must *seem* everywhere—for everywhere it is one's duty to please. Now, for the first time in my life, I thought of my appearance. I had never had time to do so before, for my youth had been passed by the bedsides of the dying, or in the midst of most intellectual society, and my eyes had wept too much to see anything in life but its sadness. With profound melancholy, then, I gazed on the ever-increasing crowds which bore witness to our approach to the capital; and I wondered how often I should find myself powerless to assuage the misery doubtless hidden amongst those gathered here.

With my heart beating against my side as an imprisoned butterfly beats against a glass, with dry lips, cold hands, and trembling knees, with a roar in my ears louder than the boom of the cannon, the clash of the bells, and the military bands playing the national hymn, I tried to smile at my husband, who was explaining what I saw about me, and was rejoicing at the thought of taking his young wife over the first part of the railway he had laid down himself to connect his capital with the Danube. I had to wrestle with the anguish which made my throat contract, the inexplicable uneasiness which had oppressed me for several days, as I descended from the train to speak to all the people grouped upon the quays. But as I left the station to get into the carriage, a cry of admiration escaped me; above the waving plumes, the glittering uniforms, the horses, and the flags, beyond the sea of human heads, I had caught sight of the town nestling between the hills and amongst the green valleys. With its gleaming roofs, its hundreds of little churches, its green, yellow, and blue houses, all bathed in the dazzling sunshine, which made even the wood scintillate like zinc, it reminded me vaguely of Moscow.

Once in the carriage I had to bow perpetually, which is too exhausting to allow one to look about at one's ease, especially when the faintest smile becomes an effort, and every movement of the eyes causes a pain to shoot right through one's head. However, in the long drive from the station to the capital, and then from the capital to the palace, I saw some houses which seemed too small for their inhabitants, men who seemed to touch the roofs of their dwellings with their foreheads, and women wearing green and blue petticoats, and bodices as white as snow, with white handkerchiefs bordered with lace fastened on their heads, and a carnation stuck behind one ear. On first arrival this prevalence of white in country and in town strikes one with surprise; but one soon learns to wear it one's self in preference to anything else, as it is the only thing which stands the sun and dust.

It seems astonishing that each church should have but two bells, and that the effect of a carillon is only produced by the ringing of the bells of a great number of churches; on the day of my arrival especially these churches of Bucharest appeared simply innumerable....

The court of the capital where I was to alight was completely covered with a red dais, which seemed to cast a fantastic light upon the people assembled to meet me, on the red togas of the lawyers, and on the sacerdotal robes of the Metropolitan and the bishops, all of whom had long gray or white beards.

Forty couples were married on this occasion, all the brides wearing a veil of gold net....

"There is the palace," said the King to me.

"Where?" I replied.

"We are entering it now," he answered, with a smile.

Then I understood that it is "the sovereign who makes the palace, as a stone in a field may become an altar."

The palace of Bucharest is an old mansion that had belonged to a boyar,* hastily got ready for our reception. The young sovereign had not had time to think of making it comfortable, for his nights were passed in preparing the overwhelming work of the day; and on the very day of our arrival I found on his writing-table the first plan of the bridge over the Danube, which is to be built at last, after twenty years of patient waiting.

Not a window would shut in this palace, and the damp ascended to the first floor. Even now, twenty years afterwards, I suffer from the fever I contracted in it, and we lost many servants and many horses from the damp with which the walls were saturated.

* A boyar is a member of a privileged class in Roumania.



A ROUMANIAN COTTAGE.

NOTE.—The reader of this charming account of Bucharest will remember that the writer is the Queen of Roumania, the poetess, now, alas, suffering from serious illness, who took the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva in memory of her birthplace, the wood-encircled castle of Mon Repos. The daughter of Hermann, Prince of Wied, and Maria, Princess of Nassau, Carmen Sylva was brought up in a refined and sheltered home. Married on November 15, 1869, to the lover of her choice, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who had been elected ruler of the united principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1866, Princess Elizabeth made the entry into the capital she so graphically describes when she had been a bride but a few days. Since then she was long the very centre and heart alike of the popular and intellectual life of her adopted country, founding clubs for the poor, herself teaching in the schools, translating books into the Roumanian language, gathering about her at court all that is best and noblest in Eastern Europe. During the bloody campaign of 1877 her palace was converted into a hospital, and many a life was saved by her unwearying care. For love of their Regina, as they affectionately call her, the people of Roumania would gladly die, or, which is more difficult for an imaginative people, they would forego their hereditary prejudices for her sake. As we write, Prince, now King, Charles's jubilee is going on, and the future of the Roumanian monarchy seems assured, though, in default of a direct heir, the crown will pass, at the death of the present monarch, to his nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern.—TRANS.

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There is no resemblance between the Bucharest of to-day and that at which we were now arriving. Since that time one thousand houses are built, on an average, every year, and slabs of pavement are now laid down in the streets, taking the place of the old flag-stones and ruts.

The palace, too, has gone through a complete transformation. The original building has, it is true, been utilized, giving to the exterior a certain appearance of patch-work; but the inside has a look of home about it, and an altogether individual character.

A sculptor, a true cinque-cento master, named Stohr, who has worked for us for twenty-five years, presided at this transformation, and has decorated our rooms with wainscots and furniture of rare beauty. The throne-room has become a library in the German Renaissance style. The King's private study is a little museum, whilst my apartments contain several valuable old pictures of first rank, on which the light falls from above as in a gallery of paintings.

What was my astonishment on receiving the ladies of Bucharest, the day after my arrival, at discovering that there was no resemblance whatever between the members of the upper classes and the peasant women! No more matrons of solemn mien and sober veils, but dainty and graceful creatures, reminding me at once of the society of St. Petersburg and Naples. As for the men, they had a French air, at least that is how they struck me when I saw them the next day in the Chamber of Legislature, whither I was conducted in grand state. On that occasion I was very much amused at the contrast between the elegance of our equipage and the streets we passed through, bordered by little houses irregularly built, and paved with huge stones of different sizes, causing me and my diadem to make a good many involuntary bows. On the evening of the same day there was a general illumination.... Never in my life had I seen anything like it; in the very streets where now one big hotel touches another, and gas and electric light struggle for the mastery, nothing was then known but petroleum lamps and candles; and as none of the houses were more than one story high, between the court and the garden, there was often a break in the continuity of the illuminations, and more shadow than light.... I could hardly help smiling, but I soon found this mode of lighting up, this true *lucus a non lucendo*, very characteristic; and then the pathetic side of it all struck me, for each one had done his best in his little house, however humble his means. I learned, moreover, that every Roumanian makes a point of living in his own house, if it be but of mud, with no floor, with the four walls falling apart, and a thatched roof.

Ask the humblest petitioner where she lives, and she will reply, "*In casele mele*" (In my houses!).

The day after this entry into my capital I had fever. To be ill without knowing any one, neither my husband, nor my maids of honor, nor the doctors, nor even my chamber-maid, was really rather hard. It seemed, too, particularly trying to hear myself spoken of as nervous by people who knew nothing of my past, after the Spartan education I had had, too; nervous and badly brought up appear to me synonymous expressions. Many proud but silent tears did I shed in secret on my pillow at that time.

My first excursions were one series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encumbered with many-colored stuffs, old iron, and green and brown pottery. Other quarters resembled a medley of dolls' houses, so singularly small were the dwellings, hidden beneath the trees, those luckless willows which are being more thoroughly despoiled of their branches every year, or the acacias, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, with innumerable wine shops, where brandy made from plums, called *tzuica*, was sold, dingy little places, from the gloomy depths of which looked out men with brigandlike figures, but mild eyes and a melancholy smile. The nearer we approached the river Dimbovitza, which name signifies oak leaf, the more closely packed were the houses, with their projecting balconies and small pierced columns surmounted by carved trefoils, giving them something of a Moorish appearance. And then the Dimbovitza itself—now reduced to subjection, supplemented by canals, lined with quays, markets, slaughter-houses, schools, hospitals, barracks, and beautiful churches (too beautiful, perhaps, because too new)—was very different in those days, and presented animated scenes on its banks such as would have delighted poets and artists. People bathed in the beautiful mud in pell-mell fashion, the children splashed about with shouts of delight, the water-carriers led their animals into the stream, wading knee-deep themselves as they filled their barrels. And in the deepest part of the ooze you could see huge forms moving about in confusion; grayish bodies with patches bald of hair, looking like hippopotami in the distance, though the massive horns, curving near the nape of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.



ROUMANIAN SOLDIERS.



TZIGANES.



PEASANT AND FRUIT-SELLER.

As time went on I was to make close acquaintance with this clumsy, sluggish, antediluvian beast, so common in Roumania. The cow yields quantities of rich milk, from which excellent cream is obtained, and of which very white but tasteless butter is made. For the buffalo to thrive it must be fed on the dried leaves of maize, and have a bed of mud to wallow in. It would die in the summer without marshes, and in winter if it did not have a subterranean retreat and a woollen covering. In the streets of the town, and in the open country, you see numerous buffaloes harnessed, in single file, to countless heavily laden vehicles, the animals' hoofs sinking deep in the dust in dry weather, and in the mud when it rains.... Speaking of mud, what was my amusement the first time I was splashed with it, and that was in one of the principal roads, at finding that it made grease spots on my clothes! And when I saw ploughing! A plough drawn by from four to six oxen, just scratching over the earth with the branch of a tree serving as harrow.... This is what they call ploughing here! More than that, the soil is so fertile that it is really all that is needed.

Roumanian carriages are often drawn by horses, eight, twelve, or even sixteen little horses being yoked together in a helter-skelter manner with a kind of packthread. A boy astride on one of them guides them all with one hand, and in the other brandishes a long whip with a short handle. Thus do they cross the wide plains, standing out larger than life against the wide-stretching horizon. The driver, as he goes, sings a melancholy melody, and now and then he halts beside some well to water his cattle. The structures protecting the wells look rather like gallows rising solitary from the midst of the fields. Every man who has sunk a well is blessed, and many are the sins forgiven him. Whosoever drinks, after blowing in the water to drive away evil spirits, is bound to say, "May God pardon him!" Sometimes the charioteer falls asleep amongst the maize, his limbs relaxed, and abandoned to careless repose....

If we suddenly hear in the distance the ringing of small bells and long-sustained cries like the whistles on the railways, we know we may expect to see appear eight horses and two postilions belonging to some wealthy man going to his country-seat at a rate of twenty kilometres an hour. The postilions wear embroidered leather garments, moccasins like those of Indians, hats with long fluttering ribbons, and shirts with wide sleeves that swell out like sails in the wind as they go. Like demons, they double themselves up, scream, crack their whips, talk to their horses, or fling you a greeting as they dash by, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

In the streets of Bucharest there is a perpetual going and coming of carriages, countless hackney-coaches, all open, with just a hood to protect the hirer from the cold, the sun, or the rain. The coachmen are extraordinary-looking creatures, beardless Russians of the Lipovan sect, wearing long black velvet robes, pulled in at the waist with a colored sash.

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They drive very rapidly, with the arm stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, steady, and honest. I amused myself sometimes by counting them; no matter what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace; only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, melancholy cries. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk milk, oranges, bonbons, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the still bleeding bodies hung upon poles. To our streets, which are an imitation of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

There is a good deal of amusement going on in Bucharest, and the



A ROUMANIAN LADY.

people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if it be but a couple of onions, a few boiled beans, and half a melon. But for all that there is no real gayety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as are the Roumanians. The very children have a gravity about them unnatural to their years. Their little faces are pinched and pale; their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them.

The Roumanian is never surprised at anything. The *nil admirari* is in his blood; he is born *blasé*. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves, and were



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.



BUCHAREST.

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sent to Pasteur in Paris, were no more surprised at what they saw in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies, with his taper in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity which is quite Oriental.

At the ball given at the palace on New-Year's day I asked a peasant deputy, "Does this please you?"

"Well enough," he replied; "but I have seen it before. Here is my wife, though, who sees it now for the first time."

I turned to her. "You think it beautiful, do you not?" I said.

"It's not bad," was her reply, which she gave without a smile.

Neither the floods of electric light, nor the jewels, nor the size of the room impressed them; it was the peasant woman who looked like a queen—cold and disdainful, wrapped to the chin in the severe folds of her veil, gazing with contempt upon all the Parisian costumes and bare shoulders.

On my arrival in the country no lady ever set her foot in the streets. It was not only indecorous to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the drain. Now all the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafés, where people eat strawberries, with champagne and ices, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whereas forty years ago Greek was the only language. We know now what will be played to-morrow at the Porte St. Martin; we criticise the new books and the latest fashions; we cut the reviews as if we lived in one of the faubourgs of Paris, and yet we are divided from Paris by the whole of Europe. Mothers of families retire from the world and deprive themselves of everything for the sake of being able to send their children to Paris, and the wealthier parents, after having had some little experience of the deplorable results of the absence of surveillance, now accompany their daughters.

Great fortunes have disappeared in Roumania; the large houses where a hundred sat down to table every day, and as many poor were fed, are closed, and those bearing the grand old names are trying to make a living. A few ancient dames alone still remember the old days, and tell you tales of the time when the boyar received at his levee, seated on his divan, whilst his shaved head and long beard were washed (an operation which took at least an hour), his sons and his whole court standing motionless before him, waiting to know if he would deign to address them. Not even a son ever dared to sit down or to smoke in the presence of his father. Now we are more democratic than the freest of republics, and can take very high rank in setting good manners at defiance!

Education abroad is fatal to family life, and young people do not know that confession to the mother at the end of each day is a better thing than either the École Centrale or the Lycée Louis le Grand of Paris can give. But nowadays everybody must study, and every young girl, whether rich or poor, must take her bachelor's degree.

No mother is fuller of solicitude than the Roumanian; she is a perfect slave to her children. During the war the devotion of the women of our country greatly astonished the foreign doctors. Some of these women never left the hospital, not even at night; they cared for the poor young soldiers as if they had been their own children, saying to themselves that perhaps to-morrow their own boys might be wrestling with the horrors of death among strangers.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of climate, and the pestilential marshes which surround Bucharest, are a cause of perpetual anxiety to mothers.

Words are powerless to describe the time of the epidemic of diphtheria, when as many as three children were buried in one coffin, when whole streets were depopulated, the inhabitants all dead; families of five or seven children swept away in one week—the poor mothers going out of their minds. It was like the last plague of Egypt, and the people called this scourge the *white pest*. Not one house was spared.*. . . .

It was after this terrible time that taking the dead through the streets in open coffins was put a stop to. Previously a funeral was a kind of public fête; on a funereal car covered with gilded angels, garlands, and ribbons, the dead maiden was carried forth in her last ball dress, with hair dressed by the barber, and decked with flowers, and often even with her face rouged so as to look better! A military band playing Chopin's funeral march followed the corpse. It was like looking on at a "Dance of Death" to see the head of the deceased rolling from one side to the other of the satin pillow, whilst women shrieked, tore their hair, and smote upon their breasts. Now the loss of all this is made up for by crowds assembling in the churches, where the dead lie in state, the people jostling each other in their struggles to look on the face of the corpse or to kiss its hand. In the country the dead are still buried in accordance with the ancient rites; the obolus for Charon, the ferryman of hell, is placed in the mouth of the corpse, corn is put into the coffin, and the body is drenched with wine before it is lowered into the earth. On All-Saints day the so-called *colivo*, a kind of cake made of corn and sugar, is placed on the graves of the departed. "I shall eat of thy *colivo*," is an ordinary form of oath, an imprecation often heard.

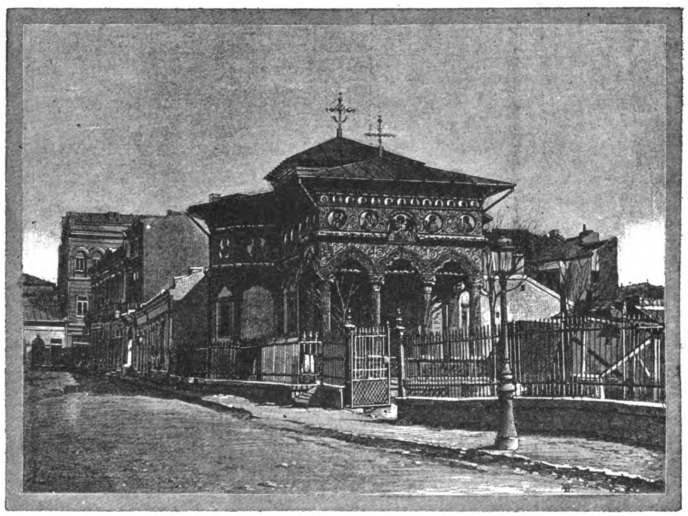
On Sundays and fête-days the people of Bulgaria take their rest in a very peculiar manner; they dance from morning till evening with a perfectly solemn air, holding each others' hands, and shaking a handkerchief; they turn round slowly, of course, as they keep up the dance for twelve hours. Gypsies so dark that they look almost like negroes stand in the middle of the circle, scraping in melancholy fashion on their violins or mandolins, beating their dulcimers, and blowing on their shepherds' flutes till their lungs are quite exhausted. Round and round and round again go the dancers to the monotonous sound of this sad but exquisite music, the steps only changing with the rhythm of the melody, which is of Arabic character. At the end of the long monotonous day the performers are quite giddy and stupefied, and sink into a kind of dreamy, confused state of mind.

The people of Bucharest are very fond of flowers; there is not a window in the town without a few pots of geraniums, carnations, or mignonette. On the other hand, trees have anything but a good time of it here; the summer heat parches them up, and the winter kills them; men strip them of branches or chop them down, so that there is not a beautiful park, scarcely even a shady garden, to be seen. The difference of temperature between winter and summer is seventy degrees Centigrade. The plants from the north succumb beneath the torrid sunshine of August; those from the south to the snow-storms of January. The quantity of snow that falls, however, protects the soil from the intense cold, and makes Roumania a country of vineyards *par excellence*. There are three seasons in Roumania, of which one only—autumn—is fine. There is no such thing as spring. The two sledging months are a rest to the ears. As soon as the first snow falls, nothing but sledges are seen in the town; even the carriages are mounted on skates, and the houses are no longer shaken by the perpetual passing of traffic. Sometimes a snow-storm buries the low houses of the faubourgs, and eleven people once perished in a single night at the gates of Bucharest. It is no rare thing for wolves to come into the town.

At such times the snow no longer seems to fall, but to be performing a tumultuous whirling, up-and-down dance, so that men and beasts are blinded, and merely go round and round when they think they are advancing.



A STREET OF OLD BUCHAREST.



THE STAVROPOLEOS CHURCH.

The great cemetery of Bucharest is worthy of a visit. It commands a view of the whole town, a view which is especially grand in the evening, when the sunset bathes houses, churches, clouds, and dust in a glow of purple and violet tints, with here and there gleaming, scintillating points of light from the roofs and windows. Very touching, very naïve, too, are the inscriptions on the picturesque tombs, which are adorned with photographs and locks of hair framed in the marble of the crosses. Food is even sometimes placed on the graves, as in the days of the Romans. In fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One feels that they are constantly visited; and as night falls the little lamps which shine out on every side give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried amongst the strange scents peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day, in the silence eloquent with the presence of the countless sleepers beneath the soil. The town shone as if illuminated, and its sounds came muffled by the distance like waves breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stanched in the solemnity of the immutable peace—at least this is generally the case; but I remember once seeing an official of high rank, generally cold and impassible enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time at Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good-Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

On Easter eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and every one comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Some of these churches are scarcely larger than a room; they are surmounted by a mushroom-shaped bell tower, and painted inside in the most fantastic manner. There are some "Last Judgments," with a kind of red serpent, in which struggle devils and condemned souls, whilst the redeemed look on with serene and unmoved countenances. There, too, we see founders holding up a church on the points of their fingers, and with their numerous progeny grouped about them, the sons on one side, the daughters on the other, all exactly alike in face, and differing only in height. Every church has its own tradition, and special facilities for granting certain petitions. In one you can secure the marriage of your daughter, in another the death of your enemy, in this you can bring discord into the house of your neighbor, in that you can secure the cure of a malady, in yet another the detection of thieves. There are men who are slowly killed by the offering in certain churches of tapers exactly their height; as these tapers burn, the persons indicated feel themselves wasting away, and when the tapers go out they die. One of our old servants imagined himself doomed to death in this manner. I said to myself, "To children we must offer the consolations of children," and I sent another taper of his height to another church, persuading him that the prayer of the just is more efficacious than that of the wicked. What was my horror when the person who had wished for his death died herself three days afterwards!. . . He himself, however, has been very well ever since, and is now quite plump.

A certain church was built by three young girls who loved the same man. They agreed that the one who still loved him when the building was finished should be the one to marry him. But, alas! when the whole thing was done, the girls all loved him as much as on the first day. Then they all went into a convent together.

Another chapel was built by a woman who had lifted her hand against her husband. (It is considered quite natural that a husband should beat his wife; a young wife, indeed, once wished for a divorce because her husband did not beat her, and she thought it proved he did not love her. But for a woman to beat her husband is considered such an enormity

* Pathos is added to this account by the fact that the writer herself lost her only child, a lovely girl of four years old, from diphtheria.—TRANS.

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that the guilty one is accursed, and condemned for life to spin at her distaff day and night without rest or break.) The woman who had struck her husband had long been walking about in road and field, never ceasing to ply her spindle; at last she vowed that where the spindle fell, exhausted from fatigue, she would build a church. It fell at last for the first time, but a plum-tree immediately sprung up on the spot. She did not think she ought to pull it up to build, so she went on her way. A second time the spindle fell, but up sprung an apple-tree, so on she went with her ceaseless toil. When the spindle fell a third time, a spring of water gushed forth from the ground, and the girl said, "There must I build beside the living water," and from that day she had rest.

Another woman had been visited by every possible misfortune; she had lost her husband and all her children, and yet her hair had not turned white. Now the Roumanians are afraid of women whose hair does not turn white, and they looked upon her as accursed and uncanny. She prayed day and night, but her hair remained black. Then she thought she would build a church; but it did no good, her hair was as black as ever. At last, one night, she dreamt that a voice told her to climb on the roof of her church when the first snow fell, to catch the falling flakes and cover her head with them. So she climbed on the roof, and covered her head with undriven snow; one by one the hairs turned white. When the poor creature came down she was all white, but tired—so tired that she laid her down and died!

A barren woman had prayed for a child in all the churches. She dreamt that if she stole a stone from every church already built, and with the collected stones erected yet another, she would become a mother. So one by one she carried the stones, making pilgrimages all over the country. When she had a good big pile she began to build, and the day the new church was finished she found a deserted child upon her threshold. This child she adopted!

The large church of Sarindar (the name of which comes from the Neo-Greek word signifying "fortieth") was built by Prince Mathieu Bassarabi, to atone for the assassination of his brother-in-law. He had gone to Constantinople to ask for the absolution of the patriarch, who had ordered him to build forty churches. This, the finest of all, was the fortieth. The same prince introduced the Roumanian language into public worship and into schools, in place of the Slavonian, which he did not understand.

The exercise of benevolence is fraught with great difficulties in Roumania; work must be found for the poor to do at home, for no one will go out to service: the cooks are Tziganes, the domestic servants Transylvanians or Hungarians, and every one must have state employment.

There is one society for distributing wood in winter, another for giving work, yet another to protect the village industry of making embroideries, which are as fine as any Oriental work, and have a character all their own. I have seen poems written, I have seen painting done, compositions made, lives lived, but never did I see real embroidery produced till I came to Roumania. On the bodice of a young peasant girl I one day noticed that the embroidery on one of the sleeves on one side only crossed the embroidery of the shoulder-piece. I asked the girl the reason of this, and she replied, "That is called a wandering stream." The language of our peasants is as flowery as Nature herself; they never speak but in fanciful images. "How are you getting on at home?" I asked one day. "Like a racking cough," was the reply. "How are you to-day?"—"Like a dog in a cart." "You have a son?"—"I have had two pines, but the storm has laid them low." Now hear the cry from a mother's heart to her daughter: "Thy child is crying, thou hast let it fall; dost thou not know that thou should hold it like a little carnation?" "How is thy sweetheart?"—"Like the young corn in a field of maize."

No Roumanian will ever admit that he is quite well. "Deh!" he cries, "not so bad." Nor will he acknowledge that things are at the worst.

Another peculiarity is that a Roumanian will never assent fully to anything or make a positive assertion. You tell him something of which you are absolutely convinced, and, after listening to you in silence, he says, "It is possible, perhaps." Or you ask him where he is going, and he says, "I am about to go to the fields." And for centuries past the peasants never knew when they went to the fields whether they would return alive. When, during the war, I asked the wounded how they were, they invariably replied, "Well enough, but I have a pain in my chest, and in the bone of my wounded leg, and in my arm." And perhaps the next day the poor fellow who had thus answered me was dead.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people. With their superstitions, their childlike piety, they combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod of the head before taking up her post at his bedside, there to nurse him day and night. I have heard some brave hero crying out in his agony for his mother, and covering the hands of that mother with kisses.

One poor wounded fellow, with the lower jaw destroyed, and hideous to look upon, wanted to dictate a letter to one of my ladies in waiting. This letter was to his wife, and he began with the usual formula: "I hope this letter will reach you in the happiest moment of your life. As for me," he went on, "I wish to tell you that I am very well off here, and that I am wounded in the chest."

At this the young girl who was writing paused in astonishment. "But, Nicolas," she exclaimed, "that is not true."

"Do you think," he answered, "that she would remain faithful to me if she saw me looking so dreadful?"

Once I was sent for to the town to a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in inconsolable despair.

Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed, and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time.

When I arose, my ladies of honor discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder whenever I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.

A handsome young man had died in a tent opposite to mine, and the next morning dawned cold and dreary, for it was November. The fog shut us in like a wall, and the ground was like an oozy bog. All of a sudden a man and a woman came forth from the fog like spectres. The woman wore nothing but an old gray chemise, scarcely reaching to her knees, and about her worn old face hung the rags of what had once been a white linen wrap. She came forward on her bare feet through the deep mud, her arms clasping a bundle of linen for her son. She asked for him, and before I could get to her she fell on her knees with a heart-rending cry. A soldier with brutal haste had said to her, "Your son died in that tent yesterday."

The clean white shirts she had so lovingly brought for him slipped from her hands into the mud, and tearing her hair and smiting her breast, she cried again and again, "Radoul, my son! Radoul! Radoul! Radoul!" She would listen to no comfort, accept no food, no shelter, but rose at last and went away through the fog, turning back at every step to cry again the name of her lost son. Her figure assumed immense proportions in the heavy air, and her voice rang out strangely through the damp gloom; and when she was out of sight we could still hear the cry of "Radoul! Radoul!" The scene haunts me often now.

For four months I had been trying—alas! in vain—to save the life of a young man. About a quarter of an hour before his death some one spoke to me in rather a loud voice near his bed. I leaned over him, and said, "We are making too much noise, are we not?"

"What does that matter," he replied, "if only I can look at you?"

When the end came his mother began to sob and cry; but the people about asked her to be quiet, as they did not want me to know of his death till the next day. And she had the self-control and grandeur of soul to be silent.

On Christmas eve, after a long severe frost, a thaw rendered the streets of Bucharest impassable. I was to go and meet the King, who was returning as a victorious hero after five months' absence. I thought it would have been a delirium of joy to me. But I had suffered too much; I had lost the power of rejoicing; I did not know how to be glad. The last days before Plevna had all but destroyed all three armies at once. After a terrible snow-storm the cold had been twenty degrees below zero. The Danube was so encumbered with ice that not a loaf of bread could be sent over it. If Osman Pasha had held out three days longer every soul would have perished.

And now the road between Plevna and Nicopolis was covered with famished crowds. I know not how many left Plevna, but only ten thousand arrived at Nicopolis!

The King started the next day on the same road on his way home to his capital. He had to leave his sledge, for it jolted over corpses. Horror-struck, he mounted a horse, and pressed on along this pathway of death, the horse starting and rearing at every step.

There were groups of the dead sitting round the last fire they had lit in some deep rut, carts overturned, driver and buffaloes alike frozen in their places, standing up stiff as statues. There were the dying, their arms upraised to heaven in a final petition before they sank back with a last sigh and expired.

At the battle of Grivitza sixteen thousand men had fallen; one battalion of cavalry had lost one-half its numbers; and for three days the enemy's fire made it impossible to pause for a moment for food or to bury the dead in the trenches. But all these horrors sunk into insignificance before those of the journey from Plevna to Nicopolis.

By paths as slippery as glass the King climbed up to the fortress amidst the terrible clamor of the voices of ten thousand prisoners lying in the ditches, for whom not a scrap of food could be obtained. But as he gained the strong hold, the perils of the ice-path passed, the sun lit up Roumania with a rosy light, and the heart of the young monarch was warmed within him at seeing his adopted land once more.

The next day the King seemed to be exposed to such peril amongst the raging prisoners, who numbered many more than our troops, that the bold scheme was decided on of sending him away in a little iron-clad vessel, which cut its way through the ice, breaking it where it was thin, and literally springing over it where it was impenetrable, returning safely to port at last, and bringing bread to starving Nicopolis.

When at Turno-Magomelli the King found himself, for the first time for five months, in a warmed and furnished room, with a bed to sleep on: he thought he was in an enchanted palace.

Another snow-storm endangered his life between Magomelli and Craïova, where the train awaited to take him to his capital—draped with flags, decorated with garlands, to welcome back the hero and conqueror—and to his wife, whose hair had turned white with the anguish through which she had passed, and whose joy resembled grief, so weary was her heart.

Could one but go amongst them, the Tziganes would be a most interesting and curious study. They are still, and ever will be, pariahs, beggars and thieves, musicians and poets, cowards and complainers, wanderers and heathen, but, oh, so picturesque! Their camp, no matter where it is pitched in the wide plain, is always in charming disorder, and of a marvellous color, especially in the evening, when the huge red sun of Roumania sets upon the violet horizon beneath the mighty green dome of heaven. The women of the camp wear garments of every imaginable hue, from tender green to brick red and orange yellow. Their nut-brown children run about half naked, their little shirts just covering their shoulders and a bit of their necks. There sit the men, with tangled hair and soft velvety eyes, grouped about the fire, their naked feet against the copper kettles they are tinkering; or we see them gathered about the timber-yards or buildings where they are employed, running about the scaffoldings with the suppleness of Indians, in attitudes and positions that are always charming. Their language is as sonorous as beaten brass, and their songs are most beautiful; but it is only with reluctance that they will let any one hear them.

One of the most interesting sights of Bucharest is the great Fair, to which all flock to buy, amongst other things, everything that is needed to celebrate the Fête of the Dead. This week is one long delight to children. In spite of the broiling sun, in spite of the smothering dust, thousands of carriages succeed each other in the long street (Calea Mochilor) leading to the Fair, which is held in a place called Mochi, in memory of a great battle fought on this spot between Mathieu Bassarabi and Radou, who tried to take Bucharest with an army of Moldavians and Tartars. "And the women and children," says the chronicler, "climbed upon the flowering hedges to see the war wage." Tramway cars and carriages overflow with people, every window is packed with gayly decked heads, some very pretty faces amongst them, and, once at the Fair, one wanders round in a labyrinth of little stalls, where terra-cotta pots, wooden pitchers, and glass necklaces are sold. One sees wagon loads of handsome peasant women and pretty children driving off laden with purchases, and in the midst of the noise and confusion, the shouts, the brilliant colors, the bears and the giants, and the ever-thickening clouds of dust, you suddenly see the *calonchar* dance begin. This is an old Roumanian dance, derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or dance of Saturn, in which the heirlsmen tried to hide that they had stolen away Jupiter to prevent Saturn from devouring him, as he had his other children. The dancers, dressed in white, with little bells on their legs, behave in the wildest way. They are in training long before, so as to be able to bear the fatigue of dancing in this way from Easter to Pentecost. They are led by a violinist, and one of them, his finger on his lips, maintains silence amongst the rest, threatening them with his staff if they speak. Saturn must not know from them where to find his son.

The Roumanians express everything by dancing; men dance together, and women together. The soldiers in the barracks always manage to get a violin, a flute, or a bagpipe, on which some one plays a dance of some kind for them. On a campaign, in war, after the most fatiguing marches, in showers of shot and shell, they still dance, defying the projectiles, until one of the dancers is struck down. Then good-humor never fails, even in the hospital. The wounded amuse themselves by composing comedies to make those still in bed laugh, and act them with an animation, spirit, and power of imitation which is perfectly marvellous.

Among the finest institutions of Bucharest are the hospitals. They have been so liberally endowed by former rulers that they have at the present time an income of three or four millions, and every one is received and cared for gratis as long as he remains in bed. They have been partly rebuilt, and the new military hospital is constructed in accordance with all the latest scientific principles.

A circle of military hospitals and barracks now surrounds the series of heights overlooking the royal country-seat, the old Cotroceni convent, and the cupola of the large orphanage sheltering four hundred orphans. Further off is a second *enceinte*, that of the fortifications, for from time immemorial Bucharest has always been a citadel—a strategic post of great importance.

The transformation of Bucharest into a fine modern town in the style of modern taste is now complete. It is now a town intersected with canals, well irrigated, adorned with grand buildings, such as the Athenæum, the new Ministries, the Bank, the State Printing-Press, the Town-Hall, the Houses of Parliament, etc. The foundation of the Bacteriological Institute raises us to the level of the other scientific centres of Europe. But the picturesque Oriental Bucharest, the Bucharest, as big as Vienna, but with only 220,000 inhabitants, made up of little houses nestling in verdure, the Bucharest in which one could point out the houses of Monsieur this and Madame that (giving the *noms de guerre* of the persons indicated), has disappeared, to give place to a town just like any other. It only appears Oriental to those who come from the West. Those who come from Asia give a sigh of satisfaction as they cross the Danube.

"Ah!" they say to themselves, "here we are in Europe."

Truly we are remarkable sovereigns, for we have managed to accomplish in twenty-five years what it has taken others several centuries to achieve.

We have created an army; on the arrival of the King there was but one battery of artillery, now we have 700 cannons. Our first cruiser is the nucleus of a fleet. The State Budget, which before the arrival of the King was 38 millions, is now 150 millions. Political life has become comparatively calm and serious, and long periods elapse without changes in the Ministry or the dissolution of the Chambers. Railways intersect the country in every direction, taking grain to the sea, cattle to Italy, wood to Panama. There are schools everywhere, and we seem likely to suffer from having hastened our development so much, the upsetting of the equilibrium being especially felt in family life.

We even make an attempt at socialism, so as to be quite abreast with modern civilization. But socialism takes root with difficulty in a country purely agricultural, where there are no industries, and where the farmers come quite naturally to consult their landlord, asking him whether it would be well for them to revolt—if they would really get more land by doing so, as the agitators tell them they would.

Roumania bids fair to become what King Charles dreamt she might—a living artery of Europe. When the crown of the country, of the very existence of which he was ignorant, was offered to a young Hohenzollern prince, he opened the atlas, took a pencil, and seeing that a line drawn from Loudon to Bombay passed through the principality which called him to be its head, he accepted the crown with these words:

"This is a country of the future!"

Carmen Sylva

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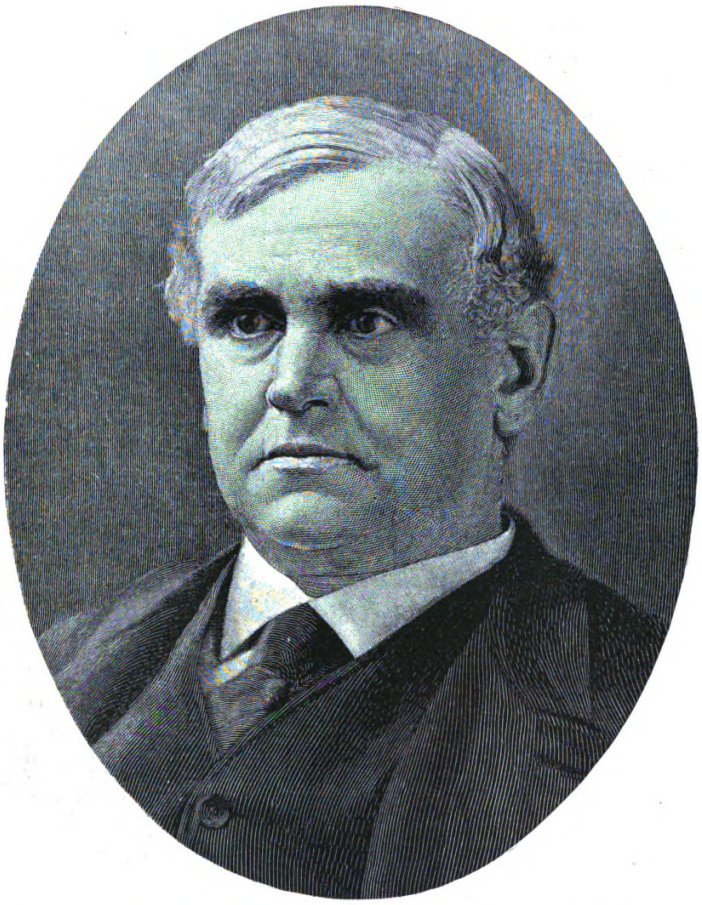
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THE RIGHT REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 106.]



PHILLIPS BROOKS, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.



RESIDENCE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS, CORNER OF CLARENDON AND MARLBORO STREETS, BOSTON.



TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

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THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BONSPIEL.

THE international curling bonspiel has become one of the memorable events in the calendar of Northwestern sports. If there shall follow some day the canonization of some Saint of the Thistle, it will fittingly carry out the ecclesiastical scheme.

No game in the world is more truly a game for gentlemen. Interest in it in the United States has now passed far beyond the narrow limits of the Scottish-American. So strong is the subtle influence of the "stanes," that men in all lines of life—professional men, business men, laboring men—are "brithers a'" wherever the keen ice resounds with the ring of the spinning granites.

The international tournament, or bonspiel, which began in the rink of the St. Paul Club on the 17th of January has attracted more than the ordinary attention in Canadian and American curling circles. The contests are usually held in the rink of the St. Paul Club, because it is not only one of the finest in the United States, but because, also, of the club's central location.

From the hour the ice first begins to form thick and strong on river or pond or lake, along in the early fall, until the date of this annual international event, the curlers are at work in their respective rinks, sifting out men who are not up to the standard, letting in new blood, fortifying their teams at every vulnerable point. Curling depends not in any way upon the influences of city life; you may find a crack club on the river of some lonesome hamlet in the far Northern forests, just as you may find some skater clad in homely homespun on the fens of England who will lead your professional a hot, fast race, or just as some quiet, thoughtful man in some peaceful prairie town may vanquish the chief chess-player of some boastful city club.



L. R. MAÇKENZIE, WINNIPEG.

The St. Paul curlers had been generous in their allotment of prizes and medals to be contended for at this bonspiel; and while the intrinsic value of a trophy cuts but little figure with your true curler, yet there was an added interest to be found in the fact that the prizes were so costly. There were the chaste silver tankard offered by the St. Paul Club; the trophy of the Jobbers' Union of the same city, valued at $500; four gold medals, known as the Hinkel medals; the Governor's medal, presented by ex-Governor William R. Merriam; the Gordon Champion Rink medal, offered by the Hon. Robert Gordon, of New York, open to one rink only from each club affiliated with the Grand National Curling Association; with a large number of other prizes special in their nature for some particular class.

Three or four days before the contests the curlers began arriving in St. Paul, drawn from their winter homes in various portions of the United States and Canada to this frosty Mecca of their hopes. They form a well-to-do-looking lot of men—if this be not too much along the line of that faint praise which bears condemnation in its wake. They are men with, for the most part, a strong Scottish cast of features. Here and there you will see a man whose natal allegiance is to the Queen, but you will probably look in vain to find one who has other than a Saxon face. Year by year, though, the Americans come up to this tourney in greater numbers.

A gay kaleidoscope of coloring was the big rink when the tourney began. The striking costumes, with their bright and sometimes *bizarre* hues, the spirited antics of the curling enthusiasts, the shrill cries of the skips, the hearty applause of the many on-lookers, the intense but generous rivalry between the home rinks and those from over the border, all were interesting factors in the events of the bonspiel. So large was the number of rinks entered in the lists that it was found necessary to play several of them in the open, and fine clear places on the broad river's bosom afforded an admirable opportunity for out-o'-door play, the kind which, no matter how fitting may be the appointments of the enclosed rink, is always more satisfactory to your true curler. Interest may run high inside a covered rink, but it rises to flood tide on the rink whose only roof is the sapphire sky of a Northern winter day.



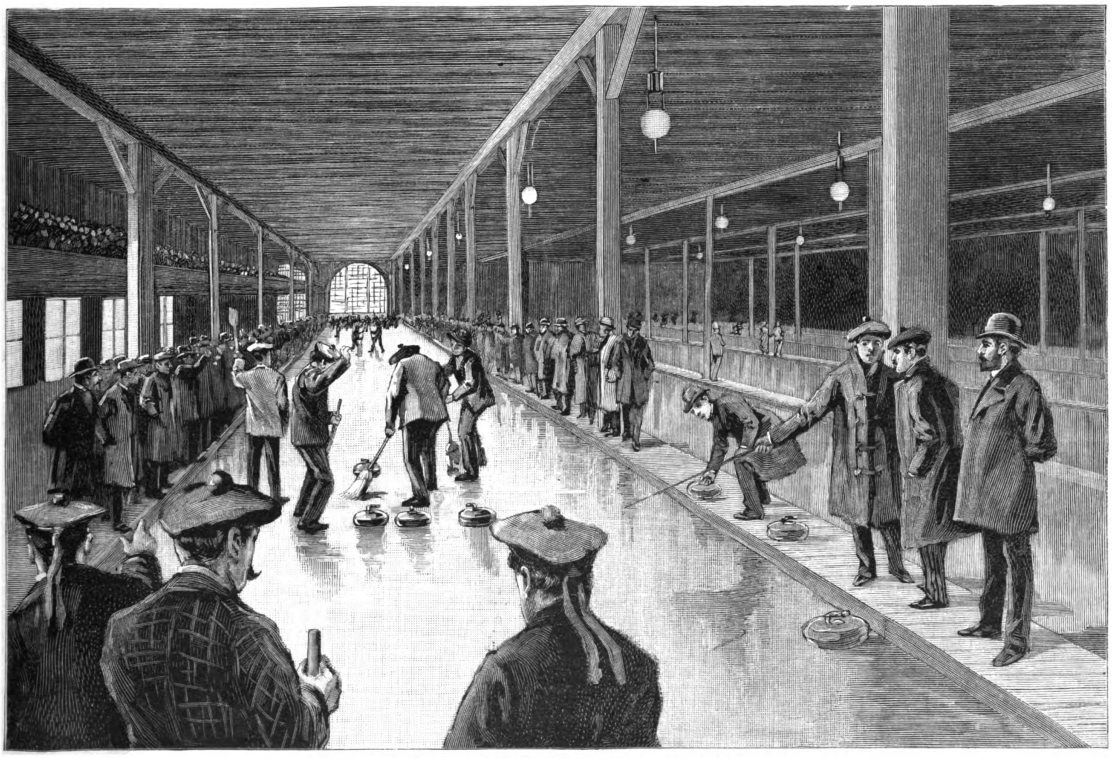
Mark Fortune. Thos. Kelly. Wm. Georgeson. Thos. Johnson.

THE "FORTUNE" RINK.



Judge Cory, President of the St. Paul Club.
Alexander McKenzie. W. W. Erwin. William Rodgers.

A LEADING ST. PAUL RINK.



SCENE IN THE RINK OF THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB.

THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BONSPIEL.

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During the whole bonspiel play has begun at 9.30 in the morning, at 2.30 in the afternoon, and at 7.30 in the evening. There are many rules for the curler to follow, and it may be of interest to indicate the general ones which were adopted at the beginning of this contest.

Rinks entered for any competition must go through the match as entered, no substitute being allowed. All players must be in good standing in their respective clubs.

If any of the competing rinks is not ready to play at the hour fixed for any match, one end shall be counted as playing for every ten minutes' delay, and the opposing rink shall count one point for each such period of time.

In the event of any disagreement between skips during the match the decision of the umpire shall be final.

No rink shall be entitled to more than one bye in one competition.

It will not be necessary to state for those who are accustomed to the game of curling that there were no bets made in the progress of the many events of this interesting bonspiel, but for those who do not know the game it is of interest to know that there is no game in all the realm of sports more free from the bane of betting.

And now the contest is on. Far down the long ice-coated rink stand four men clad in the fantastic toggery of the curler, more or less pronounced as taste may demand. The mirrorlike stretch of ice lies between them and the foemen, who are every whit worthy their shrewdest skill; for curling, be it always remembered, is a game where skill counts for everything. The air of the rink is cold almost as the keen wintry atmosphere outside, and the players are garmented for zero weather. A muscular man, tall, strikingly handsome in his Scottish garb, looks down the course, where, at the extreme farther end, stands his captain—the "skip," as he is called—directing the play. Suddenly the tall man stoops, seizes the silvery-handled "stane" in his strong hand, stands motionless until there comes from away down the long rink the voice of the Scottish skip, full and strong and mellow, with the richest brogue in the world, "Noo, mon, crack an egg on't." Steady a moment, and then the globular piece of granite is sent spinning down the rink with just the right twist to it; the besoms are plied with all the vehemence of the most frenzied sweeper; the crowd holds its breath while the stone nears the tantalizing "tee." The right touch has been made, the strategic position of the enemy has been successfully attacked, the game is won, and the strong-lunged sons of Scotia make the high roof resound with all the royal vociferousness that belongs by right to the grand old roarin' game.

And so it goes for the better part of a week; there is excitement and good-natured raillery and keen wit, and now and then a nipping bit of satire as the various events of the tournament come up in their accredited order.

The home club has proven a splendid entertainer, and the visitors have been given that rich measure of hospitality which is ever the concomitant of curling. The international bonspiel which has just been concluded has strengthened anew the bonds which have so splendidly bound together the hundreds of curlers who are keeping alive and in vigorous health this fascinating and healthful sport.

The number of rinks entered in the various contests was forty five, a total of nearly one hundred and fifty curlers being engaged in the contests. So great was the interest that the rinks for a portion of the time were in use continuously during the entire twenty-four hours. Night and day the contests have been waged in this one of the most spirited curling bouts ever known on either side of the Atlantic.

The election of officers for the international association, held midway in the bonspiel, resulted in the selection of the following, who will serve the association for the next year's sport: President, John S. Johnstone, of Milwaukee; Vice-President, J. B. Hill, of Chicago; Secretary, W. F. Myron, of St. Paul.

The bonspiel was to have closed on January 24th, after a five days' tourney, but there were so many events and the interest was so great that the contest was continued over into the next week. W. S. HARWOOD.



THE principal event in a dramatic week of more than usual interest was certainly the first appearance before an American audience of the Italian tragedienne, Miss Eleonora Duse, whose fame as an actress is of so comparatively recent an origin that her surpassing excellence as an artist of the very first rank came upon one almost like a thunder-clap. Let it be said at once that Miss Duse's artistic gifts place her at once and without question in the very front rank of dramatic artists. If it be true, as has been said, that the greatest art is that which conceals art, and thereby approaches more nearly to absolute truth and naturalness, Miss Duse is unquestionably one of the greatest, perhaps in some respects the greatest, actress who has ever appeared on the American stage. M. Coquelin's contention that the really great actor never for an instant loses the consciousness of his own effort and personality, and is never carried away by the emotion or passion which he is endeavoring to portray which forms the basis of his theory of dramatic art, receives an absolute and complete endorsement in Miss Duse's work. Her methods are positively startling in their simplicity, while her effects are all the more impressive because they are produced without apparent effort, and almost in defiance of the ordinary theatrical conventions. Her acting is marked by complete repose, and by an entire absence of anything like artificiality or affectation. Through her we are brought face to face with an art so subtle, so refined, so perfectly finished in every detail and inflection of voice, expression of feature, and by-play, that we entirely lose sight of the actress in the character portrayed, though at the same time conscious of that surpassing art which can with such evident truth hold the mirror up to nature. With Miss Duse feeling is expressed by a gesture; the height of emotion is indicated by an attitude or an expression. Her extraordinary mobility of feature leaves one entirely in doubt as to how the real woman appears; for the moment she is the character she portrays; everything she does, as well as everything she says, forms an integral part of a consistent, logical, and well-developed dramatic conception. Nothing is left to chance, or to the passing feeling induced by a moment of enthusiasm; every movement, every look, every tone, has been carefully calculated, carefully thought out and considered beforehand; and yet the result of all this is a reproduction of nature so faithful and so sincere as to banish completely every idea of effort on the part of the actress, and place before us a character whose reality cannot be doubted.

It is rather late in the day to deprecate the *morale* of a play like *Camille*, or to call in question the evident inconsistencies in the character of its principal personage. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* in that it never fails in producing upon an audience the effect intended by its author; it has been chosen as a vehicle for the display of certain phases of dramatic emotion by every great artist since its first production, and was probably selected by Miss Duse, a stranger speaking a strange tongue, as a play in which to make her first appearance on account of its familiarity to American audiences. Miss Duse's future appearances in other rôles cannot, one would think, fail to justify the estimation of her powers and possibilities formed by seeing her in this one part. If her versatility be equal to her finish, which one can hardly doubt, Miss Duse as an actress can suffer nothing by comparison with either Bernhardt or Modjeska. As has been truly said, comparisons are not criticism; but as compared with the Camilles of either of the above-mentioned artists, which are familiar to American audiences, Miss Duse's conception of the rôle is more admirable, because less theatrical, and is also more plausible and consistent. Her conception of the part is unconventional in many respects, and one could not fail to admire the artistic reticence and repose which made the latter scene (which is taken by most actresses as an opportunity for making an effect, which, while impressive, is undoubtedly theatrical) so absolutely true to nature, the subtle art of her repressed emotion and assumed gayety in her parting from Armand, the intense suffering and abject despair of the card-room scene, suggested in the most subtle manner rather than indicated, and the wonderful quiet and absence of anything like artificiality or striving for effect which made the death scene almost too painful in its vivid realism. It is almost impossible to speak of Miss Duse's personal appearance, as in seeing her Camille one felt that one saw the actress and not the woman, as her extraordinary mobility of feature enables her to express every varying shade of feeling or emotion with the utmost nicety, and her expression at all times was, therefore, quite as much a part of her characterization as were her words or gestures. As far as one could judge, however, she is a woman of about thirty years of age, rather above the medium height, lithe and supple in figure, and exceedingly graceful. While her features would not bear minute examination, her face has a distinct charm, and is lit up by a pair of wonderfully lustrous eyes. Her personality is intense and magnetic, and has undoubtedly much to do with the extraordinary hold which she has over an audience. It is, of course, possible that her future appearances may cause one to change one's opinion of Miss Duse's merits and capabilities, but certainly, judging from her Camille, she is an absolutely great artist. If to be a genius necessitates the possibility of losing one's self in one's art, Miss Duse may possibly not be a genius; but if one allows the truth and correctness of her methods and theories, one must admit that she has reached the highest possible plane of dramatic achievement, in that her art is so complete that it is entirely lost sight of in the absolute truth to nature of the results which it produces.

Many a lesson, too, in acting, by-play, and stage business might be learned from the supporting company, which is certainly excellent. Signor Ando, who is Miss Duse's principal support, is an excellent actor, whose methods resemble hers, and who is even a better stage-manager than an actor, although his Armand was worthy of the most decided commendation, as being consistent, forcible, and effective. The New York public may, in fact, congratulate themselves upon the opportunity of seeing an exhibition of dramatic art so unusual, so admirable, and so instructive.

The inauguration of a season of opera in English at the Manhattan Opera-house, with the first production in America of Moszkowski's opera *Boabdil*, was interesting and important in several respects. *Boabdil* is not by any means an epoch-making opera. It bears evidence of having been written at different times and under varying conditions. In neither manner nor matter does it suggest anything new or illustrate anything novel or original in either design or treatment. For all this, Moszkowski's music is good music, agreeable music, and music too that will undoubtedly gain enormously by repetition, and by the removal of defects which are incident to first performances in general, and which were certainly noticeable at the first New York performance in particular. The first production in America of an opera which, while not probably destined to be long-lived or notably popular, is certainly an important operatic novelty, was in itself an event of sufficient importance to be of decided interest; but the principal interest and importance of this opening of a season of opera in English does not lie in the production of any particular work, but in the season itself.

There can be no question that the extravagant prices demanded by operatic artists for their services have practically killed opera, both in this country and in England, for the prices of admission which the demands of his artists compel any manager to charge have prevented opera from being popular, and anything at this time must be popular to be permanent. Mr. Hammerstein, with most commendable enterprise, has started in to prove that operatic performances of fair average excellence can be given at prices within the reach of all, and the success or failure of his attempt to do this includes, one would think, the whole question as to whether the American public wants opera at all at any prices. The whole scheme, therefore, from a musical stand-point, assumes a decided importance. If public support be accorded to the venture, and it becomes possible for Mr. Hammerstein to continue his season not only this year, but in following years, we shall have in New York a permanent home for opera in English. Doubtless, with experience and with confidence that the public will support him in his attempt, Mr. Hammerstein will be able to improve his present operatic conditions. Doubtless many defects might be pointed out in the performances given during the past week. For all this, however, and in spite of many and obvious defects and shortcomings, a start has been made in the right direction, and should the public appreciation of the fact that such a start has been made encourage Mr. Hammerstein to continue in his venture, the ultimate result will be, as has been said, of noticeable value and importance. With a home for high-class opera, given under reasonably favorable conditions, firmly established in New York, there will be an opportunity for the production of original works, and for the appearance of native artists, which American artists and American musicians have never enjoyed before. There are at the present time scores of American singers in Germany and Italy who remain there simply for the lack of an opportunity of appearing and making a reputation in their own country. There are also, doubtless, many musicians, both in this country and in England, who could and would write operas of definite musical value could they see before them even the possibility of a production. In view of these facts, the importance of Mr. Hammerstein's venture, and the possible bearing which its successful continuance might well have on the future of musical art in this country, may readily be seen. We should therefore, at first, at any rate, make liberal allowances for even many shortcomings, rather than by too severe criticism, and by expecting and exacting a too high standard of excellence, kill the germ of an idea which, if properly followed out, may become of great ultimate value.

But the taste, education, and previous experience of the New York theatre-going public requires a certain standard of excellence; if any enterprise be not up to this standard it cannot, and indeed should not, succeed; for metropolitan prestige in amusements, as in everything else, must be maintained. With the best will in the world, it can hardly be said that the performances at the Manhattan Opera-house were altogether what they should be to satisfy even conservative demands for operatic performances of average excellence. One would therefore recommend to Mr. Hammerstein a little more boldness and a little more daring than even he has hitherto shown. A good deal has certainly been done in starting this season at all, and a little further enterprise in the way of strengthening his *personnel* of artists, and in remedying certain obvious defects and shortcomings, would place the enterprise on a footing where it might and ought to succeed.

The opening of a new and beautiful theatre—the Empire—with a new American drama treating of army life on the frontier, which scored a popular success; the first presentation in this country of Erckmann-Chatrian's famous play *L'Ami Fritz*, by the Manola-Mason company; and the successful appearance of Madame Minna Gale-Haynes in *The Lady of Lyons* and *As You Like It*—were dramatic events which must be chronicled, and to which occasion will be taken to refer later on. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.

AGAIN is a seat made vacant on the bench of the United States Supreme Court—this time through the death of Associate Justice Lamar. Although it was generally known that Justice Lamar had been failing in health of late, the news of his death was a great surprise to the country at large. Many of his intimates, however, had viewed with alarm the gradual physical decline of the old judge and soldier, and were more or less prepared for the sudden end. Judge Lamar was visiting at the residence of Mr. W. H. Virgin, near Macon, Georgia, and seemed to be regaining something of his lost health. On the evening of January 23d he was suddenly stricken, and the end followed in thirty minutes.

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was the type of an old Southern gentleman in all the true meaning of the word. He was a native of Georgia, having been born in Putnam County of that State on the 17th of September, 1825. He had not quite attained his majority when he graduated from Emory College, and after studying law, was admitted to the bar in 1847. A year later he moved to Oxford, Mississippi, where he became Professor of Mathematics at the State University of Mississippi. He was also engaged in editorial work on the *Southern Review*. Returning after a short time to the State of his birth, he again took up law, and in 1853 entered the Georgia Legislature. After serving for two years, he went back to Mississippi, and was elected to serve that State in Congress. He was an ardent and impulsive man, with great powers of oratory, and he fought bitterly for slavery and States' rights in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. The war was plainly foreshadowed, and those were fierce days in the capital city. In 1860 Mr. Lamar resigned from Congress to take part in the secession convention of his adopted State, and a year later he was in the midst of the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, becoming its commander shortly after.

Jefferson Davis chose Colonel Lamar to represent the Southern Confederacy in Europe, appointing him as commissioner to Russia, and he undertook a most delicate diplomatic mission. He accomplished a great deal while abroad, and influenced many of the foreign governments, who evinced great kindness to the Southern States. He assisted in negotiating the Southern loan, but failed to secure the recognition of the Confederacy as an independent power.

In 1864 Colonel Lamar returned to this country, and after the war again took up law and politics, becoming Professor of Political Economy, and later Professor of Law in the University of Mississippi. Mr. Lamar was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and there became very prominent before the people. He entered the Senate in 1877 as Senator from Mississippi, and there proved his understanding of the financial question by combating all attempts to inflate or debase the currency. This was in spite of the wishes of the people of Mississippi, who through their State Legislature called upon him to change his course or resign. Mr. Lamar quietly declined to do either, and in 1882 his bravery and independence were rewarded by his re-election to the Senate. Upon the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland in 1885, Mr. Lamar was chosen as one of the President's advisers, and was made Secretary of the Interior. In 1887 Mr. Cleveland nominated him to fill a vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, which place he occupied until his death. Judge Lamar was a man of sincerity and courage, respected by his opponents, admired and loved by his associates. His death caused sincere sorrow among all who knew him, regardless of party. Both Houses of Congress adjourned on January 25th out of respect to the memory of the man who had filled so prominent a place in each branch, and the Supreme Court closed until the Monday following. Secretary of the Interior Noble ordered the department buildings draped for twenty days, and paid a high tribute to the former holder of the office. Soon after the war Mr. Lamar rose in Congress eulogizing Charles Sumner, declaring at the same time the death of all sectional feeling. From that moment he has always sought to prove the truth of his assertion, and his straightforwardness and strength of character have earned for him the praise that is to-day bestowed upon his memory.

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GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States in November, 1860, Captain Abner Doubleday, of the Third Artillery, was stationed in Charleston Harbor at Fort Moultrie. The eyes of the whole country were upon that little band of soldiers, and much wonder and anxiety was felt as to how they would act in the trying emergency in which they were placed. It was indeed a trying time for these men, for President Buchanan seemed disinclined to do anything in the closing months of his administration either to heal the angry dissensions in the country or to hamper the hands of the incoming administration. Even those of us who have not reached middle age can recall those exciting and anxious times as though it was but yesterday that we were waiting for tidings of Major Anderson and his men. The time seeming so close, it is hard to realize that all of the officers holding command at Forts Sumter and Moultrie have passed away, the last of them, General Abner Doubleday, dying the other day at Mendham, New Jersey, of old age. Captain Doubleday was second in command to Major Anderson, and he always maintained that the protest against the people threatening the government property and menacing the flag should have been more pronounced and vigorous.

At any rate, when on the 14th of April, 1861, it was decided to at least make a show of resistance, Captain Doubleday aimed and fired the first gun in answer to the shots from those who under the palmetto flag started the great war of the rebellion. Major Anderson was a Kentuckian, and it was thought by some that his sympathies were with the South in the conflict. Captain Doubleday was, however, a Republican and an abolitionist even before the war, and he could not reconcile the ownership of slaves by Mrs. Anderson with the entire loyalty of her husband. This view he took in the book he wrote, *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in 1860-1*. He did not hesitate to question Major Anderson's conduct, and he also suggested motives.

When the troops at Sumter came North they were made much of, and were the popular heroes of the hour. Doubleday shared with Anderson the honors of popularity, and among those who were more intent on suppressing slavery than saving the Union he was the first hero. He had been graduated from West Point in the class of 1842, had served in the Mexican and Seminole wars, and in 1855 had received the two bars of a captain in the Third Artillery, the regiment to which he was assigned with his first commission. Just a month after he had fired the first Union gun of the war Doubleday was commissioned Major of the Fourteenth Regular Infantry.

During that memorable summer campaign in Virginia which was so disastrous to the Union arms, Doubleday was in the ill-starred command of General Pattison in the Shenandoah Valley, and later commanded the forts and batteries on the Potomac in defence of Washington. In February, 1862, Doubleday was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and assigned to command the defences of Washington. At this time General Doubleday saw a great deal of Mr. Lincoln, and became intimate with him. Then and subsequently he was frequently consulted by the President. From May to September, 1862, he commanded a brigade on the Rappahannock and in the northern Virginia campaign. At the second battle of Bull Run he succeeded to the command of Hatch's division, at the head of which he was at Antietam, where he held the extreme right of the Union line, and opened the battle. He lost very heavily, but captured six battle-flags. In November, 1862, he was made a Major-General of Volunteers, and as such took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Gettysburg was Doubleday's last fight. Early in the morning of the 1st of July, 1863—the first day's fight—General John F. Reynolds, who commanded the First Army Corps, was killed, and General Doubleday, being the senior division commander, took command of the corps, and also of the field of battle. He was in command all that day of the field, till the arrival of Howard, who ranked him. The fighting was serious all of the first day, and the losses of the First Corps were heavy. These losses were not caused, it is generally conceded, by any lack of skill on Doubleday's part, but merely because he had to withstand the brunt of the battle. Before the second day's fight began General Meade, who commanded the army, sent General John Newton, who had a division in another corps, to take command of the First Corps, and thus General Doubleday was sent back to the head of his division. This change of corps commanders after one day's hard fighting, and just as the battle was about to be renewed, was resented very bitterly by General Doubleday and his friends. During the rest of the battle General Doubleday's division was continually in the thickest of the fight, and aided conspicuously in the defeat of Pickett's famous charge during the third day. After the Gettysburg campaign, where General Meade, after gaining a signal victory, suffered the enemy to escape him, General Doubleday asked to be relieved from his command, as he did not feel that he could serve longer under a commander who had placed upon him so signal and uncalled-for an affront. During the remainder of the war General Doubleday served on commissions and courts martial, and for a little while, when Early's raiders threatened Washington, he had command of the eastern defences of the city.

After the war he was brevetted Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General in the regular army for services rendered during the war. In 1867 he was made Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Regular Infantry, and in 1873 was retired, after forty-one years' service in the army. While on duty in San Francisco in 1870, General Doubleday suggested and obtained a charter for the first cable street railroad in the United States. Since his retirement he has lived quietly at Mendham, writing more or less for the magazines on military subjects, and studying the occult sciences.

He was one of Madame Blavatsky's first converts, and was a firm believer in the theosophical theories. He was at one time president of the American Theosophical Society, and during all the latter part of his life took the deepest interest in the affairs of the society and the teachings of the leaders. No one could talk with him on this subject without realizing that he was perfectly honest in his faith. Whatever a sceptic might think of the founders of the society, he could not help believing that this old soldier was a genuine Buddhist, and found much consolation in the religion which he had embraced towards the end of his life.

General Doubleday was born at Ballston Spa, in New York, in 1819. His father was the editor of the Cayuga *Patriot*, and twice a member of Congress from the Auburn district. Two others of his sons became field officers during the war of the rebellion. General Abner Doubleday left no children.

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LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.
[See Page 114.]

THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

THE fate of the Vaudeville Club depended not upon its members, but upon their wives and sisters; and the wives and sisters, as good women should, stood by their mankind, and have turned a dubious experiment into what looks like an actual success.

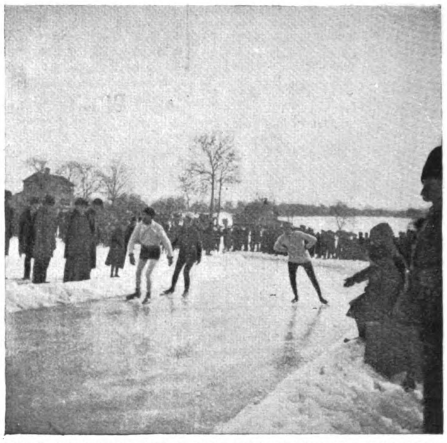
The question which has been most frequently asked of late is, "Has the Vaudeville Club come to stay?" which is about as pertinent as a similar remark made in reference to the slush in Fifth Avenue, and might be answered in pretty much the same way. They came and they will in all likelihood leave about the same time, and they will both probably come back to us next winter. The difference lies only in the effect they produced upon the public. The key to the social success of the Vaudeville Club is to be found in the list of the names of the women who were present at its birth.

These women—and no more representative collection of the better class of society has ever been gathered together in this city—knew that the men were going to wear their hats, smoke cigars, and quench their thirst with brandy and soda. Those who objected to intruding upon these male prerogatives staid away, and, for the most part, have continued to do so ever since. It is safe to say, however, that the club has gained rather than lost in the number of its adherents. It matters little whether the front rows are nightly ignored, or that the débutantes prefer to sit in boxes rather than about the tables on the floor. These are but the details of etiquette, which are the product of any social novelty, and but give to the club its individuality and a becoming air of historical precedence.

The artistic success of the club has been an accumulative one. The women and many of the men, until the first performance, were comparatively untutored in the value of the vaudeville performer. The humor of a gentleman fastening his ulster with two padlocks, nailing a broken suspender to his trousers with the aid of a spike and hammer, or telling a friend that he saw him next Monday between one o'clock, was not at first in touch with their ideas of humor. The unctuous wit of Mr. Kelley's string of Irish yarns struck many of the original audience as silly, and few at first saw little in Miss Vesta Victoria but a pretty face. But that was several weeks ago, and now this same audience laughs at Mr. Kelley before he tells his first story, and tall young men with long frock coats and high hats may be seen wandering along the avenue humming a complaint against the daddy who will not buy the pet of the Vaudeville Club a bow-wow. The taste for a good vaudeville performance is an acquired one, and can be cultivated only after an exhaustive experience of that which is good, bad, and indifferent. The Vaudeville audience (it varies very slightly every night) is rapidly gaining a nice discretion for its entertainers, and a good "turn" meets with its just deserts, but for that which is vulgar or otherwise unworthy it has a disregard which borders closely upon cruelty.

The committee in charge of the performance has certainly done the best it could with the material at hand, which, unfortunately, has not been the best the land affords. The programme has so far needed one number which could not fail to create a genuine enthusiasm. After all, the worth of a performer is not to be judged so much by the number of people who come in before he begins as the number who go out when he is done. The time of departure for the Vaudeville Club has so far been too indefinite. It is probable that one object of the enterprise was to afford the women friends of the members an opportunity to see an artist whose performance was town talk, but whose theatric surroundings were not of a sufficiently elevated character. Such an artist has, however, not graced this city since the Vaudeville Club opened its doors. A second Carmencita or an Yvette Guilbert would, in all probability, double the club's receipts.

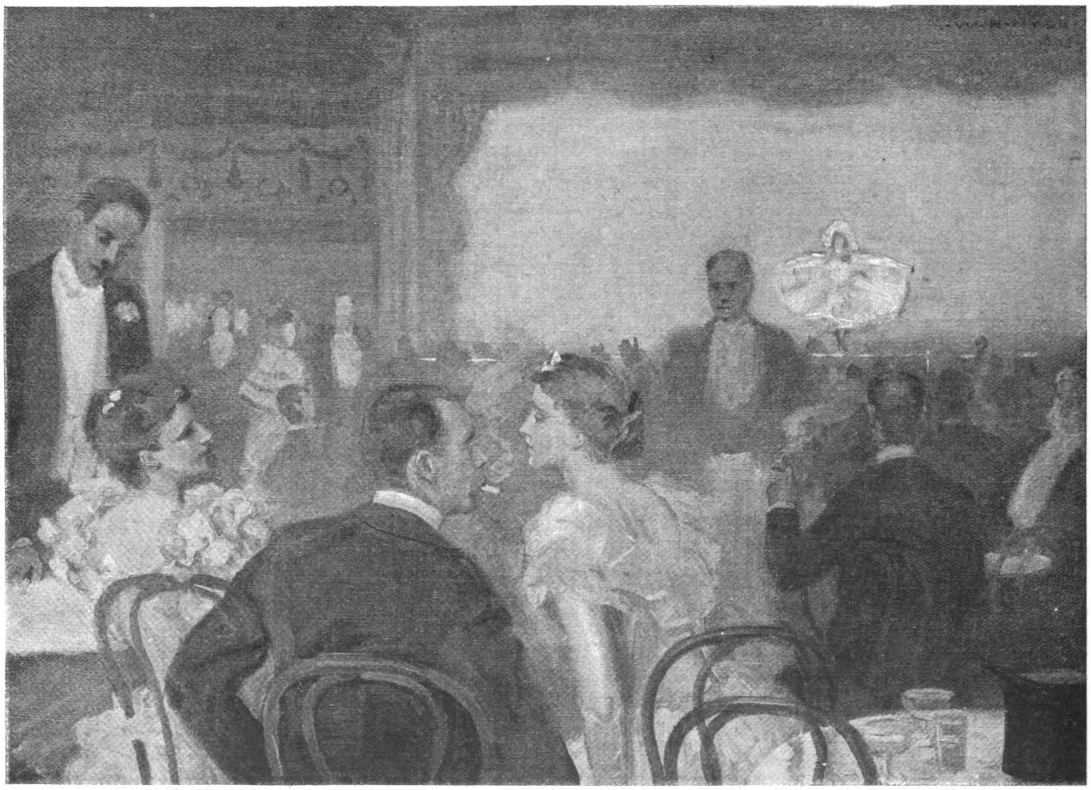
The proof that the club fills a want is to be found in the number of its nightly attendants. The pleasure of the city member is to go while the night is yet young where he can meet his friends, have a drink or a little supper, smoke his cigar, and be incidentally amused by an entertainment which requires no effort greater than an occasional laugh. The pleasure of the out-of-town member will not vary from this unless he be accompanied by a town member. Then he will have pointed out to him all the great people of the smart, artistic, and club world, of whom he has no doubt read and heard. And he will see them not as they pose in a ballroom or on the platform, but as he might see them at their own clubs or at their homes in front of their own andirons. He will find them with the restraint of the celebrity thrown aside, and, like himself, bent on the sole purpose of finding that sort of amusement which makes sleep easier and the next day's work less like work after all.



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DONOGHUE AT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES.
From Photographs by Moore Smith.—[See Page 119.]



AT THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.—Drawn by W. H. Hyde.

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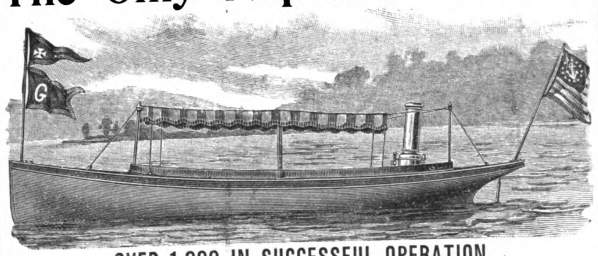
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AMATEUR SPORT

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS MAINTAINED so persistently that the new deed of gift under which the New York Yacht Club has pretended to hold the *America's* Cup was unsportsmanlike and unfair, that we publish with much pleasure a letter to the editor of the London *Field* by a yachtsman and a sportsman to whose efforts we are largely indebted for the coming race:

SIR,—Having represented Lord Dunraven in New York in the matter of the negotiations for the race for the *America* Cup this coming autumn, I have read with much interest your report of the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., December 13th, and your comments thereon.

At the annual dinner of the club last winter, the chairman of the regatta committee referred to the demoralized condition of racing in the big classes on both sides of the Atlantic, and expressed a hope that something might be done to meet the objections raised against the deed of gift of 1887, so that international racing might be resumed.

Lord Dunraven, it is well known, was equally anxious that, for the sake of sport, racing for the blue ribbon of the sea should be resuscitated, and expressed his willingness to challenge if the objectionable features of the deed of 1887 were overcome.

It is pretty generally recognized on both sides of the Atlantic that a mistake was made when framing this deed, in producing a document calculated rather to addle the brains of sea-lawyers than to promote friendly rivalry and sport, and I think there is no doubt that the dimension clause, and the no time allowance clause (the latter in the event of failure of mutual agreement), are almost as strongly objected to in America as over here.

At the same time it must be borne in mind that not many years ago we were unwise enough to bar centre-boards, and that, unfortunately, a very serious error was made in the statement as to *Thistle's* l.w.l. when the challenge of 1886 was issued, causes which led Americans to feel that they must protect themselves, first as to the challenge; secondly as to protection for the centre-board should they become challengers.

Both sides, therefore, desiring a race and the renewal of sport, negotiations were commenced with the view of bringing about the event under such conditions as might be mutually satisfactory.

It was perfectly well understood *ab initio* by the various members of the club who were approached in the premises, and also by the cup committee, that, whether rightly or wrongly, the deed of 1887 was objected to here, and that no English club would challenge unless its conditions were modified or amended, and on this premise the negotiations were conducted.

Lord Dunraven, no doubt recognizing the value of many clauses to the deed of 1887, and without wishing to recapitulate them in his preliminary letter of September 16th, took the deed as a basis to work upon, eliminated the dimension clause, made proposals to cover exactness of design in referring to the l.w.l., as to time allowance, and so forth. The N.Y.Y.C., in a sporting spirit, practically accepted all his conditions, and in due course the formal challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron followed. Neither the formal challenge nor the acceptance thereof alludes to the deed of 1887, and it is expressly stipulated that, should *Valkyrie* win the cup, the Squadron holds it subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in its challenge. When General Paine's original resolution, read before the club, was merely passed on to Lord Dunraven without embodying this condition, the latter at once cabled me, "This is *Valkyrie* over again, equally impossible, etc.;" and upon this being passed on to General Paine, steps were at once taken to give effect by cable to Lord Dunraven's requirement. I cannot conceive anything more fair than this. It is true that the Squadron cannot refuse a challenge according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887; but is it conceivable that any one but an absolute lunatic would challenge under the deed of 1887, giving all his dimensions, etc., when no necessity exists for doing so?

It is, of course, understood that if *Valkyrie* wins the cup, the document to be signed by the Squadron in accepting it will embody Clause 3 of the Squadron's challenge; and is it not true, sir, as you remark, that the N. Y. Y. C. has set a precedent of accepting a challenge upon terms less onerous than those set forth in its deed; and is it not probable also that the terms objected to in the deed will become a dead letter?

Our racing rules and conditions have not been perfect in the past, and in the interest of sport there must be some give and take. The N. Y. Y. C. have, I think, in this instance shown their desire for sport and fair play, and, as a direct outcome of Lord Dunraven's persistency, we shall undoubtedly see this summer, on both sides of the western ocean, the finest big cutter racing that has ever been witnessed.

Many Americans think that the deed of 1887, with its mutual agreement clause, which (after a receipt of a challenge) can be construed in almost any conceivable way, is less objectionable than the deed or conditions of the Royal Victoria Cup, which *inter alia* compel a challenger to give his sail area (*i.e.*, l.w.l. and rating according to the Y. R. A.); to sail inside courses in strong tidal waters, and which, for instance, obliges Mr. Royal Carroll, if he wins this year, to defend the cup in American waters according to the rules and regulations of the Y. R. A. for the time being.

Let it be understood here that there are no better sportsmen, no more hospitable hosts, afloat or ashore, than our American cousins, and we shall soon be able to dispense with legal documents and volumes of cable correspondence, and enjoy international racing every summer. MAITLAND KERSEY.

No. 33 St. James Place, S. W., *January 6th.*

In view of Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's intended invasion of British waters this season with his 84-footer, it is important that American yachtsmen read Dixon Kemp's comments on Mr. Kersey's letter in the same issue of the *Field:*

It cannot be denied that the successful attempt Lord Dunraven has made to challenge for the *America* Cup has given the desired fillip to yacht-building in this country, whatever the effect may be in the United States. From a letter which we publish on the *America* Cup it will be seen that Mr. Maitland Kersey adopts the view we did a fortnight ago, that the New York Yacht Club has now made a precedent which cannot hereafter be departed from; and as that club has practically conceded what British yachtsmen asked for, we trust that the *Valkyrie* matches will be the precursor of many international contests, both over American and English courses as well. Speaking of courses reminds us that Mr. Maitland Kersey refers to the courses which have to be sailed over for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Challenge Cup as "inside courses." This is, we believe, a mistake; as we understand the conditions, the matches will have to be sailed outside the Nab Light-ship. It is true there was some talk of making one of the courses "round the Isle of Wight"; but we trust that idea will not be revived, as a worse course could not very well be picked out for a test match. Also, Mr. Maitland Kersey says that the Victoria deed not only requires from the challenger the length of waterline of his yacht, but the rating also, which of course would reveal the sail area. This, however, is not a correct representation of the case, as the length of water-line can vary from that stated in the challenge as much as five per cent., and the rating as much as ten per cent. Thus, supposing the challenge stated the length to be 85 feet, and the rating 142 (which would allow a sail area of 10,000 square feet), this length could be increased to 89 feet, and the rating to 156, which would allow another 500 square feet of canvas, or the length could be increased only 1 foot, which would allow 900 square feet more sail area; or the length could be diminished, so also the rating to 128; in fact, the proportions of length to sail area can be varied infinitely by the challenger, and, practically, he is required to give no information at all about his vessel, except that she will come within certain limits. It should also be noted that another important clause in the Victoria deed is that the defending yacht must not exceed the declared rating of the challenging yacht by more than twenty per cent., and this rating must be made known to the challenger one week before the day appointed for the sailing of the first match. It should also be noted that neither the challenging nor the defending yacht can exceed 90 feet on the load-line if cutter-rigged. We consider these terms sufficiently elastic to give the challenger as good a chance as the defender; and it even extends to the possibility of lengthening a vessel if it is found on trial she is not quite as good as expected.

WHEN THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB committee had finally arranged a race with Lord Dunraven for the *America's* Cup by simply ignoring the dimension clause, we urged here that the new deed be pitched overboard once and for always, arguing that it is only a question of time when, possibly, the entire business of arbitrating for a race will have to be gone over again. It must be acknowledged the committee had a difficult task on the basis laid down for them by their club, and they performed it skilfully, but they have really only put off the day of reckoning. The situation, as it stands now, finds Lord Dunraven laboring under the delusion that the N.Y.Y.C. committee has made the unsportsmanlike new deed of gift a dead letter, while the N.Y.Y.C. committee and the club itself persists in believing the challenge has been made and accepted under the new gift, and that its committee was clever enough to carry its points, while apparently making concessions that were demanded.

While there have been some concessions over what was insisted on in the last race for the cup, the fact remains that should the *Valkyrie* win there is sure to be some more pettifogging before another race is had. It is too bad, indeed, the cup cannot be separated forever from the legal complications which surround it. The New York Yacht Club's lawyers, and not its sportsmen, are responsible for that '87 deed.

AT ANY RATE WE ARE SURE OF A RACE this year, and, by the confirmation of the latest building reports, we will have at least two yachts built expressly to defend the cup. Archibald Rogers's boat is already under way, and another rumored syndicate has become a certainty. Edwin D. Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin are the leaders of the latter, and it may be asserted at once that three more thoroughly representative American sportsmen than Messrs. Rogers, Morgan, and Iselin are not to be found in the United States. The second syndicate includes, besides those already mentioned, August and Perry Belmont, George C. Clark, J. M. Waterbury, Oliver Hazard, C. R. Flint, Chester A. Chapin, and Adrian Iselin. In the mean time the Carroll yacht is progressing, and, on the other side, the rumors of a Scotch syndicate to back a Fife production have been confirmed.

It is hard to say what turn affairs would take should either the Prince of Wales or the Fife boat beat Dunraven's *Valkyrie* before the time comes for the latter to sail for America. The deed of gift under which the race for the *America's* Cup is sailed very likely, in some of its ramifications, provides against any other yacht than the one mentioned competing. But surely it would be very unsatisfactory for us to win from a defeated yacht, and if the Fife or Prince of Wales boat come within the prescribed dimensions, what can be the objection to it? Why should not the Englishmen as the challengers have the same privileges as the challenged? We build as many cup defenders as we can, and we pit the successful one in a series of preliminary races against the challenging yacht. Why should not the English yachtsmen have an equal advantage?

And still there comes no word from Boston of a defender to be built by New England yachtsmen. It is reported, however, that a designer is at work on the lines of a prospective entry, though they are up to date without an owner.

ALTHOUGH THE LONG-DISTANCE SKATING records were about all made some years ago, and therefore not up to the present-day work of men not even in the class of that wonder, Joseph F. Donoghue, yet the performance of Donoghue last Thursday, on Cove Pond, Stamford (Connecticut), in breaking all the records from seventeen miles to one hundred inclusive, must be regarded as remarkable. He had never skated a longer distance than ten miles, and was unable, therefore, to gauge himself to the best advantage, besides which, on his ninety-second mile, he got a fall that cut his lip and bruised his knee severely, through a stupid spectator getting in his way.

There is no doubt whatever that Donoghue is the fastest skater in the world, amateur or professional, from one mile up to one hundred miles, and it is easy to understand why he is unable to get on a race with any one of the several foreigners. He finished his one hundred miles Thursday with the same twenty-foot stroke he had maintained throughout, and was apparently fresh enough to go on indefinitely. His time and the old records follow. It should be remembered that the records of from one mile to fifteen have been made on distinct trials, and not on a long-distance skate.

Miles.	DONOGHUE'S TIME. H.	M.	S.	RECORDS. H.	M.	S.
1		3	49		2	47 2/5
2		7	32		6	03 2/5
3		11	16		8	56 1/5
4		14	57		12	27
5		18	37		15	26 3/5
6		22	09		21	32 1/5
7		25	48		25	10 1/5
8		29	35		28	45 1/5
9		33	14		32	31 1/5
10		37	00		32	38 3/5
11		40	31		40	17 1/5
12		44	36		43	57
13		48	16		47	38 3/5
14		51	43		51	26 3/5
15		55	11		55	09
16		58	56		58	53 3/5
17	1	02	33	1	02	34
20	1	13	08	1	14	07 1/5
25	1	31	29	1	33	28 3/5
30	1	53	20	2	11	32
35	2	13	35	2	35	46
40	2	34	46	3	00	07
45	2	56	20	3	47	16
50	3	15	59 2/5	4	13	36
60	4	07	00 2/5	6	46	00
70	4	55	15 2/5	8	09	40
80	5	41	55	9	15	20
90	6	25	57 2/5	10	24	20
100	7	11	38 1/5	11	37	45

By hours Donoghue's records were:

Hours.	Miles.	Yards.
1	16	680
2	31	1540
3	45	1735
4	58	865
5	70	1757
6	83	1560
7	97	220

The fact of W. B. Curtis being the referee gives assurance that the track measurements were correct and the timing accurate. The course was elliptical, measuring a half-mile, allowing an eighteen-inch margin at the pole. The curves were easy, with long straight stretches, and the ice was in fair condition, with no cracks. The performance will stand for many a year, unless Donoghue himself should set out to better it.

THE RULE PASSED AT THE MEETING of the Intercollegiate Football Association, limiting men on elevens to undergraduates of the academic course, is better than no legislation on the subject at all; but it is questionable if in its present form it will be found to be for the best and united interests of the university. The resolution, as adopted, reads:

"No member of a graduate department or a special student shall be eligible to the football teams of colleges in the association, nor any graduate who has registered or attended lectures or recitations at any other university or college, nor any undergraduate who is now pursuing a course for a degree requiring an attendance of at least three years."

Indeed, the more one thinks of it, the more narrow the policy seems to grow. It is a question, too, whether a rule that demanded a certain number of hours per week from the member of any athletic team, and left it open to the university, would not keep the sport purer than making a certain course a privileged one and establishing no especial espionage.

It is a matter for serious consideration whether confining membership to the academic course will not work to the injury of the university itself and the university idea in America to which we are steadily and universally growing. There is no disputing the fact that it has been athletics which in the past ten years have cemented the different departments of our colleges, and developed the common university sentiment and loyalty. If we now take from them the bond of fellowship, is it not probable that we shall destroy the *esprit de corps?* It cannot be denied that athletics is a great recruiting factor in any university, that it is the centre around which the undergraduates rally, and that, more than any other feature, it serves to keep alive the interests of the *alumni*, and put them in touch with the *alma mater*. If football and baseball teams and crews—for of course it would be the height of inconsistency to apply such a rule to football, and not to all other athletic teams—are to be made up of academic department men only, will not a very large share of this interest be gone?

THE ONLY OBJECT OF THIS RULING being to crush out the athletic parasite who goes to college only to row or play football or baseball, can it not be done just as effectually, but on broader lines?

He will not go to college if he is made to study. A rule prescribing so many hours a week as being necessary for all members of teams will cover that point.

He cannot become a tempting bait for other colleges to outbid one another in the effort to secure his athletic allegiance if a rule is passed (as suggested in this department last week) that he is not eligible when he has been a "member of any other university or college team, or played on a class team at any other college or university." This rule may impress some as unwisely severe, but it is a necessity for two reasons. It provides against the possibilty of men being lured from one college to another (after having shown marked athletic ability), and it is a check on the practice of getting older men on teams. It is not fair for boys of 17, 18, or 19 to be brought up against men 23, 24, or even 26 years of age, and this rule would in a very large measure stop it. Moreover, such a rule would be a guarantee of a man's good faith in entering a university professional school. If he developed athletic ability after he had entered there is no reason why he should not play for the university in which he was striving for a degree. It would be hard luck on those who had already played on a college team and entered a professional school of Harvard or Yale or Pennsylvania for honest work, but it would forever set at rest what is now one of the most baneful practices.

IT MUST BE ACKNOWLEDGED, HOWEVER, that the present condition of athletic affairs in college demanded very drastic legislation, and as this department has already said no legislation is too severe if it will make our sport clean. In that light the recent resolution is acceptable; it cuts the heart out of the disease with one fell swoop. But it must act only as a preliminary survey of the situation; it would not be for the best interests of the universities to continue the ruling as it is. When matters have settled a bit there should be, a meeting of the older heads of the universities, and a set of rules adopted to cover all intercollegiate sports, and on a basis that will take in the university idea, and yet keep out the undesirable element.

In the mean time baseball, which is in far worse condition than football, should also have a drastic purging. While rules are being made, too, let us have a stringent one, keeping members of 'varsity baseball nines from travelling about during the summer with athletic club teams, and those semi-professional organizations known as summer-resort nines. Let there be an end also to track athletic college men representing athletic clubs so long as they are members of their 'varsity team. Now that the ball has been set in motion, let us have a regular overhauling of all the rules; throw out the man who is susceptible to "inducement," and make the most stringent rules, but fair ones. Why not a congress on the subject, with two or three delegates from each university?

THE QUESTION OF HARVARD AND PRINCETON meeting in football this year cannot, of course, be taken up now until this recent resolution of the football association has been more fully discussed, and Harvard has determined upon her course. That Harvard will be found willing to join in any movement for the purification of football or any other college sport is certain, since the propositions that have come from her in times past show her advisers to be in sympathy with all movements for honest sport. This very matter of confining teams to undergraduates was first proposed by Harvard to Yale several years ago, and failed of becoming a fixture at that time owing to impossibility of agreeing on some minor matters.

It is more likely that Harvard will be found, however, embracing the university idea in a line with what has been set forth here, rather than that one which restricts to any single department.

There seems to be only one way of Harvard and Princeton meeting, and that is by the two making separate agreements as to dates to cover a term of years. In that case the Springfield Yale-Harvard date must be shifted, and both colleges are, likely enough, perfectly willing to do so.

There can never be any football arrangement between Yale, Harvard, and Princeton that will make a Yale-Harvard game hinge on the result of another. There must be a Yale-Harvard game every year, no matter what Princeton's position may be. Yale and Princeton are too strongly cemented to permit of any disruption of their arrangements, and the only possible way Harvard and Princeton can come together is by a separate agreement. It is entirely probable that they will play a game next autumn, unless Yale and Harvard fall out over putting the undergraduate idea into baseball *this year*. In that event there would be some radical moves on the intercollegiate baseball and football checker-board.

THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE in the newspapers about a grand athletic scheme to be developed at Chicago during the World's Fair. A well-conducted meeting to decide the amateur championship of the world in track athletics is a desirable feature of the year, but a carnival of sports gotten up with all the hurrah of a six-days' go-as-you-please match is decidedly not desirable. There is too much "management" in the affair under discussion to please amateurs. A college man will hesitate about competing in a meeting that has a professional impressario.

The Amateur Athletic Union should hold its championship meeting as usual, with no attempt at enlarging its mission. If any enterprising manager wants to get up an athletic show of his own, the opportunities are manifold, but the A. A. U. has no business with it. One thing is certain, the college crews nor any of their teams will not submit to it. There will be no Harvard-Yale-Cornell boat-race at Chicago. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 127.]

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TAMMANY HALL.

THERE is something grimly grotesque in the pretence of Tammany Hall to be a "democratic" organization. If THOMAS JEFFERSON could rise from the grave and hear such a society call him its patron saint without being hooted down by the public as a "fraud," he would think the world had been turned into a mad-house. The boss of Tammany Hall is sitting in his office in Fourteenth Street in appearance a plain and modest private citizen. He possesses neither official character nor title, but he is the ruler whom persons of official character and title obey. He receives petitions and remonstrances from his fellow-citizens as if they were his subjects, and says aye or no as one of highest authority. He issues orders and instructions to the Mayor of New York and to other officers of the city government as to policies to be followed, measures to be executed, subordinates to be appointed or removed, and his will is accepted as law. Disobedience may occur, but it is punished with political banishment or death. He gives out his commands to members of the Legislature from this city as to bills to be passed or to be defeated; and members know that if they show a will of their own, they will find the will of the boss as an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their re-election. And whatever private citizen renders himself obnoxious to him may have to suffer all the injuries and annoyances which an arbitrary use of the municipal power may be able to inflict. The boss may listen to the advice of his followers, but his will rules. This is one-man government. It is difficult to imagine anything more undemocratic.

Whence does this man derive his power? From the organization at the head of which he stands. And whence does the organization derive its power? From the number of voters whom it commands, and who carry the elections for its candidates. And why do so many voters adhere to the organization? Because the organization "takes care" of them. This is to be understood in the widest meaning of the term. Tammany Hall does not seek the votes of citizens by endeavoring to enlighten them on the soundness of the political principles and objects of the society, but by appealing to their material interests. It has a number of district leaders who have to "oversee all political movements in their districts." That is to say, they do not preach to them about the tariff, or the currency, or constitutional doctrines; but when a member of the organization is sick and without friends, they sit up with him; when he gets into trouble for assault and battery, or a violation of the license laws, or similar frailties, they furnish him bail and counsel; when he is poor, they procure coal and wood for him; when he is unable to do hard work, they "put him on a broom" in the street-cleaning department; when he is capable of exercising an influence and attracting a following, they get him a lucrative office or other advantageous chance at the public crib—and so on. Those taken care of in one way or another by Tammany Hall have to repay the benefits they receive by votes, their own and the votes of others which their influence can command; and thus Tammany Hall has at its disposal a large force of voters, attracted and held not in the slightest degree by any consideration of the public interest, but simply by material advantages offered to them. To these voters it is a matter of utter indifference how good or how bad Tammany government may be. They follow its lead without question so long as Tammany takes care of them. Of course this class does not constitute the whole of the Tammany constituency, but it is the standing army, the main-stay of the organization.

To hold such a force together requires money. It requires money, too, to reward the leaders, high and low, and it is a matter of experience that a Tammany politician, however humble his beginnings, will, after some years of active service, repose in the comforts of an ample competency. This money is not contributed by private benevolence, but it is drawn, directly or indirectly, out of the pockets of the tax-payers. The system involves an unnecessary multiplication of public offices and employments; the appointment of persons regardless of their fitness for the work to be done, merely on account of their usefulness to the organization; the payment of high salaries and wages for small service; the undertaking of costly public works mainly for the money to be expended; the perversion of as much as possible of that money for the benefit of the organization; systematic opposition to every reform that has the regulation of the public service upon sound principles and the enforcement of strict accountability in view. These are the things by which Tammany lives. Tammany government, therefore, cannot possibly be good government. Serving the interests of the organization by such means, it must necessarily be inefficient, profligate, and corrupt government. The most honest and public-spirited man at its head could not make it otherwise unless he entirely changed the essence of Tammany's being. The only difference would be one as to the degrees of badness.

Tammany derives its strength from four sources—the solidity of its mercenary organization; the terrorism it exercises over various business interests in this city which fear its dangerous disfavor, and therefore seek to propitiate it; its political position as the "regular organization" of the Democratic party, which gives it the votes of thousands of men not in sympathy with its methods; and the partisan spirit which usually keeps its opponents divided. The first two points it is needless further to discuss. As to its position in the Democratic party, the Democracy has no more dangerous enemy—certainly no more treacherous friend. It is impossible to calculate the number of good citizens throughout the country who are deterred from joining the Democracy only by Tammany being a part of it. And it has never scrupled to make bitter war upon the best Democratic leaders, such as ROBINSON, TILDEN, and CLEVELAND; and always on account, not of their failings, but of the very virtues which endeared them to honest and patriotic men and made them obnoxious to the rogues. It did its utmost to defeat in the last National Convention Mr. CLEVELAND, the only candidate who could surely lead the Democratic party to victory, and to bring about the nomination of a man who would surely have buried the Democracy in disaster and disgrace. But by shrewdly turning round after Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination, and supporting him with ostentatious zeal, it repaired its own discomfiture. In fact, it accomplished two objects; it re-established itself to some extent in the estimation of the national Democracy, and it averted the immediate uprising of a rival organization in the city and State of New York—and all this without in the least changing its own character, methods, and ends. Thus it stands now in this community as the only authorized representative of the Democracy, and it has apparently reached the zenith of its power. Hungry spoilsmen are flocking to Tammany Hall from all sides, and not a few respectable Democrats who long had remained aloof have joined it, because they wish to belong to the regular organization of their party. It controls the government of the State almost as absolutely as that of the city. The assent of the Tammany boss seems as necessary to the enactment of a law as the signature of the Governor. His order elects one of his cronies to the Senate of the United States almost without opposition, and his Mayor appoints men to office with contemptuous disregard of public opinion.

And yet Tammany is in the minority in this city, and the opposition could easily break its power if only the different elements of it would unite. This they will not do so long as Republican party spirit stands in the way. But one thing can and should be done without much delay. Another Democratic organization, embodying the true principles and policies of the national Democratic, can and should be formed, composed of the same men and animated with the same spirit that made so formidable and effective a demonstration of strength in the "anti-snapper" movement of last winter. This is the only thing Tammany is afraid of. And knowing that this danger is threatening its ascendency, the men being there and the spirit being alive, it prepares for the contest. It seeks to strengthen itself financially by projecting great public works that will put under its control untold millions of dollars. And it seeks to strengthen itself politically by proclaiming itself officiously as a zealous supporter of the new Democratic administration; it may even instruct its men in Congress to assume the attitude of spokesmen of the Democratic President. It is to be hoped that the citizens of this metropolis will keenly watch the "improvements" with which Tammany Hall means to bless them, and we trust President CLEVELAND will never forget that Tammany Hall is much more dangerous to him as a friend than as an enemy.

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE ORGANIZATION.

EVERY good citizen of the State and of the country is interested in Mr. CLEVELAND'S choice of party friends in New York. No one who knows him doubts what that choice is; but there is undoubtedly a large number of people who do not understand that a choice is presented, or, if they do, do not appreciate the vital importance of a proper solution of the President's problem, such a solution as he has doubtless reached.

There are two absolutely antagonistic organizations in this State. They are the HILL machine and the anti-snappers. The machine is an oligarchy. It represents a minority of the voters of the party, and it is governed by and in the interest of men of bad character and mean ability. Every patriotic man, whether Democrat or Republican, desires the demolition of this rule, just as he desires the destruction of the influence of PLATT and his associates at the head of the Republican machine. It is not only the integrity of the party which is threatened by the dominance of such men; it is the State.

The Democratic machine as it exists to-day is the creature of fraud. The State Committee was turned over to Mr. HILL in 1888, when Mr. MURPHY was chosen chairman in order to help his friend into the Governorship. He accomplished his purpose by the slaughter of Mr. CLEVELAND. Its only appearance in national affairs was a year ago, when it undertook to present Mr. HILL as the unanimous choice of the Democrats of the State as their candidate for President. That this assertion was a lie was practically admitted by the machine's resort to a snap convention. It controlled not only the State Committee, but most of the county and town committees, and yet it did not dare to permit Mr. HILL to face the voters at the primaries after a fair and deliberate discussion of his merits, or a comparison of them with Mr. CLEVELAND'S. In all its political actions the machine has been simply a band of brigands.

When it undertook to steal the Presidential nomination, however, the self-respecting Democrats rose in revolt. By their enrolment of more than two hundred thousand Democratic voters they proved the falsity of the machine's pretences. The movement was conducted with great intelligence. A carefully planned campaign was carried through successfully. The anti-snappers proved their case, demonstrating to the country that the opposition to Mr. CLEVELAND in this State was very far from being what it was asserted to be. The Syracuse delegates at Chicago were accepted as the representatives of the majority of the Democrats of this State, and of the principles which triumphed in Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination and election. They refrained from pressing their claims to seats in the Convention, and subsequently they yielded to the machine control of the campaign, and the local nominations, in order that the national ticket might not be endangered by the treachery of the minority represented by the machine. They even overlooked the misappropriation of funds contributed for the national campaign, but used to secure the Senatorship for Mr. MURPHY, and, knowing of the "knifing" that was going on everywhere in the State, did their best to counteract it.

The self-sacrifice was intelligent even from the point of view of the practical politician. The anti-snappers surrendered the management of the machine, and those of them who had political ambition renounced the hope of immediate advancement in State and local politics in order that they might save the Democratic party. If Mr. CLEVELAND had been defeated, the cause which he represents, which is as much greater than any party as patriotism is above personal ambition, would have received a serious set-back. The machine would have triumphed over the people, and it would have been a long time before the politicians of either party would have yielded their own interests to the demands of the country. Moreover, if the machine had been given any cause, real or pretended, to make effective war on the national ticket, the Democratic party in this State was doomed. The only hope for the party, and consequently for the anti-snappers, was in the triumph of Mr. CLEVELAND and his principles. The triumph has been won, and now there is no longer any reason for conciliating the brigands, and suppressing the conscience, the intellect, and the majority of the Democratic voters.

Mr. CLEVELAND has to choose between the Democrats who believe as he does, and who have demonstrated that they have the support of the voters, and the men who have captured the machine, and employed their power selfishly and treacherously. Not only will his recognition of his friends place the party organization in the hands of its best citizens, but it will strengthen Mr. CLEVELAND throughout the country, and encourage Democrats of other States to do their utmost to aid him to carry out his purposes—to reform the tariff, to equalize taxation, to settle the currency question on a sound basis, and to advance civil service reform. His recognition of the patriotism and wisdom of the men who made the fight at Syracuse, and a proper ignoring both of the machine and of those who were afraid to come out against him, will be not only justice and a wise regard for the public interests, but sound politics as well.

These are the sufficient reasons why Mr. CLEVELAND is confidently expected to prefer the men of Syracuse to those who undertook to defeat the majority of their party by a snap convention, whose support of him in the campaign was only what they were forced to give, and who have shown by the election of Mr. MURPHY that they have not repented

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II.—COMMERCIAL VALUE.

THE value of the proposed Nicaragua Canal to commerce would be enormous. The port of San Francisco is no longer the only important centre of trade on the Pacific coast of the United States. The development of commerce with foreign countries through the increase of the products of the rich soil and genial climate of the Pacific States has built up other shipping points, all eager to secure closer and cheaper communication with the Eastern cities of our own country and with Europe. San Francisco, however, remains the leading seaport of the coast, and its exports have increased in the last twenty-one years from $14,000,000 to more than $40,000,000. Naturally its trade with China, Hawaii, and the countries on the Pacific is large; but much more than half its commerce has been with Great Britain, while 90 per cent. of the trade of a single year has been with Europe. The grain trade of the Pacific coast alone is nearly equal to the whole of the cotton trade of the country. Since 1869, the shipping interests of the coast have been doubled.

The transportation question of the Pacific coast is one of great difficulties. The cost of carrying wheat by rail from one side of the continent to the other and its reshipment at an Atlantic port is very burdensome. If it is shipped around Cape Horn on sailing vessels, the underwriters insist that it shall be bagged, and the bagging costs the wheat-growers more than $2,000,000 a year. The voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool consumes four or five months, a circumstance which makes the market value of wheat when it shall arrive at its destination problematical. The only beneficiaries of this condition of business are the lucky speculators, for a cargo is often sold three or four times before it reaches Liverpool.

The construction of an interoceanic canal would not only give to commerce a shorter and safer route, but it would give to the Eastern ports an advantage over Liverpool in the trade with our own Pacific States, which they do not now enjoy. By reason of the configuration of South America, the Cape Horn route to New York is a little more than 100 miles shorter than the route to Liverpool. By an isthmian route, New York would be at least 2000 miles nearer than Liverpool to San Francisco. At the same time ships from Liverpool would save about 8000 miles by going through the canal.

New York would be about 1000 miles nearer Hong-Kong by the isthmian canal than by the Suez Canal, about 8000 miles nearer than by the Cape Horn route, and 4000 nearer than by the Cape of Good Hope route. A similar saving would be made in the route to Yokohama, and the Atlantic seaboard would be between 8000 and 9000 miles nearer to Hawaii.

While New York would be brought about 9000 miles nearer to San Francisco by the canal, New Orleans would save more than 11,000, and the benefit to the whole Gulf coast would be enormous. The water route between all the seaports of the country—west, east, and south—would be nearly, in some instances quite, as short as the overland routes.

The tonnage that would pass through such a canal as that which is contemplated at Nicaragua cannot be closely estimated. In his report in favor of the canal bill introduced in 1882, Mr. KASSON estimated that there would pass over the route 3,000,000 tons of freight. It is impossible, however, to make a satisfactory estimate. The bringing of the Pacific coasts of America and Asia into closer communion must necessarily stimulate and promote the commerce of both our Eastern and Western seaports. Whether all the dreams of the projectors of the enterprise will be realized is doubtful, for the rule is that the splendid fruits of such an undertaking ripen late, and are not always gathered by those who plant and water.

HIGH LICENSE IN OMAHA.

THE long trial that has been given to the principle of high license in Omaha has now extended over ten years. It is worth the while of all who are studying the science of municipal government to look into Omaha's experience. It is a progressive, proud, and orderly town, as thoroughly modern in spirit and appearance as it is young in years. The high-license system was inaugurated in 1882 with the adoption of the SLOCUM law, which vests the licensing power in the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners of the largest cities. It fixes the license fee at "not less than $1000." Each applicant must produce a petition by thirty resident freeholders in his ward and file a bond in $5000. Notice of the application must be advertised for two weeks in the newspaper of largest circulation. If a remonstrance is filed, a day is set for the hearing, and the commissioners decide the case, the theory being that they are unbiassed by local political interests, and merely record the will of the people, who, by protesting or keeping silence, prevent or sanction the granting of each license. Plenty of protests arise, and in one case, where the board misjudged the public temper, its decree granting a license was overturned by the courts.

The licensing power in Omaha used to be vested in a board composed of elective officers, who were apt to view every official situation from a political stand-point. They made the terms easy, and did not enforce the law compelling the closing of the saloons at midnight and on Sundays. Their misrule offended the people, and the new board was created in January, 1889. The Fire and Police Board consists of the Mayor and four commissioners, two of whom make way for appointees by each succeeding Governor of the State. The money obtained for the licenses is paid into the city school fund. Last year 237 licenses, at $1000 each, were granted. The Fire and Police departments cost annually about $125,000 each, so that the license money would about meet that expense. But the matter is as broad as it is long, because the schools require more than is thus obtained, the excess being raised by taxation.

The licenses are issued to both person and place, as in New York, but there is a question whether the place is or is not removable. In consequence a little leeway is allowed to a dissatisfied license-holder, who may remove his saloon, but not out of his ward, or without advertising as he did to get his license. Saloons may be established anywhere in the city, but it has been found—and this is one of the features which have developed many advocates of the high-license plan—that applications for saloon sites are nearly all confined to the business section of the cities which apply that system. There are in Omaha a few saloons in residence districts, but in the main they are on the streets where surface cars are run and where there are stores, office buildings, or factories. There would not be sufficient trade elsewhere to yield a living to a saloon-keeper in addition to the cost of his license.

The saloons must close at midnight, and remain closed until four o'clock in the morning, and on Sundays. The doors must be locked at such times, and no shades or other obstructions may hinder the view into and through the saloons. One thousand dollars is a great deal to risk, and breaches of the law are made stealthily and with discomfort to all concerned. There is nobody in Omaha who cannot get a drink on Sunday if he will have it; but a stranger would find it difficult to procure one unless he ordered it sent to his room at a hotel. There are saloon-keepers who violate the law, but they are few, and their timidity limits their illicit trade to a point at which it is not likely to excite the envy of others or the indignation of good citizens. The druggists are licensed to sell liquor for mechanical and medicinal purposes, and thus the whole liquor trade of the place is controlled.

Omaha is a very decent place. The liquor-dealers do not oppose the present system as tradesmen or through any political organization. Under the lax system which preceded the change in the licensing source there were 268 saloons for a population smaller than the present one, which is now served by 237 saloons, or one to every 630 inhabitants.



THE nomination of the Hon. William Walter Phelps by Governor Werts, of New Jersey, to be a lay judge of the Court of Errors of that State, is an effort to get a highly competent man for a place that involves at times extremely important duties. If Mr. Phelps has, as is reported, consented to take up these duties, he shows a public spirit honorable to himself and useful to the State, for the position is neither lucrative nor brilliant. What, however, interests the political friends of Mr. Phelps is the indication supposed to be given by this step of a change in his party affiliations, the Governor of New Jersey being a Democrat. This hardly seems a necessary inference, though it is certainly a logical one. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Phelps, who was a warm friend and devoted ally of the late Mr. Blaine, and who had no greater joy in McKinleyism than Mr. Blaine had, may feel that the Republican party has in some degree outlived its usefulness. But probably that feeling is not required to induce him to devote his very unusual ability to the faithful performance of modest and yet essentially useful functions. Whatever the motive, New Jersey may be congratulated if she gets him on the bench of the Court of Errors.

An American's house, like the Englishman's in the traditional declaration, is "his castle," and he seems to think it chiefly useful as a place in which to guard his prejudices of personal and family conservatism, for in most parts of the land he is conducting his household affairs on the principles followed by his grandfather under conditions that bring him infinite bother or exasperating failure. In his business, in his pleasures, in his church, and in his club he claims and gets the advantages of the subdivision and organization of labor to the last available degree, and finds both better results and less cost. But in the great mass of the homes of the United States subdivision or organization of labor is only vaguely understood, and the consequences are painful or comical, according to the point of view. The average American either undertakes, or, what is worse, allows his wife to undertake, to get about everything that is to be done done at home by persons employed and lodged and fed there. The heating, the preparation of food, the laundry-work, the cleaning—everything is thus done in homes of men of moderate means by one or two women, with the help of the wife and daughter. Spinning and weaving and, save in rare cases, soap-making have gone out, but the rest is as it was fifty years ago. Why should it be? Why, in large cities especially, should not all the laundry-work and much of the preparation of food be done, as they are in some European cities, outside the house; and why should not much of the occasional work be done, as it is in office buildings, by persons who come in for the purpose? There is a large and promising field in our cities for a "Domestic Service Company," and if we do not get one before long, evolution as a theory of life will have suffered a serious setback.

An American writer who has been hunting a home among the cities of Italy and the French Riviera landed in New York a few days since and struggled away from the steamer's pier through a double line of ash-barrels and garbage-cans, only to be half swamped in the slush that spread from curb to curb on the streets. As he had been re-enforcing his pride of country by denouncing in foreign parts the variations, which he found "nasty"—he had been abroad for several years—from what he had remembered of home ways, he was thrown into a pitiful state of helpless indignation. His natural recourse was to unpack his heart in words and fall to cursing Tammany. Now Tammany is bad enough, and our friend will find much sympathy, both in his complaints and in his cursing, among those who have been living under the discomforts and dangers to which he has returned. But while we are far from looking upon Tammany as an incurable ill, it is well to remember that we live under a representative government, where each voter has, first, one vote, and second, the right to influence as many others as he has the energy and the skill to influence. The number of voters in New York who wish to have filthy and disease-breeding streets is, of course, a minority, but the number who endure that nuisance and peril without active resistance is clearly a great majority. The task of getting efficient management of municipal affairs under conditions existing, and sure to exist for a long time, is not an easy one; but neither is the task of getting a good living, which, nevertheless, is satisfactorily performed by large numbers of our citizens. The difference lies in the strength of the motive inciting to the respective tasks, and the difference in motive depends largely upon the intelligence and public spirit of the individuals. We cannot well shirk the fact that New York is, after all, for good or ill, self-governed.

It was a saying of that shrewd old sage Mr. Tilden that it is hardly worth while to try to forecast the consequences of what never happened, and as a guide to plans for the future that is a sound rule; but there is no more fascinating study than that of the "might have beens" of history. A very interesting case is suggested in the second volume of the very valuable *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, by James Ford Rhodes, recently published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Rhodes points out that the October election for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1860 was fought out by Mr. Curtin and his friends largely on the issue of the Morrill tariff, which gave what was then regarded as ample protection to the iron industry of that State, and Curtin won. It was the general belief then that had he lost, the State would have been lost in November, and Mr. Lincoln would not have been elected. Mr. Rhodes does not speculate as to the consequences—that is not his habit, for he is a very direct and businesslike writer—but it is plain that the consequences would have been very serious. Doubtless slavery would in the long-run have had to go. The conflict was in sober fact, as Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln had said, irrepressible and irreconcilable. But it is easier to understand the fervid obstinacy with which considerable numbers of our fellow-countrymen cling to what bears the name of "protection," though they would denounce the Morrill tariff, should it now be introduced, as "British free trade," when we remember how intimately it was linked with the cause of the Union and of freedom in its earlier stages. Such remembrance may make us at once more charitable and more hopeful.

Emerson's delightful saying that "all the world loves a lover" has recently had a singular and not agreeable exemplification in the morbid sentiment excited by the case of Carlyle W. Harris. After that most revolting and depraved young person had been convicted of murdering his wife, and had been sentenced to death, and the case had been carried to the Court of Appeals, which had confirmed the decisions of the lower courts, a perfectly proper effort was made by his poor mother to obtain for him a new trial, an effort that would have been disposed of calmly and justly by ordinary legal processes. But at this point a large number of entirely irresponsible and uninformed persons began to write letters to the newspapers and to Recorder Smyth in his behalf, setting forth chiefly their own feelings on the subject, with some arguments which, being necessarily based on ignorance, were not worth the ink expended in presenting them. It was all a product of unmitigated sentimentality, and if anything so apart from the merits of the case were to be introduced into it, it would seem that the average heart might be more touched by the fate of the innocent victim of depravity and lust, and by the infinite misery of her family.

Our system of dealing with crime, if it errs at all, does not err in severity. We have inherited from a time when, in the land of our forefathers, prosecution was likely to be persecution, a most potent set of presumptions favorable to the accused, that were slowly built up by English courts to restrain arbitrary power and protect innocence. Their strict application now has lost the reason for it that then existed, and defeats justice quite as often as it aids it. Not only is there no need for an outside agitation to secure the real rights of a prisoner like Harris, but such an agitation can only be mischievous in its effect, as it is clearly impertinent in tone and unseemly.

There is a phrase that conveys a vague but painful impression of alarm to the minds of a large number of excellent Englishmen—"Americanizing politics." The general idea is of a lot of common people having the right to do things which cannot be foreseen, and interrupting comfortable and therefore safe and respectable conditions. But the new Gladstone administration has gone a step further in this direction than we Americans had thought of going. It has proposed to introduce in Ireland what is known as the referendum, adapted from the practice of the Swiss Confederation. The home-rule bill, as sketched in the London despatches, provides that in the case of a disagreement between the upper and lower houses of the Irish legislature, which cannot be settled by conference, the question shall be referred to the popular vote. This is, of course, a logical development of the English system under which a ministry, defeated on an important vote, appeals to the country, but the new process is much more simple and direct, and may be much more sweeping. When a ministry "goes to the country," it is not necessarily the specific question on which it was defeated that is decided by the popular vote; it is rather the general preference of the people as between the two parties. But while the referendum may give a more complete judgment by the people as to the question submitted, that judgment may be to the last degree hasty, and may be passionate and mischievous. There is a chance for a steady and frequent succession of political "ructions" in Ireland under this scheme that will doubtless give unmixed delight to the people, but that may not contribute to the peace, and still less to the progress, of the island, or of its much-perplexed sister across the channel.

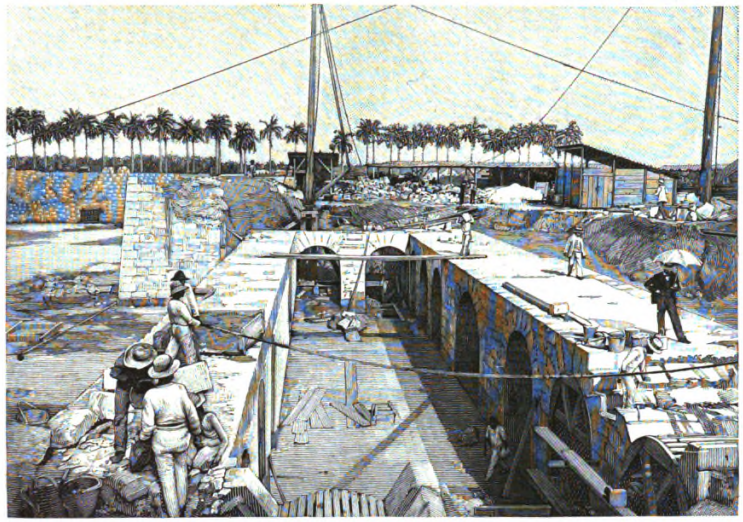
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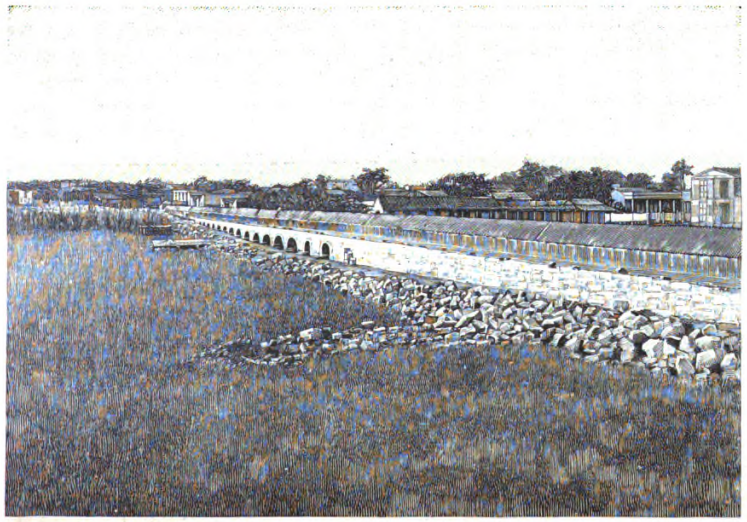
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GATE-HOUSE AND DISTRIBUTING RESERVOIRS AT PALATINO, TWO MILES FROM HAVANA.



CONSTRUCTION OF RESERVOIRS AND GATE-HOUSE AT PALATINO.



MAIN AQUEDUCT, "CANAL DE ALBEAR," NEAR VENTO, NINE MILES FROM HAVANA.



"CANAL DE ALBEAR" AND PORTION OF "ACUEDUCTO FERNANDO LETIMO," IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

THE HAVANA WATER-WORKS, OPENED JANUARY 23, 1893.—From Photographs.—[See Page 127.]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE YELLOW FACE.

[In publishing these short sketches based upon the numerous cases in which my companion's singular gifts have made us the listeners to, and eventually the actors in some strange drama, it is only natural that I should dwell rather upon his successes than upon his failures. And this not so much for the sake of his reputation—for, indeed, it was when he was at his wits' end that his energy and his versatility were most admirable—but because where he failed it happened too often that no one else succeeded, and that the tale was left forever without a conclusion. Now and again, however, it chanced that even when he erred, the truth was still discovered. I have noted of some half-dozen cases of the kind the Adventure of the Musgrave Ritual and that which I am about to recount are the two which present the strongest features of interest.]

SHERLOCK HOLMES was a man who seldom took exercise for exercise's sake. Few men were capable of greater muscular effort, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest boxers of his weight that I have ever seen, but he looked upon aimless bodily exertion as a waste of energy, and he seldom bestirred himself save where there was some professional object to be served. Then he was absolutely untiring and indefatigable. That he should have kept himself in training under such circumstances is remarkable, but his diet was usually of the sparest, and his habits were simple to the verge of austerity. Save for the occasional use of cocaine, he had no vices, and he only turned to the drug as a protest against the monotony of existence when cases were scanty and the papers uninteresting.

One day in early spring he had so far relaxed as to go for a walk with me in the Park, where the first faint shoots of green were breaking out upon the elms, and the sticky spearheads of the chestnuts were just beginning to burst into their fivefold leaves. For two hours we rambled about together, in silence for the most part, as befits two men who know each other intimately. It was nearly five before we were back in Baker Street once more.

"Beg pardon, sir," said our page-boy, as he opened the door. "There's been a gentleman here asking for you, sir."

Holmes glanced reproachfully at me. "So much for afternoon walks!" said he. "Has this gentleman gone, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you ask him in?"

"Yes, sir; he came in."

"How long did he wait?"

"Half an hour, sir. He was a very restless gentleman, sir, a-walkin' and a-stampin' all the time he was here. I was waitin' outside the door, sir, and I could hear him. At last he out into the passage, and he cries, 'Is that man *never* goin' to come? Those were his very words, sir. 'You'll only need to wait a little longer,' says I. 'Then I'll wait in the open air, for I feel half choked,' says he. 'I'll be back before long.' And with that he ups and he outs, and all I could say wouldn't hold him back."

"Well, well, you did your best," said Holmes, as we walked into our room. "It's very annoying, though, Watson. I was badly in need of a case, and this looks, from the man's impatience, as if it were of importance. Hullo! that's not your pipe on the table. He must have left his behind him. A nice old brier with a good long stem of what the tobacconists call amber. I wonder how many real amber mouthpieces there are in London? Some people think that a fly in it is a sign. Well, he must have been disturbed in his mind to leave a pipe behind him which he evidently values highly."

"How do you know that he values it highly?" I asked.

"Well, I should put the original cost of the pipe at seven and sixpence. Now it has, you see, been twice mended, once in the wooden stem and once in the amber. Each of these mends, done, as you observe, with silver bands, must have cost more than the pipe did originally. The man must value the pipe highly when he prefers to patch it up rather than buy a new one with the same money."

"Anything else?" I asked, for Holmes was turning the pipe about in his hand, and staring at it in his peculiar pensive way.

He held it up and tapped on it with his long thin forefinger as a professor might who was lecturing on a bone.

"Pipes are occasionally of extraordinary interest," said he. "Nothing has more individuality, save perhaps watches and bootlaces. The indications here, however, are neither very marked nor very important. The owner is obviously a muscular man, left-handed, with an excellent set of teeth, careless in his habits, and with no need to practise economy."

My friend threw out the information in a very offhand way, but I saw that he cocked his eye at me to see if I had followed his reasoning.

"You think a man must be well-to-do if he smokes a seven-shilling pipe," said I.

"This is Grosvenor mixture at eightpence an ounce," Holmes answered, knocking a little out on his palm. "As he might get an excellent smoke for half the price, he has no need to practise economy."

"And the other points?"

"He has been in the habit of lighting his pipe at lamps and gas jets. You can see that it is quite charred all down one side. Of course a match could not have done that. Why should a man hold a match to the side of his pipe? But you cannot light it at a lamp without getting the bowl charred. And it is all on the right side of the pipe. From that I gather that he is a left-handed man. You hold your own pipe to the lamp, and see how naturally you, being right-handed, hold the left side to the flame. You might do it once the other way, but not as a constancy. This has always been held so. Then he has bitten through his amber. It takes a muscular, energetic fellow, and one with a good set of teeth, to do that. But if I am not mistaken I hear him upon the stair, so we shall have something more interesting than his pipe to study."



"SHE SEIZED MY SLEEVE AND PULLED ME BACK WITH CONVULSIVE STRENGTH."

An instant later our door opened, and a tall young man entered the room. He was well but quietly dressed in a dark gray suit, and carried a brown wideawake in his hand. I should have put him at about thirty, though he was really some years older.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with some embarrassment; "I suppose I should have knocked. Yes, of course I should have knocked. The fact is that I am a little upset, and you must put it all down to that." He passed his hand over his forehead like a man who is half dazed, and then fell rather than sat down upon a chair.

"I can see that you have not slept for a night or two," said Holmes, in his easy genial way. "That tries a man's nerves more than work, and more even than pleasure. May I ask how I can help you?"

"I wanted your advice, sir. I don't know what to do, and my whole life seems to have gone to pieces."

"You wish to employ me as a consulting detective?"

"Not that only. I want your opinion as a judicious man—as a man of the world. I want to know what I ought to do next. I hope to God you'll be able to tell me."

He spoke in little sharp jerky outbursts, and it seemed to me that to speak at all was very painful to him, and that his will all through was overriding his inclinations.

"It's a very delicate thing," said he. "One does not like to speak of one's domestic affairs to strangers. It seems dreadful to discuss the conduct of one's wife with two men whom I have never seen before. It's horrible to have to do it. But I've got to the end of my tether, and I must have advice."

"My dear Mr. Grant Munro—" began Holmes.

Our visitor sprang from his chair. "What!" he cried, "you know my name?"

"If you wish to preserve your incognito," said Holmes, smiling, "I would suggest that you cease to write your name upon the lining of your hat, or else that you turn the crown towards the person whom you are addressing. I was about to say that my friend and I have listened to a good many strange secrets in this room, and that we have had the good fortune to bring peace to many troubled souls. I trust that we may do as much for you. Might I beg you, as time may prove to be of importance, to furnish me with the facts of your case without further delay?"

Our visitor again passed his hand over his forehead, as if he found it bitterly hard. From every gesture and expression I could see that he was a reserved, self-contained man, with a dash of pride in his nature, more likely to hide his wounds than to expose them. Then suddenly, with a fierce gesture of his closed hand, like one who throws reserve to the winds, he began.

"The facts are these, Mr. Holmes," said he. "I am a married man, and have been so for three years. During that time my wife and I have loved each other as fondly and lived as happily as any two that ever were joined. We have not had a difference, not one, in thought or word or deed. And now, since last Monday, there has suddenly sprung up a barrier between us, and I find that there is something in her life and in her thoughts of which I know as little as if she were the woman who brushes by me in the street. We are estranged, and I want to know why.

"Now there is one thing that I want to impress upon you before I go any further, Mr. Holmes. Effie loves me. Don't let there be any mistake about that. She loves me with her whole heart and soul, and never more than now. I know it. I feel it. I don't want to argue about that. A man can tell easily enough when a woman loves him. But there's this secret between us, and we can never be the same until it is cleared."

"Kindly let me have the facts, Mr. Munro," said Holmes, with some impatience.

"I'll tell you what I know about Effie's history. She was a widow when I met her first, though quite young—only twenty-five. Her name then was Mrs. Hebron. She went out to America when she was young, and lived in



"PIPES ARE OCCASIONALLY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST," SAID HE.

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the town of Atlanta, where she married this Hebron, who was a lawyer with a good practice. They had one child, but the yellow fever broke out badly in the place, and both husband and child died of it. I have seen his death certificate. This sickened her of America, and she came back to live with a maiden aunt at Pinner, in Middlesex. I may mention that her husband had left her comfortably off, and that she had a capital of about four thousand five hundred pounds, which had been so well invested by him that it returned an average of seven per cent. She had only been six months at Pinner when I met her; we fell in love with each other, and we married a few weeks afterwards.

"I am a hop merchant myself, and as I have an income of seven or eight hundred, we found ourselves comfortably off, and took a nice eighty-pound-a-year villa at Norbury. Our little place was very countrified, considering that it is so close to town. We had an inn and two houses a little above us, and a single cottage at the other side of the field which faces us, and except those there were no houses until you got half-way to the station. My business took me into town at certain seasons, but in summer I had less to do, and then in our country home my wife and I were just as happy as could be wished. I tell you that there never was a shadow between us until this accursed affair began.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you before I go further. When we married, my wife made over all her property to me — rather against my will, for I saw how awkward it would be if my business affairs went wrong. However, she would have it so, and it was done. Well, about six weeks ago she came to me.

"'Jack,' said she, 'when you took my money you said that if ever I wanted any I was to ask you for it.'

"'Certainly,' said I. 'It's all your own.'

"'Well,' said she, 'I want a hundred pounds.'

"I was a bit staggered at this, for I had imagined it was simply a new dress or something of the kind that she was after.

"'What on earth for?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said she, in her playful way, 'you said that you were only my banker, and bankers never ask questions, you know.'

"'If you really mean it, of course you shall have the money,' said I.

"'Oh yes, I really mean it.'

"'And you won't tell me what you want it for?'

"'Some day, perhaps, but not just at present, Jack.'

"So I had to be content with that, though it was the first time that there had ever been any secret between us. I gave her a check, and I never thought any more of the matter. It may have nothing to do with what came afterwards, but I thought it only right to mention it.

"Well, I told you just now that there is a cottage not far from our house. There is just a field between us, but to reach it you have to go along the road and then turn down a lane. Just beyond it is a nice little grove of Scotch firs, and I used to be very fond of strolling down there, for trees are always a neighborly kind of things. The cottage had been standing empty this eight months, and it was a pity, for it was a pretty two-storied place, with an old-fashioned porch and honeysuckle about it. I have stood many a time and thought what a neat little homestead it would make.

"Well, last Monday evening I was taking a stroll down that way, when I met an empty van coming up the lane, and saw a pile of carpets and things lying about on the grass-plot beside the porch. It was clear that the cottage had at last been let. I walked past it, and then stopping, as an idle man might, I ran my eye over it, and wondered what sort of folk they were who had come to live so near us. And as I looked I suddenly became aware that a face was watching me out of one of the upper windows.

"I don't know what there was about that face, Mr. Holmes, but it seemed to send a chill right down my back. I was some little way off, so that I could not make out the features, but there was something unnatural and inhuman about the face. That was the impression that I had, and I moved quickly forwards to get a nearer view of the person who was watching me. But as I did so the face suddenly disappeared, so suddenly that it seemed to have been plucked away into the darkness of the room. I stood for five minutes thinking the business over, and trying to analyze my impressions. I could not tell if the face were that of a man or a woman. It had been too far from me for that. But its color was what had impressed me most. It was of a livid chalky white, and with something set and rigid about it which was shockingly unnatural. So disturbed was I that I determined to see a little more of the new inmates of the cottage. I approached and knocked at the door, which was instantly opened by a tall gaunt woman with a harsh forbidding face.

"'What may you be wantin'?' she asked, in a Northern accent.

"'I am your neighbor over yonder,' said I, nodding towards my house. 'I see that you have only just moved in, so I thought that if I could be of any help to you in any—'

"Ay, we'll just ask ye when we want ye,' said she, and shut the door in my face. Annoyed at the churlish rebuff, I turned my back and walked home. All evening, though I tried to think of other things, my mind would still turn to the apparition at the window and the rudeness of the woman. I determined to say nothing about the former to my wife, for she is a nervous, highly strung woman, and I had no wish that she should share the unpleasant impression which had been produced upon myself. I remarked to her, however, before I fell asleep, that the cottage was now occupied, to which she returned no reply.

"I am usually an extremely sound sleeper. It has been a standing jest in the family that nothing could ever wake me during the night. And yet somehow on that particular night, whether it may have been the slight excitement produced by my little adventure or not I know not, but I slept much more lightly than usual. Half in my dreams I was dimly conscious that something was going on in the room, and gradually became aware that my wife had dressed herself and was slipping on her mantle and her bonnet. My lips were parted to murmur out some sleepy words of surprise or remonstrance at this untimely preparation, when suddenly my half-opened eyes fell upon her face, illuminated by the candle-light, and astonishment held me dumb. She wore an expression such as I had never seen before—such as I should have thought her incapable of assuming. She was deadly pale, and breathing fast, glancing furtively towards the bed as she fastened her mantle, to see if she had disturbed me. Then, thinking that I was still asleep, she slipped noiselessly from the room, and an instant later I heard a sharp creaking which could only come from the hinges of the front door. I sat up in bed and rapped my knuckles against the rail to make certain that I was truly awake. Then I took my watch from under the pillow. It was three in the morning. What on this earth could my wife be doing out on the country road at three in the morning?

"I had sat for about twenty minutes turning the thing over in my mind and trying to find some possible explanation. The more I thought, the more extraordinary and inexplicable did it appear. I was still puzzling over it when I heard the door gently close again, and her footsteps coming up the stairs.

"'Where in the world have you been, Effie?' I asked as she entered.

"She gave a violent start and a kind of gasping cry when I spoke, and that cry and start troubled me more than all the rest, for there was something indescribably guilty about them. My wife had always been a woman of a frank, open nature, and it gave me a chill to see her slinking into her own room, and crying out and wincing when her own husband spoke to her.

"'You awake, Jack!' she cried, with a nervous laugh. 'Why, I thought that nothing could awake you.'

"'Where have you been?' I asked, more sternly.

"'I don't wonder that you are surprised,' said she, and I could see that her fingers were trembling as she undid the fastenings of her mantle. "Why, I never remember having done such a thing in my life before. The fact is that I felt as though I were choking, and had a perfect longing for a breath of fresh air. I really think that I should have fainted if I had not gone out. I stood at the door for a few minutes, and now I am quite myself again.'

"All the time that she was telling me this story she never once looked in my direction, and her voice was quite unlike her usual tones. It was evident to me that she was saying what was false. I said nothing in reply, but turned my face to the wall, sick at heart, with my mind filled with a thousand venomous doubts and suspicions. What was it that my wife was concealing from me? Where had she been during that strange expedition? I felt that I should have no peace until I knew, and yet I shrank from asking her again after once she had told me what was false. All the rest of the night I tossed and tumbled, framing theory after theory, each more unlikely than the last.

"I should have gone to the city that day, but I was too disturbed in my mind to be able to pay attention to business matters. My wife seemed to be as upset as myself, and I could see from the little questioning glances which she kept shooting at me that she understood that I disbelieved her statement, and that she was at her wits' end what to do. We hardly exchanged a word during breakfast, and immediately afterwards I went out for a walk, that I might think the matter out in the fresh morning air.

"I went as far as the Crystal Palace, spent an hour in the grounds, and was back in Norbury by one o'clock. It happened that my way took me past the cottage, and I stopped for an instant to look at the windows, and to see if I could catch a glimpse of the strange face which had looked out at me on the day before. As I stood there, imagine my surprise, Mr. Holmes, when the door suddenly opened and my wife walked out.

"I was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight of her; but my emotions were nothing to those which showed themselves upon her face when our eyes met. She seemed for an instant to wish to shrink back inside the house again; and then, seeing how useless all concealment must be, she came forward, with a very white face and frightened eyes which belied the smile upon her lips.

"'Ah, Jack,' she said, 'I have just been in to see if I can be of any assistance to our new neighbors. Why do you look at me like that, Jack? You are not angry with me?'

"'So,' said I, 'this is where you went during the night.'

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'You came here. I am sure of it. Who are these people, that you should visit them at such an hour?'

"'I have not been here before.'

"'How can you tell me what you know is false?' I cried. 'Your very voice changes as you speak. When have I ever had a secret from you? I shall enter that cottage, and I shall probe the matter to the bottom.'

"'No, no, Jack, for God's sake!' she gasped, in uncontrollable emotion. Then, as I approached the door, she seized my sleeve and pulled me back with convulsive strength.

"'I implore you not to do this, Jack,' she cried. 'I swear that I will tell you everything some day, but nothing but misery can come of it if you enter that cottage.' Then, as I tried to shake her off, she clung to me in a frenzy of entreaty.

"'Trust me, Jack!' she cried. 'Trust me only this once. You will never have cause to regret it. You know that I would not have a secret from you if it were not for your own sake. Our whole lives are at stake in this. If you come home with me, all will be well. If you force your way into that cottage, all is over between us.'

"There was such earnestness, such despair, in her manner that her words arrested me, and I stood irresolute before the door.

"'I will trust you on one condition, and on one condition only,' said I at last. 'It is that this mystery comes to an end from now. You are at liberty to preserve your secret, but you must promise me that there shall be no more nightly visits, no more doings which are kept from my knowledge. I am willing to forget those which are passed if you will promise that there shall be no more in the future.'

"'I was sure that you would trust me,' she cried, with a great sigh of relief. 'It shall be just as you wish. Come away—oh, come away up to the house.'

"Still pulling at my sleeve, she led me away from the cottage. As we went I glanced back, and there was that yellow livid face watching us out of the upper window. What link could there be between that creature and my wife? Or how could the coarse rough woman whom I had seen the day before be connected with her? It was a strange puzzle, and yet I knew that my mind could never know ease again until I had solved it.

"For two days after this I staid at home, and my wife appeared to abide loyally by our engagement, for, as far as I know, she never stirred out of the house. On the third day, however, I had ample evidence that her solemn promise was not enough to hold her back from this secret influence which drew her away from her husband and her duty.

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.36, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face.

"'Where is your mistress?' I asked.

"'I think that she has gone out for a walk,' she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed up stairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then of course I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone over there, and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tingling with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and forever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage.

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground-floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in the basket; but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description, save in the one chamber at the window of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce bitter flame when I saw that on the mantel-piece stood a copy of a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago.

"I staid long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall as I entered my house; but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her, I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door.

"'I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack,' said she, 'but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me.'

"'Tell me everything, then,' said I.

"'I cannot, Jack, I cannot,' she cried.

"'Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us,' said I, and breaking away from her, I left the house. That was yesterday, Mr. Holmes, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But, above all, tell me quickly what I am to do, for this misery is more than I can bear."

Holmes and I had listened with the utmost interest to this extraordinary statement, which had been delivered in the jerky broken fashion of a man who is under the influence of extreme emotion. My companion sat silent now for some time, with his chin upon his hand, lost in thought.

"Tell me," said he at last, "could you swear that this was a man's face which you saw at the window?"

"Each time that I saw it I was some distance away from it, so that it is impossible for me to say."

"You appear, however, to have been disagreeably impressed by it."

"It seemed to be of an unnatural color, and to have a strange rigidity about the features. When I approached, it vanished with a jerk."

"How long is it since your wife asked you for a hundred pounds?"

"Nearly two months."

"Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?"

"No; there was a great fire at Atlanta very shortly after his death, and all her papers were destroyed."

"And yet she had a certificate of death. You say that you saw it."

"Yes; she got a duplicate after the fire."

"Did you ever meet any one who knew her in America?"

"No."

"Did she ever talk of revisiting the place?"

"No."

"Or get letters from it?"

"No."

"Thank you. I should like to think over the matter a little now. If the cottage is now permanently deserted we may have some difficulty. If, on the other hand, as I fancy is more likely, the inmates were warned of your coming, and left before you entered yesterday, then they may be back now, and we should clear it all up easily. Let me advise you, then, to return to Norbury, and to examine the windows of the cottage again. If you have reason to believe that it is inhabited, do not force your way in, but send a wire to my friend and me. We shall be with you within an hour of receiving it, and we shall then very soon get to the bottom of the business."

"And if it is still empty?"

"In that case I shall come out to-morrow and talk it over with you. Good-by; and, above all, do not fret until you know that you really have a cause for it."

"I am afraid that this is a bad business, Watson," said my companion, as he returned after accompanying Mister Grant Munro to the door. "What do you make of it?"

"It had an ugly sound," I answered.

"Yes. There's blackmail in it, or I am much mistaken."

"And who is the blackmailer?"

"Well, it must be the creature who lives in the only comfortable room in the place, and has her photograph above his fireplace. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive about that livid face at the window, and I would not have missed the case for worlds."

"You have a theory?"

"Yes, a provisional one. But I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is in that cottage."

"Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The facts, as I read them, are something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities; or shall we say that he contracted some loathsome disease, and became a leper or an imbecile. She flies from him at last, returns to England, changes her name, and starts her life, as she thinks, afresh. She has been married three years, and believes that her position is quite secure, having shown her husband the death certificate of some man whose name she has assumed, when suddenly her whereabouts is discovered by her first husband; or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman who has attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife, and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for a hundred pounds, and endeavors to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are new-comers in the cottage, she knows in some way that they are her pursuers. She

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waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavor to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success, she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told us, as she came out. She promised him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbors was too strong for her, and she made another attempt, taking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded from her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushed in to say that the master had come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurried the inmates out at the back door, into the grove of fir trees, probably, which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he found the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoitres it this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts. When new facts come to our knowledge which cannot be covered by it, it will be time enough to reconsider it. We can do nothing more until we have a message from our friend at Norbury."

But we had not a very long time to wait for that. It came just as we had finished our tea. "The cottage is still tenanted," it said. "Have seen the face again at the window. Will meet the seven-o'clock train, and will take no steps until you arrive."

He was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation.

"They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hard hand upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now once and for all."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Holmes, as he walked down the dark tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it is better that you should not solve the mystery?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally, we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong; but I think that it is worth it."

It was a very dark night, and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the highroad into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees. "And here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked, we saw a dark blur moving across the blind.

"There is that creature!" cried Grant Munro. "You can see for yourselves that some one is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door; but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamplight. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't, Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie," he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me! I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and forever!" He pushed her to one side, and we followed closely after him. As he threw the door open an old woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage, but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered at his heels.

It was a cozy, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantel-piece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long white gloves on. As she whisked round to us, I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned toward us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negress, with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing, out of sympathy with her merriment; but Grant Munro stood staring, with his hand clutching his throat.

"My God!" he cried. "What can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the lady, sweeping into the room with a proud set face. "You have forced me, against my own judgment, to tell you, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child?"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man strikingly handsome and intelligent-looking, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him, but never once while he lived did I for an instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But dark or fair, she is my own dear little girlie, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress. "When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, and I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little face and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy with fear that you should learn the truth.

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awake you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now to-night you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long ten minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out.

"I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night, when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

IN FEBRUARY DAYS.

FAIR Nature, like the mother of a wayward child
Who needs must chide the offspring of her heart,
Disguiseth for a season all the sweet and mild
Maternal softness for an austere part.

And 'neath her frown the errant earth in winter seems
Prostrate to lie, and petulant of mood;
Restrained in icy fetters all the babbling streams,
Like naughty babes who're learning to be good.

Then, in this second month, most motherlike again,
The frown assumed gives now and then a place
To soft indulgent glances, lessening the pain,
And hints of spring and pardon light her face.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SLEIGHING IN THE PARK.

THE Gulf Stream, to the divagations of which it is the custom to attribute the eccentricities of our climate, has for many years deprived New York of "an old-fashioned winter." The new-fashioned winter, with its alternations of slush and mud, is pleasing to no man, least of all to the man who owns an unavailable sleigh. He is lucky if he gets a week of tolerable sleighing in two-day instalments. Some twelve years ago there were six continuous weeks of snow practicable for runners, and that reversion to the old fashion was esteemed as portentous. But this year there has been enough of a reversion to provide us with three weeks, or seventeen days, to be precise, of sleighing. During this period the owner of horses and chariots who had refrained from sending his sleighs to be sold, or from breaking them up, rejoiced in himself as a prudent and long-sighted citizen, while the owner whom repeated discouragement had made sleighless was correspondingly cast down. "If the red sleigher thought he sleighed" in a hired vehicle he knew not well the subtle ways of the livery-stable man, or else he himself was a man of great possessions. For the series of new-fashioned winters which had induced the owners of horses who were not also the owners of stables to dispose of their sleighs, and the owners of horses who were to relegate their sleighs to the remotest loft, had brought the stable men also to the conviction that the room of a sleigh was better than its company. For the few sleighs that they retained they demanded of the hirer for a day exorbitant sums, adding interest and storage for all the snowless winters to the normal usufruct of a not very costly conveyance.

But the rare recurrence of a season of sleighing has thus the effect of bringing out whatever goes upon runners and can be drawn over snow, and of giving to the procession of sleighs a motley aspect more picturesque than stately. The fashionable sleigh is of Russian origin, and those who can afford to follow a fashion so seldom in request make themselves into the likeness of Russian noblemen, with a troika of high-stepping horses, caparisoned with plumes and gong-like bells in place of the old-fashioned strings, and enwrap themselves like Arctic explorers. One equipage that was in daily evidence in the Park as long as the sleighing lasted, and that deserved the admiration it attracted, was drawn by three white horses, of which the harness was covered with white fur. The fashionable cutter is a low sledge with solid runners, in which the inmates sit very near the ground, and in which their outlook is confined to the looming rear-elevation of the horse. These comparatively new-fangled vehicles are composed of straight lines and right angles, and are quite devoid of any pretensions to gracefulness. It must be owned that they make but a sorry showing, from the æsthetic point of view, beside the old-fashioned sleighs which the old-fashioned winter has brought out from the lurking-places where they have been biding their time; the double sleighs on high runners, of which the driver's seat is a lofty perch; the sleighs "breasted like the swan" in front, and with the swinging curve of the shallop behind, in which our respected parents took their winter pleasures. Equally disadvantageous to the newer fashion is the comparison between the fashionable one-horse sled and the jaunty old cutter. But there were also to be seen in the Park, before the rains came, fantastic sleighs that belonged to no school, from the gig-top set upon runners to the wagon-box upon the same. All these added to the animation and variety of the exhilarating procession that was visible on the East Drive every afternoon while the snow lasted.

HAVANA'S NEW WATER-WORKS.

BY HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

THE greatest boon conferred on the human race in all ages has been pure drinking water, yet, withal, it is remarkable how many populous and wealthy cities, pest-ridden with disease, have gone without this most precious of possessions, when to have it would not only have eradicated the disease from their borders, but have also increased the commercial prosperity of their city fourfold. This has been the situation in beautiful Havana, that gem set in the larger "Gem of the Isles," as Christopher Columbus named the famous Isle of Cuba. For fifty-eight years Havana has been building water-works to supply the inhabitants thereof with pure cold sparkling water, but with that delicious languor, lack of energy, amounting to sheer laziness, with which Spanish Americans in the tropics are afflicted, the Havanese have swung in their hammocks under the wide-spreading acacias, smoked their fragrant fumar de Cubas, and exclaimed, "*Mañana! mañana!*" which in less flowery English is the equivalent of "To-morrow! to-morrow! Then will be time enough!" In the mean while the Havanese have drunk rotting, stagnant water filled with bacteria from cisterns, or muddy water reeking with silt from the old Acueducto Fernando Letimo, the consequence of which was that there never was a time that yellow fever was not prevalent in the city, and that hundreds of thousands of Northerners who would have wintered in Cuba avoided the island as a pestiferous lazaretto.

At last Havana, owing to the enterprise of an American firm, has an adequate supply of pure cold sparkling water, drawn from living springs, and flowing and pulsating through pipes to the uttermost confines of the city. The water-works being finished, the water was let into the mains at high noon on Monday, January 23, 1893, the occasion being made one of general thanksgiving and rejoicing throughout the entire department of Havana. The event was signalized by a grand *fiesta* in the city, the day being proclaimed a general holiday by the Captain-General. The celebration included a grand military and civic procession during the morning, of which the Captain-General officiated as grand marshal, accompanied by the municipal authorities of the city on horseback. After parading through the principal avenues of the city, the procession proceeded to the gate-house of the reservoir, two miles from the city, where addresses were delivered by the Captain-General, the Mayor of the city of Havana, and members of the City Council. Mr. R. A. C. Smith, of Runkle, Smith, & Co., the American capitalists of New York who completed the long-delayed work, then in a formal address turned over the works to the municipal authorities. Present at the ceremonies were R. A. C. Smith and wife, H. G. and William Runkle and wives, and Mr. S. Johnson, of New York. After the ceremonies were concluded at the reservoir the parade returned to the city, disbanding on the Plaza. During the afternoon there were thanksgiving services in the cathedral, and the usual festivities, consisting of horse-racing, bull-fights, cock-fights, and athletic tournaments, in various parts of the city.

Havana is now the only city on the Island of Cuba having water-works, and the new system there, although it has taken over half a century to build it, is equal to any in the United States. As early as 1835 there was an outcry in Havana against impure water, and an effort to remedy the evil was made by constructing the Acueducto Fernando Letimo, to convey the waters of a murky stream called the Almendares River into the city. The river was dammed up between four and five miles from Havana, and the water, passed through a primitive filter of gravel, was conveyed through an eighteen-inch cast-iron pipe into the city. In this way a little over one million of gallons of very dirty water, which became positively vile during the rainy season, was secured per day. Twenty years later it was decided to augment the supply by collecting the waters of the "Springs of Vento," at the head-waters of the Almendares River, ten miles from Havana, where the water was pure and cold and uncontaminated, and the supply inexhaustible.

The idea originated with General Concha, and the work was intrusted to General Albear, an eminent Spanish engineer, president of the Board of Public Works of Cuba. After the usual delay, the new works were inaugurated on November 28, 1858, by a grand *fête champêtre* held at the springs. After two years more spent in surveys and the assembling of material, the work began.

The springs, nearly four hundred in number, yielded about 40,000,000 of gallons of water per day, which was to be conducted under the bed of the Almendares River, through two 40-inch cast-iron pipes, to a masonry aqueduct six miles in length, leading to the designed distributing reservoir, to hold 16,000,000 gallons, at Palatino. On June 26, 1861, the first stone of the walls of the collecting basin at Vento was laid, and the work had progressed far enough to allow the tunnel under the river to be commenced in 1865. In March, 1872, the first water was passed through the tunnel, which was, as supposed, temporarily connected with the old supply filters of the Acueducto Fernando Letimo, augmenting the supply in a slight degree; and then work stopped.

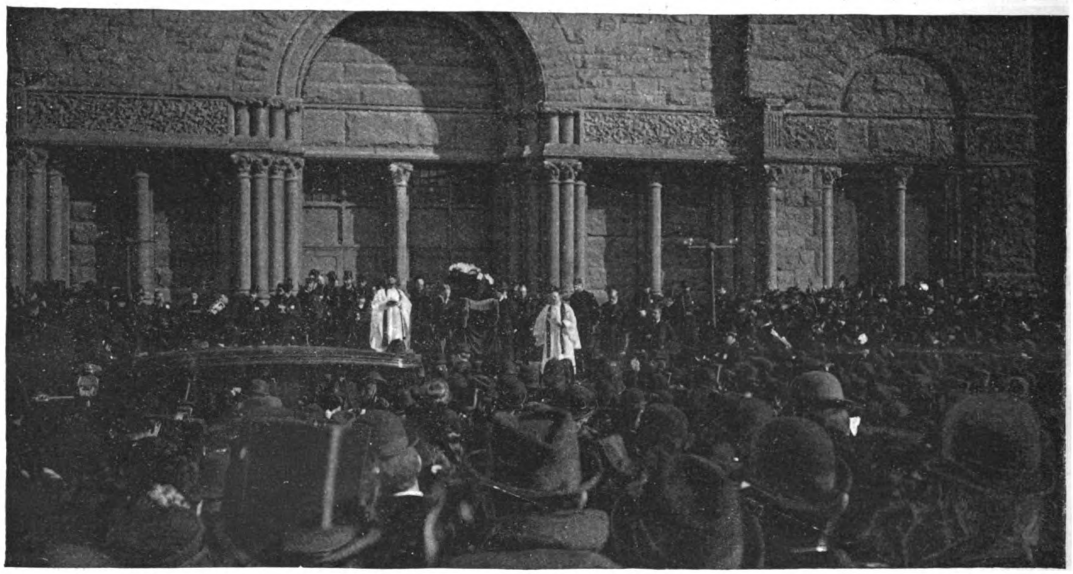
General Albear died in 1887, leaving the works less than one-quarter completed, after having spent $3,500,000. The aqueduct was not ready to have water passed through it, the great reservoir at Palatino had not been built, nor a foot of pipe laid in the city, and such work as had been done was falling into decay, although twenty-nine years of actual work had been expended, when the American firm took hold of the work and completed it.

On January 31, 1890, their representative, Mr. Sherman Gould, M. Am. Soc. C. E., took charge of the work, and completed the aqueduct in a few weeks. In March of the same year he began the construction of the great reservoir at Palatino, and began laying the city mains, that work being put in charge of Mr. Hector Simonetti, of Rome, Italy. On Monday the triumph of Anglo-American energy over Spanish-American indecision and indolence culminated by the completion of the work. The city of Havana will now cease to be a breeding-place of yellow fever, and will have ample protection in case of fire, thousands of American fire-plug hydrants having been distributed through the streets. It is said that the municipal authorities now have under consideration the organization of a paid fire brigade, to be organized on the American plan. The works complete have cost the city of Havana nearly nine millions of dollars.

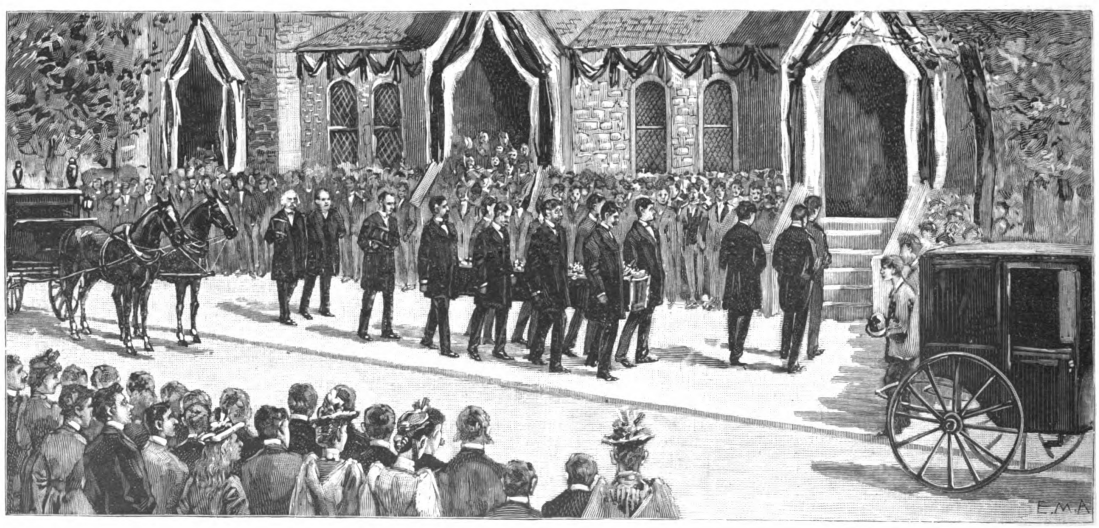
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THE FUNERAL OF MR. BLAINE, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 30.—From a Photograph by Charles H. Coe.



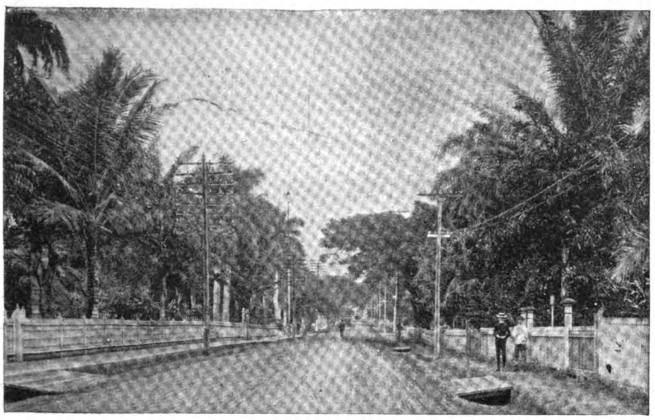
THE FUNERAL OF BISHOP BROOKS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY 26.—From a Photograph by Harry W. Brown.



THE FUNERAL OF JUSTICE LAMAR, MACON, GEORGIA, JANUARY 27.—From a Sketch by F. C. Burroughs.

THREE NOTABLE FUNERALS.—[See Page 135.]

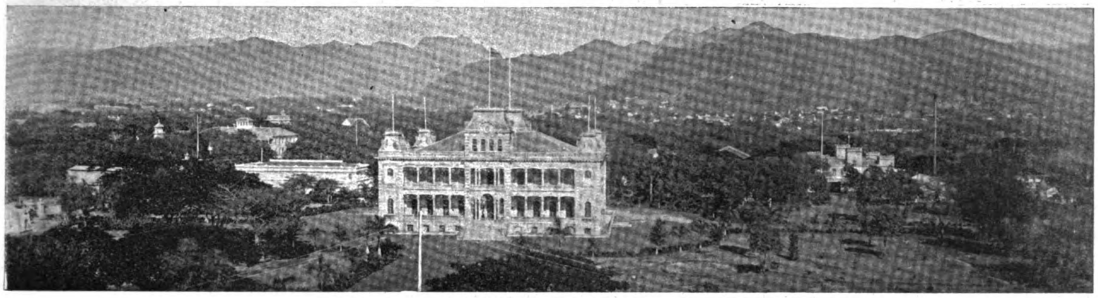
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NUNANN STREET.



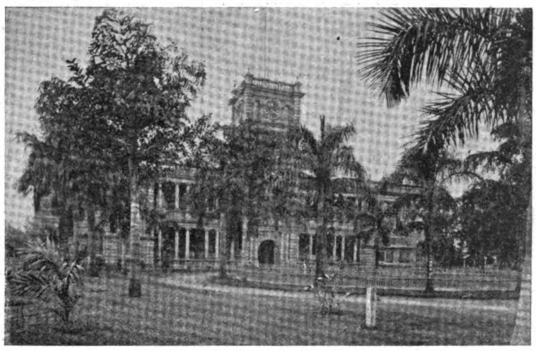
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.



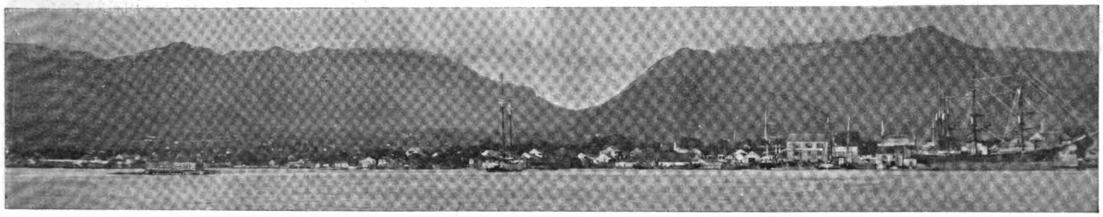
PALACE AND SURROUNDINGS.



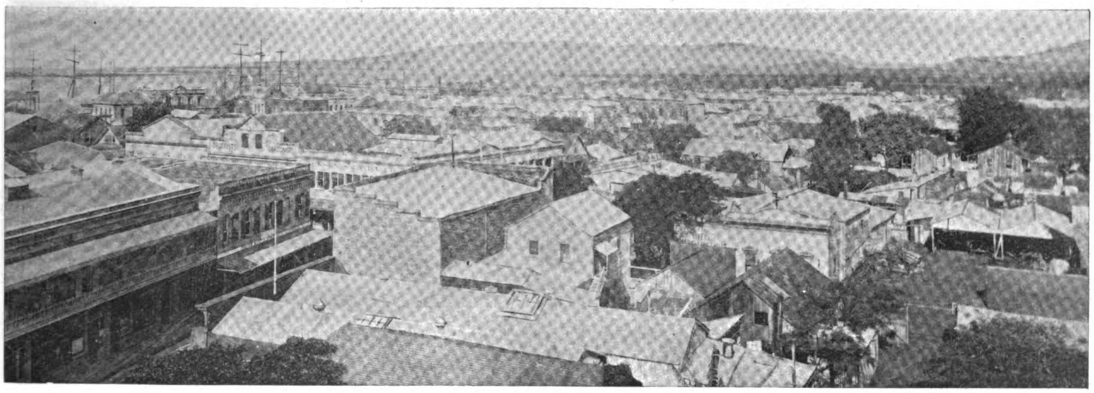
DINING-ROOM IN THE PALACE.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



A VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.



THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY.

THE HAWAIIAN REVOLT.—From Photographs.—[See Page 130.]

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VALENTINE.

UNKNOWN to you this rhyme who sends,
Yet are we, Love, the best of friends;
But should you scorn this waif of song
Of him who loved in silence long,
Be cruel then,—be cruel then,
And send young Cupid home again:
And he who loves will love forego
Because Love's first reply is *No!*

But, Sweetheart, when this message lies
Beneath the heavens of your eyes,
And looking into them above,
Whispers the secret of my love,—
Be kind I pray,—be kind I pray;
Remember Valentine, his day,
When he who loves may love confess
And hope to hear Love answer *Yes!*

F. D. SHERMAN.

THE HAWAIIAN REVOLT.

AN uprising of foreigners, principally Americans, at Honolulu on Saturday, January 14th, resulted in the establishment of a so-called provisional government, the dismissal of Queen Liliuokalani, and the abrogation of the "Hawaiian monarchical system." The immediate cause of the uprising was an attempt of the Queen to proclaim a new constitution, under the provisions of which she would have regained many of the powers wrested from her predecessors, and would have deprived the foreigners of the political powers which had been gradually growing since King Kamehameha's feudal rule gave way to a constitutional form of government. So far as is known at this writing, the revolution was accomplished without other bloodshed than that which followed from a slight gunshot wound inflicted on a policeman by an insurgent who was driving a wagon containing ammunition. The native government seems to have crumbled away before the mere breath of antagonism. A touch demolished the shell, the substantial elements having long since undergone disintegration.

The American minister, Mr. John L. Stevens, recognized the provisional government; Captain Gilbert C. Wiltse, commanding the United States cruiser *Boston*, landed his sailors and marines and took possession of the city. Finally a commission, headed by Mr. A. L. Thurston, was sent to this country with a request that the United States should annex the island.

Before the departure of the commissioners the Queen issued a proclamation protesting that she had yielded to the superior force of the United States, and demanding that this government should reinstate her as the constitutional sovereign of Hawaii.

Thus the matter stood when the commissioners reached this country. The English press at once broke into outcries against the intriguing "Yankees" who had managed to bring about a crisis for the purpose of annexing the Sandwich Islands to this country. On our own side there arose a discussion as to the policy of annexing the distant and alien people. The newspapers and the Congressmen who were ready to give opinions on short notice and insufficient data were generally in favor of speedy annexation, and advocated the reception of what they called the fortunate offer of the Hawaiians. It is true that we had no knowledge of the popular strength of the provisional government outside of the capital city of the government. The American minister had recognized the self-constituted authorities without authority from the State Department, but Liliuokalani still asserted that she was Queen. There was no evidence that the provisional government was firmly established, and none that the people of Hawaii desired to be annexed to the United States. All that is known is that certain American residents of Honolulu, backed by the sailors and marines of the *Boston*, and by the recognition of the United States minister, had deposed the Queen and formed a provisional government.

Under the circumstances it is too early to ask whether we want the islands, or to announce that this is the opportunity of the nation's life-time, or to denounce as unpatriotic, as Secretary of State Foster seems inclined to do, all who doubt the advisability of immediate annexation. Prudent people have not yet made these mistakes, and are waiting for more facts.

In the mean time it is well to consider the relations of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, and the attitude of the government on the question of colonization. The islands since 1820 have been under American influence, and it is not until recent years that the British government has undertaken to contend with our fellow-countrymen for commercial and political supremacy, although in the last century Kamehameha I. ceded the islands to George III. It was doubtless the American missionary who first established the communion of interests between this country and the native islanders, but it is the American speculator, the adventurer, who, following the American whaler, has impressed his civilization on the people. In 1826, Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, commanding the United States sloop of war *Peacock*, visited the islands and made a treaty with the government, which was observed by the islanders, but was not regarded by the United States. In 1842 the Hawaiians offered to make a treaty with the United States, but Mr. Webster did not think it necessary to enter into negotiations. At the same time he laid down the rule, which has not since been departed from, that the "United States are more interested in the fate of the islands and their government than any other nation can be," owing to the fact that the trade between this country and Hawaii was greater than that carried on between Hawaii and any other country. What was true in 1842 is true fifty years later.

President Tyler, in his message of that year, declared that the United States sought no undue advantage or exclusive privileges in the islands, and that this "forbearance" justified "this government, should events arise to require it, in making a decided remonstrance against the adoption of an opposite policy by any other power."

In 1843 Great Britain and France guaranteed the independence of Hawaii. It is clear that Great Britain has never assented to the rules laid down by our own State Department, and has always been prepared to contest every claim of jurisdiction over the islands. At the same time the American influence continued to be predominant, and the United States continued to absorb between five-sixths and nine-tenths of the trade of the islands.

The islands are nearer this country than they are to any European country. Mr. Webster said, in 1851, "ten times nearer." They are directly in the route of vessels passing from San Francisco to Asia. They are as valuable for a coaling station to the naval ships of the power that has a foothold in China and governs India as to our own navy. If they were in the possession of Great Britain, this country would be almost literally surrounded by the military posts of that empire. At present no dangerous hostile power faces the Pacific coast of the United States. Hawaii is only two thousand miles distant from San Francisco. The principal port is fortified. As an English dependency the kingdom would be an admirable vantage-ground for a possible enemy of the United States.

These facts are worthy of consideration. Moreover, the commerce of the islands is valuable. The first treaty between Hawaii and the United States was made in 1849. It contained a reciprocity clause. In 1875 the reciprocity treaty was negotiated upon which, it is asserted both at Honolulu and San Francisco, the prosperity of the islands is based. At all events, there is no doubt that trade was thereby stimulated, and that the sugar-growers of the islands made enormous fortunes by reason of the fact that although their product was admitted free of duty, they sold it at the prices brought by the taxed article from the West Indies. The business of refining their product was a practical monopoly in the hands of Mr. Claus Spreckels, who drove his Eastern competitors out of the market west of the Mississippi, because he enjoyed free raw material, grown on his own and other plantations in the Sandwich Islands. Since 1877, the year when the effect of the reciprocity treaty was first felt, the exports from the islands to the United States have increased from about $2,500,000 to $15,000,000, while the imports to Hawaii from the United States have risen from $1,275,000 to $5,000,000. The growth of the commerce between this country and Europe has been marvellous in spite of the obstacles interposed by the protective tariff, but it does not compare with that which followed the establishment of partial free trade between the United States and Hawaii.

If the government is really called upon to determine whether it will accept these islands as a gift, all these considerations of war and commerce must be given due weight. Is the nation bound to extend its jurisdiction over every island of the sea to which American citizens have gone to make money, in order to protect them from coming under the rule of the British government? Is it bound, in order to do this, to depart from what has been called its stable policy? This republic already rules one territory whose people have no voice in the making of their own laws; is it prepared to go on adding to its voiceless and voteless dependencies? These are some of the questions that must be answered when the proposition of annexation comes seriously before the government, and they seem too grave, too important, to be answered off-hand, in a casual conversation, on no more information than came to us with the commissioners of the provisional government, especially when such answers are made by gentlemen who are members of the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses of Congress.

What is known to-day of the advantages and disadvantages of a closer than trade relation between this country and Hawaii has always been known, and the United States adopted a policy fifty years ago which was restated by Mr. Blaine in 1881 as follows:

"This government has on previous occasions been brought face to face with the question of a protectorate over the Hawaiian group. It has, as often as it arose, been set aside in the interest of such commercial union and such reciprocity of benefits as would give to Hawaii the highest advantages, and at the same time strengthen its independent existence as a sovereign state."

In 1887 Mr. Bayard, in a note to the British minister at Washington, cited the treaty of 1847 between France and England as an agreement to "never take possession, either directly or indirectly, or under a title of a protectorate, or in any form, of any part of the territory" of Hawaii. He assumed that this was also the attitude of the United States to the islands.

Mr. Cleveland, during his first term as President, referred to the subject in two of his annual messages. In 1886 he said: "I express my unhesitating conviction that the intimacy of our relations with Hawaii should be emphasized ....The Polynesian Island groups have been so absorbed by other and more powerful governments that the Hawaii Islands are left almost alone in the enjoyment of their autonomy, which it is important for us should be preserved." In 1888 he said: "The geographical position of the Hawaiian group in relation to our Pacific States creates a natural interdependency and mutuality of interest which our present treaties were intended to foster, and which make close communication a logical and commercial necessity."

The United States have never deviated from the purpose of preserving the autonomy of Hawaii, and at the same time remaining on the most intimate terms with the kingdom. Other powers have threatened protectorates. The importation of Chinese and Japanese coolies has been encouraged by English traders. Against these incursions the American residents and their distant government have done their utmost. Once in 1854, when the islands were threatened, Secretary of State Marcy wrote as follows:

"If any foreign connection is to be formed, the geographical position of these islands indicates that it should be with us. Our commerce with them far exceeds that of all other countries; our citizens are embarked in the most important business concerns of that country, and some of them hold important public positions. In view of the large American interests there established, and the intimate commercial relations existing at this time, it might well be regarded as the duty of this government to prevent these islands from becoming the appendage of any other foreign power."

It is said that if the commissioners fail to secure the assent of the United States to annexation they will offer the islands to Great Britain. If such a contingency should arise, Mr. Marcy's doctrine might be revived. There is nothing but a sentiment standing in the way of the acceptance of the islands. Mr. Seward, who spoke of the "ancient and settled policy" of disentanglement, nevertheless bought Alaska, and bargained with Denmark for St. Thomas and St. John. If the administration sees fit to accept the islands, the annexation will not be without precedent if the transfer is made by the regularly constituted authorities of Hawaii. It is evident that as between preserving the independence of the Hawaiian government and accepting the sovereignty of the islands, the settled policy of the United States is to maintain Hawaiian independence. If Great Britain or any other foreign power seeks the sovereignty, the question will be different.

As to the general subject of the acquisition of foreign territory—and this may be significant—Mr. Cleveland, speaking of the interocean canal, said: "Maintaining, as I do, the tenets of a line of precedents from Washington's day, which proscribe entangling alliances with foreign states, I do not favor a policy of acquisition of new and distant territory or the incorporation of remote interests with our own."

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

PERSONAL.

AT the meeting of the Council of the American Geographical Society on the 30th of January a handsome and well-deserved compliment was paid to the veteran African explorer PAUL B. DU CHAILLU in the presentation of a silver cup commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his return from the Dark Continent. DU CHAILLU was the discoverer of the gorilla, and of the pygmy races of Central Africa mentioned by the historian Herodotus, and he was the first white man to penetrate the great equatorial forest which has been more recently traversed by STANLEY. In his *Ashango Land* he gives a very full and interesting description of this great forest, of the thirty tribes which inhabit it, of the great river systems, and of the animals, insects, and plants which are found there. Many of his statements concerning his discoveries seemed so incredible that the scientific men of Europe refused at first to believe them. Even Dr. BARTH, the great African traveller, would not give credence to his story, and marked upon a map that his explorations had not extended beyond a few miles from the coast, and Dr. PETERMANN adopted the same view. Subsequent explorations, however, confirmed the truth of all that DU CHAILLU had said, and much more, and Dr. PETERMANN reconstructed his map in accordance with the statements in his narrative. Mr. DU CHAILLU is an American. He was born in New Orleans, and his explorations of Africa were begun at the early age of nineteen, when, with an expedition equipped and conducted by himself alone, he left the settlements on the Gaboon River and rambled into and through the country of the cannibal Fans. The story of his adventures is contained in two volumes, *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa* and *A Journey to Ashango Land*. The following is the inscription on the cup presented to him in recognition of his services as a discoverer: "Presented to PAUL B. DU CHAILLU by Officers and Members of the Council of the Am. Geog. Soc. on the 25th Anniversary of his return from Africa, after discovering the Gorillas, the Pygmies, and the great Equatorial Forest of that Continent. New York, 1892."



—The late FANNY KEMBLE is remembered by old residents of Germantown and Philadelphia as a superb horsewoman. She had a fiery temper, which matched that of her husband, PIERCE BUTLER, and speedily brought about what is still one of the most noted of divorce trials reported in the law books. In her youth she was remarkably beautiful, and in the rôle of Juliet she was the personification of dazzling loveliness. She was noted for the keenness of her wit even in the days of her old age. Once, when an impertinent street lounger stepped up to her while she was looking in the window of a bric-à-brac store and said, "Are you fond of antiquities?" Mrs. KEMBLE quickly unpinned her veil, and turning on the man her aged face (she was then seventy-three) asked, "Are you?" One of Mrs. KEMBLE'S daughters is Mrs. WISTAR, of Germantown, well known in literature.

—As Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac the late General RUFUS INGALLS was "buried in the staff," as General GRANT expressed it, but so high was GRANT'S opinion of his capacity as a soldier that he declared General INGALLS "would have become a great and famous general had he been placed at the head of a corps." As it was, he made an ideal quartermaster; clothing, feeding, and transporting thousands of soldiers, meeting successfully every trying exigency that arose, and spending millions of dollars without leakage. General INGALLS was seventy-two years old at the time of his death. He was a native of Maine, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1843, and served with distinction on the frontier before the outbreak of the rebellion. He succeeded General RUCKER as Quartermaster-General of the army. In physical appearance he was short and thick-set, active, energetic, fond of good company, and equally fond of good living.

—One of General BUTLER'S favorite stories described a ludicrous scene at the White House, when President LINCOLN, in an excess of joy over the receipt of favorable war news from Hatteras, waltzed about in his night shirt with Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox was as short of stature as the President was tall, and the effect as Mr. LINCOLN danced about the room with him was laughable beyond description. One of the most interesting relics of BUTLER'S war career is the flag he raised over the New Orleans Custom-house after the first flag had been pulled down and torn to shreds by the populace. It is preserved by the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.

—PATTI is said to spend $50,000 a year in maintaining the miniature opera-house in her Welsh castle. It is a complete theatre on a small scale, with a regular orchestra, scenery from a large repertoire of operas, and an extensive supply of stage properties. Nearly all the servants in the diva's household are singers with cultivated voices, and guests at the castle are surprised when the curtain rises on the stage to behold NICOLINI'S valet in the rôle of villain, footmen doing supernumerary duty as courtiers, chambermaids guised as princesses, and other unexpected transformations.

—The Rev. FREDERICK Z. ROOKER, whom the Pope has appointed secretary to Monsignor SATOLLI, the Apostolic Delegate for the United States, was born in Albany, and was graduated from the High School in that city about thirteen years ago. He subsequently studied at Union College, and after he was ordained a priest he became a member of the faculty of the American College in Rome. He is hardly thirty, a graceful orator and a fluent writer, and a man of handsome personal appearance. His knowledge of religious and of educational affairs in America will make him a very valuable assistant to the Italian prelate.

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THE ICE HARVEST.

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—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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CYCLIST INFANTRY.

THE NEW BRANCH OF THE MILITARY SERVICE.

WITHIN the last few years a new factor in military operations has appeared, namely, the cycle; and by the term cycle is meant all forms of velocipedes, whether bicycle or tricycle.

While it is not a very new idea to use some form of velocipede in the military service, it was not until the advent of the safety bicycle that the idea was put to any practical use. The use of such vehicles in military manœuvres has been thoroughly tested both in Europe and the United States, and a corps of armed men mounted on bicycles is now considered by all competent military authorities as a useful adjunct to any military force.

The military cycle was first practically tested about two years ago, at Aldershot, England, where a system of training soldiers to use cycles was inaugurated, with such good results that military officers from other countries have visited that place for the purpose of examining and reporting on the system and its results.



CAPTAIN HOWARD ALDEN GIDDINGS.

France, Germany, and Italy have also experimented more or less extensively with the military cycle, and have found a place for it among their military forces.

The status of the bicycle as used in connection with military operations has, therefore, been pretty well determined abroad, and its capabilities and limitations fixed.

The question of the tactical value, the proper function, and the relative efficiency of the cyclist, as compared with other branches of the service, has, however, been the subject of much discussion.

An impression has prevailed among army men to a certain extent that cyclists take the place of cavalry, and they have therefore promptly condemned them as failing to fill the bill. This is an erroneous impression. Cyclists are not cavalry, and do not take the place of cavalry. They either do a different work altogether, or they do the same work in an entirely different way. The classing of cyclists as "light cavalry" is absurd. The function and power of cavalry is the charge. Cyclists cannot charge. They belong to the class of quick-moving troops, however, and are, properly, "mounted infantry." Now mounted infantry is not cavalry, and the two should not be confused.

A mounted infantryman is a foot soldier mounted on some conveyance that is capable of traversing the country faster than a soldier can walk, the object being mobility in the field. The mounted part of the business is only a means to an end. It matters not how an infantryman is mounted, whether on a horse, a mule, a cart, or a cycle, so long as he gets transported quickly from one point to another.

The cycle, as a means of locomotion in war, possesses advantages peculiar to itself. The long journeys cyclists can make accustom them to studying the features of the country through which they pass, thus habitually training them as scouts. The cycle eats nothing. It carries conveniently a rifle and small kit, as well as an ammunition-bag. It may suffer from wear and tear, but it is never sick. It possesses great speed, and costs less than a horse. Its principal requirement is a fairly good road. If the cyclist attempted to ride over some of the sloughs known as "roads" in war-time, he could say, with the Irishman who fell through the bottom of the sedan-chair, "Sure, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I might as well have been walking!"

On the march of an army, however, the infantryman would have no use for his cycle. It would then be packed in a baggage-wagon, along with hundreds of others, and be left until an opportunity for scouting or a turning movement presented itself.

The speed and endurance of cyclists are powerful recommendations. Their capability of making wide turning movements, and suddenly and unexpectedly appearing as infantry in unknown strength on the enemy's flank, and their power of seizing distant defensible positions with great rapidity, and with a force unknown to the enemy, must not be underestimated.

Silence of movement is also a great advantage. At night, provided there is light enough to see the edges of the roads, cyclists can attack outposts without betraying their presence till they are up to the line of sentries; whereas cavalry, or infantry mounted on horses, would not only betray their presence, but give an indication of their numbers by the noise of the hoofs. The moral effect of this power of stealthy approach, noiselessly and in unknown force, from distances beyond the march of infantry, must produce a feeling of nervousness and dread, and necessitate strengthening the outposts. It would be trying work for an enemy to suddenly find bodies of infantry of unknown reserve power appearing vaguely out of space and behaving with cruel concreteness in the matter of bullets.

It has been claimed that a cyclist cannot ride cross country; but it is being proved that a bicycle can be ridden, especially with pneumatic tires, where it was before considered impossible. As to the riding of a bicycle across country, the most bitter opponent of the wheel must admit that he could get it over a barbed-wire fence easier than he could a horse. The recent "relay race" from Chicago to New York, by which General Miles at Chicago sent a message to General Howard at New York by relays of bicycle-riders, demonstrates the fact that bicycles can be ridden in places once considered impossible. Much of the country was at that time submerged, and many miles were ridden through water and mud inches deep. Several hundred miles of the distance were ridden on the Lake Shore Railroad track, the surrounding country being under water. One rider rode six miles in twenty-one minutes, and dismounted to cross seven culverts and a railroad bridge.

Finally, a great advantage of cyclists is their superior ability as marksmen. In these days of long-range rifles it is all-important that a soldier be able to shoot well at any time. A cycle cannot pull a man's hands about, or bump him in such a manner as to disturb his internal arrangements; therefore a man throwing himself off a cycle must be in better condition for immediate shooting than a man throwing himself off a horse.

In the National Guard of the United States, cyclists have been used in Connecticut, New York, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, and other States.

Connecticut was the first State to equip a part of her regular militia with military bicycles; and for this test the First Signal Corps of the Connecticut National Guard was selected, it being believed that the duties of the Signal Corps offered a wider field for the use of the cycle than any other branch of the service. They have now used the cycles two years in all kinds of duty, scouting, skirmishing, messenger service, and as a means of transportation, the wheels proving their value in every test. The cycle now used is known as the Columbia safety, and is specially equipped for the service. It is fitted with strong cushion tires which do not sink into earth or sand. Two clamps hold the regulation Springfield rifle, the forward clamp fastened to the front end of the double backbone near the steering head being furnished with a spring, and working automatically. This grasps the rifle about eighteen inches from the muzzle. The rear clamp grasps the rifle around the small of the stock, and is fastened to the backbone directly under the seat. This clamp locks with a simple cam-lever attachment. The rifle is held perfectly firm, and is close to the backbone, out of the way. On the other side of the backbone are clamps for a signal outfit. An ammunition-bag holding 300 rounds may be hung under the backbone, entirely out of the way of the rider.

The severest test given to cycles in Connecticut was in August, 1892, when the corps rode from Hartford, the State capital, to the camp of instruction at Niantic, near New London, a distance of sixty miles. The distance was made in twelve hours, not counting short stops, which was excellent time when it is considered that the corps was equipped in heavy marching order, with overcoats, blankets, rations, and ammunition, and was riding over the hills and sand of Connecticut. They carried a cyclometer, a compass, an aneroid barometer for determining elevations, and a gravity clinometer for determining grades; and thirty readings from each instrument were taken, a complete reconnoissance of the country through which they passed being made. Every man was in excellent physical condition at the end of the march, and the most serious accident was a bent pedal.

In its use in the Signal Service the cycle has enabled the wheelmen to beat repeatedly, by relays, visual signals as a means of communication. Messages have been carried by this corps from the outposts of a camp to the main body of troops, a distance of two and a half miles, in eleven minutes, and a mile and a quarter in five minutes.

The use of the wheel in Connecticut has been highly commended by army officers, and the War Department recently ordered a dozen similar wheels for use in the regular army in the Division of the Missouri. First Lieutenant William T. May, Adjutant Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., commanding Military Bicycle Detachment, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, by whom these wheels are used, has just issued a small book called *Cyclists' Drill Regulations, U. S. A.*

The First Signal Corps was originally equipped with Hartford cycles, and was armed with Colt repeating carbines, which were slung on the backs of the men; but it was proved by experiment that the proper place for the weapon is on the machine, and that the highest-grade wheels made are none too good for this hard service.

It is still an open question as to the relative value of cushion and pneumatic tires for the military bicycle, but in the opinion of many prominent military officers who have looked into the question, the pneumatic tire is not to be depended upon for this service, as a puncture would place the soldier *hors de combat*, while a hole in a cushion tire has no disastrous effects.

A favorite formation abroad for cyclists to repel cavalry or hold a road is called the "Zereba," the wheels being turned upside down, the men lying behind them. Although it is true that bicycles thus placed and the wheels set whirling will prevent any horse from charging them, still, in my opinion, it is bad policy to place the steed of the cyclist in a position so exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy.



ENGLISH INFANTRY CYCLIST.

There are now several fine cycle corps in the cities of New York and Washington, and squads of cyclists are either already formed or are about to be formed in many of the foremost States of the Union.

It is universally recognized that cyclists possess far greater speed and endurance than any other branch of the service, and that in any country having roads deserving the name the cycle will be found a rapid and effective means of transporting armed men, either for purposes of mobilization, for use in sudden attacks, or for patrols, scouts, and messengers.

CAPTAIN HOWARD ALDEN GIDDINGS,
Late Commander First Signal Corps,
Connecticut National Guard.

WENT TO THE OPENING.

WHAT's the matter with the man, anyway?

Nothing much; he has been to see the World's Fair buildings.

How he gesticulates! He seems to be giving it to those chaps pretty straight.

So he is. You see, he went out to the opening, and he is telling them about it.

But that was months ago.

Yes; but the buildings are still there.

Look! what do those sweeping gestures of his arms mean?

He must be describing the roof of the "biggest room in the world."

And when he shades his eyes and looks as if he were viewing a distant landscape?

That's the man in the back of the hall trying to make out whether it is really Depew who is speaking.

And when he looks down over the side like that?

He's telling how he looked down from the back of the gallery and saw two regiments marching, company front, past one another in the lobby.

And now what is he pulling and hauling at?

He must be explaining how you could pull the auditorium out from under the Auditorium Hotel, and leave the hotel standing on its independent supports.

And when his hands go up with all the fingers spread?

It must mean the great fountain with effects of the colored lights.

And what's that potato race that his hands seem to be running with one another?

He is explaining about the construction of that building where they started the tower after the rest of the building was up, and had to put about a million tons of pig-iron into the foundation to settle the ground down even. You should ask him about that.

You seem to have heard his whole story.

Not his particular story, but the same narrative as given by other narrators.

It seems to be quite a story.

Yes; it makes you feel as though the Chicago man must be seventeen feet high and full of wheels.

Well, is he?

I do not know; but next summer I shall go out there and try to ascertain. E. S. M.

THREE FUNERALS.

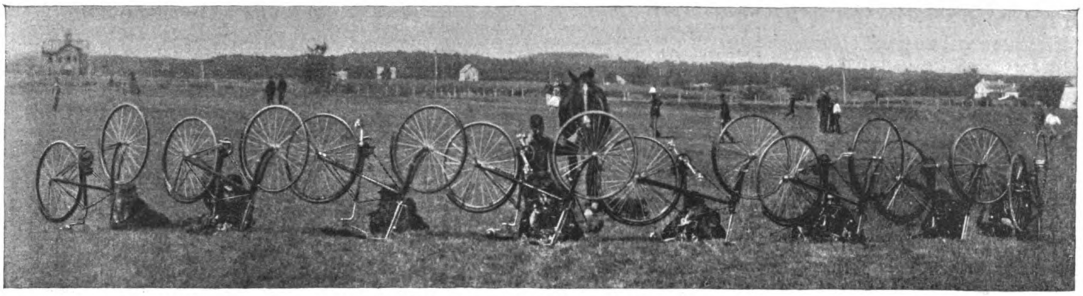
IT is not often, even in this great nation, that within a week there die and are buried three men who in their several walks are so known and beloved and honored as the three whose funerals are represented in this number of the WEEKLY. Not one of them had fulfilled the Psalmist's expectation of life, and two of them died in the harness. Judge Lamar, who was the oldest (he was sixty-eight), had for years been physically frail, and done his administrative and his judicial work under limitations that did not appear in the work itself; but on the very day of his death there seemed to be no reason to expect it for a long time. Mr. Blaine, who was buried on the day before he would have attained his "grand climacteric," had for months been an invalid, and for years been compelled to take care of his health. It was the condition of his health that made it impossible for his friends to rally a more formidable force to his support in the last national convention of his party. Since his defeat there and his retirement from the cabinet, which was almost synchronous with his defeat, it had been evident that no further activity could be expected of him, and that his completed career already belonged to history. As for Bishop Phillips Brooks, who was born in 1835, the impression that he made upon all who met him, up to the beginning of his brief and mortal illness, was of such exuberant vitality and power that he seemed to be stricken down in his very prime.

It is worth noting that the funeral of the Bishop was the occasion of a greater and more impressive public demonstration than the funeral of the ex-Speaker, ex-Senator, and ex-Secretary of State, or of the ex-Senator, ex-Secretary of the Interior, and Judge of the Supreme Court. This was partly because the funeral of Mr. Blaine was purposely made as simple and as quiet as could well be. But it was also because the people of Boston, among whom Phillips Brooks had lived and labored for many years as a parish clergyman, and but a few months as a bishop, sought and claimed an opportunity to do peculiar honor to his memory. For nearly four hours on Thursday, January 26th, his body lay in state in the vestibule of that Trinity Church that he had builded, and that is a monument to his faithfulness and his influence, as well as to the genius of its architect. During these hours there was a procession past the coffin of the people of Boston of all sorts and conditions, the number of which was estimated at 15,000. The funeral procession itself in the church comprised a great part of the clergy of the Diocese of Massachusetts, headed by five bishops, of whom the Bishop of New York, an old and warm friend of Bishop Brooks, was selected to read the burial service. There was no formal eulogy, and none was needed.

Judge Lamar, who died a few hours after Bishop Brooks, was buried on Friday, the 27th, with all the honors that the city of Macon, Georgia, could supply. Although most of Judge Lamar's mature life had been passed in Mississippi, as professor and member of Congress before the civil war, as a soldier during the war, as professor, lawyer, Representative, and Senator after the war, yet he was born and educated in Georgia, and had served in the Legislature of the State. There was on the morning of the 27th a public memorial meeting in the opera-house of Macon, and it was addressed by leading members of the bar and by the president of Emory College, at which Judge Lamar had been educated. The funeral services proper were held in the Methodist Church. They were attended officially by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and such of the associate justices as were able to make the journey from Washington. The right hand of the dead judge held a copy of the Constitution of the United States.

On the morning of Monday, January 30th, a very simple service of prayer was held in the house that Mr. Blaine had last occupied in Washington, and this was followed by a service scarcely more elaborate at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, consisting of reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the pastor, and of an improvisation upon the organ by Walter Damrosch, Mr. Blaine's son-in-law, upon hymn tunes which had been special favorites of the dead man. The occasion was signalized, however, by the presence of the President, the Vice-President, the cabinet, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, and nearly all the members of the diplomatic body. A memorial service was held on the same day at Augusta, Maine.

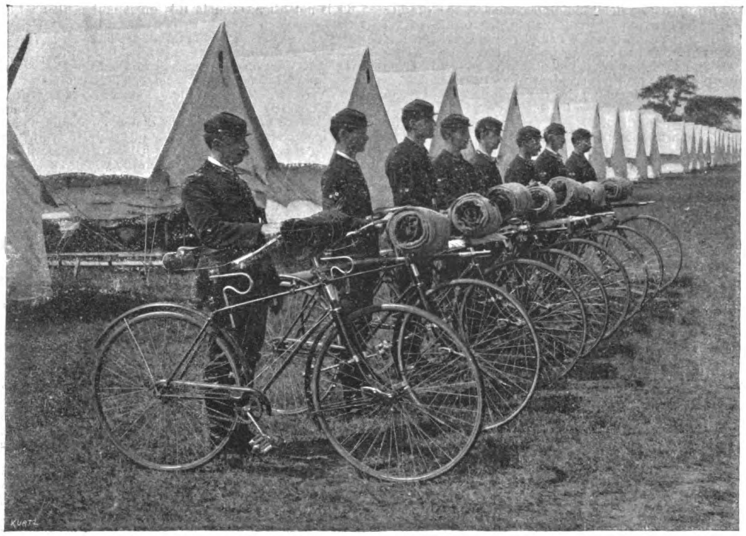
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FRONT VIEW OF ZEREBA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



REAR VIEW OF ZEREBA, FORMED WITH WHEELS.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G., AS PARADED AFTER THEIR SIXTY-MILE RIDE FROM HARTFORD TO NIANTIC.



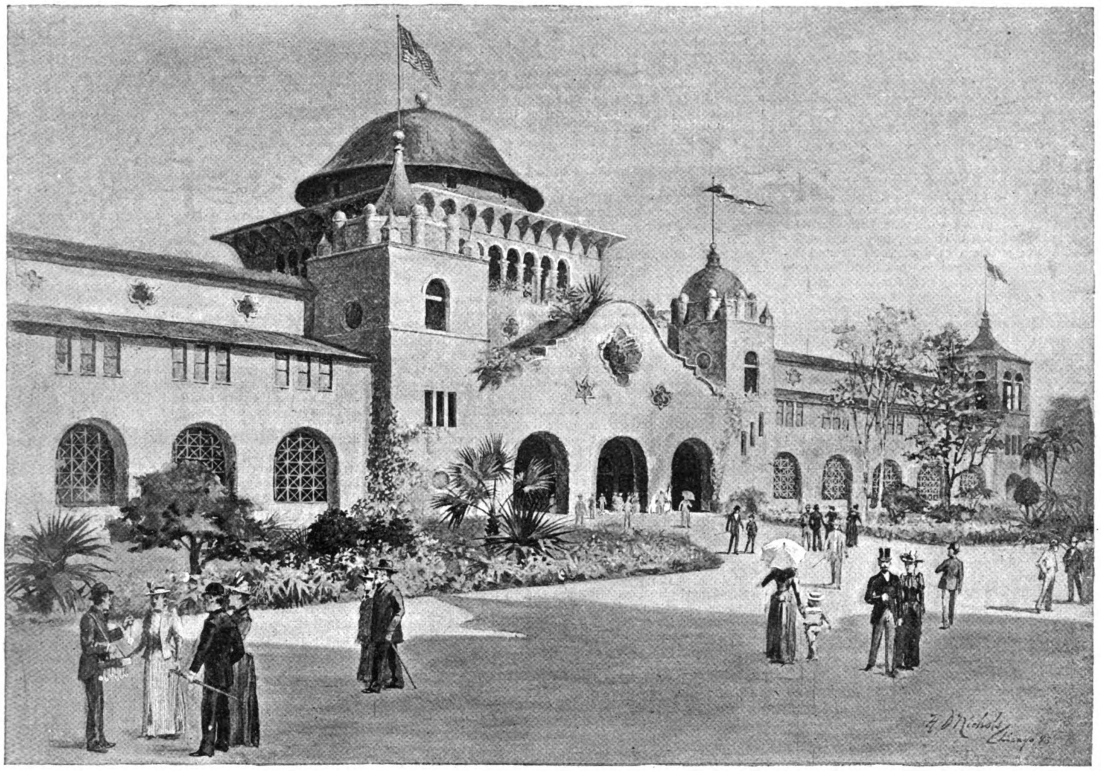
BELGIAN INFANTRY CYCLIST.



FIRST SIGNAL CORPS, CONNECTICUT N. G., MOUNTED ON "HARTFORD" CYCLES AND ARMED WITH COLT REPEATING CARBINES.

CYCLIST INFANTRY.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

MERICAN PHYSICIANS IN BERLIN.

E ambitious American medical student who, after hav- ttained the degree of M.D., is desirous of adding to xperience and training by attending a European univer- goes to Berlin for the sake of studying. Should he by ce take up his temporary abode at Vienna, it is solely he sake of gaining the reputation of having had Euro- experience.

is, at least, is the opinion prevailing among American 's whom I met in several cities of the Continent during ast few years. The distinction is obvious from the fact Berlin at the time offers superior opportunities for med- study, that the living expenses are less than in Vienna, hat the social life of the German capital is less calcu- l to distract a young man from his professional duties the gayety of the more cosmopolitan Wien.

arly one hundred American doctors are now matricu- l at the Berlin University, and ninety of these gentlemen members of the Association of American Physicians, hich W. D. Miller, A.B., Ph.D., M.D., D.D.S., pro- r of the dental branch of the university, is the presi-

ey are a studious and interesting body of young and lle- aged men, well received socially, and favored to an nal degree by the leading men of the "High-School." ofessor Virchow, who has lately been made rector, told nce that he would rather endeavor to perfect fifty rican physician students from the backwoods in the difficult branches of science than undertake the same ten German students. "They absorb their studies in fourth of the time it takes the German students to get ugh with their semesters," said he, "and if I give any em only a hint of what is wanted, he will apply himself e task with an enthusiasm and thoroughness that makes of success."

e university recognizes all American degrees of M.D. e extent of admitting their possessors to the lectures out examining into their educational fitness. If the nt physicians, after a course or two, desire to take a e, they have to pass through the mill, as it is called niversity slang, and submit to all the details of vari- examinations. The fact that the candidate may have n the same degree in America is not taken notice of. examinations are held in the German language, but of the professors either understand or speak English, are very considerate with those unable to answer in the nan tongue. As a general thing they try their best to them along, and make the task as easy as is in any way istent with the rules.

ll the professors and proprietors of clinics are anxious to e American students, whom they befriend in many ways. asked a young American doctor, who has been study- in Berlin for the last twelvemonth, about the cost of ndertaking. The gentleman in question is a poor man cellent New England stock. He figures largely in the l life of the Physicians' Association, and generally keeps e appearance of a well-to-do professional man. He ne he expected to spend $700 before he landed back in wn town in Massachusetts.

I bought a round-trip ticket on the Rotterdam Steam- Line," he said, "as most of my colleagues do who are d to economize. I have paid my way in every respect is university, and have not accepted one single free re. My habits are naturally inexpensive, but I have never been obliged to stint myself. Still, with railroad and steamer fares, board and lodging, lecture and High-School fees, books and clothes, I will not exceed my limit of the fig- ure named. Seven hundred dollars are amply sufficient for any American student physician for one year's stay in Berlin. The matriculation fee is five dollars, and the attendance on each lecture course costs from five to ten dollars. The professors generally charge ten dollars for admittance to their clinics. The physician student capable of doing origi- nal work at the clinics and laboratories are charged for one semester only. Some lectures at the laboratories are given free by the richer professors, but the students are obliged to pay for their own chemicals in all cases. All fees are payable in advance. Most of the American physician stu- dents make a stay of one to two years, but a good many come over for some special study only, completing their course in from two to three months."

"How do the Americans stand with the German students?" I inquired.

"Very well indeed," answered my informant. "The Germans have found out by long experience that the Amer- icans must not be trifled with, and have so far receded from their usual bullying attitude towards Freshmen of our spe- cies that they admit them gladly to their *Verbindungen*, with the proviso they shall not be asked to engage in duels. Many of our countrymen are members of the Corps, and whenever a duel or a serious *Paukerei* is on the tapis, one may be sure to find half a dozen American students present. They dearly love to see the sport, but I have so far failed to hear of any American at this university who has ever en- gaged in this cruel pastime. The Germans, as everybody knows, are fairly crazy for duelling, and very proud of the scars that distigure their faces. They regard them as a sort of decoration, by which they recognize each other as *ci-devant* gay dogs in after-life."

The American student in Berlin has only one method of perfecting himself in his science, namely, to study with the greatest master of each special branch, and to do nothing but study, utilizing at the same time the ordinary channels of information, and at the lowest possible cost.

As stated at the outset of this paper, the American student physician attending the Vienna University is regarded by his Berlin colleagues as a person who does not take his studies very seriously. The Berliners think the Vienna Institute lacking somewhat in authorities with regard to certain branches of the medical science; they also find fault with the mode of study in vogue there. It consists in an arrangement after the following fashion:

Several, often eight or ten, American students club to- gether and engage a professor to give them private instruc- tion in their own language. Of course they have to pay pretty stiffly for this privilege, which gains them an un- doubted advantage over their fellow-students. By reason of this arrangement, in which only well-to-do physician students may participate, some are enabled to take their degrees in a very short time after they have settled down to actual work, while their colleagues not so happily situated often acquire the reputation of being slow or of unstudious habits.

The Association of American Physicians in Berlin was founded in the beginning of the year 1891 on the instigation of Dr. Dalaud, of Philadelphia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Fred R. Weber, who graduated at the University of Munich, though a native of Milwaukee, whither he returned last winter. The organization serves two purposes, that of social intercourse and of the intellectual advancement of its members. It arranges all the festivities and social gatherings of the American non-official colony of Berlin, and its members meet weekly at the rooms of the Dental Institute for the purpose of delivering and listening to lectures on medical topics.

Dr. Willoughby D. Miller, the president, is an Ohio man, but his long residence in Berlin has made him a thorough German as far as language and habits go. He is a clever and large-hearted man, full of ambition and force, and an able exponent of American medical science. He was the first American to receive the title of "Royal Professor" in the University of Berlin, and has had charge of the dental branch of that institution since 1884. When this honor was conferred on him, Dr. Miller was also promised an extraor- dinary professorship in the Medical Faculty of the Univer- sity, but when he was given to understand that he must become a naturalized German he respectfully declined, a resolution which earned him the bitter hatred of the German press, which urged the Minister of Education to dispense with his services. The minister, backed by the opinion of Prince Bismarck and scientific men, treated, however, the complaints of the newspapers with contempt, and also refused the numerous petitions of German dentists for Dr. Miller's removal. Meanwhile the doctor had entered upon the herculean task of remodelling the Dental Institute, which meant a reconstruction and thorough re-establishment of all its departments.

Up to that time German dental students in Berlin, as well as in the other universities of the Fatherland and Austria, received no practical tuition whatever. The examinations were made at the side of the dissecting-table, and the stu- dents practised on dead bodies—worked on "stiffs," as the phrase goes. Dr. Miller's practical views were determined- ly fought by the old fogies, who regarded dentistry as a very mean profession indeed, and the students themselves were not at all anxious to submit to the American profes- sor's American ways.

"I couldn't blame these poor unpractical young students for their opposition," said Dr. Miller to me once, when talk- ing on the subject. "They had had such an easy time of it, and the majority of them had entered the institution on the tacit understanding that they should not be troubled with any hard practical work. They expected to go through the whole course of instruction and pass their examinations without ever having filled a tooth of a pain-stricken and agonized patient. And now, when I came in like a Western whirlwind, all this was to be reversed! I demanded real workers, workers in their shirt sleeves, dexterous hands and quick brains. Alas! it was a surprise to these poor fellows, and a revelation at the same time."

The dental branch of the Berlin University has in the last ten years gained the reputation of being the most thorough and best-equipped institution of the kind on the Continent. Numerous American dental authorities who have visited it and investigated Dr. Miller's methods have pronounced his High-School a model of scientific and practical achievement. The German professor who held the post before Dr. Miller was in the habit of sitting down with his students on their benches, and instead of holding lectures, imparting the in- formation he was desirous of delivering by way of a friendly chat. The number of scholars is now nearing the two-hun- dred mark, and the dental branch has become one of the most important of the university. And all this by virtue of infusing a little American blood into the stagnant veins of phlegmatic Teutons.

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ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S well-known pastoral idyl, *L'Ami Fritz*, has been served up to the New York public during the past week in two forms—as an opera, with music by Mascagni, at Music Hall, and as a vaudeville, with music by Julien Edwards, at Hermann's Theatre, being decidedly more attune with the author's evident thought and intent in the latter form. Mascagni has not been fortunate in the successor that he has provided for his *Cavalleria Rusticana*. *L'Amico Fritz*, as an opera, is certainly not a popular success, and even its artistic success may well be called in question. Music written for the stage, to be successful, must be pictorial; that is, it should be illustrative of action and dramatic situation from one stand-point or another. In *L'Ami Fritz* there is little or no story and no dramatic action or situation; there is consequently nothing valuable for musical illustration, and hence the music provided for it is, to a great extent, meaningless, and for the same reason dull. Why Mascagni should have chosen such a subject to make an opera of it is difficult to understand; his muse is dramatic rather than pastoral, and in endeavoring to endue the story musically with a dramatic significance that it does not possess, he has simply wasted his time and energy, and created a work which is not artistic, because it fails to convey anything tangible or interesting to the mind of the hearer. The music is undoubtedly melodious and well written, and really produces a better effect when divorced from its scenic surroundings. In many instances one feels that the composer has sought to reach the goal of originality by the bypaths of eccentricity. A receipt for making music sound excruciatingly modern, which is very easy to follow, may be given. For compositions in the major, take diatonic harmonies as may be required, then go over them with a pen and sharpen all the fifths in the common chords; if the work be in the minor, leave the common chord unaltered; but whenever it occurs, let the major sixths of the chord be played by some instrument—never mind what—loud enough to penetrate distinctly the most untutored ear. If this method be conscientiously followed, the composer will be in pretty hard luck if he is not called distinctly Wagnerian. One is tempted to believe that Mascagni has at times followed some such method, for his intervals and melodic sequences often strike one as forced and unnatural. *Friend Fritz* at Hermann's succeeds in spite of the music rather than because of it; but the play is so charmingly put upon the stage, so charmingly acted by Mr. Mason and Miss Manola, and the naïve simplicity and pastoral charm of the original are retained to so great an extent, that popular favor will in all probability be accorded to it for some time to come, for does not one touch of nature make the whole world kin? Once let a mutual sympathy and understanding be established between actors and audience, and dramatic success is assured.

Like Katisha, chamber music is an acquired taste. The would-be musical amateur will sit out with equanimity Wagnerian operas, piano-forte recitals, and even symphony concerts, and stoutly maintain that he enjoys them all, but will think twice before he ventures upon a quiet evening of chamber music. Here we have music in its most unadorned and most classical form; there are no adventitious aids of any kind to its understanding or appreciation; if the attendant amateur does not really enjoy and appreciate music for itself alone, Heaven help him! for he will be bored to a certainty. There are several organizations in New York which perpetrate chamber music from time to time and which are excellent of their kind. Neither the Brodsky Quartet, the Schmidt-Herbert Quartet, nor the Beethoven Quartet has anything to fear from comparison with other similar organizations. But their doings create little stir, except among their own little followings, which is certainly to be regretted. It has remained for a quartet from Boston to provoke social enthusiasm for and enlist social sympathy in behalf of chamber music. We refer to the Adamowski Quartet, which inaugurated last season a series of quartet concerts under distinguished social patronage, which met real appreciation from the start, and the success made last year has been much intensified this year, as the subscriptions to these concerts have more than doubled. Mr. T. Adamowski, the leader of the quartet, which was organized in 1888, is a native of Warsaw, and a pupil of the conservatories of Warsaw and Paris. He is well known throughout the country as a violinist of absolute attainments, and as conductor of the promenade concerts in Boston last season proved himself also a conductor of marked ability. He is to be congratulated on the really artistic qualities which have enabled him to lead society to worship at the shrine of true musical art without pretence, fad, or frivolity. That these concerts have been appreciated as they have been is surely an evidence that there does exist real musical taste and appreciation in New York, apart from any dictate of form or fashion, which many are inclined to doubt.

M. Paderewski still continues to delight his audiences, and to reap artistic and pecuniary rewards for himself with his recitals. It is to be regretted that M. Paderewski has not been heard oftener with the orchestra this season, as the orchestral background certainly intensifies and ennobles the effect of the piano as an instrument. So far as known, he will only be heard in connection with an orchestra at the next Symphony Society concert, but the announcement that, in conjunction with the Adamowski Quartet, he will appear in a concert of chamber music in the Madison Square Garden Hall on February 15th will certainly be welcomed, as we shall thereby have an opportunity of hearing chamber music in its perfection.

Lo, the poor Indian! has been used often enough for stage purposes, but his dramatic appearances have been hitherto attended with so little success that he has come to be looked upon very much in the light of a theatrical houdoo. This, perhaps, is due to the difference which everyone knows exists between the picturesque impossibility depicted by Cooper, and the unpicturesque, uncleanly, and whiskey-drinking reality, which is usually presented on the stage. The success of *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, at the Empire, shows that something more may be made of the noble red man than has been hitherto thought possible, as the Indian there presented has evident dramatic possibilities. The play itself is somewhat lurid, somewhat melodramatic, and somewhat improbable; but although the authors might have made more of their theme had they handled it with a little more confidence, the play is still well constructed, pointed in dialogue, effective in situation, and works up to a logical and thrilling climax. It is exceedingly well played, and will undoubtedly prove an attraction at the Empire for some time to come. Dramatic authors are evidently only just beginning to realize the possibilities of certain phases of American life for dramatic treatment. This field will undoubtedly be largely worked from now on, as the more we awaken to a consciousness of ourselves and of our own importance, the more are we willing and anxious to see ourselves and our doings reflected in the mirror of the stage. The growing taste for American themes as subjects for dramatic treatment is the best evidence of our constantly increasing national feeling, which is, too, a most hopeful sign for the future of American art.

On Probation, which was produced at the Star Theatre last week, furnished a good example of how much a really good actor can make of comparatively slight material. *On Probation* is a success because, though improbable, it is humorous, and because, though absurd from every point of view, it gives Mr. Crane a good opportunity to make the people laugh, which he is amply able to do. Mr. Crane's personality is very strong, and his humor, though rather temperamental than intellectual, is irresistible, while his methods are certainly legitimate, and, in their way, artistic. When one can laugh heartily, one is not apt to be too particular as to the reason why, and the funny incidents, odd characters, and broadly humorous dialogue of *On Probation*, combined with Mr. Crane's admirable acting, may be certainly relied upon to amuse even the most callous. The Star Theatre too, therefore, will probably enjoy prosperity so long as Mr. Crane's persuasive humor illumines its stage.

As was anticipated, Miss Eleanora Duse, by her subsequent performances, has amply proved her right to be considered one of the greatest actresses that have ever appeared on the American stage. She has shown that she has versatility as well as finish, intense force as well as repose, and true passion as well as sentiment. Her tragic power as Clotilde, in *Fernande*, was almost startling in its directness and emphasis, and yet with it all there was no striving for effect by hysterical means, and she never once departed from her quiet and suggestive methods. Each fresh impersonation only affords an opportunity for a fresh revelation of her ability as an actress. She is artistic from every point of view, and is perhaps most interesting, most impressive, because most in accord with the realistic tendencies and feelings of the time. She is introspective and psychological, and portrays with striking fidelity the mental workings and development of the character she portrays; she is nothing, indeed, if not *fin de siècle*.

The Bureau of Music of the Columbian Exposition has issued a list of that portion of the special musical demonstrations to take place during the World's Fair for which dates have been absolutely fixed, beginning with May and ending in July. Although concerts by American artists have been arranged, and the programme, as given out, shows a notable representation of American singing associations, it does not contain the name of any work by any American composer, nor any hint of any arrangements for the production of any such works during the duration of the exposition. It is not, surely, enough that American music should be represented by its native executants; it should also be represented by native producers, and the apparent failure to provide opportunities for such representation will certainly leave both American and foreign visitors to the fair in doubt whether we as a nation possess any capacity for musical productiveness at all. Where the American architect, so to speak, has been glorified, the American artist been given ample opportunity of showing his capabilities and attainments, and the American handicraftsman and inventor encouraged to the greatest possible extent, it certainly seems hard that, so far as one can learn, nothing has been done for the American composer. During September, M. Saint-Saëns, Dr. Mackenzie, and other foreign composers of eminence will visit the exposition, conducting several programmes of their own choral and instrumental works, as well as works of other composers of their respective countries. It would certainly seem only fair that in an exposition presumably intended to encourage American art and industry in all its branches, a like opportunity should be extended to some American composer. Americans may not yet have attained any commanding eminence as musicians, but certainly something has been done in this direction, and that something is as certainly entitled to representation at the World's Fair.

Mr. Daly's picturesque and wonderfully complete revival of Lord Tennyson's pastoral idyl, *The Foresters*, has proved an attraction of greater drawing power than was anticipated. Lord Tennyson's outlaws are of a truth somewhat lacking in backbone, and appear to be rather carpet knights than robbers bold, while Sir Arthur Sullivan's music sounds a trifle thin and peaked in consequence; but the entire atmosphere of the play is so artistic, the grace and beauty of Miss Rehan's Maid Marian so captivating, and the excellence of the supporting company, the stage settings, and general *entourage* so marked, that it is small wonder that *The Foresters* continues to attract and delight large audiences.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE TALE OF SOO YEW'S DAUGHTERS.

WHEREIN ARE RELATED THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED BY A CHINESE FATHER WHO HAS TWO UNUSUAL CHILDREN, AND HOW THEY WERE FINALLY MARRIED.

SOO YEW was a rich one. His dollars were heaped as high as the clouds before a rain, and the gods had looked upon him with favor. But in his heart there dwelt one great grief—a grief that seemed incurable. It was because of that grief that this story is told, and now the knowing ones in Qwang-Tung say he is a clever one, and even those who stand in the sun all day and smoke ma-koo-ins tell the story among themselves and laugh.

The west gate of Qwang-Tung city sheltered the house of Soo Yew. It was there he lived with his wife and two daughters, Suen and Moi. Suen, the eldest, had seen thirty-one years of life, and she was so hideous that even the idle ones on the streets turned away their heads when they saw her coming. She looked out upon the world with but one eye, her nose was as crooked as a blasted thorn-fig, and her skin was like a sieve, so full of marks was it. She was, besides, heavy, like a beast that has done nothing all its days but feed from the hand of an indulgent owner. She was so ignorant that she did not know even how to comb her own hair. That was Suen, the grief of Soo Yew. As Suen was like the tempest, Moi was like the sunshine and the flowers in spring. She had smiled upon the eighteen summers she had known, and when she laughed the red poppies bowed their heads in shame because they were not so red as her lips, and the lilies in the garden trembled because they were not half so white as her teeth. Like violets were her eyes, and when she gathered the flowers they were glad, because then they were nearer to her.

These were the two daughters of the rich Soo Yew, who lived near the west gate. He knew that the elder must marry first, and he cast prayer-sticks before his Ka-Yan god, that a blind man might make her his wife. No one would take her, no one would even look at her more than once, and his grief grew to a mountain of sorrow. So he talked with his wife:

"More difficult than heaven is her marriage. She is a cloud on a stormy night. No one will have her. Taels have I offered to the one who can bear her presence. I have burned prayer-sticks, but no answer comes to me. What shall I do with her?"

"You can do nothing. Even the gods refuse to help her. If she were a beast of the field she would be better off."

Then he spoke of Moi, and his grief grew:

"The young Moi is beautiful as the sun, and her talents are many. She refuses to marry unless the man has more talents and a better education than she. No encouragement will she give to suitors, rich or poor. She is a pearl, and she has set her own price."

The wife's grief was that they both were girls—that no son had come to bear the honor of the family, and she answered:

"She is old enough to marry, and she should marry. You must act according to circumstances. Put upon the sign-post in the shi-t'au a sign for suitors. Let them come to the house and hold an examination. Let Moi be the judge, and the one who is the best can marry her."

The next day in the public market-places the bills were posted:

"I am Soo Yew. I live at the west gate of Quang-Tung. I have a daughter eighteen years old. She is beautiful and educated. I will give cause to any persons, who are rich or poor, who have a better talent than my daughter, to compete. I am satisfied, and will give my consent to the marriage. Besides, I will give one thousand taels. The examination will be held in seven days. I welcome all who come."

On the seventh day the competitors came, and the rooms were so full that all could not get in. In one end of the room sat Moi upon a high chair, so that every one could see her, and by her side was a bronze box full of taels. The examination began, and the ambitious youths fell before the talents of Moi like tender flowers when the frost comes. There was one left. He was a poor young man, whose clothes were old and worn, and who had no silk in his queue. He was her equal in talents. She knew not what more to ask, so she said, out of curiosity,

"Why does the water in a mountain stream make such a noise when it flows downward?"

"It is not a noise, O peerless one," he replied, as he felt of the cotton string at the end of his queue. "It is a song, and it sings because it knows of you."

She smiled, and the lover was in her favor.

"Why do the ground-mice burrow holes in the earth, instead of living in trees as the hairless squirrels?"

"Because it is good to be in the earth you walk on," said he, boldly, as he took two steps toward her. She smiled again, and took a jade-stone bracelet from her wrist and gave it to him. All he had was a paper fan, torn and worn, so he gave her that as a return gift in token of betrothal.

Then the servants and the attendants beat the cymbal, and the notes of the ti-moon were sounded. There was joy in the house under the shadow of the west gate, and the marriage day was set.

Such happiness was in the heart of Soo that the next day he took the family to the cemetery on the mountain of the white cloud to visit his father's grave. It so happened that Hong Ting Quong, the son of a mandarin of high rank and great riches, went to the cemetery that day also. He was a favored son, to whom nothing had ever been refused. His birth had been fortunate, and nature never forgave it, for he was as ugly as the god of thunder in the temple. He saw but half of what other men saw, as he had but one eye. One leg was continually battling with the other; the result was lameness, and his teeth extended like the tiles on a cottage roof.

When he saw Moi, the younger daughter, his heart was hers, so with the boldness of a lover he walked up to Soo Yew and asked,

"Who are these women?"

"One is my wife; the other two are my daughters."

"I am very glad," he answered, "because then I can ask you to let me have one of your daughters to be my wife."

"Yes, you can have the older one," returned Soo Yew, looking first at one and then at the other. "The younger one has had the day set for her marriage."

"I will have her. I do not want a beast for a wife."

Like men who have lost their senses from drinking the two talked, until at last the people came between them. Then Soo Yew and his family went home.

The chaai-yan next day brought a letter to Soo Yew. It was full of threats, and was sent by Hong Ting Quong. "Your daughter Moi must be mine," it said, "and if you do not compel her to marry me I will bring a strong body of men to your house to force you, and I will take her from your roof. I am rich, and have power. I wait your answer."

Because Soo Yew sent no answer, there came to his house the next night fifteen fighting-men, who brought with them a sedan-chair. Hong Ting Quong was with them. He marched boldly in, but saw no one. By the window in one of the back rooms he saw a woman. A silk handkerchief was wrapped about her face, so no one could see her features. He knelt before her.

"I love you, O my life," he said. "Come with me, and I will make you happier than any in the empire."

She shrank back, but he stood up and took her by the arm. His men carried her to the sedan-chair, and then like the wind they rushed away. There was no stop until he reached his own home. With hands that shivered like leaves in the autumn wind he brought her forth from the chair.

"Beautiful one, you must not hide your face from your husband," he said, with a soft voice, as if a mother were talking to her child. He reached out and took the handker-

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE NEBRASKA BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

chief from her, and he looked in the one eye of the ugly Suen.

"A curse has crept upon me," he shrieked. "A curse has come," and he ran toward her, his one eye glowing like a live coal in the fire, and he pushed her out in the garden. Like a madman he raged all the night, while the luckless one, Suen, sat out in the garden, trembling.

It was all the fault of that merchant Soo Yew. If he had given Moi in marriage, this trouble would never have come. The birth of Hong Ting Quong had brought him influence with the high mandarins, and the next day Soo Yew's family was taken up. The trial was before the justice in the court of the first prefecture. The justice was a faithful and honest mandarin, and listened to all the testimony. Then he said to Quong:

"You have no right to steal a girl. The punishment for such a crime is death. You have disgraced this woman; now you must marry her. If you were beheaded, she would have no one to support her. Take her" (pointing to Suen, the ugly one); "she is your wife. Take her to your home. But first, that you may respect the law, you shall receive one hundred lashes."

Then the justice turned to the father and said:

"Soo Yew, your daughter Moi is too beautiful to be unmarried. She must be a wife before she leaves this court. Then trouble will be avoided." The poor but talented lover was sent for, and they were married.

They say now—the idle ones—that Soo Yew was a clever one, and that he compelled his ugly daughter to sit near the window that she might be stolen.

FRED A. WILSON.

A CHOICE.

You might have fed on my life's white bread,
And drunk of my heart's red wine;
You had but to ask, and the feast was spread,
You were welcome to aught of mine.

Nay, you declare, there's of bread and to spare,
And I tire of wine, I own;
I want something brilliant and polished and rare,
Give me, I pray, a stone. F. B.

WARM IRON GRATINGS A BOON TO NEWSBOYS.

NEW YORK is prolific of strange sights, but few are more novel than that of newsboys enjoying a forenoon sleep on iron gratings.

At any time between nine and twelve o'clock one can see these ragged urchins catching a nap in Theatre Alley, at the rear of an evening newspaper building.

They emerge from the Newsboys' Lodging-house, or whatever place has sheltered them for the night—often a wagon or truck—early in the morning, and hustle about selling morning papers till their stocks are exhausted or trade is over.

Then they have little or nothing to do till the first editions of the evening papers are out. Some of the more ambitious boys then try to earn a little by running errands and in similar ways, but most of them prefer to rest before beginning the afternoon's work.

They have no place to go for shelter—at least, most of them—and the gratings over the press-rooms of the evening paper furnish the best retreat. They are not soft, and it seems they must corrugate the backs and sides of the sleepers; but the place, though out-of-doors, is slightly sheltered by projecting walls, and the air which rushes up is warm and hospitable.

It is a strange sight to the pedestrian who takes a short-cut through Theatre Alley to see a dozen boys huddled together, stretched out at full length, sometimes lying upon each other, on the gratings, and all fast asleep. It is a hard bed, but it is warm, and warmth is a popular element with newsboys. Besides, newsboys are not proud.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

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USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA makes a very delicious and nourishing drink. It is particularly adapted for persons of weak digestion.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known all over the world as the great regulator.—[*Adv.*]

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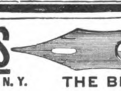
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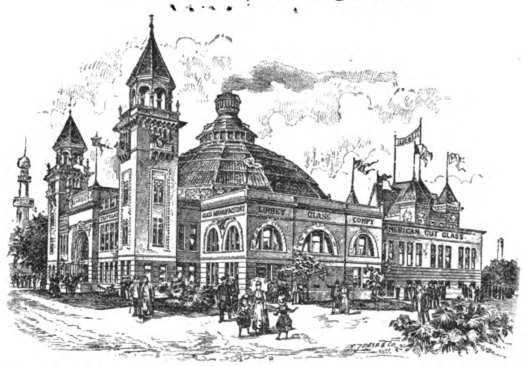
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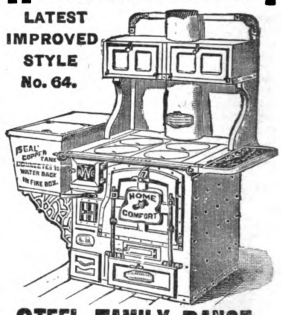
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INCOGNITO.

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"Well," said Ethel, surveying him with one of those miraculous feminine glances which take in every detail, "who are you this time? Last week you were Tancred. And last year, and the year before—it makes me feel old to think how many of you I've met."

"Yes," he answered, well knowing that such a speech could only come from a very young woman. "There are, however, consolations in the reverence paid to extreme old age—"

"Which it doesn't always receive," interrupted Ethel. "But it's a relief to hear anything in a natural voice after all that horrible falsetto. I'm glad you don't have to disguise your voice with me. How fortunate it is that I don't know you unmasked!"

"You might say that every day to most men you meet on the street," he responded, cynically.

"To you, perhaps?" she hazarded.

"No," he replied. "For you see you have only known me in such situations as this, where I can seem just what I am. Even if you should meet me hereafter, you would hardly think of holding me responsible for Don Antonio's eccentricities."

"I haven't noticed that your candor was distressing," she responded. "How are you different here from elsewhere?"

"Well, for instance," he answered, "I am more cynical. I couldn't be cynical every day. It would ruin my business."

"And that is?" she asked, with affected carelessness.

"Barkeeper," he answered, with ready irony.

Ethel laughed. "I needn't have asked," she said.

And truly she thought that there was no need. For she had long ago reached a final conclusion from a thousand different circumstances as to the identity of this would-be mysterious person, who had followed her through a dozen balls in a dozen masked shapes. The somewhat strained romance of the whole affair had affected her none the less because she had long ago identified him as a certain extremely well-known clubman, whom she had known by sight almost from her childhood.

Of this Harvey Bratton it is necessary only to say that by a diligent and destructive use of fortune, a good name, personal beauty, and brilliant talents, he had succeeded in making a social reputation which was held in great esteem by the very young.

"I believe there is really something in your idea," said Ethel, finally. "I do seem to know you better than most men I have met in the ordinary way. Don't you wonder that I have never tried to find out your name?"

"Wonderful if true," he answered. "Why haven't you?"

"It might have been," she replied, "because I thought it was your secret, or from policy, or because I thought it was rather interesting after all as it was, or from any one of a dozen different reasons. I wish, though, I could make you tell me."

"I wish I could," he answered. "But you know Lovelace's old saying, 'I could not—'"

Ethel stopped him with a motion of her hand. "If I don't," she said, "we will pretend that I do."

He remained silent for a moment, then leaned forward with an appearance of great earnestness. "To-morrow night is the last of this for a year," he began. "I think I might tell you all about myself then if you would let me tell you something else at the same time."

To those who may wonder why he did not make this important declaration at once instead of postponing it to the following night, I am under the unpleasant necessity of explaining that he had not the remotest intention of being in New Orleans at the time he named. I suppose he viewed this conditional promise as simply a sort of psychological experiment; one of a kind which he was fond of trying.

For the moment it did not seem as if the experiment would succeed. Ethel rose very promptly to her feet, and then hesitated an instant. It was at this instant that the door opened with an emphatic jerk which threw it back against the wall, and disclosed a short, florid, heated old gentleman in the very last stages of impatience and irritation.

"Why—why, Ethel," he ejaculated, "I've been looking for you all over the house. I've been wanting to go home for an hour—for hours—ever since I came."

Ethel turned to take leave of her companion, saying something to him in a foreign tongue as he bent over her hand. He murmured an inaudible reply, and vanished through the open door.

"What's all that Spanish?" said Mr. Thorne, who had been viewing this proceeding of his daughter with extreme distrust.

"Oh, I thought it suited his costume. It means good-night," answered Ethel, mendaciously.

"It used to mean 'to-morrow' in my time," said her father, suspiciously.

Ethel laughed. "Your time!" she exclaimed. "How absurd of you to talk as if your time was past!"

The old gentleman chuckled, highly pleased. "You don't get out of your scolding that way," he said. "However, I suppose it's just as well you were out of the way. That fellow Bratton has been bothering me all the evening to find you. He said he wanted to meet you."

Ethel stopped suddenly. "Mr. Bratton!" she exclaimed. Then she took her father's arm again, and they went on.

"I don't wish to meet him," she said. "I have never liked that man."

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

UNDERGRADUATE LIMITATION IN COLLEGE SPORTS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

While it must be confessed that experience with college athletics leads one to believe that the only certain safeguard against professionalism must always lie in the prevailing sentiment of the student body at each particular institution, for all that, every piece of legislation directed against the evil is in itself valuable and to be applauded. Many of the older college athletes have believed and still feel that it is something in the nature of a disgrace that any such legislation should be necessary among sports conducted by and for gentlemen, but they are now beginning to realize the danger, and admit that even such a feeling ought not to stand in the way of legislation, when we have all of us seen unmistakable signs of a professional spirit creeping into the ranks of college players.

Any college man must feel that he would rather play against a ~~graduate~~—a man who for four years had lived a college life, had become imbued with the college spirit, had learned to look at matters from the collegian's standpoint—than to play against a man who was not a ~~graduate~~, but who perhaps had been induced to enter a university for a short season in order to take part in some sport in which he was proficient. The tendency to confound the use of the term professional with the idea of skilful through long years of practice has led many to think of a graduate player as a professional player. The man whom we wish to keep out of college athletics is not the skilful man, but the man who barters his skill for pecuniary gain, whether in the shape of actual cash in hand paid or of financial aid extended indirectly; and this individual is not so likely to appear in the undergraduate department. I don't for a moment think that it has yet reached the ultimate point, but when that ultimate point is reached, it is this, that a man who begins by selling his skill to a college may some day find himself selling an individual act in a particular contest—selling races, selling games.

I have often thought, as the evil of inducing preparatory school men to go to one college or another by offers of something close to a pecuniary advantage has been growing; as the desire to have the best players has led college organizations to tempt in a similar way one man from some other college; as men or boys, whose preparatory training has been not for college, have been induced in a like manner to enroll their names for a few months in a college catalogue—that an end must come to all these practices, and that the end could only come in the way of legislation debarring every man from participating in the sports during his first year at any college or university. Then it would be necessary to support the man for a year before using him, and that would probably do away with the objectionable practices. But such legislation may not yet be necessary, and although I was not among the number who took up the matter, and through whose vigorous efforts the first step toward cleansing college athletics was made, I am heartily in sympathy with every movement toward such reform.

Did you hear the money jingle? Perhaps not yet, but the chink of the silver will soon subside into the more quiet rustle of the bank-note, and anything like amateur sport for gentlemen be but the name of something entirely antiquated and forgotten. It was only modest pennies a few years ago, a paying position dependent upon performances not connected with the duties of that position, everything carefully concealed and hardly spoken of.

Already it has become brazen in its assurance among so-called amateur clubs. One does not have to explain the term of the "long green," so thoroughly common has its use become. The entire body of what was but a few years ago the fresh and vigorous youth of city athletics has become honeycombed with the disease of professionalism, and now we find the germs of that disease entering the system of college athletics, to set up there that same festering sore which will speedily render any connection with them revolting to a gentleman.

The recent action taken by the Intercollegiate Football Association, limiting the eligibility of contestants to undergraduates, has proved such a fruitful subject for discussion generally throughout the country that a rehearsal of the events which seem to have brought about this action may be interesting to those who follow amateur athletics. The immediate cause of the action was probably a thorough discussion of the increasing professional tendency in college sports, and this discussion was carried on by several New York gentlemen most actively interested in the general welfare of athletics.

After many plans had been suggested, and then rejected as unwise or impracticable, these gentlemen reached the conclusion that limitation to undergraduates was the most simple and feasible. The question of getting such legislation adopted and made general among colleges was fully as difficult as the former question. In baseball there has entirely dropped out of existence anything like a law-making body so far as the larger colleges are concerned. In boating there never has been any such law-making body since the dissolution of the Intercollegiate Association. In track athletics and football only are these bodies arranged to make rules and limitations. The mechanism of the former, owing to its larger scope, may have appeared too unwieldy for immediate action, and later action was likely to bring in the element of discord coming from too close approximation to the date of actual contest. Hence, although action by the association governing track athletics would have been most representative of all colleges, it was decided that the pressing necessity of legislating during their season of in activity in actual contests, and thus avoiding as far as possible the personal issue, made the Football Association the best to bear the brunt of the battle which was almost certain to follow legislation of any kind upon the subject. A meeting of that association was therefore called, and after a week's adjournment for discussion and counsel, the final meeting was held, and the limitation was adopted.

As I have mentioned earlier in this article, my own preference is for even more severe legislation, and the limiting of eligibility to those who have spent one full year at the university, and who are regularly connected with any department. Whatever action is taken, the rule will undoubtedly be modified after a year's experiment, but will be nevertheless of radical benefit.

SNOW-SHOES AND SNOW-SHOEING.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

The use of snow-shoes as a means of locomotion over the deep winter snows goes so far back that it is impossible to even hazard a guess at the date. In early colonial times they were part of the regular equipment of the troops, and in Canada and along our frontier the troops were regularly drilled in their use. The French-Canadians, who were among the first white men to recognize their value, called them raquettes, probably from their resemblance to the raquette used by the Indian in playing ball. In Canada, therefore, snow-shoeing has been looked upon more as a regular method of communication between the scattered villages in winter, where the snow lies from three to four feet deep, than as an out-door sport. It is only since the organization of the famous old Tuque Blue Club at Montreal, in 1840, that it has been recognized as a regular out-of-door sport; now there are hundreds of clubs in Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, with several thousand members.

There was no attention paid to snow-shoeing in the United States as a sport until the winter of 1881. A friend of the writer, Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jun., induced me to try it, and we soon found a number of Canadians, old snow-shoers, who were only too glad to renew their early experiences, and joined us in forming the Oritani Snow-shoe Club, the pioneer club of the States. Mr. Fairchild became the president, and retained that office until his return to Canada last year. This club still exists in a flourishing condition, with one branch in New York and one in Hackensack, the two branches numbering about fifty. Among some of the most enthusiastic are the lady members, who hold their own in the moonlight tramps without difficulty.

When our club was first organized snow-shoes were comparatively unknown, and the gay blanket suit entirely so. The result was that when we first put in an appearance on the streets the staid Jerseymen did not know what to make of us, and to the small boys we were a constant wonder and delight; whether we belonged to a circus or were escaped lunatics they never quite made out.

The first snow-shoe was undoubtedly a very primitive affair—simply a branch bent into a circle and held in shape by rawhide lacings. I found some time ago in an old scrapbook a curious old French wood-cut representing such a shoe. This round shoe is still the favorite shape among the lumbermen in Maine and the Adirondacks, as it is less liable to catch in the snags and branches. The most popular shape with us, however, is made in the form of an ellipse, sharply contracted where the ends join, thus forming the tail of the shoe. The Indians still seem to monopolize the manufacture of snow-shoes. They are usually from three to four feet long and from ten to eighteen inches wide, and cost from four to five dollars. The frame is made from hickory or ash, and filled in with a net-work made from the sinews of caribou, which animal furnishes the best material, as they do not stretch when wet. The ordinary shoes of commerce have a rawhide filling, which sags under the foot in the most provoking manner when the least bit damp.

The shoes used by women, for many ladies are very fond of this sport, are lighter, and built more like the skeleton racing shoes. I have found the shoes that come from New Brunswick the best adapted to our use. They are long and narrow, slightly turned up at the end, and much lighter than the Canadian shoe, and much nicer in make-up and appearance. The art of walking on snow-shoes is not as difficult as one would imagine. The shoe is fastened on to the moccasined foot, which is protected from the cold by not less than three pairs of woollen socks, including one pair of heavy wool stockings coming above the knee, by thongs of deer-skin, the ends of which are passed down through the adjoining meshes, forming a loop, under which the toe is passed. The thong is drawn down quite snug, then brought back around the heel, and then tied in front. The foot plays freely in this simple harness, allowing full scope to the muscles and ankles. The heel is free to rise, and the action is much the same as in walking; the tail of the shoe is not lifted from the ground, but drags along with a musical clickity-click on the hard crust. It is a knack easily acquired, and with a little practice a four-mile-an-hour gait can be maintained for hours. Expert Indians when pushed have been known to cover seventy-five miles between sunrise and sunset. The longest travel on record is that of a party of surveyors, who made 900 miles, going from British Columbia, in December, 1875, to Edmonton, crossing the Rocky Mountains. The best snow-shoeing is of course when there is a good crust covered with a cushion of two or three inches of fresh snow.

In the far West the snow-shoes are of an entirely different type. Instead of ovals, they are from ten to fourteen feet long and three and a half to four inches wide, turning up about six inches at the toe. The foot is held in place by a piece of leather laced firmly over the moccasin. A pole is used to guide the snow-shoer and act as a brake. The motion in walking is more like skating. The bottom of the shoe should be as smooth as possible, and has often to be waxed with beeswax applied with a hot smoothing-iron. They are awkward-looking things to one who has been used to the Canadian shoe, but they are absolutely necessary in that hilly country, where the snow lies four feet deep and over during the whole winter. There is no other mode of communication between many of the mining towns in Colorado.

As for cold, it is impossible to feel cold when clad in a good blanket suit, with a gay-colored tuque pulled down over the ears, and the hood pulled over the head. On the contrary, after an hour's tramp the snow-shoer will begin to strip. The hood will be thrown back, gloves pulled off, and finally off will come the blanket coat, and he will be ready to bet that the mercury has taken a sudden upward start, particularly when he gets back to the furnace-heated house. Beginners should not attempt too long a trip at first, or else he may be laid up with *mal de raquette*, from which it takes days to recover.

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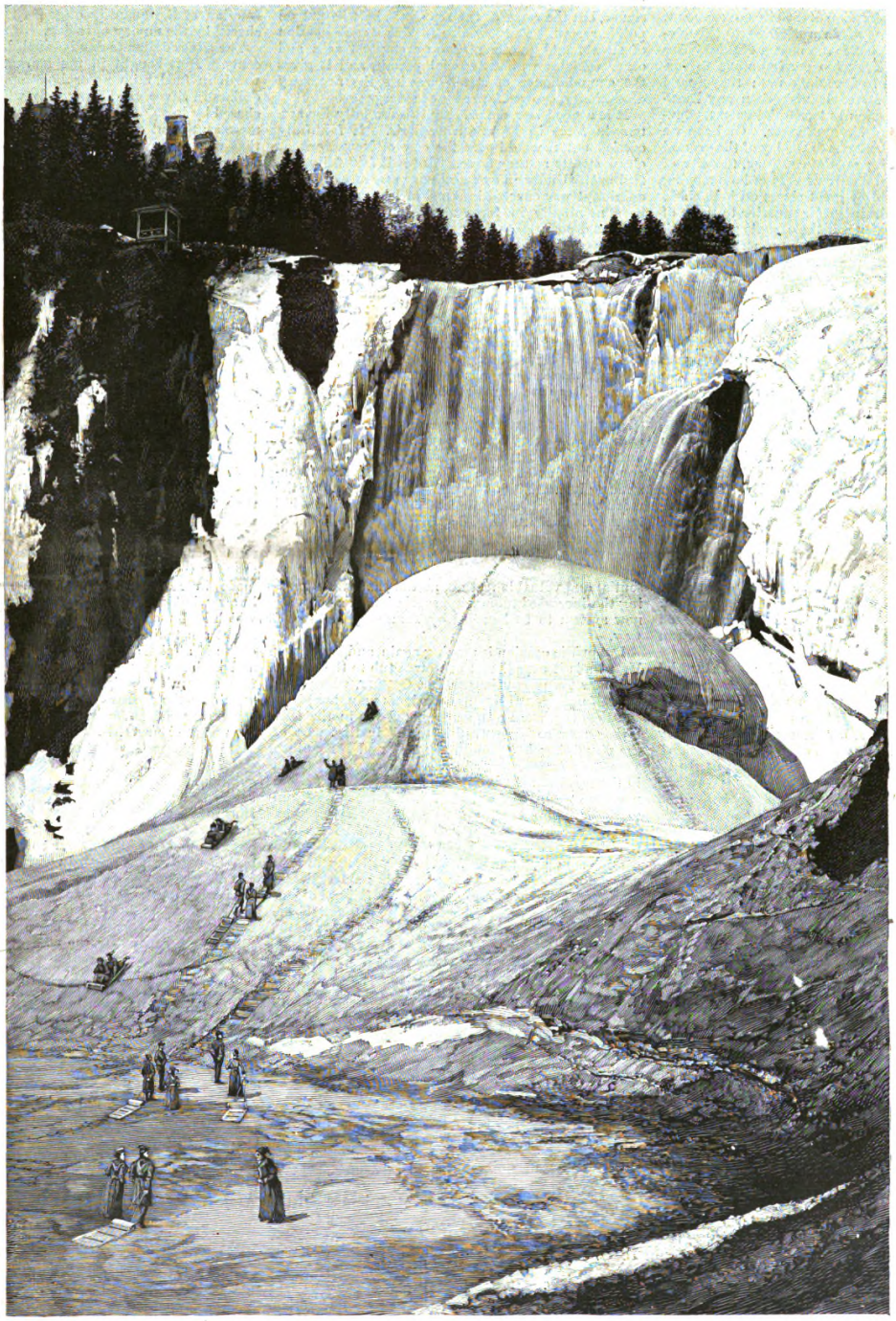
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

A SPECIMEN OF TAMMANY ADMINISTRATION.

THE condition of the streets in the city of New York has long been a scandal and a source of public danger. This fact is too notorious to need further proof. There was a sign of improvement and of hope when, Tammany Hall being temporarily out of power, Mr. COLEMAN, as street-cleaning commissioner, had some freedom in following his own plans. But that freedom was taken away as soon as Tammany regained possession of the city government, and the streets became again a disgrace to this civilized community. What is the reason of this? Are the citizens of New York too parsimonious to furnish sufficient funds? Certainly not; they spend far more money for street-cleaning than any European capital in proportion to territorial extent, population, and other local circumstances. Or have we here any peculiar difficulty as to the lay of the ground to contend with? No; on the contrary, the city of New York, situated on a narrow strip of land sloping both ways and washed by great rivers on both sides, presents facilities of drainage far superior to those of any European capital. Or is the climate against us? Not at all; we have a far greater proportion of fair days than they have anywhere in western Europe, and at the same time a fully sufficient rainfall. In all these respects we enjoy uncommon advantages, and yet the difference between our streets and those of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna is that between barbarism and civilization. What, then, is the trouble?

Look at the groups of street-sweepers in any part of the city. It would be difficult to find anywhere a sorrier lot of humanity put upon a task requiring physical exertion—old men with tottering limbs, hardly strong enough to keep a broom moving; men with bloated faces and inflamed eyes turned with constant longing toward the nearest whiskey shop; only a sprinkling of able-bodied individuals among them who look as if they could and would do an honest day's work; and these men languidly wielding their tools, and dawdling along as if they were paid for doing as little and that little as badly as possible. If we could have a public parade of our street-sweepers, as we have parades of the police force, it would be the most ludicrous exhibition of Falstaff's recruits ever witnessed by this generation. The very sight of the street-sweepers suffices to teach every candid observer why we cannot have clean streets.

Why are such men employed for such work? Under the Tammany system of government men are put on the street-cleaning force not because they are found fit and willing to perform the labor necessary for cleaning the streets, but because the Tammany leaders think it in the interest of the "organization" that just these men should draw the pay of street-sweepers, and that such other men should draw the pay of foremen or inspectors or superintendents; and they are to draw that pay either because they are themselves useful in casting their votes and procuring the votes of their relatives and friends and persons under their influence for the Tammany candidates at the elections, or because their employment is asked for by influential persons who otherwise would have to take care of them, and who wish to unload them upon the city. And when complaint is made that these men are not doing their duty, and ought to be removed, the Tammany leaders will consider the advisability of their removal from the point of view not of the interest of the city in having clean streets, but of the interest of Tammany Hall as to whether the influence of the persons complained of or their backers can be spared, or whether they can otherwise be conveniently taken care of to their own satisfaction. But ordinarily, when they have a man to take care of who is not good for real work, they find it easiest to dispose of him by "putting him on a broom." Nothing can be more evident than that under a municipal government conducted upon such principles New York can never have clean streets. Just there is the rub.

Owing to the persevering efforts of a woman of public spirit and of extraordinary ability and energy—who, fortunately, has still a keenly watchful eye upon the doings of the municipal authorities, is a daily witness to the guilty neglect of their sworn duties, and is known to be constantly pointing out to them their delinquencies—the matter of street-cleaning was inquired into, and a bill for reorganizing the Street-cleaning Department was drawn up and passed by the Legislature last year. The main provision of the new law is the following: A uniformed force shall be appointed, with a view to permanent employment, to supersede and perform the work of street-cleaning. Each sweeper shall be allotted a fixed area of street surface, for the cleaning and keeping clean of which he shall be personally responsible. The city is to be divided into a suitable number of districts, each to be under the supervision of a district superintendent, who shall be directly responsible for the cleanliness of his district. This is the so-called block system. The law also regulates the manner of making appointments. The clerical force of the department remains under the civil service law of the State. Applicants for appointment in the uniformed force have to file a certificate of good character signed by two reputable citizens; they are to be examined as to their physical qualifications by a medical examiner. If both certificate and report on their physical qualifications are satisfactory, they are to be registered as eligible, and from the register of eligibles the necessary appointments shall be made without any preference. They may be removed by the commissioner, but the cause of the removal shall be put on public record. The law also forbids the occupation of streets and public places by empty trucks and other vehicles without special permit, and it gives the commissioner of street-cleaning the necessary discretionary power for cases of emergency.

It is a good law, embodying substantially the system in force in European capitals. If faithfully carried out, it would give the city of New York as clean streets as they have. But is it faithfully carried out? Under an extraordinary pressure of public opinion it was enacted in April of last year. It has been nominally in force about ten months. It is really a dead letter to-day. Last summer, during the cholera excitement, a faint attempt was made to carry it out in a small part of the city, with an excellent temporary result. But the spasm of virtue soon passed over. The rest of the time Tammany has devoted its energy and skill to the task not of executing but of "beating" the law. Empty trucks and other vehicles are still encumbering the streets undisturbed. The registering of the applicants for employment in the uniformed force has become a mere matter of form. There are enough "reputable" citizens of the Tammany persuasion to certify the good character of any person to be taken care of. The medical examiners pass every one as physically fit whom Tammany wishes to "put on a broom"; and Falstaff's company is, as of old, earning its wages by demonstrating its inability to keep the streets clean. In the mean time a Tammany Senator has introduced a bill in the Legislature providing for the employment of street-sweepers by the day, thus abolishing the permanency of the force and the block system, and stripping the new street-cleaning law of its most essential and valuable feature, at the same time keeping the increased money appropriation made for the new system to be handled by Tammany in the old way.

But public opinion is moving again, and Tammany Hall finds it expedient to throw a tub to the whale. The new Tammany Mayor, Mr. GILROY, who prides himself upon his ability as a business man, has given out that the block system provided for in the new law is now to have "a fair trial" in that part of the city lying between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, from river to river. The Mayor is mistaken in the form of his announcement. The block system needs no trial. It has been tried for many years in many European cities, and proved a perfect success. The Mayor himself will be on trial, and from this trial his reputation for business ability will issue in a miserable plight if he fails. He will then in vain resort to the shallow trick of making a tested and approved system responsible for a failure of his own. And we predict he certainly will fail if, according to the Tammany principle, he permits the Street-cleaning Department to be treated partly as a political machine and partly as a branch of the poorhouse. We shall never have clean streets so long as those who are to clean them are appointed to be taken care of on account of the voting capacity of their backers, instead of their own capacity for the work to be done.

SILVER AND ITS EVILS.

THE votes in the Senate and the House of Representatives against the repeal of the SHERMAN act were a refusal to stop the progress of the country towards a silver basis. Whether or not, however, we shall be actually dependent on a depreciated currency is still a question.

The sooner the evil is recognized and faced the better. If Congress will not repeal the SHERMAN act, the country should face its consequences at once. If we are to conduct business with depreciated currency, it will be cheaper in the end to hasten the emergency, for the cost of postponement will be enormous.

When it is certain that gold has disappeared as money, and is in the market as property to be bought and sold, the debtors who are foolishly hoping to be benefited by cheaper money will begin to understand that they have simply increased the power of the capitalist, and given him command of the situation. Loans will be called in, or continued only on an agreement to pay them in gold. It is probable that more than half the mortgages in the country, especially those on farm lands, are overdue; that is, the terms for which they were made have expired, and the mortgagees have the right to demand their money. How many farmers can pay their mortgages at once? The consequence of refusal will shatter their hopes. Either the sheriff will sell their farms, or they will be forced to execute new mortgages, containing a gold clause and bearing higher rates of interest.

When silver falls prices will be inflated, transactions will be quickened, and then, it is true, mortgagors may pay off their debts in cheaper money. When this occurs, the mortgagees will suffer. The insurance and trust companies and the savings-banks will receive their pay in depreciated money, and, in their turn, will pay the interest and principal of the sums which they owe in money that will buy but a fraction of the quantity of goods that may be purchased by the money of to-day.

The silver dollar to-day is worth less than seventy cents. If it bought in the market only what it is worth in food, raiment, or house-rent, one hundred dollars in silver would buy only what could be purchased by less than seventy dollars in gold. It is a mere sentiment growing out of a statutory promise that cannot be kept which prevents such a state of affairs in the market. This sentiment is giving way under the refusal of Congress to repeal the SHERMAN act, and because of the drain on the gold resources of the country. When what seems to be the inevitable comes to pass, the men who work for fixed sums, wages, and salaries, those dependent on small investments, the pensioners, and all those whose incomes are derived from trust funds, will receive the exact number of dollars to which they are entitled, but each dollar will be worth less in goods than the same sum is to-day.

These are simple examples of what will happen to those who fondly believe that cheaper and more plentiful money will enrich them. In the great money centres the shifting value of the currency will cause disaster that will be felt from one end of the land to the other, but the shrewd and capable business men will make money out of the misfortunes of the inexperienced. When the country voluntarily adopts depreciated silver as its currency it goes out of the world's exchanges as an equal with the other great money powers. The world's business has been drifting to this country, and New York is a rival of London. This advantage we surrender when our money is silver. Exchanges that are now consummated on Wall Street will then be made in London, for here the purchaser cannot know what may be to-morrow the value of that which he buys to-day. Already the bankers of Wall Street are taking advantage of the disordered condition of affairs, and when the bottom has fallen out, and we have assumed our place with the silver countries of South America, the profits of those who are watching the exchange market will be increased at the expense of the farmers and others who ship their products to Europe.

The widespread effect of the depreciation of money on corporations and their customers is beyond calculation. The gold-bearing securities taken by the banks as collateral represent an indebtedness that runs into the thousand millions of dollars. The ability to redeem these securities rests on the money-earning power of the debtor corporations. If these are to receive their pay in cheap silver, how long can they continue to pay their debts in dear gold? And when their ability to do so is doubted by the banks, no more loans can be obtained on such security. This means loss of business to the banks, the pinching of borrowers, the ruin of corporations, and loss to the communities and individuals they serve.

Already the financial institutions are beginning to "take in sail," to refuse loans that a short time since would have been sought. The country is face to face with the evils of cheap money, and every one except the dealers in currency will suffer unless Congress comes to the rescue and repeals the SHERMAN law.



III.—THE ROUTE AND THE CONTROL.

THE Nicaragua route opposes fewer obstacles to an interoceanic canal than any other that has been surveyed. It is the least expensive, and the engineering difficulties may be more easily overcome. In the first place, the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua afford a natural waterway which will constitute an important part of the route. Between the lake and the Pacific coast the distance is about twelve miles, and the length of excavation to connect the lake with the ocean would be between twelve and twenty

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PENN STATE

miles. The lake is deep, and is about sixty miles long. From the eastern shore of the lake vessels would sail through the San Juan River for more than sixty miles, and the excavation at the eastern end would be less than forty miles.

From the revival of the project for constructing an inter-oceanic canal there has been an effort made to secure the co-operation and aid of the government in the pecuniary risk involved. The estimates of the cost of the work have varied. Some sanguine persons have doubtless put the cost too low, while others who have had the experiences of the Panama Company in mind have been as extravagant the other way. It is believed by those who are now carrying on the enterprise that at least $100,000,000 of bonds ought to be issued. This is doubtless a large amount of securities to float on the market, and probably it will be impossible to sell them if the government does not in some way take a pecuniary interest in the enterprise.

At different times the government has been asked to build the canal, or to purchase the bonds, or to take stock. At present the suggestion is that the government shall guarantee the interest on the bonds, and shall appoint a majority of the Board of Directors, taking something like 80 per cent. of the stock of the corporation in order that it may control the expenditure of the earnings of the canal, and provide first for saving itself from loss on its guarantee by paying the interest out of the corporation's income. As has already been explained, the act incorporating the present company provided that nothing contained in the act shall be construed to fix upon the government any implied promise to extend any pecuniary aid to the project. The opposition to the bill was based largely on the contention that an eventual appeal to the government for money would be inevitable, and that those who would make it would insist that the government had led them into the undertaking by departing from its custom and granting it a national charter. It is asserted, on the other hand, that the company does not ask for money, because the earnings of the canal, at the lowest estimate, will more than pay the interest on the bonds. The request is that the government will make the bonds saleable in the money market by lending the corporation its credit. In answer to any objections that may be offered to the plan, it is definitely stated that the canal cannot be built without this recognition by the United States.

A NEW DOMESTIC ANIMAL.



WE note with pleasure that another new industry is on the point of being introduced into this country. We refer to the growing of kangaroos. A number of far Western and Southwestern newspapers have been discussing the idea lately, and the conclusion seems to be that kangaroo-raising in that region would be highly profitable.

We may as well confess that we do not know so much about kangaroo-growing for profit as we should like to. Of course we are familiar with the scientific work on the kangaroo of the late Professor Ward, but he wrote from the point of view of the student of natural history rather than that of the farmer or ranchman. His statement that the kangaroo is an "amoosing cuss" does not help us much in our consideration of the kangaroo as an agricultural animal. The monkey is also amoosing, but he cannot in this country be profitably grown on a large scale. A Western paper, however, assures us that the kangaroo will be valuable because of its productiveness in "flesh, fur, and foot-wear." We had not supposed that the kangaroo produced "foot-wear" in a finished state, but we gather from this that he does, and we congratulate the prospective kangaroo-growers on their coming ability to take a pair of sheep-shears and clip boots, shoes, and so forth in assorted sizes off their kangaroos. The sport of hunting the animal is also eagerly looked forward to, and it is said that he will in this respect "take the place of the buffalo." The pleasing combination of a domestic animal valuable for its flesh, fur, and foot-wear and a game animal resembling the buffalo will be novel, but no doubt possible. Many ranch-owners are said to be seriously considering the idea of immediately disposing of their stock and going into kangaroos. In view of the fact that the ordinary ranch steer produces practically no fur at all, and foot-wear only in a crude state, we should say that it would be a good plan.

But these are not all of the advantages which we can see in kangaroo-growing, though the writer we have quoted seems to detect no others. We are surprised that he makes no reference to the possibilities of the kangaroo as a driving beast. Of course, attached to the ordinary carriage designed for horses, the kangaroo might not be a success. We fancy he might beat the dash-board into pieces with his large bridge-cable tail. Then, too, the gait of the kangaroo differs from that of the horse. The kangaroo is no trotter, in the best sense of the word. A kangaroo road-cart, for instance, which would do away entirely with the kangaroo motion, would have to be constructed on scientific principles. Cast-iron dash-boards on kangaroo vehicles would, we presume, be necessary. It seems to us that something in the way of India-rubber traces would be helpful in the kangaroo harness; then, while he is on the ground preparing for the next jump, they can contract and bring up the carriage the ten or fifteen rods which it has been left behind by the previous leap. A span of kangaroos driven abreast might, perhaps, be taught to jump alternately, thus proceeding easily and naturally, with a motion somewhat resembling that of a ferry-boat walking-beam. We should say, also, that they might be driven tandem, unless the game of leap-frog should suggest itself to them in an unlucky moment. Their facilities for leap-frogging, if we may use the word, are not, we believe, surpassed by those of any other animal known to man. As for the kangaroo four-in-hand, that would come later. For saddle purposes, however, he could be utilized on the ranches from the first, if the cowboys could accustom themselves to his easy gliding motion after their long association with the volcanic contortions of the bronco.



In the city the kangaroo ought to be the ideal animal for the cabs, as he could sit down on his tail and rest while his master was waiting for a "fare," and make good time in catching a train or ferry-boat. Indeed, in the case of a train, a good kangaroo should be able, even when it has left the station, to overtake it in a mile or so, and let the passenger jump on the rear platform while the driver shoots his trunk into the baggage-car. We know not if the kangaroo could habituate himself to nose-bags, but if he could, and to our stone pavements, we think that he might very likely solve the rapid-transit problem here in New York. Covering, as he would, a short block at every jump, and taking ten jumps a second, he would meet every requirement, unless he should insist on switching his triple-expansion tail about too promiscuously, knocking over elevated-road pillars, policemen, and other stationary objects. In fact, we apprehend considerable difficulty with the kangaroo's absurd tail. But no doubt it can be docked, after the pretty and humane English fashion, and so do away with the danger from a chance blow, and also reduce the animal's weight by one-quarter or thereabouts, and increase his speed proportionately.

But it occurs to us that this project of kangaroo-growing ought to interest the Republican party. Here is the most infantile industry that we know of. Let us roundly tax foreign kangaroo flesh, fur, and foot-wear. Ho, there, McKINLEY! Our infant kangaroo is savagely pounding the earth with his fierce tail and calling for protection.

FOR EPILEPTICS.

THERE is much to be said in behalf of, and nothing that we know of against, the bill introduced into the New York State Legislature on the 2d instant to secure suitable State care for epileptics. The bill, which was introduced at the instance of the State Charities Aid Association, provides for the expenditure of $150,000 in the purchase and adaptation of buildings and lands in the Genesee Valley suitable for the establishment of an epileptic colony. The purchase is recommended by Messrs. CRAIG, LETCHWORTH, and WALRATH, of the State Board of Charities, who were appointed a commission to select a suitable site.

Dependent epileptics in this State, and generally in this country, have hitherto been cared for in poorhouses and insane asylums. Yet primarily they are neither insane nor in the ordinary sense are they paupers. Usually they become dependent because their misfortune prevents them from doing regular work; oftentimes they become insane from the progress of their malady or the lack of proper medical treatment. But they are a class all by themselves, and can neither be cared for nor treated medically to advantage except in an institution exclusively their own.

The State of New York takes a commendable and exemplary step when it proposes to establish such an institution, the first of its sort, we believe, in this country.

THINGS TALKED OF

The House of Representatives, by a narrow majority, has refused to take up the bill for stopping silver purchases. The country is threatened with grave disturbance and even disaster by the continued buying of silver bullion, for one simple reason and one only. That is that the notes issued for silver are, by long practice and by the strictest implication of the law of 1890, payable in gold whenever the holders thereof may demand gold, and these notes are steadily increasing at the rate of about $50,000,000 a year. At the same time the "free" gold in the Treasury—that is, the gold over and above the $100,000,000 reserve—has fallen to almost nothing; it was but $8,000,000 on February 1st, and the gold revenues of the government are dwindling. By the inevitable operation of this double process the government must, sooner or later, be unable to pay its obligations in gold on demand. When that happens, the value of every dollar of the paper currency, which now in round numbers is $800,000,000, must be affected. The fear of such a situation has already cost the country many millions. The disturbance that would follow an actual premium on gold cannot be calculated. It would be great, and it might be calamitous. It could be prevented by the repeal of the act of 1890. If it be not so prevented, there is but one course open to the administration. The Treasury must be supplied with gold. For this there is ample authority in the resumption act of 1875, and happily there is no reason to fear that in the firm and strong hands of Mr. Cleveland that power will not be used as the welfare of the country demands.

The tribute to George William Curtis, which was unanimously adopted by both Houses of the Legislature of the State of New York on Wednesday, February 8th, was presented by the Hon. James T. Edwards, of the Thirty-second District. It is an eloquent and simple recognition of the character of the late Chancellor of the University — "his loyalty to conviction, his brilliant literary accomplishments, chivalrous personal qualities, and abundant services in behalf of education and humanity." There was nothing among the many interests and occupations of Mr. Curtis's later years to which he gave a more zealous devotion, or in which he took a deeper satisfaction, than his work as Chancellor. He felt that here he was building for the long future. The resolutions of the Legislature are a graceful and fitting acknowledgment of great services graciously and faithfully and ably rendered.

"I think myself happy in concluding my career richly rewarded by the favor of my King and the confidence of my comrades." Thus wrote Baron von Moltke, September 16, 1866, at the close of a modest sketch of his life given to a German review. Certainly he had earned the favor of his King, whom he had, by defeating the "mightiest and the readiest adversary," Austria, in a campaign that remains the marvel of modern military history, placed at the head of the German Confederation. But the career which then seemed, in his sixty-seventh year, concluded, was again to be reviewed on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, October 26, 1890. It is curious to trace the memorable dates as given in *Moltke, his Life and Character*, recently published by Harper & Brothers. It was only in 1866 that he was promoted General of the Infantry, in 1870 that he was made Chief of the General Staff and given the title of Count, in 1871 that he was promoted Field-Marshal, and in 1888 that he was released from duty on the General Staff and made President of the Commission for National Defence. In 1890 the present Emperor arranged a brilliant celebration of the old warrior's ninetieth birthday. The Count came to Berlin and took quarters in the Staff building. A tentlike canopy was erected before the entrance, and here, with the spiked helmet on his head, wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, the venerable soldier insisted on standing erect while an interminable torch-light procession filed past. Then there was a reception of the Emperor, whom the Count, bareheaded, in the chill autumn weather, met as he alighted and humbly escorted within. There were visits from the royal family, and from deputations, civil and military, and gifts innumerable, and a state dinner with the Emperor at Potsdam. The whole is very impressive, and to an American incongruous. The simple, quiet old man, in his plain uniform, by whose mighty intellect the empire had been made possible, bowing in gratitude to the youngster whom the accident of birth had placed infinitely above him in rank, is a noble figure, and his conception of his duty is noble also. But the whole situation is not natural, and one feels in contemplating it that it cannot last. The realities are too great; the conventions must yield.

In a number of the towns of the State of New York, when the spring elections are held this year, there will be a very novel scene. Each voter will walk into a little room with walls of sheet-iron, will see before him a neat array of bright knobs—to each of which is attached the name of a candidate for office, the whole number including all the names placed in nomination—will push in the knob for every name he wishes to vote, and will pass out, having taken, according to the experiment in Lockport last year, less than forty seconds. By the machinery thus employed every vote is securely and secretly recorded, and every voter can cast one vote, and no more, for one candidate for each office. There is no printing of ballots required, there is no chance of misprinted names, or of miscounting, accidental or intended, or of changing the returns. The election held in Lockport in the spring of 1892 was very favorably reported on by those who watched it, and the like elections this year will be closely studied. If the machinery does in all places what it did in Lockport, it would seem that the ingenuity of the Yankee inventor had settled the vexed question of ballot reform, and by a voting-machine had destroyed much of the viciousness of machine-voting. The Australian system, for which so much energy and ink have been expended, can at best only secure secrecy where the voter is bent on having it, but this machine seems to compel secrecy, and to make the various phases of electoral crime and abuse physical impossibilities. The saving of money is said to be very great, but the saving in political demoralization and corruption must be, if the machine works uniformly and continuously well, simply incalculable.

A civil service reform association in Massachusetts has expressed its deep regret that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is likely to resign his place on the Civil Service Commission when Mr. Cleveland takes office. The retirement of Mr. Roosevelt would be cause for regret to every friend of sound and efficient government. He has been a most remarkable commissioner, uniting intelligence, skill, industry, and zeal with firmness, judicial impartiality, and unhesitating courage. His official career may be said to be an object-lesson in civil service reform, for it has been what the principles of the reform are meant to secure throughout the service. But why should he resign? There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Cleveland would wish him to do so. If Mr. Cleveland did wish it, he is quite equal to asking it, and to giving his reasons. That would be strictly within his legal power, and he may be trusted to use such power solely for the good of the service. In the absence of that request, there is no office under the government in which a change merely because of a change of administration should be made, or should even be proposed, with greater reluctance than in the Civil Service Commission. The Republican justices of the Supreme Court might as properly resign on the accession of a Democratic President.

The writers who have been forced to leave the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London by the recent change of ownership announce that that journal has been bought by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who intends to make it a "Tory" paper. That is an incident in Mr. Astor's career that is likely to excite interest among his fellow-countrymen quite out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, first, because Mr. Astor is a very rich man, and second, because he has been so conspicuous in American politics as a Republican of a somewhat pronounced type. His riches, of course, are not a legitimate concern of the public, and he should be left to spend, invest, or throw them away in any legal manner that may strike his fancy. But it is not unnatural that comment not too flattering should be called out by the action of a very wealthy American in using his money to promote the cause of the Conservative, or, as it may still not unfairly be called, the Tory, party in England. A political journal can hardly have been regarded by him as an investment, and it is not easy to see in what its attractiveness lay. He cannot need it to secure social position, though it may bring him a degree of sympathetic interest not otherwise easily got. In any case, it is a curious sequence to his political activity in his own, or what was his own, country, and it is to be hoped that it will bring him greater honor.

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THE LATE STEPHEN A. WALKER.—[See Page 154.]

OUR LATEST MONITOR.

The harbor-defence iron-clad vessel *Monterey*, which was designed by the Navy Department, and built in San Francisco at the well-known Union Iron-Works, is intended for the protection of the Pacific coast. After the usual tests for speed and horse-power, she has been accepted by the department. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length over all, 256 feet; extreme breadth, 59 feet; mean draught, 14 feet 10 inches. She has a displacement of 4138 tons, and when all of her stores, coal, ammunition, etc., are on board, her freeboard will be but two feet. The protective armor is some sixteen inches thick, of rolled steel, and the turrets, of which there are two, are of steel plates fourteen inches in thickness. The barbettes protecting the bases of the gun-turrets are of the same thickness. The battery of the *Monterey* consists of two ten inch and two twelve-inch breech-loading rifles from the naval gun factory at Washington. These formidable pieces comprise what is known in ordnance parlance as the "primary battery." The "secondary battery" consists of six six-pounder and one one-pounder rapid-fire guns and two Gatling guns. The machinery of the *Monterey* was designed by the Bureau of Steam-Engineering, and is of the vertical triple-expansion type, and was intended for the development of 5400 horse-power. There are two screws, and the engines for each propeller are separated one from the other by transverse water-tight bulkheads. Although a speed of sixteen knots per hour was expected as a maximum, it may be easily understood, by reference to our illustrations, that such a speed, even in smooth water, will be anything but agreeable to those on deck.

It will be observed that the water during the trials in San Francisco Bay was perfectly smooth, and yet, notwithstanding this, an immense wave was created at the bow, which, rising above the forward bulwarks, flowed across the decks in a perfect torrent, with sufficient force to sweep a man from his feet, and escaped over the side farther aft on each side of the forward turret. Although living below for short periods is far from disagreeable, yet, all the hatches and other openings through the deck being hermetically closed, a cruise in such confined and artificially ventilated quarters must be not only unpleasant, but dangerous. But it is not probable that the *Monterey* will ever perform any duty at sea, her low freeboard rendering her inefficient as a cruiser.

The contract price for the construction of this fine craft, ready for service, was $1,628,950. All of the material entering into her construction is of American production and manufacture.

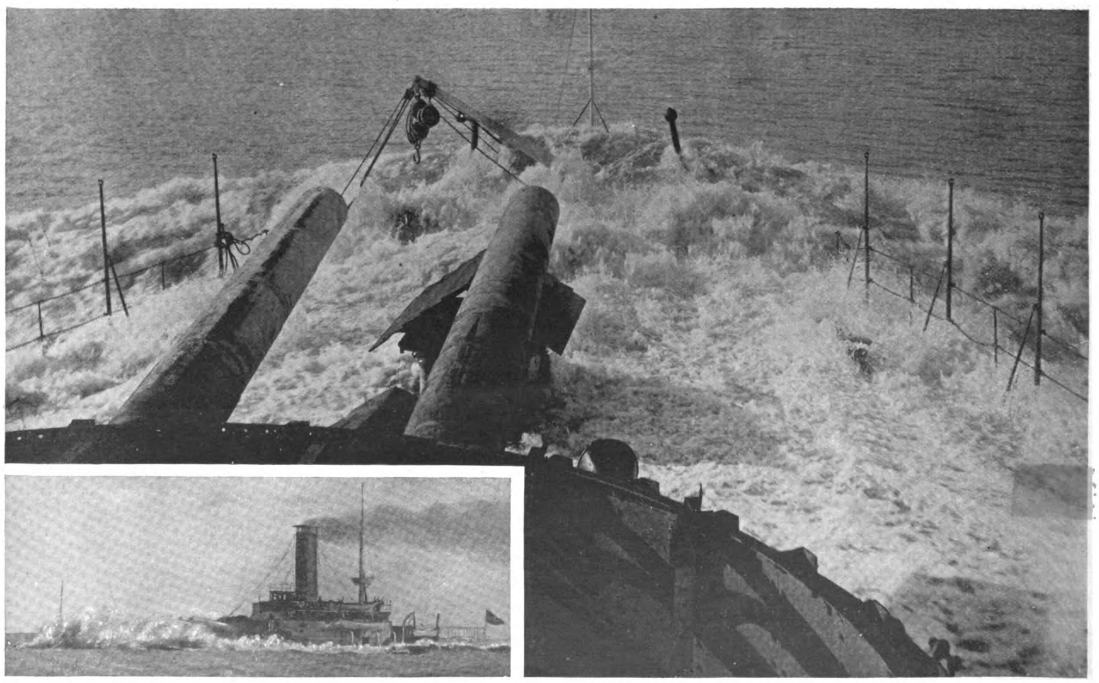
MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

In the early death of Mrs. Flora Payne Whitney, wife of William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, the world loses a gracious, wise, and gallant spirit, full of kindness and the sense of human obligation. As a school-girl it used to be prophesied of her among her teachers and associates that, whatever career she chose to adopt, she would make a brilliant success. It was thought that she might be a famous musician, a scientist, a linguist, an author, an archæologist, a translator, an authority on sociological science, so able and acute was her mind, and so thorough and various her training. With the true scholar's desire for knowledge, she took an advanced course of special work in Europe, and spent many subsequent months in Cambridge, studying science under the instruction of Professor Agassiz. But when love called, she preferred, like most women, to merge her individual ambitions in those of her husband. It was her good fortune that he sympathized with her intellectual and æsthetic tastes, and helped her to make their home the abode of art and culture. It was his good fortune that her brilliant and cultivated mind turned readily to the judgment of affairs, of politics, and of the social world, so that at every step she was his wisest counsellor, his ablest helper, and his keenest critic.

The daughter of Senator Payne, of Ohio, a man of unusual ability and large wealth, Mrs. Whitney was surrounded from her childhood by a well-bred, intelligent, and agreeable society, which proved an invaluable training-school for her future life. She was a past-mistress of all social arts. Her tact was flawless. Her courtesy was inexhaustible. Her taste was excellent. A very rich woman, and, like all artists, a lover of splendor and luxury, her expenditure never degenerated into ostentation, nor did her wealth corrupt her judgment of the accidental and the essential in life. Money, as money, could not command her respect.

Never was there a kinder or more generous soul. As Burke said of Herbert, she remembered the forgotten. In her drawing-room there were no wall-flowers. In her enormous list of acquaintances she was always helping one or another needy person, perhaps to pupils, perhaps to a public, perhaps to money, perhaps to sympathy. Forced by her husband's position to give her time and strength to society, her private and family life was yet more full of service and of significance than that of most society women. Her children, her husband, her father, her brother, her close friends, these had always the first-fruits of her abounding nature. Her power to give seemed inexhaustible.

Yet nothing in this ardent and brilliant life, with its successes, its unbroken prosperity, seems so fine as the experience of the last year. She knew that her malady was a mortal one, but she had certain things to do. Her young daughter was to be prepared to take her vacant place. Other duties commanded. She never flinched, but did all that fell to her with her old gayety of bearing and her old ardor of soul, so that those who knew her best came to believe that that ethereal fire could not be quenched. But she herself was never deceived. It was characteristic of her that she spared those whom she loved the pang of knowledge as long as possible, and that she gave to the mysterious visitation of death the same noble welcome which she had accorded to every deep experience of her existence.



THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MONTEREY" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—From Photographs.

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A KISS.

BY MRS. DENISON.

Some say that kissing's a sin,
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this world
Since ever there was twa.

Oh, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it.—*Anonymous.*

MISS MYRTOUN had not gone to the review that afternoon, because of a cold she had caught at Mrs. Lewthwaite's garden party, standing on a damp path while Lord John Ainslie proposed to her. She had a mind to be vexed about it.

"Indeed, Jack, you must not be so careless another time," she said to him when he came to ask after her. "Do you know you've never yet chosen a really comfortable and wholesome spot? That evening in the Coliseum was nearly the death of me, and you gave me malaria down in Surrey. Don't do it again, please, until I say 'Ready.'"

Lord John looked at her, burst out laughing, and fell more in love with her than ever.

"I'm afraid I am always too far gone for deliberation, Mary," he answered, sweetly, "but I'll try to lay it out more hygienically next time. It's a great shame you have to give up the review. I wanted you to see Henry."

Lord John was the only person in the world who called her Mary, besides her grandmother, and she rather liked him for it. To all the rest she was Hyacinth.

How quiet the square was! Of course all London had gone to the parade, and at the first roll of the drums she began to wish that she had bundled her throat up and gone herself, after all, and she dropped her book and ran to the window, craning her neck to look down to the park. Yes, she could see them very well—the red coats, the white helmets, the arms flashing in the sun, and the arching heads of the horses as the Guards paced by. She threw open the window and stepped out upon the balcony. The square was quite deserted, but the crowd stood black along the street where the troops were passing, every man and woman cheering, the handkerchiefs and hats fluttering and waving, and, oh, the swell of the music as it reached Hyacinth's ears!

"Good-by, good-by," she whispered, with an exultant sob. And still the solid ranks marched on, huzza upon huzza greeting them all; and now a regiment of blue-coated cavalry wheeled into sight, and Miss Myrtoun narrowed her eyes to see more clearly. "I am sure those are Harry Ainslie's men." But the faces were only a blur in the distance, and one officer just like another as they sat erect in their saddles. And this was the end. The last drum and fife, the last flag, had gone by, the crowd began to dissolve, and with a final lingering glance she came back into the room.

"That horrible, horrible Soudan!" she murmured, closing the window.

She was trembling a little with excitement and the fatigue of standing, and threw herself down among the cushions of a lounge for a rest, and a doze if might be. She picked up her book again, and almost forgetting herself in the ever-enjoyable trials of Burgo and Lady Glencora, was idling and quieting deliciously, when the rich, pervasive strain of a band was borne on the air once more, and this time it was playing "The Girl I left behind Me." The dear, dear old tune! She could not read for quickening her ears to hear it. It came nearer and louder; gay and brave it sounded, yet with a heart-breaking note in it. It was passing the very square now, and she sat up to listen. And at this moment, through all the jubilant trumpeting, she caught another sound, the ring of horses' feet coming down the street and stopping at her door. She sprang to look out, but could not see for the balcony, and paused, startled. "Who can it be? I know no one who would come now." The butler bowed at the threshold.

"What is it, Maxwell?"

"Captain Ainslie asks if you can see him for a moment, miss."

"Captain Ainslie? Oh yes; show him up at once, Maxwell." And she stood waiting and wondering while the jangling spurs came up the stairs and Captain Ainslie entered.

He was splendid with gold lace and plumes, glittering epaulets and orders, and bore himself superbly; but his face was lividly pale, and his fingers trembled where they gripped his sword hilt. Hyacinth took in the gallant show of his appearance, and would have welcomed him with some laughing flattery if his pallor and strange intentness of manner had not struck her dumb. He closed the door and came straight towards her, while she watched him with round questioning eyes, like a child's. Standing very close, he seized her hands, and bent a look upon her which was sharp and strained with emotion, and yet piteously entreating.

"I am going away," he said, in a harsh, hurried voice. "Won't you give me a kiss, Hyacinth, before I go?"

Give him a kiss! Miss Myrtoun was a young woman of the world—of a very gay world indeed—and some of her friends had said of her that she would stop at nothing; but the truth was that never in her life since she could remember had she kissed any man but her grandfather and her uncle James. There had been no brothers nor cousins to claim her caresses as a familiar right, and to lovers who implored for them she had been as cold as a stone. And now who was this bold young officer who dared beseech for such a favor? He was Jack Ainslie's brother. She had vague remembrances of play with him in old childish days; she had seen him of late here and there at reviews, in ball-rooms, a tall silent fellow, and had never spoken a hundred words to him in her life. A kiss! She wondered that she did not break from him in a rage. But she did not; she left her hands in his, and made no movement of reproach. It was because she was in a gentle mood that day, because he was going away, and because he loved her—his eyes were telling her that, and the touch of his hands. Ainslie drew his breath hard while the girl gazed at him, hesitating. She saw the anguish in his drawn face; a sudden memory of the boy's lonely motherless life came to her, and the tender cadence of the melody enwrapped her very soul; she raised herself a little on her tiptoes, and held up her beautiful mouth frankly and freely to him. With a broken, passionate exclamation, the man clasped her in both his arms, and set his lips to hers in a kiss so prolonged and so imperative that Hyacinth swayed under it. Then he whispered, hoarsely, "God bless you for this!" and loosening his hold of her as if it were a renunciation he must force his every nerve and fibre to, he turned and left her. But Hyacinth did not see him go, and only heard confusedly the stamping of the horses as he mounted and rode away with his orderly, for she was standing in a daze, her eyes brimming with tears, and the room was dim to her. She put up her fingers softly to her lips, a burning tide of color flooded her cheeks and forehead, and she buried her face in the cushions. Fainter and fainter the music was dying in the distance.

"You're not looking well; you're feverish," her grandmother said when she came in. "It isn't good for you to be moping here all by yourself."

And was a kiss such an uncanny thing that it should have the power to haunt one like a ghost? Hyacinth did her best to exorcise it with scorn and indifference, but it was no use; the ghost would not be laid, and came creeping back just as she thought she had rolled a stone upon it heavy enough and commonplace enough to keep it down. And the stone would be something like this:

"It was a perfectly natural thing to do. Grandmamma knows him very well, and he was lonely at going away, and he recollected me when I was a little girl, and it was very sisterly and kind of me to kiss him good-by."

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Then the ghost would steal a little nearer, the girl's drooping eyes grow luminous, and through closed lids she could see him enter, and would hear the deep vibrating voice again, and then—oh, then came the heaven and the shame of it, for she would feel his lips and his enfolding arms, a slow little smile would tingle at her mouth, and a glow suffuse her very being. Instantly she curled her lip at herself in the glass:

"So you were only waiting for a somebody with epaulets and spurs to ask you for a kiss, you common little thing! You've got the soul of a nursery-maid. I'm sorry I can't cut your acquaintance." But the scorn in turn would merge into a companionable thought of him. Was he, perhaps, in the same straits? Did the thought of that kiss haunt him as it did her? Then a venomous imp of the brain would prick her with the thought, "Perhaps he thinks slightingly of you; the kiss was lightly asked and lightly valued; he may be laughing in his sleeve at you now." But this was the last resource of the tormenting imp, and caused only a moment's cringe, for the very light of truth had been in those clear eyes, the very stamp of a chivalrous and loyal personality upon Ainslie's every word and look and movement, and in her heart of hearts she knew that she trusted him absolutely.

Lord John had come in the very day after the sailing of the troops, and talked most affectionately about his brother. "I'm awfully cut up about his going," he said. "I've been able to do so little for the boy. He's off there in the country with Uncle Spencer, and we've been almost like strangers until just lately, when he's been stopping with me, and I've grown immensely fond of him. He is a reserved sort of chap, but he's got uncommon force of character. Uncle Spencer adores him, you know. He is such a shy fellow that I suppose he hasn't spoken half a dozen words to you this spring, Mary?"

"I've seen very little of him," Miss Myrtoun answered, calmly. Then the next moment she asked, apropos of an azalea show Lord John was talking about: "Of course it is very hard for you to have him go. Is there any chance of your hearing from him for a long time?"

"Oh yes," said Lord John; "he will send a word or two from Gibraltar, I fancy, or Alexandria, and perhaps again later on if there comes a chance; but we've never been much at writing to each other."

That was enough. So the ship would stop at Gibraltar, and that was a matter of six days, and a letter posted at once might be back in England within another three days. But would he write? The ninth day answered the question duly, for when Hyacinth came in from a late drive there was a little pile of letters lying upon her desk, and the one on top bore a clear post-mark of Gibraltar. She snatched it up, and her fingers hurried as if to tear it open; but all at once she stopped, and laid it down very evenly, and turned to her dressing-table, and began taking out her bonnet-pins, and unfastening her veil with the nicest deliberation. She dusted her bonnet tidily, and put it in its box, and ruffled and tousled her bang about into a charming state of disorder, and next she took off her gown and put herself into an old and sympathetic wrapper, rolled a chair and footstool up to the fire, pulled the logs into place with painstaking judgment, and at last sat herself down and lazily gathered her letters together. The foreign one fell into the middle of the heap now, and had to take its turn and wait until the others had been attended to. Then it was cleanly cut apart with a nice little paper-knife, and devoured in a dozen glances of those lovely eager eyes:

"MY EARLIEST LOVE,—Do you forgive me? The gentle pity in your face as you looked upon me the other day comes back to comfort and reassure me, but again I have a wretched thought that I may have vexed you, and this overwhelms me. Let me tell you now. I have loved you with every pulse of my heart and every aspiration of my soul since those days you were at Dunham a year ago. Have you forgotten? The first evening I saw you you were in the drawing room with all the others, and you spoke to me of the old friendly tie between our people, and wondered if I remembered how we used to fight the stone lions at Shepley, and at the first note of your voice and lifting of your eyes I loved you. You were gone in a day or two, but you staid with me. Then I was living for the spring, that I might be with you again; but seeing you in the confusion of your London world, it has seemed to me as if you were in the midst of a dazzling fog that obscured all the realities of life, and that I could not penetrate it, though it veiled you from me. And so perhaps Fate did me a kind turn, after all, when she sent me off so suddenly, for now if I die it will be with a memory in my heart and on my lips that makes both life and death a mystery of joy.

"You know we only got our sailing orders the day before our leaving, and I was counting upon seeing you at Jack's little farewell gathering after the review. But when you were not there the world seemed to come to a halt, and then every impulse within me impelled me to you. I was beside myself with longing and loneliness, and the boon which your compassion prompted you to grant me I shall bless you for to the end of my days. There was never a devotee more filled with reverence, with lowly abasement before some undeserved mercy from Heaven.

"In writing to you now with the spell of your presence upon me, and with the thought of what may happen that would make these my last words to you, I cannot name you otherwise than what you are to me—my Love, my Light.

"May God bless you, my beautiful and beloved lady, and pour upon you the pure peace and happiness which belong to your sweet life.

"Faithfully and always yours,

"HENRY SPENCER AINSLIE."

If grudging old Mother Nature had bestowed the gift of second sight upon lovers divided by distance, the balance of delight and disappointment in the world would undoubtedly remain the same; but in Ainslie's case, could he have had a vision of Hyacinth that May afternoon as she read his letter, the proportion of his content would have been almost too great for any load of after-sorrow to outweigh it. He was riding with the army across the miserable desert of the Soudan, monotonous, baking, searing to the eye and brain; aimless scrappy fighting had been going on all day, and it was neither a glorious nor an inspiring business. Nor was he serene in his own right. He saw no reason to hope of gaining the girl he loved, and doubted lest he had made too rash a move and lost his chances for good. Now if only a mirage had danced before his sight in the shimmering air, and shown him the girl he loved as she sat with her arms lifted drowsily above her head and such a winning coquetry alight in all her face!

"How tall he was! How strong he was! What steady eyes! Why did I never know him before? How is it that I know him so well now?" The fire-light flickered, the twilight gathered, the girl dreamed on, and when she rose she was humming a snatch from Marguerite's song—

"Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Sein' Augen Gewalt,
"Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck"—

and then the refrain sang out, and her voice was low, but clear and thrilling sweet—

"Und, ach, sein Kuss?"

But poor Ainslie was plodding on, worn, hot, and racked with the bitterness of impotent suspense.

Miss Myrtoun and her grandmother had never gone through a gayer London season, and Hyacinth had never been a more brilliant figure of beauty and triumph. At balls, at dinners, at fêtes of all kinds, her fair face showed up, with its radiant smile and quick glances. Even her grandmother took to flattering her upon her appearance. The interest she showed in Egyptian affairs delighted the old lady too, for she herself came of a military family, and her granddaughter's lack of enthusiasm about such matters had always been a disappointment to her. But now Hyacinth read the *Times* to her by the hour—how the troops were ordered here and massing there, General Lord Wolseley sent out in command, and the Mahdi gathering hosts of followers, and so on, and so on.

"I wonder why Jack Ainslie didn't go into the army, grandmamma?" she asked.

"Oh, my dear! Of course not," answered the old lady. "You know as well as I do that oldest sons never do. It was proper for Henry to go. And John Ainsley couldn't possibly fight, either."

"You've known them both since they were boys, granny?"

"Since they were little chaps in sashes and shoulder-knots. Their father was one of my oldest friends. Nice little chaps they were, too. Henry was such a dear boy. I've seen a great deal of him every year down at Shepley, when you were with your Uncle James. He has always been so good about coming to see me, and dear old General Spencer never tires of telling me about him, and of his pride in him, and plans for him. I meant to have him a great deal at the house this spring, but it hasn't seemed to come to pass, and you never seemed to take to him particularly."

Hyacinth wondered afterwards that among all the fancies of those fleet days she had had no moment of concern for Ainslie's safety. She thought of him always as masterful, resolute, successful. The domination of his individuality so impressed itself upon her that to picture its force as arrested or struck down never occurred to her. Thus it was a blinding blow when one morning early in August a servant of Lord John's came, with a troubled letter from his master, to say that he had just received a cable from Alexandria. Henry was badly wounded in the shoulder, and had been sent home immediately on a ship just then returning. The ship was due that very day—his friend had delayed cabling on purpose—and he was starting at once for Portsmouth to bring him up to London. "Henry led the charge," said the last line, "which won the day." Poor Hyacinth! She lived through such a tumult of emotion during the next four-and-twenty hours that her pulses were like a throbbing engine within her, beating her to exhaustion with its throes. What should she do? What did she want to do? She had not thought that the decisive time would come so soon; but now she knew, with an undoubting premonition, that Ainslie would come to her at once, and her brain was in a whirl. Finally, from sheer weariness of thinking and feeling, she deliberately let go the helm, and tried to gain time and rest by letting herself float listlessly upon the waves of excitement and doubt that seemed surging about her. She was numb, and tired, and incapable of judgment, and to be purposeless as a fatalist for a little while would be a blessed ease.

On the following day a note was brought her. It only said:

"HYACINTH,—I am in London. My wound is recovered sufficiently for me to be about. Have you anything to say to me? Yours always, H. S. AINSLIE."

To Hyacinth it was as if an aching strain were suddenly eased when she read the little note. The turmoil within her quieted, and the storm rolled away. She held the slip tight in her hand. A party of people were lunching with her, and she was pledged to some engagement with them afterwards.

"Pardon me for a moment while I answer this," she said, and sat down without any assurance of what she was going to say, but at once the words seemed to flow of themselves.

"DEAR CAPTAIN AINSLIE" (she wrote).—"We are so glad that you are at home again and well. My grandmother is away for the day, and I have an engagement for the next three hours, but I shall be at home at five o'clock.

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARY HYACINTH MYRTOUN."

She glanced it over while the talking and laughing went on about her, laughing herself and joining in some joking fun, and then just before she folded it she took up the pen again, and added a few scrawling words:

"Why should I not tell you now? I am yours utterly—with all the love of my heart. HYACINTH."

Never did she forget the blissful waiting of that afternoon; the way the sunshine engoldened the air, the smooth freshness of the breeze, the perfume of the shrubs in the park, the bright looks of the people, as she drove home alone through a beautiful, happy world of her own. She would not have had the moments hurried for a gift of treasure. To her enchanted senses they seemed to pass with as tender a grace as the petals of a flower fall. Still as one walking in a strange but dreamed-of place, with suave yet hesitating movement, and smiling half-shut eyes, she went into the drawing-room to await her lover.

There was the window, the balcony, the lounge where she had rested and heard the band, the door through which he had come to her. And then Hyacinth remembered, and was glad that she wore the very dress. Would he notice it? Would those gray eyes gaze down upon her with the same yearning, absorbing gaze as on that day? Oh, she would be true to him! She would grant him every gracious gift a woman holds in her keeping for the man she loves, and he should see that though she had given her faith impulsively, it would not lack in every steadfast quality he might hope for. She knew this stranger as she had never known any one before, and she could not be shy, for love had cast out every other thought but love, and would prompt the words and looks that would please him best, and best convince him of the enduring truth of the miracle it had worked for him in her heart. Ah, surely he would not be late?

At twenty minutes before five Captain Ainslie was announced.

PERSONAL.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has passed the age of eighty-one, and her mental vigor continues to decline, but her mind gives occasional glimpses of its former power. When, for example, her friends sing favorite old hymns to her, her ear catches the slightest mistakes in giving the reading of the lines. She notices instantly the omission of a word or the substitution of a wrong one, and makes the proper correction.

—The American Fine Arts Society have just opened at their new building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, a Loan Exhibition of the finest works of art obtainable in this country, including masterpieces of painting and sculpture, ceramics, enamels, Greek vases, terra-cottas, etc. Among some of the most notable attractions are pictures by REMBRANDT, from the collections of Mr. H. O. HAVEMEYER and Mr. MORRIS K. JESSUP; Mr. W. H. FULLER'S remarkable collection of paintings by REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, CONSTABLE, and others of the English school of landscapists; other English masterpieces lent by Mrs. BLODGETT; a colossal model by D. C. FRENCH for the statue of the Republic to occupy the centre of the lagoon at the World's Fair; and Mr. CYRUS J. LAWRENCE'S famous BARYE bronzes, of which there are more than a hundred. There are also figurines and Greek vases from the collections of Mr. ALTMAN, Mr. T. B. CLARKE, and others; tapestries from the Barbarini Palace, lent by Mr. FFOULKE, of Washington, D. C.; arms and armor from the collection of G. P. MOROSINI; and ceramics, fans, laces, miniatures, etc., from the collections of H. G. MARQUAND and other well-known amateurs. The exhibition will continue until about the 15th of March.

—The services of the late GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS in promoting the cause of popular education were gracefully recognized by the Board of Education of the city of Chicago in a series of resolutions which it passed at its first regular meeting after Mr. CURTIS'S death. "As a man of letters," the resolutions declare, "he has through his writings enriched American literature and elevated the school standards of our country. Through him as a patriot our schools have been stimulated with sentiments of loyalty to the United States and to the principles underlying American laws and institutions."

—Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, whose work as an artist has long been familiar to readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has spent the greater part of the past year in Japan, devoting his time almost wholly to the painting of Japanese scenery and out-door subjects. Recently he offered to the lovers of art in Tokio an opportunity to examine the pictures which he had produced, and nearly the entire foreign community, it is said, turned out to see them. There were more than a hundred paintings in all, and with reference to their quality there was but one verdict—unqualified praise. There was no question but that Mr. PARSONS had succeeded in reproducing with absolute fidelity the flowers and foliage of Japan in their novel varieties of coloring and bloom, and with the peculiar distinctness and tenderness of outline which is imparted to them by the softness and crystalline clearness of the Japanese atmosphere. "We are persuaded," says the Japan *Daily Mail*, in commenting upon the exhibition, "that such effects of foliage, flower, and landscape as he is carrying from these shores to the fortunate *dilettanti* of the West will create a new and enthusiastic conception of the possibilities of this branch of art."

—The little flag that General WALKER bore at the head of his Quixotic expedition into Nicaragua is in the possession of a San Francisco official. It is of blue and white silk and muslin with a red star in the centre, on which are embroidered the initials "W. B.," signifying "Walker's Battalion." The flag was the handiwork of the wife of one of WALKER'S staff officers. It is very much faded now, somewhat tattered, and stained with blood that was spilt at the memorable battle of Rivas in 1855, the battle at which the American leader was defeated by the Legitimist forces.

—While J. WHITCOMB RILEY was in California recently he visited JOAQUIN MILLER, the "poet of the Sierras," in his hermit home, and was entertained in a very novel way. His host harnessed himself in all the absurd trappings of an Indian medicine-man, and made a mystical incantation in true wigwam style to produce rain. While Mr. MILLER was proceeding with the weird dance in all solemnity, there was a pattering noise on the roof, and on looking out the guests saw that it appeared to be actually raining. The downpour, as Mr. MILLER explained afterwards, was produced by an ingenious arrangement of water pipes connected with a neighboring spring on the hill-side. The Hoosier poet witnessed many other interesting things at the mountain poet's home, among them a novel collection of Indian relics.

—In denying a Chicago newspaper man an interview about his recent trip to Europe, PHILIP D. ARMOUR is reported to have said: "I saw nothing new that I am prepared to talk about, and I have always made it a rule not to talk for the mere sake of hearing the sound of my voice. In fact, I have made money by keeping my mouth shut." This is doubtless a nineteenth-century business man's way of saying that silence is golden, and as Mr. ARMOUR is one of the few living Americans who have been able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, the advice should carry weight.

—Colonel ALEXANDER C. BOSKIN, the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana, is paralyzed from the waist down, and has not walked for many years. The Colonel is an able lawyer, and held many positions of trust while Montana was a territory. He is a forcible speaker, and his invalid's chair is a familiar sight on the political platforms of the State.

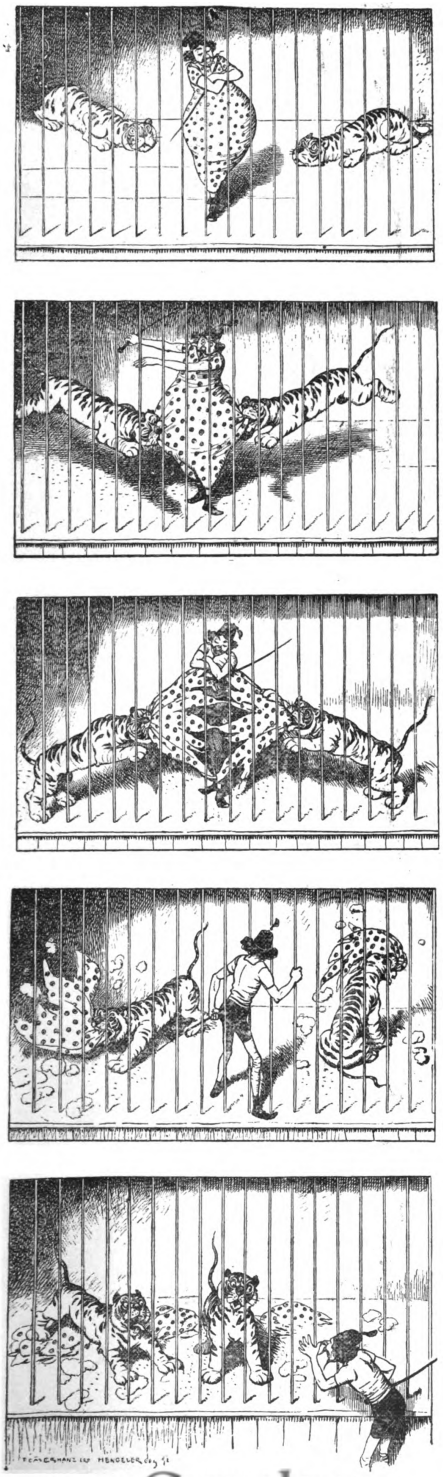
—Though ex-President HAYES had passed the age of seventy, his physical health was so excellent, if not robust, that the report that he was suffering from neuralgia of the heart occasioned little apprehension. Only a brief time before his death his cheeks were so rosy, his eyes so full of life, and he moved about with so much youthful spirit and vigor, that he appeared likely to live for many years to come. General HAYES had a truly formidable collection of photographs, gathered from all parts of the world, and numbering more than 10,000. He was accustomed to pass most of his time in his library, "and yet," he told a visitor not long ago, "I do a great deal of my hardest thinking in my bath-room." His bath-room contained a desk well littered with papers, and on the shelves about the room which connected with his bedroom were arranged the volumes treating of the topics he happened to be interested in at the time.

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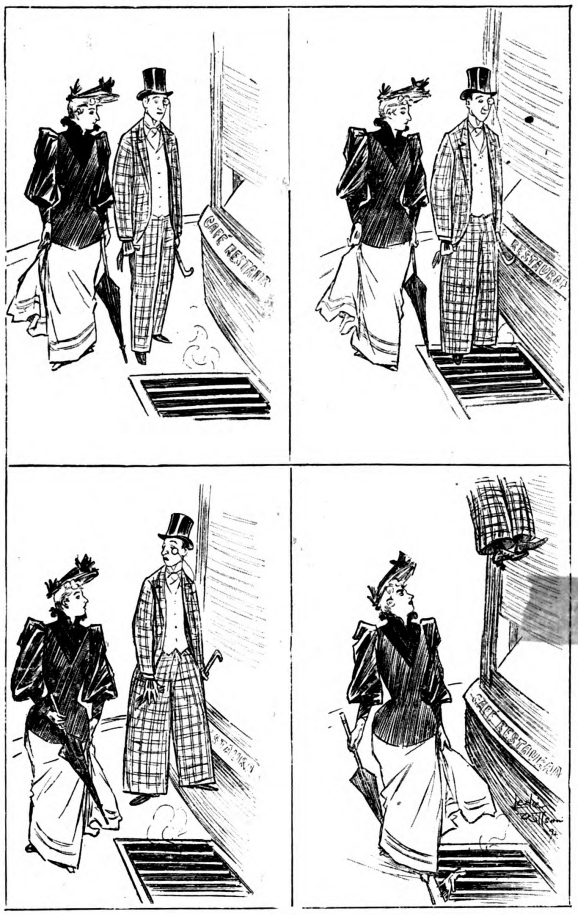


"One Pair!" Takes three cards. "Triplets!" "Full Hand! Are we in it?"

PHYSIOGNOMICAL STUDIES AT A POKER PARTY—HOW HERR GOLDBERG AND HIS SIDE PARTNER OBSERVE THE DEVELOPMENT OF A "FULL HAND."
—From *Fliegende Blätter.*

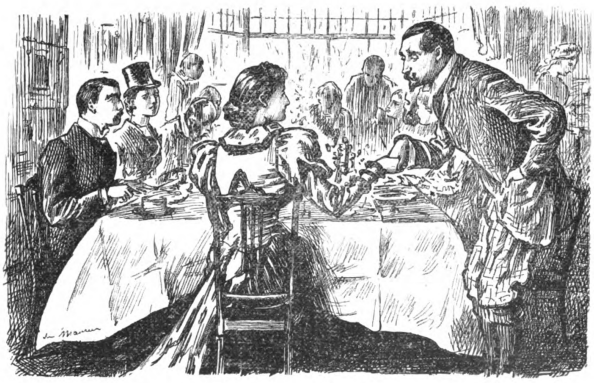


THE DISAPPOINTED TIGERS.—From *Fliegende Blätter.*



AN AEROSTATIC DISASTER.

Showing how the hot air from the restaurant kitchen converted Mr. Dando into a Montgolfier balloon.
—From *Judy.*



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles! Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven; but—"

"Oh, it was all right, thanks! I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know!"
—From *Punch.*

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L. A. THURSTON.
Chairman of the Commission.



SANDFORD B. DOLE.
President of the Provisional Government.



COMMISSIONER CARTER.



COMMISSIONER MARSDEN.

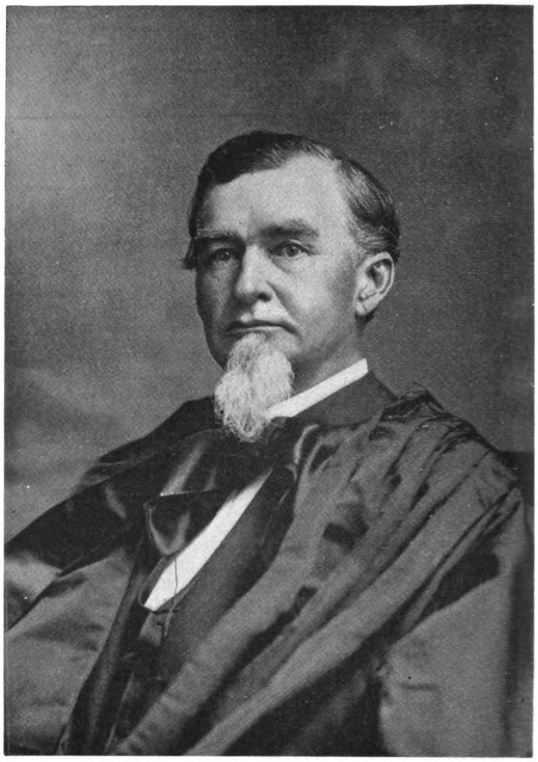
HOWELL E. JACKSON.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S appointment of Judge Jackson as the successor of Mr. Justice Lamar on the Supreme Bench is admirable in every respect. Judge Jackson is now a United States Circuit Judge, having been appointed to that position by President Cleveland in 1887. He is a Democrat, and during the war was on the side of the South. It is not surprising that Mr. Harrison should have selected a Democrat as the successor of Justice Lamar. The President is a strong partisan, but he has been freer from partisanship in his judicial appointments than most of his predecessors. When the Land Court and the Court of General Appraisers were created, Mr. Harrison recognized the fact that the law should not be expounded entirely by the lawyers of a single political party. It is true that the Supreme Court has been usually regarded as an important political vantage-ground, and that its decisions have been greatly helpful in the carrying out or defeating of party principles. At the beginning of the government it was the Supreme Court that gave such an interpretation to the Constitution that the supremacy of the Federal power was established. When the war broke out, Mr. Lincoln appointed Justice Field to the bench, but that action was recognized as wise by the most extreme Republicans. Justice Field was a war Democrat and a Californian, and it was deemed of the utmost importance that the loyalty of his fellow-partisans should be encouraged, and that California should be preserved to the Union. Since the close of the war appointments to the Supreme Bench have been partisan, with the single exception now under consideration, but the decisions of constitutional questions have been very often non-partisan. In reference to reconstruction legislation, for example, a Republican judge declined to follow Republican law-makers.

The present case was exceptional. The vacancy was caused by the death of a Democrat and a Southerner, and the people of the country had just declared by an unprecedented majority in favor of a Democratic administration. How Mr. Harrison's refusal to recognize the popular verdict would have been regarded had already been sufficiently indicated by the newspapers. Under the circumstances the appointment of a Republican would have been looked upon as indicative of an unworthy partisan eagerness to take advantage of an accident.

There is little to be said about Judge Jackson. His life has been uneventful. He has been an able, studious, self-contained, and apparently contented lawyer. Both on the State and the Federal bench he has been an upright judge. He served two terms in the Supreme Court of his native State, Tennessee, by appointment. When his name was presented to a nominating convention he was defeated. His only political honors came late in life. When Tennessee was threatened by repudiationists, Judge Jackson was elected to the Legislature on a State-credit ticket, and his fellow-members selected him for the United States Senate. In Washington he was greatly esteemed for his unostentatious merit, and his associates in the Judiciary Committee regarded him as a very able and sound lawyer. Among his fellow-Senators was Benjamin Harrison. He entered the Senate in 1881, and Mr. Cleveland appointed him to a circuit-judgeship in 1887, at the close of his term.

He was born at Paris, Tennessee, April 8, 1832. His youth was passed at Jackson. He was educated at East Tennessee College and the University of Virginia, was admitted to the bar in 1856, and practised his profession first at Jackson, then at Memphis, and since 1876 at Jackson again.



JUDGE HOWELL E. JACKSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.



CAPTAIN WILTSE, OF THE "BOSTON."



COMMISSIONER WILDER.

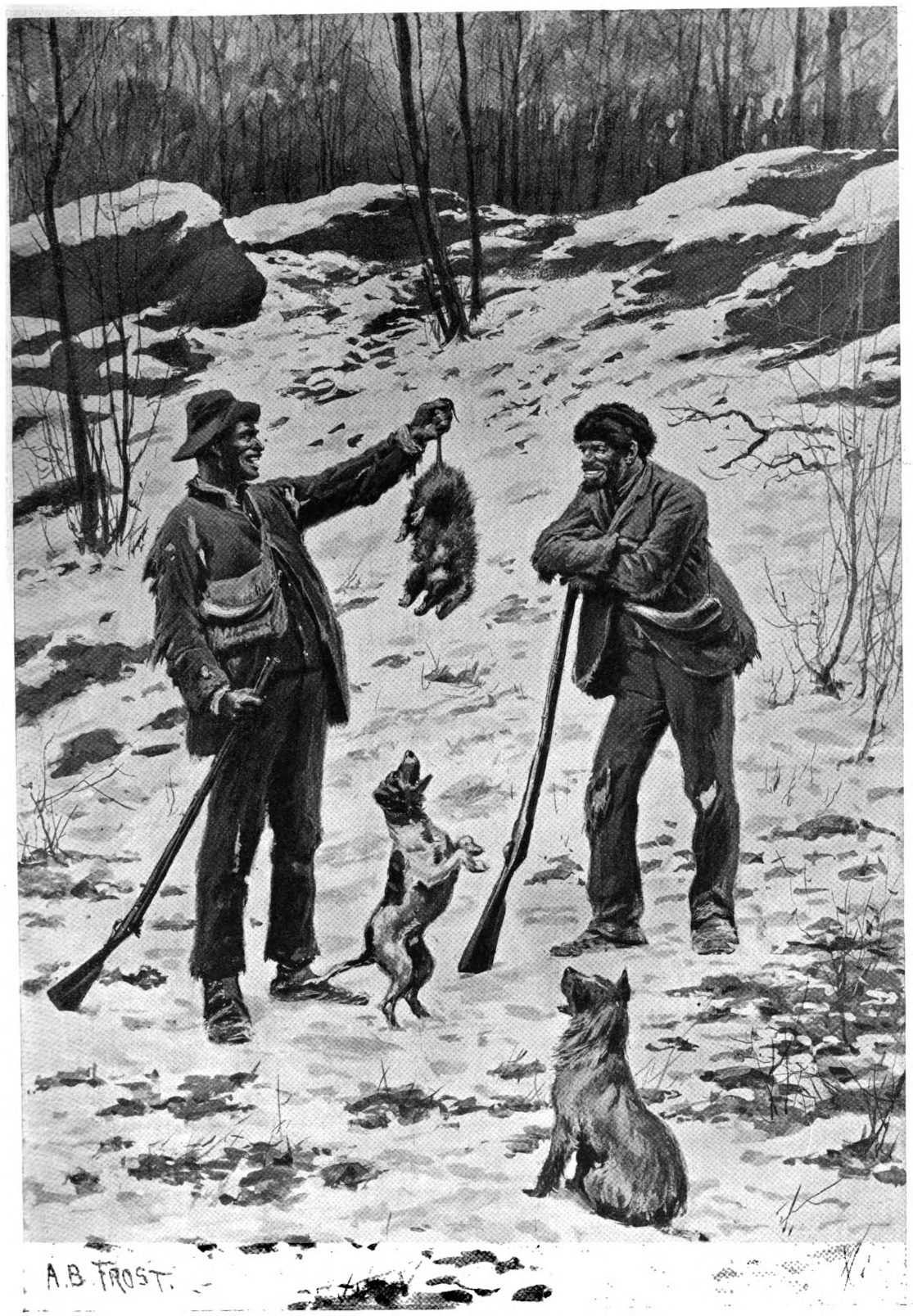


COMMISSIONER CASTLE.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.—[SEE PAGE 163.]

THE FIVE COMMISSIONERS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

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A PRIZE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

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I.—TRADE RELATIONS.

MUCH of the discontent of Canada with existing conditions arises from the trade relations between the Dominion and the United States. The Canadians suffer most because they are wholly or partially excluded from the richest market in the world, a market, too, that is in their immediate neighborhood. So far as this country is concerned, the hardships imposed by trade restrictions are felt only along the border. The mass of the people of this country hardly know that trade between the two countries is hampered. Only those who have had some personal experiences with custom-house regulations and restraints realize this important fact.

The Canadian farmers and lumbermen have suffered greatly from the operation of the McKinley law. The growers of barley and the breeders of horses have found their markets limited, and the effect of this must necessarily be a limitation of products. On the other hand, our own people who live along the border are not so prosperous as they were when they could trade freely with their nearest neighbors.

The Liberal party in Canada, furnished with an issue by this condition of affairs, are insisting on freer trade relations between the United States and the Dominion. They want more than a restoration of the old reciprocity treaty. They want commercial union, or, as the more recent phrase is, continental free trade. The Tories respond that what Sir Richard Cartwright, Laurier, and the rest of their opponents really desire is annexation, and their campaign literature is filled with arguments intended to prove that unshackled trade would lead to the union of the countries.

There is undoubtedly a basis of truth underlying the Conservative contention. Any scheme of commercial relations between the Dominion and the United States which did not include the United Kingdom would necessarily injure the merchants of Great Britain, and would consequently lead to a serious counting of the cost of colonial maintenance and ingratitude in London. Reciprocity might indeed, mean little injury to British interests. The Canadian tariff, bad as it is, is lighter, and therefore more rational, than our own. A reciprocity treaty might admit the American merchants and manufacturers to privileges not enjoyed by their rivals on the other side of the water, although that is not necessarily so. There is no reason why Canada, in such a case, should not put British exporters on the same terms with the American if the latter would consent. But even if they would not, the Americans, as a rule, would be obliged to sell to the Canadians at much lower prices than they charge their fellow-citizens, in order to compete with the English and Scotch under the lower tariff of Canada. Certainly an American manufacturer who cannot hold his own market against English competition except with a fifty per cent. protection, cannot compete with the Englishman in Canada with a twenty-five per cent. protection.

Reciprocity, each country maintaining its own tariff against Europe, is open to objection from the high-protectionists of this country. What they will assent to, and what the Dominion Liberals urge, is free trade on the continent, with a common wall of taxes against "abroad." Naturally commercial union or continental free trade—call it what you will—involves the adoption of the tariff prevailing in the larger country. Canada, so far as its trade relations are concerned, would thus be put upon an equal footing with the various States of the Union, and our trade with the Dominion would cease to be part of our foreign commerce, and would be internal commerce. Great Britain, on the other hand, would find its trade relations with Canada as difficult as they are with the United States. Canada itself would find the arrangement expensive, for its people would be obliged to pay United States prices for the necessaries of life; but the farmers, the cattle-raisers, and the lumbermen would find a market for their produce. The Canadians would be obliged to prefer goods made here to British goods whose price would be abnormally increased by tariff taxation.

The question is, how long would the British government be content to see this discrimination against British merchants in favor of Americans? The Dominion would grow to be not only an expensive luxury, demanding the maintenance of an army and navy for its defence, but one that returned absolutely nothing for the outlay in its behalf.

Whether the Conservatives are right or wrong in saying that commercial union would mean annexation, it is no doubt true that commercial union would quickly induce the British government to surrender the right to govern Canada, simply because the retention of the right would involve expense without bringing any benefits. It might not result in annexation, but if it did not, it would mean independence, an end towards which Canada is impelled by reason of the fact that, under the existing system of government, its trade relations with the United States are largely dependent, if not upon the power, at least upon the interests of the mother country.

II.—INDEPENDENCE.

The political problem of Canada is difficult of solution. The prosperous traders of Montreal, and most of the Conservatives of the English-speaking provinces, are content with the colonial condition. They like to think of the country on the other side of the water, even if it is the birthplace of a relative no nearer than a great-grandfather, as "home." They have an Old-World idea that the monarchical foundation of the Dominion government means stability, and that in a democracy or a republic like the United States there is "too much freedom."

But there is a large number of people who have lost faith in the worth of the colonial government for Canada. The Dominion is far from the mother country, and it is next neighbor to a rich and prosperous republic, whose commercial policy is one of war against the rest of the civilized world. The advantages offered by the United States have tempted hundreds of thousands of Canadians away from the land of their birth. The temptation of neighborhood has been shown in even a stronger way, for the Dominion has adopted the tariff policy of the United States, instead of that of the imperial government. The colonists who feel that they are hampered by the political conditions of colonialism are contemplating the alternatives of escape—one is independence, and the other is annexation.

It will not do to assert that Canada, on the whole, is not loyal to Great Britain. So far as there has been any important manifestation of public opinion, loyalty to the Queen and the British connection is very largely in the majority. One oftener hears loyal sentiment than desire for separation. It can be said that there does exist not only discontent with industrial and economic conditions, which is most freely expressed and doubtless more widely felt in Quebec than elsewhere, but also discontent with political conditions.

The Dominion's connection with the British Empire is as slender as is consistent with any state of dependence whatever. The Canadians make their own law, are free from the presence of a foreign army, with the exception of a small detachment at Halifax. Its Governor-General is the appointee of the home government, but the remainder of the officers of the government, executive, judicial, and administrative, are appointed by the responsible government, which, in turn, rests upon the majority in the Lower House of the Parliament, and so upon the people.

It is in many respects an admirable government, and one with which prosperous and conservative Canadians are contented, and for many years the elections in the Dominion have been won by the Conservatives. Whatever triumphs the Liberals have enjoyed have been gained in the provinces. Whatever discontent there is with the existing government arises from the fact that the provinces do not rule themselves as the States of the Union do. Under the British North American Act each province has such powers as are granted by the general government. The consequence is that a union between the Conservatives and the hierarchy of Quebec can generally carry the elections. The legislators from Quebec have something to say about the internal affairs of Ontario, Manitoba, the maritime provinces—all the English-speaking and Protestant provinces. On the other hand, the French of Quebec resent the interference of the law-makers from the other provinces with their domestic matters, and fear that some day the influence of the other provinces may be injurious to their language and religion

Separation and independence would probably result in a change of relations between the provinces and the general government that would bring the institutions of Canada more into harmony with those of the United States; but whether the other provinces would consent that Quebec should retain the special privileges which it now enjoys is a question, and this question gives some impulse to the agitation for annexation.

III.—ANNEXATION.

Annexation has long been agitated in Canada. For at least fifty years there have been some British subjects who have been outspoken and determined advocates of a union between the United States and the great British colony. There is, however, no confession that a Canadian can make that will bring upon him so much contempt and dislike from the bulk of his fellow-countrymen as that he is in favor of such a union.

This agitation springs from the same cause that excites discussion of reciprocity and commercial union—the longing of many of the people of the Dominion for a greater prosperity, which they are sure will be brought about by sharing the free-trade advantages of this country. Whether annexation is a problem that is yet seriously presented to the people and the public men of the Dominion is doubtful. The sentiment in behalf of a political union, however, is certainly growing, if we can judge from the increasing number of favorable expressions in the public prints. Moreover, many men who believe that Canada and the United States should join their fortunes have recently grown very bold in declaring their sentiments. Professor Goldwin Smith has brought down upon himself a warning from a Toronto newspaper that a published interview in an American journal renders him liable to the penalty of expatriation. An ex-officer of the government, dismissed from his place for his annexation sentiments, has nevertheless advocated them in a public park in Montreal, the city of the province of Quebec in which the English and Scotch are most powerful. The meeting at which this address was delivered was polled, and more votes were cast in favor of annexation than for independence or continued colonialism. It is possibly true that all these facts do not indicate a deep-seated feeling in favor of annexation, but they are certainly significant of something, and when M. Mercier, the ex-Premier of Quebec, promises to lead a movement for independence, it is clear that the union of Canada and Great Britain is seriously threatened.

M. Mercier is a leader of the French Radicals. He is probably more in favor of annexation than of independence, for annexation would more quickly, possibly more certainly than independence, give to the French Canadians absolute control of their own affairs, and allay the haunting fear that is inspired by the dominance of the Protestant English, who increase in numbers, while the French-Canadian population is growing more slowly than the natural increase of their families. But so long as the Conservatives remain in power the great majority of the prelates, and of those who are still under the domination of the prelates, will be against annexation or independence. The Liberals of the maritime provinces, of Quebec, Ontario, and the western provinces, will have the alliance of the Church when they can give the assurance that Quebec shall be as independent and sovereign as an American State in the control of its own internal affairs.

There are really only two alternatives for those who desire a substantial and essential change in the condition of Canada. Full reciprocity, commercial union, or continental free trade, whatever may be the designation of the device, will mean nothing more nor less than independence or annexation. The imperial government will not continue to lend its army and navy and its diplomatic service to a country that discriminates against its commerce and in favor of the commerce of the United States.

An independent Canada under Liberal rule might come into free-trade relations with this country, but it is doubtful, as has been already said, if the English-speaking provinces would consent to a constitution that would leave to the province of Quebec its language, its laws, and its religion. No general government could be formed that would not feel the French and Catholic influence of Quebec at the federal capital. The race and religious differences that now exist might be modified by a reversal of the present system, by changing the relations of provinces and Dominion so that power and grants of power would emanate from the former instead of the latter, but these differences could not be entirely overcome so long as the races remain devoted to their own institutions, tongues, and creeds.

Annexation is the rational solution from the Canadian point of view, provided that the colonial condition is to be abandoned. This is a very important proviso, for the strength of the movement for a change is something that has yet to be measured. If Canada should come into the Union, the English-speaking provinces would be rid of the French Canadian politician and priest, and Quebec would be rid of the Englishmen, who are always suspected, rightly or wrongly, of being about to break faith with their French neighbors. It is sure that the French Canadian would go to Congress, that his electoral votes would have to be reckoned with, that he would be entitled to the privileges of a citizen in every State of the Union, and that the Federal courts would be called upon to interpret his law. But he would be relatively of less importance at Washington than at Ottawa, while Ontario and the other Dominion provinces would share what they consider their burden with forty-four, possibly forty-seven, other States. In other words, Quebec, with the Dominion in the United States, would be able to enjoy all its political and ecclesiastical peculiarities with the least possible annoyance to her sister provinces.

It is seldom that the Canadian annexationist looks at his proposition from the point of view of the United States. It does not seem to occur to him that this country might object to taking the Dominion, with its debts, its railroads, its subsidies, and its peculiar and ineradicable institutions. The Québeçois believe that we would welcome them, and their faith is shared by their fellow-countrymen throughout the Dominion. It is far from being certain that the Congress of the United States would dare to bestow upon a Roman Catholic province the rights and powers of Statehood, including the power to maintain an established Church, to administer the law of the seventeenth century, to legislate and adjudicate in French, and to send to Washington Senators and Representatives who could not speak English, and whose contributions to debates would consequently have to be interpreted to their fellow-legislators. And it is absolutely certain that the annexation of Canada would increase our own tendency to centralization.

From all of these considerations it appears that whatever there is of importance in the internal movement for a change of Canada's condition, the Dominion is only at the beginning of its interesting problem.

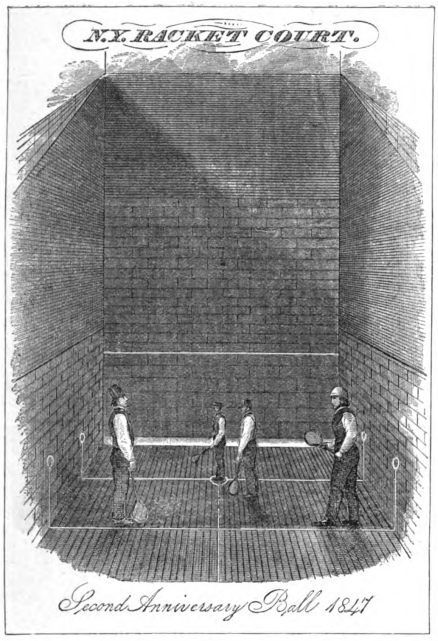
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

STEPHEN AMBROSE WALKER.

STEPHEN AMBROSE WALKER, the well-known lawyer, passed away on Sunday, February 5th, at his residence in New York. Mr. Walker's death was a sad surprise to his friends, as his illness had been only of a few days' duration, the cause being pneumonia. He was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, November 2, 1835, being the son of a Congregational minister. After graduating from the Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1858, Mr. Walker went to Ohio, where he engaged in teaching. Later he became principal of a school at Binghamton, New York. During this period he followed the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Upon the breaking out of the war Mr. Walker became paymaster in the army, and served in Virginia and the Department of the Gulf until the close of hostilities. He then attended the lectures in the Law Department of Columbia College for a time, and entered the firm of Buckham, Smales, & Walker. Upon the retirement of the senior partner and the death of Mr. Smales, after a few years, Mr. Walker conducted the business by himself, continuing in active practice of the law until his death.

Mr. Walker was a man of many parts. He won a deserved reputation in his profession, and was always actively employed in law pursuits, but he was also interested in many outside matters. He was a member of the Tilden Library Trust, and connected with municipal and educational movements of public interest. He served for some time on the Board of Education, being its President for six years, retiring, in 1886, upon his appointment as the United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York by President Cleveland. Mr. Walker was a member of the University and Lawyers' clubs, and an officer of the Bar Association. He was unmarried, and lived with his brother, Dr. Henry F. Walker, a prominent physician of New York. Another brother, the Rev. George L. Walker, and one sister, who is the wife of Professor Boardman, of the Union Park Theological Seminary of Chicago, survive him. The funeral services were held on February 7th from the University Place Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander officiating. The interment was made at Pittsford, Vermont. The United States Court was adjourned for the day, and many judges and prominent members of the bar were present at the service. The pall-bearers were Wheeler H. Peckham, Commissioner Lummis, Charles S. Fairchild, George W. Van Slyck, Alexander E. Orr, Charles E. Miller, A. C. Brown, and Joseph Park.

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THE RACQUET AND TENNIS CLUB OF NEW YORK.*

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE history of the Racquet and Tennis Club is the history of racquets in the United States. The club has the distinction of being not alone the oldest racquet organization in the country, but one of the oldest social clubs as well. This year it might, if it chose, celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary.

Though it has not had an unbroken history since it was founded, having lived several lives under as many different names, and in as many different localities of New York, nevertheless racquets have been always its *raison d'être*, and its membership has invariably maintained the same high standard with which it began.

In 1793 Robert Knox, who came to America from Paisley, Scotland, bought the property and put up the first racquet-court on Allen Street, between Canal and Hester. Canal Street in days a little earlier than these was called Pump Street, and at the time this court was built it was called Walkér. Robert Knox, besides being a racquet-player of some ability, was of the gregarious disposition that enjoyed good company, and one of his ideas in organizing the club was to bring together the congenial spirits who were wont to have a rubber at whist in the evening when the afternoon's play had put them in the humor for it.

It is too bad that a photograph of this first home of the Racquet Club could not be obtained. It would make a strong contrast indeed to the present palatial house on Forty-third Street. Allen Street in those days was one of the best resident centres in the city. Many of the old families lived within a stone's-throw of the club, and the Schermerhorn property immediately adjoined it. The building, in keeping with the rugged natures of those early days, was simplicity itself. It was a two-story frame house, absolutely ungarnished, and it sat back from the street the distance of about half a lot. Along the front ran a fence, and the gate through which the members entered was made of unplaned boards, and swung on barn-door hinges. A sash-weight at the end of a cord that ran over a pulley served instead of the liveried flunky that now opens and closes the door for you in Forty-third Street. There was not a great deal of style put on in those days, but the members of the club, like the liquors that stood on a table free to all, were of the finest old stock in the land.

The membership was very exclusive. None but the old families were admitted, and such a thing as calling a man up before the Board of Governors was unheard of—indeed, there was no Board of Governors. He who represented the official corresponding to the President of to-day was called the Chancellor. Ferguson Livingston was the first Chancellor, and as there are no records to show his successor, he must have overshadowed any of those who followed him, or filled the office until the last days of the club. About the only matters which came up for the Chancellor to act upon were controversies over whist or racquets, and these disputes were all referred to him for decision. The usual preliminary consisted of a little impromptu debating society, which was followed by the Chancellor's decision, which usually was to fine the loser a bottle of wine.

The court at the back of the building was 120 feet long, with no roof, and a back wall 60 feet high, while the side walls, which at the rear were as high as the back wall, sloped down to the front of the court to below 40 feet in height. They were built of stone and brick. The cut at the head of this article, which is a fac-simile of the front cover of a dancing programme of the second anniversary ball given by this club in 1847, will give a very good idea of the first court. The lower part of the walls was stone. There were no covers over the court whatever, and the floor was made of the best boards that could be purchased, and put together by the most skilful carpenters in the city. When it rained, those who wanted to play racquets were obliged to wait until the court dried. The building itself, which was only one room deep, faced the front of the court; indeed, it was built directly against it. The room downstairs contained lockers and a pump, and rejoiced in the distinction of being the dressing-room.

At first there was no wire netting between this and the court, so that members who were preparing for battle were not infrequently pelted by the balls, while those who were watching the game on the piazza directly in front were kept pretty busy dodging. Afterwards a netting was put up. As there were no "ladies' days," and none of the gentle sex ever passed through the simple gate in the alley, there was no especial necessity for completing any of these little details, and simplicity in 1793 was the order of the day. The upstair's room in the Allen Street house might have been the reception-room, though it really was called the whist-room, for it w there that many a game was contested and many a jol evening spent. In the centre a Franklin-stove held for during the winter, and a crude table filled one corne On this table there was always present a tray which co tained tumblers and decanters, and the finest gin ar brandy in the city. It will make the mouth of many clubman of to-day water to know that the gin and brand were free to the members, and that champagne sold f two dollars a bottle, and Havana cigars for five cen apiece.



E. LA MONTAGNE.



ROBERT KNOX.

The stairs that led from the lower story up to th whist-room were of the cellar variety. They had no ra ing until Thaddeus Phelps, who was one of the earli members, missed his footing and broke his leg, and the by order of the Chancellor they ran a rope from the to to the bottom, and after one of the evenings at whis when any one started for home, it was the invariable cu tom for him to be lighted down the hazardous way by fellow-member and a candle. Candles, by-the-way, we their means of lighting; but they were imported sper candles, and the silver sticks would have made the hea of a present-day bric-à-brac connoisseur glad.

It is unfortunate that no one of the members of th old club has left any written reminiscences of tho jolly days. What is here presented is gathered throug the courtesy of Mr. Robert Knox, who is a grandson the founder of the club, Robert Knox, and of course l gets them from his father, who as a youngster I ha

(*Continued on page* 158.)



THE CLUB-HOUSE

* For further illustrations on this subject see page 160.

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JUNIOR PROMENADE AT YALE—THE DANCE

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[See Page 159.]

THE ARMORY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

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(*Continued from page 155.*)

no doubt heard many a tale of the sport that the first American racquet club furnished its members. One of the stories that have come down directly from Robert Knox sounds odd in days of our dressing-rooms with their lockers and combination locks. In the first days of the old Allen Street club a plain wooden trough was the common receptacle for members' valuables when they went to play. Watches, rings, and their money were put, each in its little parcel, in that primitive safe.

As for playing-costume, aside from the elaborate moccasins that were worn, no effort was made at all for any distinctive playing-garb, as the cut at the head of the article will show. Each member kept a pair of trousers, probably, of no especial design, and a change of linen. The moccasins were the pride of their hearts. They were made throughout of buckskin, and of a peculiar pattern, inasmuch as the top part came rather high on the ankle, and was turned down in a roll which gave it quite a natty finish. The soles were very thick, and the entire affair was very ornate.

It was the custom to have at the entrance to the court a little powdered resin which the members would put on the soles of their moccasins to keep them from slipping. The racquets in those days were strong, clumsy affairs, which could not be broken very easily, but required a man in mighty good training to handle. The balls were of a very fine quality, and much more picturesque than they are today. They were made of white woollen yarn dampened and wound as tightly as could be over a piece of solid round rubber about the size of a marble. They were covered with white kid, and sewed with different colors of silk, such as blue, yellow, and scarlet, and when in a box together made rather a pretty effect.

It was not to be expected that this Allen Street house would long be large enough to hold the increasing membership of the club, and later it was enlarged by a brick building being built to occupy the front part of the lot. For the first time, therefore, the members had entrance directly from the street to their club-house, and the old wooden gate in the alley fell into disuse. Compared to the wooden building in the rear, this new addition was quite pretentious, and it also had two rooms—one upstairs and one downstairs. In the top room was the one billiard table of the club, and it was a great affair in those days, while downstairs was the dressing-room. This latter made the innovation of having lockers for the racquets and clothing, and as Croton water had been introduced by this time, the members revelled in wash-basins, and the trough which had held the valuables of members for so many years was laid aside.

And so the club grew. There is no record of exactly how many members there were at this time, but there must have been a couple of hundred. They were elected by acclamation, and there was no initiation fee, the dues being ten dollars a year. Neither were there any markers, and the members did their own calling besides paying for the privilege of



A CORNER IN THE READING-ROOM.

playing. Along in about 1840–50 the club was in its zenith. A great many matches were played, and they were made for pretty big stakes, $500 to $1000 being the usual amount.

Robert Knox at this time was the crack player of the club, and no one was found skilful enough to stand against him until some time later Mr. Edward La Montagne came down from Montreal.

Among those names which I have been able to gather as being members of the club during its earliest days are Gideon Potts, Henry Coit, William Bradford, Ferguson Livingston, Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet, Philip, John, and Henry Hone, Commodore Vanderbilt, Hugh Maxwell, Jesse Hoit, Amos Palmer, Thaddeus Phelps, Henry and Richard Suydam, Herman Leroy, Isaac Townsend (this was the father of the present President of the club), Gabriel Wisner, Anthony Winans, and about all the male members of the Schermerhorn, Leroy, and Pendleton families.

The club remained in possession of its Allen Street home until about 1850, when the property was sold and the club dissolved. The court and buildings were torn down, and on the site where many a royal game had been won and lost, and many a jolly whist-rubber decided, a public-school building was erected.

During the last years of the Allen Street club a public affair had been built on the Bowery, which had a bowling-alley as well as a court, but it was not patronized by the best class. On the sale of the Allen Street property some of the members used to play their games at this public court, but most of them perpetuated the old club by banding together under the new name of the Broadway Racquet-Court Club, and locating on the property adjoining the present Metropolitan Hotel's new stores. This was quite the most elaborate court that had been constructed in this country. It was



B. S. DE GARMENDIA.

built by Richard Carmen to surpass anything that had yet been seen in the way of a social club building in this country. It had a roofed racquet-court 120 by 36 feet, bowling-alleys, billiard and card rooms, a restaurant, dressing-rooms, and baths, and was quite the finest thing in town at that time. It was leased to the club about 1850, and here once again the Allen Street whist partners sat down for their games, and the good-fellowship of the first club was resumed in its more modern house.

The racquet-court was a great feature, with spacious and comfortable galleries, which were filled with the *élite* of the city whenever there was a match; and here, too, an innovation was made by having ladies admitted on certain days. It was their first opportunity of seeing racquets played, and they enjoyed the game immensely.

The best players of that day were Beverley Robinson, Lewis M. Rutherfurd, R. S. Hone, Robert Edgar, John A. Post, and William J. Emmet, but no one of them was a match for Mr. E. La Montagne, who at this time was on a visit to New York from Montreal, and a guest of the club.

The life of the Broadway club, however, was short. It was very successful while it lasted, but in about 1855 the property was sold for business purposes, and once more the racquet-players found themselves without a court. The game had secured so strong a place in the affections of sportsmen, however, that in about 1856 a number of them approached Mr. E. La Montagne, who by this time had settled in New York and immediately become a leader of the game, and urged him to build a court, which he agreed to do provided he was guaranteed seven per cent. of his investment for four years. Consequently, October 20, 1856, the Gymnasium Club was founded, with Thomas Addis Emmet, President; Robert S. Hone, Secretary; and D. Lydig Suydam, Treasurer; and the Governing Committee consisted of William H. Leroy, W. Butler Duncan, Charles De Rham, Newbould Edgar, Charles Wright, Alfred C. Craven, Robert Edgar, William J. Emmet, Lewis M. Rutherfurd, Robert Leroy, J. Watson Averell, Samuel M. Fox, Robert Emmet, E. S. Munn, John C. White, Augustus La Montagne, R. Oliver Colt, Louis Borg, Murray Hoffman, Jun., and Joseph Grafton.

Mr. La Montagne leased a plot of ground 50 by 100 on Thirteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and erected a two-story building with a high basement at the cost of $25,000. It was a very comfortable little club, and the list of members soon ran up to four hundred. Indeed, the game of racquets was kept up constantly, so popular had it become, and every evening the whist and billiard rooms were filled, while over bowling there was a perfect furor. The court was unlike any that had been seen in the United States up to that time, as it was according to the dimensions of English courts, namely, 65 by 32. The front wall was of solid masonry, polished stone; the floor was of English pine, and the side walls of thick planks. Cemented courts were unknown here forty years ago.

Many important matches were played on the Thirteenth Street court. It was there that William Gray, then champion of England, played Fred Foulks for $2500 a side. The match was to be six games in New York and six in Belfast, and if a tie, the aces were to decide. Gray won the majority of games in the match, but a few days afterward the two played a game for a purse made up by the members, and Foulks won after the finest exhibition of racquets that had ever been seen anywhere.

The improvement in the game by this time had been rapid—in fact more rapid than the improvement in the courts—and there were several very fine players who were members of the club. Messrs. L. M. Rutherfurd, Robert Edgar, R. S. Hone, Augustus La Montagne, and David Lydig were among the best; but Mr. E. La Montagne still maintained his lead, and was able to give any one of them a considerable handicap. Mr. La Montagne was in his prime in those days, and was thought equal to the best amateurs in the world.

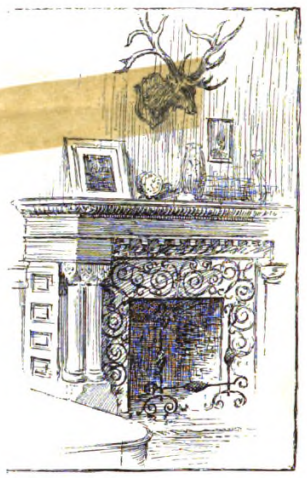
The club became a very popular institution. There were weekly dinners, at which twenty to thirty sat down, and the cuisine was tip-top. Besides this, the feature of ladies' day, that had been begun at the Broadway house, was continued, and bowling matches between the ladies were inaugurated.

After the expiration of Mr. La Montagne's agreement with the club, the building was sold to Mr. A. S. Thorp, who continued it in the same way until 1868, when he sold it for business purposes. Thus it came about that from 1868 until 1875 there was no racquet-court in New York and no club.

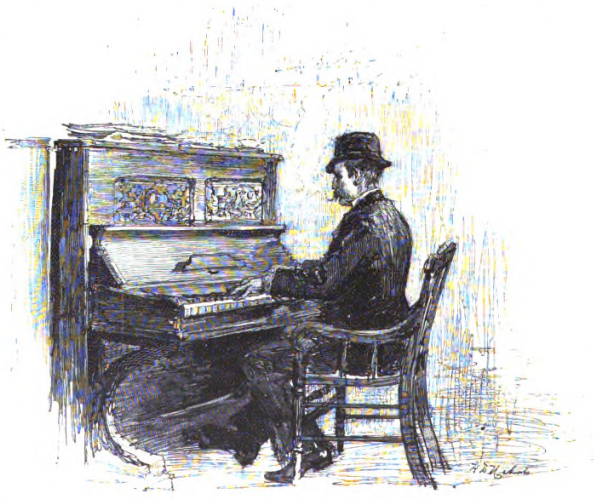
The interest in the game, however, had grown so strong during the Thirteenth Street club that there was every year a more urgent demand for such another house. Appreciating this feeling, the late William R. Travers, Rutherfurd Stuyvesant, A. Wright Sanford, and others, in 1875 turned their attention to a scheme proposed by Mr. A. S. Thorp to build a club-house with two racquet-courts, bowling-alleys, and all the requisites of a well-appointed club, provided $50,000 of third-mortgage bonds were taken by the members. The arrangement was made, and on April 28, 1875, the Racquet-court Club was organized. Mr. Thorp bought the property on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, for which he paid $115,000, and built the club-house (which is still standing there and occupied by the University Athletic Club) for $150,000, and an agreement was entered into with the governors of the club to pay out of the annual dues a rental of about $14,000 per annum.

It was a very successful venture. The club opened in its new building on May 27, 1876, and from that time until today it has continued to thrive, increasing in membership and prestige.

It would take a great deal more space than is at my disposal at this writing to go into the history of the club since 1875, and as since that date its record is well known, I have devoted myself to its earlier and less familiar side. It has been fortunate in always having good sportsmen as officers, who have kept the standard of the game and the membership of the club high. The members have an abundance of sport provided for them every season, and the general management of the club has always been of the very best.



A FIREPLACE IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM.



A MUSICAL MEMBER.

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The first officers of the club were: president, William R. Travers; vice-president, Rutherfurd Stuyvesant; secretary, Matthew Morgan; and treasurer, W. Watts Sherman. It became apparent in the latter part of the eighties that the Twenty-sixth Street house was too small for the growing demands of the club, and the question of a new house, and one more in keeping with the club's position, was agitated. The result was the securing of a piece of property on Forty-third Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and the erection, at a cost of $300,000, of a building which is one of the handsomest club-houses in the United States.

On February 21, 1890, the name was changed to that of the Racquet and Tennis Club, and on April 30, 1891, it moved into its new home. This building is probably the most elaborate of its kind in the world. It has two racquet-courts, a tennis-court, a gymnasium, bowling-alleys, a shooting-range, boxing and fencing rooms, and everything that a sportsman could possibly desire.

Since the removal to Forty-third Street there have been several notable matches on its courts. Mr. Percy Ashworth, one of the best amateur players of England, defeated our champion, B. Spalding de Garmendia, handily, and the match showed the superiority of the English over the American player. As a rule, the players in this country do not use their wrists sufficiently in striking the ball. They hit from the shoulder, which is caused, presumably, by the baseball practice, while the English players are mostly skilled at cricket, where the wrist comes into play much more. Mr. Ashworth also played Moore, the club's professional marker, and came very near beating him even.

Another noteworthy match was that in court tennis between Peter Latham and Thomas Pettit, in which the latter, giving odds, was defeated.



E. LA MONTAGNE, JUN.

The club has for some years had annual matches open only to the members. A handsome silver cup is presented each year to the winner of the Racquet Championship, and the tournament attracts a large amount of attention and interest. Since the organization of these tournaments, in 1876, the winners of these cups have been the following:

1876—E. La Montagne.	1884—W. Shippen.
1877—George C. Allen.	1885—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.
1878—J. T. Soutter.	1886—P. Allen.
1879—E. La Montagne.	1887—C. L. Perkins.
1880—George C. Allen.	1888—B. S. de Garmendia.
1881—David Lydig.	1889—B. S. de Garmendia.
1882—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.	1890—B. S. de Garmendia.
1883—L. M. Rutherfurd, Jun.	1891—J. S. Tooker.
	1892—E. La Montagne, Jun.

Besides these annual matches, open only to the members of the club, a national championship was opened two years ago. The tournament is held one year in New York and the next in Boston. The games have proved of the greatest interest, the championship being won in 1891 by B. S. de Garmendia, at New York, and by J. S. Tooker, in 1892, at Boston. B. S. de Garmendia won the Tennis Championship for 1892.

For further illustrations see page 160.

CONSTRICTOR AND CANARY.

WHEN the boa-constrictor fixes his glittering eye on the canary-bird, the canary-bird becomes exceedingly restless, and flutters and tries to get away. But it does not succeed. It cannot escape the boa-constrictor's fascinations, and in spite of all its shuddering struggles, it stays where it was and gets swallowed up.

There could hardly be an apter illustration of the attitude of the gentler sex toward crinoline. The intelligence has gone out that crinoline is coming. All Caucasian womankind has heard the news, and believes it, but we have not learned of any woman (not deformed) who is pleased at the prospect. The American girl shudders at it. There is anxious eagerness in her vision as she picks up the newest fashion paper and looks at the pictures. "See," she says, "how skirts are spreading already at the bottom. It has begun to come. It will reach the knee by June, and the waist by Thanksgiving." She thinks, with a grimace, of the inconvenience of hoop-skirts at horse shows and football games; but not to wear them if they come does not enter her mind. If the big shops once sell them, and the people of high fashion once put them on, that settles it. In the matter of garments her duty is perfectly simple, and free from complications. It is to buy what is sold in the big shops and worn by the people of the first fashion. If she hesitates, what happens? The big shops start a sacrifice sale, and offer bargains. Then there is no hope. She is gone. Bargains and the height of fashion at the same time! Resistance is worse than vain; it is extravagant. A fortnight later it is done, and three girls abreast measure precisely the width of the sidewalk on Fifth Avenue.

Yet it is a solemn thing to revive such a monstrosity as the hoop-skirt. Think of the effect of such a radical change of fashion on the value of half-worn gowns! Think how it will work in the town of Boston, where some of the most crowded thoroughfares have sidewalks only five or six feet wide. In a year's time, when the mode shall have environed the indispensable order of serving-maids, think of the resulting inconvenience to people with small dining-rooms!

It is a pity that all women should think it necessary to keep in the fashion. That is well enough for people who are chiefly concerned with the ceremonial side of life, to whom garb is an amusement, and bedizenment a recreation. But it would seem as if women to whom gowns appeal in some measure as clothing, and who have to wear their clothes out, might feel somewhat less constrained to rehabilitate their wardrobes according to all the casual fluctuations of modish apparels.

But it does not work that way. The canary has wings, to be sure, but once the boa-constrictor's eye is on it, it cannot fly away. It cries out and flutters and struggles, but in the end the serpent makes a meal of it, and smiles and wipes his mouth.

E. S. M.

JUNIOR PROMENADE AT YALE.

BY WALTER CAMP.

"Or the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man who shot Sandy McGee."

And although the steps taken by the girl of the Junior promenade were hardly taken to the scrape of one lone fiddle, did she not pass and repass, perhaps even dance with, not the man who shot Sandy McGee, but that equally celebrated and thrilling individual the man who slew the Princeton Tiger? Did she not have a *deux temps* with the man who beat Harvard?

A Junior promenade at New Haven means far more than one evening's dance. Some, indeed, come for that evening only, but the real true promenade girl comes for a half-week, and never misses a moment of it all, beginning Monday, and sinking at last into the carriage after the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," have scattered the dancers in the Armory on Thursday morning.

Such an additional feature as the opening this year of the new gymnasium during the festivities had, in the mind of the promenade girl, only a small amount of thought bestowed upon it, when compared to the class germans, the Glee Club concert, and the grand ball itself. The story of a young woman who spends promenade week at New Haven is replete with jolly incident—a round of gayety with enough spice of lark about it to make it seem doubly attractive. Long, long ago, even before Thanksgiving, the brother of her very dearest chum invited her, and since then she has been looking forward, counting the days to it. At the football game she met many of his friends, and each said he would see her at the promenade. During the match she often wondered if she would actually dance with some of those heroes then tumbling about in the fierceness of the struggle. Weeks ago a letter told her that her card was filled even to the last intermission and four extras, and perhaps a list of the names was sent her. Among them she found several whom she met on Thanksgiving day, but many whom she knew only as she had heard them spoken of by her chum; some other names, too, which meant nothing to her. She longed for the time to come; for the promenade girl is not *blasé*. The type is a better one, not "Prue" nor "Belle Marquise," but a whole-souled, fun-loving young woman.

Monday comes at last, and all the way to New Haven she can think of only her dances, her gowns, and her partners. The train pulls into the station. The party met, and at once bundled into the carriage and rolled away to the New Haven House, directly opposite the campus, which she sees for the first time. And then an unexpected surprise awaits them, for a sleigh-ride has been planned, and as soon as they have had luncheon off they go behind the merry jingle of bells. Then a couple of private teas in students' rooms, where she meets here and there a man whose name is on her card, then back to the hotel and dinner. In the evening a class german, where the remark becomes quite familiar to her ear: "Can I have a dance with you? You'll find my name on your card for Wednesday evening." Tuesday comes, and she is taken over to morning chapel, and after that for a walk about the campus. In the afternoon she goes to the gymnasium, and the next day sees the crew practise in the tank, is told all about the individuals who hope to be the pride of the Thames next summer at New London. Then on Tuesday and Wednesday there are the receptions and teas at the society houses "Berzelius," "43," and "The Cloister," where, at the daintiest little tables and in the prettiest of cozy rooms, she sips tea and chats with such jolly men that she begins to believe that they are almost as nice as her chum's brother.

In the evening, directly after dinner, comes one of the pleasantest features of the week, the concert of the Glee and Banjo clubs. The catching college songs, the *esprit* of the singers, and the lively sympathy and appreciation of the audience; the air of more a reception than a concert; the pleasant and informal little calls made by the men in the audience upon their friends in box and stalls—all go to make up a most charming and unique affair. And at ten o'clock—for the concert is over by that time—a small dance, perhaps another german. Then Wednesday, and our young woman has just begun to realize that the fun is nearly over. After another day of teas, receptions, and calls, with a stolen hour or two for a beauty-sleep, and nine o'clock finds her almost ready for the grand event. She has made many a little mental, and, to tell tales, even a written, note against a surreptitiously concealed list of the men whose names are on her card, in order that she may know what she has in common with the unknown. In a half-hour the carriage comes, and off they go to the Armory, a huge affair whose barren barnlike aspect has been wholly concealed by draperies in the hands of professional decorators.

"Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall."

In a blaze of light, under a roof made of long strips of festooned draperies, the floor of the Armory, covered with crash, stretches out like a frosted lake, bounded on all sides by a bank of stalls, which are already becoming filled by the gathering dancers and chaperons. Each box is fitted up according to the taste and wish of the occupants, some being most elaborately furnished with all the fittings from the house of the owner, another with goods from the upholsterers, while still others are more practically packed with smaller chairs, over which are thrown the extra wraps. Above the heads of the dancers hang two great eight-oared shells, symbolic of the race of last June, while a huge football calls attention to the fact that all the sports are remembered. At ten o'clock the dancing actually begins, and the floor speedily becomes one mass of whirling couples. From that time not a moment is lost, for one band plays during the intermission, while the other plays for the regular dancers, but there is no cessation, no apparent surfeit among the dancers. Intermission and dances are all alike, and by the time that the last extra is finished, our promenade girl has danced the flying hours well into Thursday morning. Then, sinking against the cushions of the carriage, she hardly knows how she reaches the hotel and her room, but, just as the sky is beginning to grow light, she falls asleep to dream over again the delights of the three days.

And to the men, as they go back to their rooms, there is something sombre about the thought that it is all over; that the swish of the pretty gown, the bright smile, the odor of the crushed flowers, are only memories, and the half-week's gayety, which has made such a pleasant break in the midwinter monotony of college life, has gone like a dream. But the touch of romance and sentiment the promenade brings with it will occasionally slip in between the leaves of the book a stray flower or two, whose perfume may unexpectedly throw the chance reader into a reverie for many a day during the next few months, and account for some astonishingly poor recitation of even the best of students.

A GREAT ACTRESS.

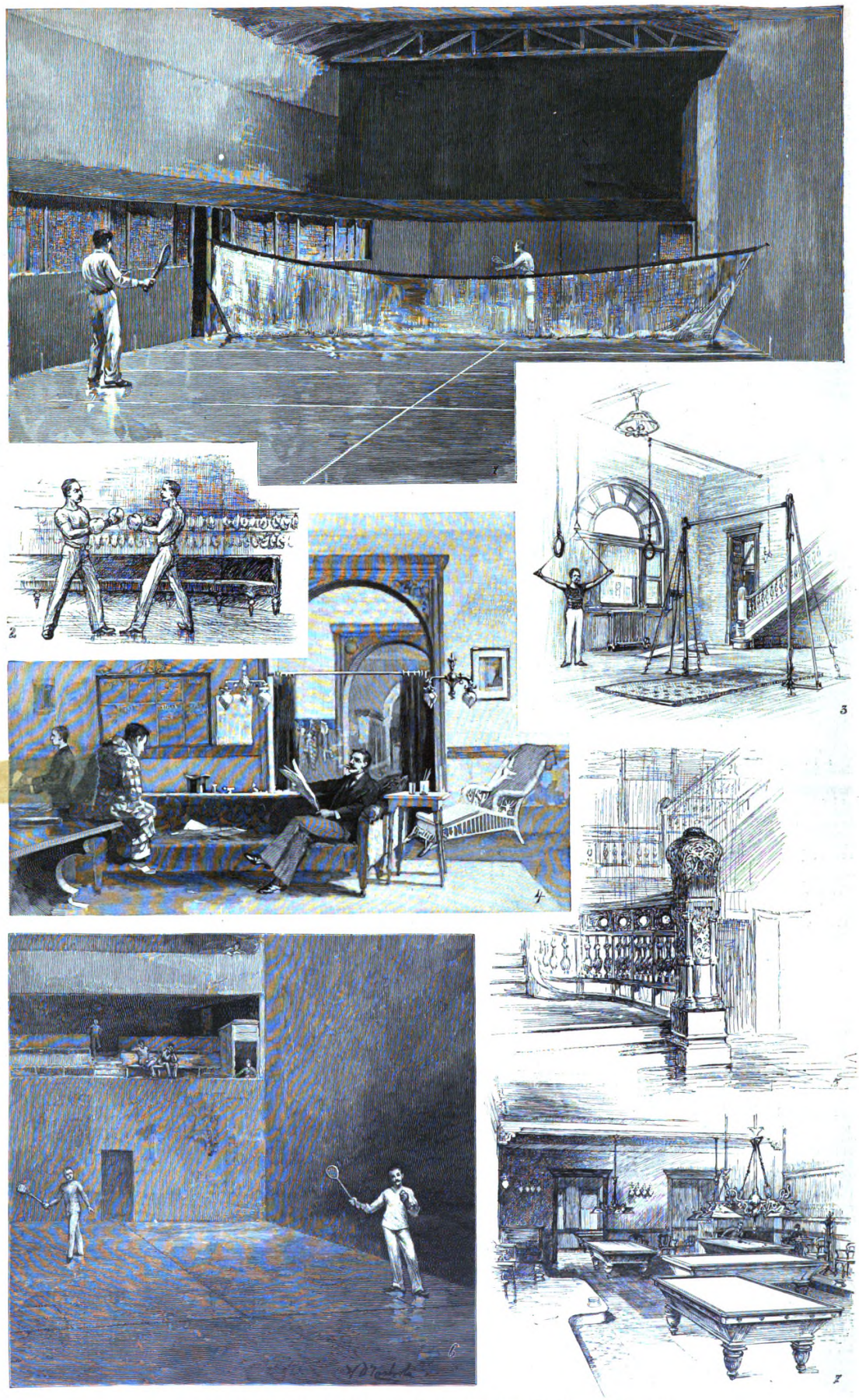
WE print this week the portrait of a great actress, Miss Eleonora Duse, or Duse-Checchi, as she is known in Italy, whose recent rise to fame has been of such meteorlike rapidity and brilliancy that the world sits, so to speak, agape with astonishment, and lost in wonder at that perfection of art which has so suddenly raised its possessor to the commanding artistic position she now occupies. Miss Duse, whose home is in Venice, was born some thirty years ago in Vigevano, a small town in northern Italy. The associations of her parentage and early childhood were theatrical, both her father and grandfather having been actors of some little local reputation, so in consequence Miss Duse first trod the boards at the early age of twelve. If results may be taken as an indication, the experience she gained during the following years, when she wandered as a member of a small travelling band of players all over Italy, was most valuable. There is no royal road to fame, and Miss Duse's path, judging from all accounts, must have been hard enough at the first. It is a long road indeed that knows no turning, and after a while, in Bologna, in Florence, and in Naples, the light of Miss Duse's art began to shine through, and in a few short years the Italian people were all ready to worship at her shrine. Italy is a fruitful field of artistic talent, and many artistic flowers are born there to blush unseen by the great world beyond; but Miss Duse at her first sally conquered the great world, which is now ready to acknowledge her as an actress of absolutely first rank.

It was a more than usually critical audience that assembled to judge this young artist on her first appearance in New York, but it was an audience that went home convinced that they had been privileged to witness the birth of a new dramatic star; after that first night the only question remaining to be settled was that of her versatility, which has now been abundantly proven. Miss Duse does not portray a character; she is the character she portrays; and in the various rôles she has assumed during her all too short stay here she has run through the whole gamut of human emotion, and every note she has struck has rung full and true. Absolute truth, indeed, is the predominant characteristic of her wonderfully finished art. In her impersonations we are brought face to face with a truth to nature which is absolutely startling in its fidelity, absolutely convincing in its sincerity. True greatness is never startling, and that is why to some people Miss Duse's art is perhaps at first a little disappointing; but like Niagara, the mighty torrent of that art grows upon one, till we are fairly swept away, carried out of ourselves in wonder at its depth, power, and significance. Miss Duse is an intellectual rather than an emotional actress; she touches our emotions through the brain rather than through the nerves. Her art is therefore psychological rather than temperamental; mental rather than physical. Her climaxes are so carefully led up to that we hardly realize at the moment the full power and significance of the impression produced by them. One cannot but admire the artistic reticence and repose which can produce the greatest emotional effects with the least possible amount of apparent effort.

Miss Duse's art is all the greater because she has to contend with certain disadvantages in her personality. While graceful and certainly attractive in appearance, she cannot be called beautiful; and her voice, though sympathetic, lacks the full suave cadences and the striking modulatory contrasts which constitute one of the principal charms of Madame Bernhardt's delivery; but in seeing Miss Duse we lose sight entirely of the woman in the artist, and are only conscious of a personality so absorbing and so magnetic that it can sway our emotions at will, and of an art so finished and so complete that it leaves practically nothing to be desired. Whether as the erring but still lovable Camille, as the passionate Clotilde, as the heartless country coquette in *La Locandiera*, or the very devil incarnate in *La Femme de Claude*, Miss Duse is equally admirable. Her art is always convincing, because essentially sincere; her methods are always effective, because always legitimate; and if that art which by concealing art brings before us an absolutely faithful reproduction of nature be the greatest, Miss Duse, as a complete exemplification of that art, is at the same time a complete justification of the theories upon which it is based, and one of the greatest actresses that have ever appeared in this country or in any other. There may be some who will not concur in this opinion; but where absolute perfection has been attained, the comparative excellence of this or that artist is, and must always be, largely a matter of individual preference and opinion; but surely none will be found to question the perfection of Miss Duse's art, or the almost phenomenal power of her personality, however much they may differ as to her relative status and position as a great actress. It is given to few to be great; none, we think, will deny that Miss Duse has justly earned the right to be considered so.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

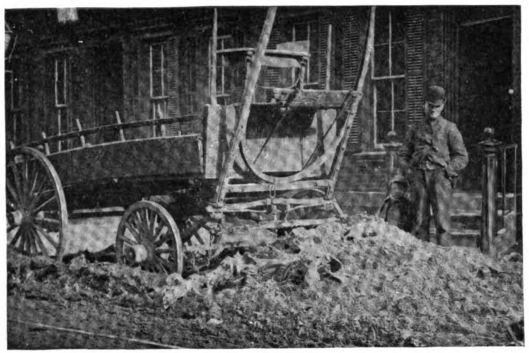
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THE RACQUET CLUB, NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 155.]

1. Tennis-Court. 2. Sparring-Room. 3. Gymnasium. 4. Lounging-Room. 5. Main Stairway. 6. Racquet-Court. 7. A Portion of the Billiard-Room.

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GOERCK STREET.



CORNER BROOME AND COLUMBIA STREETS.
A Tammany Street Cleaner on Duty.



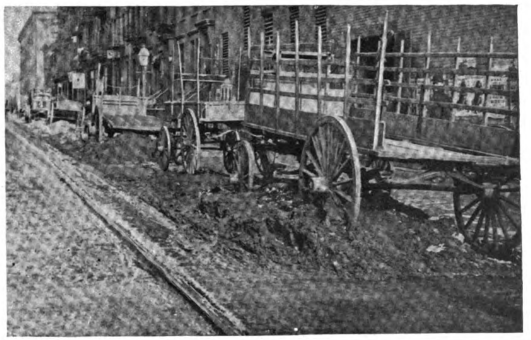
WOOSTER AND THIRD STREETS.



LEWIS AND DELANCEY STREETS.



CLINTON STREET NORTH OF RIVINGTON STREET.



RIVINGTON AND GOERCK STREETS.



LEWIS STREET FROM DELANCEY STREET.



LEWIS STREET NORTH OF DELANCEY STREET.



GOERCK AND DELANCEY STREETS.

HOW TAMMANY HALL NEGLECTS THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—From Photographs by Langill.—[See Page 166.]

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THE dramatic event of last week which deserves the place of honor was the first production in New York of Mr. Oscar Wilde's much-heralded play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, which opened the twentieth regular season of Mr. Palmer's company on Monday night at Palmer's Theatre. In *Lady Windermere's Fan* Mr. Oscar Wilde has given us a highly diluted reproduction of the *School for Scandal*, cynicized up to date, and given the proper flavor of modernity and *fin de siècle* pessimism by a liberal seasoning of epigram *à la* Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold. From Mr. Wilde one has a right to expect fooling, not to say folly, for did he not himself don the motley for commercial purposes when he became the prophet of the sunflower and the messiah of velvet smallclothes? There is plenty of both fooling and folly in *Lady Windermere's Fan;* Mr. Wilde fools pleasantly and satirically with the topics of the times in a manner as light as air, and about as valuable artistically. The folly of the play lies in the fact that it is a tissue of the wildest improbabilities. There is nothing new in the material employed, and Mr. Wilde has not treated this material in a particularly novel way. The dialogue is indeed undeniably clever, with many a pointed and pertinent stab at modern fashions and foibles, but there is too little individuality and too little characterization in the dialogue. The lines or sentiments put into the mouth of any one character might just as appropriately be spoken by any of the other characters, so that we feel that in each instance it is Mr. Wilde, and not the character, who is addressing us.

Lady Windermere's Fan should be rechristened; a more appropriate title would be *The Self-sacrificing Son-in-law*, for never was son-in-law more imposed on by mother-in-law, and never did a son-in-law bow to a mother-in-law's rule with greater apparent equanimity or more docile subservience. Lord Windermere, the son-in-law, in order to save his wife from the knowledge of the continued existence of a mother of decidedly shady reputation, allows said mother, who is supposed by her daughter to have been dead many years, to blackmail him to the extent of providing her with large sums of money and a reintroduction to that society which she had previously outraged. Lady Windermere, being finally informed of the attentions of her husband to a woman of whom the whole town is talking, and being compelled by him to ask this woman to her house, takes her revenge for the supposed injury to herself by adopting the same course of action which she deprecates in the other woman, and agrees to elope with Lord Darlington, a gentlemanly roué, who has declared his passion for her. She leaves her husband's house and goes to Lord Darlington's rooms, leaving a letter for her husband informing him of the fact. This letter is found and read by her mother, who, concealing the fact of his wife's departure from the husband, follows her daughter, and averts the scandal, which seems unavoidable, by claiming as her own a fan which Lady Windermere had dropped when concealing herself in the rooms, thereby allowing her daughter to escape, and sacrificing herself at a time when she had compassed her social rehabilitation by becoming engaged to a noble and brainless lord, whom she had befooled into thinking her an honest woman. Lady Windermere returns to her husband, says nothing to him about her little escapade, and the noble lord is again brainless enough to accept the explanation offered by her mother to account for her appearance in another man's bedroom at two o'clock in the morning.

It seems hardly necessary even to point out the outrageous improbabilities on which these circumstances depend. It is highly improbable that Mrs. Erlynne, the mother, notorious as she is, should have succeeded so long in concealing her identity as the mother of her child; it is still more improbable that Lord Windermere should consent to lose his wife's affection and his life's happiness when a word to his wife would have explained everything; and from these two gross improbabilities, on which the whole play rests, naturally grow many others. Even if one is willing to allow the premises (one must take so much for granted nowadays), *Lady Windermere's Fan*, as a play, is not well constructed. The first act is unconvincing and dull on account of the manifest improbability of the entire situation; the second act is largely taken up with irrelevant incident, which has nothing to do with the case, and which detracts from rather than adds to the main interest of the story; the third act is certainly strong and the best in the piece, but struts along in borrowed plumes—as the screen scene in the *School for Scandal* is more than suggested; while the fourth act, as usual, is entirely unnecessary, and tells us nothing at all. On account of the falsity of the entire basis of the play, the interest of the audience goes out to various subsidiary and episodical characters, whose actions have little or no bearing on the principal story, and who simply appear as the mouthpieces for Mr. Wilde's epigrammatic comments on men, manners, and morals.

In writing *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Mr. Wilde has evidently intended to do for English modern social life what was done for French social life in *Paris Fin de Siècle;* in this he can hardly be said to have been successful. It is possible that the play did not receive full justice at the hands of Mr. Palmer's company. Miss Arthur, while evidently earnest, failed to make Lady Windermere either sympathetic or attractive; while Miss Brookyn, as Mrs. Erlynne, though she exhibited power in certain scenes, was unconvincing and inconsequent, as the character in her hands did not seem to hang together. Mr. Bell made Lord Windermere a rather annoying nonentity; and Mr. Barrymore as Lord Darlington suggested a French perruquier *en fête* in his appearance, and a hero of conventional melodrama in his acting.

On the other hand, the subsidiary characters were all well taken. As the brainless Lord Augustus, Mr. Holland was excellent, and Mrs. Bowers gave an exceedingly finished and humorous sketch of the match-making Duchess of Berwick. Mr. Walden Ramsay also was excellent as the typical English chappie, and was the only one among the men who dressed his part appropriately. Mr. Saville, as a typical club man, and Miss Urhart, as a slyly demure débutante, were also good. Had the play been as accurately dressed as it was superbly mounted, the feeling of reality in regard to its incidents would have been greatly enhanced. Naturally the women were all well dressed, but the men certainly were quite the reverse. This may appear a small point, but it really has much to do with a play which is supposed to illustrate society as it appears. All in all, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, in plot, in dialogue, and in the way it was acted, was a decided disappointment; and it is exceedingly doubtful if it will attain and retain in New York the degree of popularity which it certainly has enjoyed in London.

For what it is—a spectacular melodrama full of elaborate scenic effects and thrilling melodramatic incidents—Mr. Gillette's *Ninety Days* is as good a play as has been seen in New York this winter. In addition to ingenious and elaborate stage effects and pictures, which would be sufficient in themselves to afford an evening's entertainment, the play actually possesses a consistent and interesting story, a fact so unusual in a play of this description as to afford cause for legitimate wonder and amazement. A large fortune has been left to an elderly New England woman on condition that in ninety days she marries a Burmese missionary, a cousin of the testator. The family to whom the fortune goes should this event not take place within the appointed time enlists the services of an American deteetive to prevent its taking place at any cost, and the contrivances of this gentleman, whereby the New England woman and her family, who set off in search of the missionary, are thrown into mad-houses in Egypt, nearly poisoned in Burmah, shipwrecked on the high seas, with other various and sundry misfortunes and mishaps, make a story which proves an effective vehicle for the display of much mechanical ingenuity in the way of scenery and many gorgeous costumes and properties. The scene in the Burmese palace, where a very effective ballet—the Dance of Death—takes place, is really wonderfully effective. The play is sufficiently well acted to fulfil all requirements, and forms so good an evening's entertainment that it will probably hold the boards at the Broadway Theatre for some time to come. The unsophisticated foreigner on beholding this play would certainly be tempted to wonder at the peculiar attributes and actions of the American detective, who, as a member of an organization designed to uphold the law and protect the rights and property of the citizen, acts in defiance of all law, and instigates, or is a party to, the most horrible and most unwarrantable actions to further the nefarious purposes of his employers.

The many artistic and attractive qualities of Mr. Daly's revival of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* are amply evidenced by the large audiences which the production has attracted. In regard to Miss Rehan's Katherine, the paradox of calling an impersonation of a thorough shrew thoroughly charming (as it certainly is from an artistic stand-point), is certainly permissible. It is late in the day to descant upon Miss Rehan's admirable impersonation of this most attractive character. It is powerful, consistent, well conceived, and well executed, as the thousands who have seen it in recent years will readily and willingly attest. Although at the time of the original production the part of Petruchio, owing to the illness of Mr. Drew, was played by Mr. Clarke for several weeks, his assumption of the character in this particular production was a novel feature in it to many. Mr. Clarke's rendering of the daring woman-tamer is spirited, vigorous, and manly, and there is in his handling of the character a suggestion of the methods of an earlier school of acting which is not only appropriate, but attractive. Altogether one is inclined to think that Mr. Clarke has hardly ever appeared to better advantage than as Petruchio. The play in other respects was thoroughly well cast, and mounted with all Mr. Daly's accustomed attention and care, so that the revival is in all respects both successful and enjoyable. A word of special praise is due to Mr. Herbert's Hortensio, and Miss Prince's Bianca.

The fall of the house of Hammerstein, so far as English opera is concerned, has effectually killed the hope of permanent opera in that direction, and the rival plans formulated by the rival committees about the purchase of the Metropolitan Opera-house do not seem to give much hope that we shall compass permanent opera in that way either, as no manager under existing operatic conditions could undertake a season of opera at the Metropolitan with any hope of practical success without a guarantee, and with a large proportion of possible receipts practically wiped out, as they would be were either of the proposed schemes carried out. Mr. Hammerstein announces a season of opera to be given at his house by the French company from New Orleans, and promises are held out for the production of several important operatic novelties during this engagement. A former experience of a French company from New Orleans does not, however, lead one to expect that performances which might content Southern opera-goers will be up to the requisite standard of metropolitan excellence. Of this one will have an opportunity of judging later on.

One need not, however, have starved, musically, with two first-class symphony concerts—those of the Boston Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society—a capital concert of chamber music given by the Kneisel Quartet of Boston, and the first of a series of three recitals of romantic piano forte music, given by the well-known composer and pianist, Xaver Scharwenka. At the Philharmonic concert a decided novelty was offered in the shape of a new symphony in C minor, by Klughardt, a German composer, whose name has hitherto been totally unfamiliar to American ears.

In the person of M. Henri Marteau the New York public has had of late various opportunities of hearing a young violinist whose work gives evidence of decided present excellence and still greater future possibilities. From an artistic stand-point Mr. Marteau's style is still somewhat unformed, but his playing is full of sentiment and genuine artistic feeling, and his technical proficiency is already remarkable, and gives promise of still greater excellence. There is at the present time an abandon and passionate intensity to his playing which is eminently attractive, but which may degenerate into reckless carelessness if he is too much led away by the great success which he has undoubtedly already achieved. The danger of success is one which all artists have to encounter and overcome. One is tempted to believe that M. Marteau will remain the victor in any such encounter, as his artistic appreciation and feelings are evidently sincere, and his talents and attainments undeniable. Should he go on as he has begun, the world will hear more of him later.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.



THE INSTALLATION OF EXHIBITS.

UNTIL men shall have become faultlessly wise and entirely unselfish the space in any great exhibition will never be so skilfully allotted that all exhibitors and proposed exhibitors will be satisfied. It appears to make little difference whether the space at the disposal of the installation officer is great or small, there are always some who are not pleased with the manner of its allotment, and these usually cry out with a great noise. The space at the World's Fair in Chicago is greater by far than at any other international exhibition. Many manufacturers and others who wished to exhibit, naturally perhaps, concluded that as this space was great, each exhibitor could easily secure all that he fancied. But just as the space was greater than ever before, so has it been in greater demand than was ever previously the case. If the installation officers had had four times as much space as they have it could all have been disposed of, and that, too, for exhibits which none but the discriminating and critical would have regarded as unworthy.

Under these circumstances, which were not entirely anticipated, Director-General Davis concluded that he would exercise his right of selection, and allot the space to those of the applicants who gave promise of making the best exhibits. This very naturally excluded a certain percentage of applicants entirely, and in nearly every instance those to whom space has been awarded have had to be content with less than they applied for. Some who have been excluded entirely have resented their exclusion; some who get less than they wanted are angry over this disappointment. As everything gets into the newspapers nowadays, this subject of allotment and installation has also been discussed, and in some instances with exceeding unfairness. This unfairness has been manifested by telling half-truths and otherwise garbling facts. Here is an instance: A statement was made that one of the most considerable manufacturing firms in New York could not get space, and would therefore not exhibit. This statement was decorated with the intimation that it was necessary to pay in some mysterious way some half-hidden authority before space could be secured. The truth is that as good space as could be found in the main building had been allotted to this firm at that time, and the firm's representatives in Chicago knew of this. The official announcement had been withheld until all the space in the same building had been allotted, so that all notices could be sent on the same day. These notices were sent a few days after this unfair attack on the Director-General and his assistants.

It is likely that in apportioning the space some mistakes have been made. In so large a work how could it have been otherwise? But these mistakes have been those of judgment, and were not prompted by any inclination to favor Chicago exhibitors and to discriminate against their Eastern competitors. Indeed, there is more "kicking" in Chicago over the allotments than anywhere else. Every Chicago business man who thought he had anything to exhibit early applied for space. The same rule of selection applied to other applications was applied to those from Chicago, and the percentage of disappointed applicants is greater in Chicago than anywhere else. Many persons took the view that the fair was to be only a gigantic advertisement of Chicago. If this were so, why should not the individual firms of Chicago also be advertised? But the officers of the fair have taken a much larger view, and have maintained that what advertisement any person or locality received must be incidental, and not of the first consideration. Narrow-minded men and incorrigible self-seekers could scarcely be expected to see the matter from this point of view. So far, however, their loud complaints have gone unheeded. But some other Chicago men have acted very differently. One director of the fair and another large shareholder of the stock have given up the space allotted to them because they were unwilling to seem to have used their positions to secure any personal advantage. Such disinterested action has strengthened the officers in their efforts to make the fair as good as they possibly could without fear and without favor.

The Director-General has had general charge of the allotment of space, but the details have necessarily been turned over to the department chiefs, who have as a general thing been selected for their special knowledge. These department chiefs are not merely local men, by-the-way, but have come from various parts of the country at the invitation of the United States Commission. Few if any of them were candidates for appointment, but they were selected as a college faculty is—each man on account of supposed special fitness. Each of these chiefs has been ambitious in passing on the applications for space in his section to make each group and class complete without endless repetitions of the same thing. When a class has been filled it has been necessary to reject all duplicate offers. Here again have heart-burnings been caused. And yet it could not have been otherwise. There were enough offers of pianos, for instance, to fill nearly the whole of the immense main building, and enough space applied for in which to exhibit steam-boilers to have taken up all the room in Machinery Hall. And yet the pianos differed from one another in no way except as to cases, and the steam-boilers were to a great extent as much alike as so many pease. The spectacle of a great building filled with pianos and another with steam-boilers would scarcely have been edifying. The main purpose of the fair is educational, and wherever this purpose is lost sight of there is sure to follow a measure of failure.

In the allotment of space on the grounds and in the buildings New York has fared extremely well. For the State building she has the best possible site, just in front of the Art Building, and across the way from the building of Pennsylvania. In the buildings exhibitors from New York have come nearer getting what they applied for than those from any other State. One of the State commissioners has said that sixty-five per cent. of the firms from New York asking for space for stationary exhibits have received it, while forty-five per cent. of the New York applications for space in Machinery Hall have been allowed. And in the other sections New York has fared just as well. I mention this because it has been charged that there was discrimination against New York in the allotment. The truth is that there was no dis-

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crimination, nor was there any favor shown. New York exhibitors received the space allotted to them because they deserved to have it, and for no other reason in the world.

THE S.S. "CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

MANY of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Fair will serve very useful purposes in assisting the fair to a successful consummation. Some of these, like the great engines and boilers in Machinery Hall, are regularly entered for competition, and juries will decide upon their merits. Others are entered not for competition, and still others will be run in connection with the exhibition while not having been entered in any way. But some of these are none the less exhibits. Notable among such will be the great whaleback steamship *Christopher Columbus*, the first ship of this type to be used for passenger traffic. In a previous lucid article in the WEEKLY the virtues and the merits of this type of vessel were fully explained. But heretofore these vessels have been used solely for freight-boats. It is the intention of those controlling the patents to ultimately use them for passenger-boats also, and for such use it is claimed that they are particularly well adapted on account of their roominess, buoyancy, and general seaworthiness. This new ship will be used in taking passengers from Chicago to Jackson Park, and on excursions out into the lake, so as to show the visitors the merits of the type.

The World's Fair Steamship Company, composed of persons interested in the whaleback type of vessel, have been awarded the privilege of landing passengers at the World's Fair wharfs. The only whaleback boat that they will use in the service will be the *Christopher Columbus*. A fleet of twenty-five ordinary lake passenger-boats will have facilities for taking 15,000 passengers an hour to Jackson Park, and bringing the same number back again. This large whaleback boat will make four trips to the park every day, and on each trip she will be entitled by her license to take 5000 persons. That is certainly a very large excursion boat. Her fittings of the three decks, as shown in the picture in this paper, will be magnificent with mahogany and brass finishings. Her speed will be at twenty miles an hour, and as the distance from the main landing in Chicago, at the foot of Van Buren Street, to the dock at Jackson Park is only eight miles, it will readily be seen that the journey will be short, and should be very pleasant.

During the building of the fair the means of getting to the grounds have been sadly inadequate, and many have wondered whether this transportation problem would ever be satisfactorily solved. Without these boats it would probably always be sadly inadequate. With the elevated road finished and the cable lines running through trains, and, above all, with this line of steamers, it does not seem impossible that the 200,000 visitors expected every day may be carried back and forth with some measure of comfort. The difficulty will be—and such difficulties cannot be provided against—that nearly all may wish to go out and return at the same hour. Under such circumstances, even though there were a fleet of ten boats, each as large as this *Christopher Columbus*, there would be crowding and discomfort.

The hope of those who are managing the fair is that by keeping the buildings and grounds open at night the arrivals will extend through the whole day and until the evening, and that those tired out with a daytime visit will return home before nightfall. If arrivals and departures can be thus distributed over the day and evening, a trip to Jackson Park and back will not be unreasonably uncomfortable, except on those days when abnormally large crowds will attend. The fare on boats and railroads will be twenty-five cents for the round trip; when the *Christopher Columbus* takes a lake excursion the fare will be fifty cents. Few visitors, whether from the Atlantic or Pacific seaboards, or from those fertile fields once thought to be arid deserts, will care to miss so good a chance to see something of this inland sea, which has ways and manners of its own, strange alike to salt-water mariners and to plainsmen of the West.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE HAWAIIAN COMMISSIONERS.

THE provisional government of Hawaii is largely in the control of the sons of American missionaries. President S. B. Dole and Attorney-General W. O. Smith are the sons of missionaries, and were born in the islands. The American interest, and especially the sugar-planting interest, was the active agency in the revolution. Mr. Dole is a man of high character, and a judge. English residents of Honolulu, as well as the Americans, repose the utmost confidence in him. The four members of the Executive Council are Americans by birth or extraction.

Of the five Commissioners one is an Englishman, three are the sons of Americans, and were born in the islands, and one is a native of this country who has lived at Honolulu for fifteen years. The first Commissioner, Mr. L. A. Thurston, may be said to be of the oldest missionary family in the Sandwich Islands. He is the grandson of one of the first two missionaries who sailed from Boston in 1820, in the brig *Thaddeus*. From the moment that these missionaries landed on the islands the American influence has grown until now it is dominant. Americans own most of the sugar plantations and carry on most of the business of Hawaii. They govern by reason of their wealth and intelligence, not by reason of their numbers, for they constitute a small part of the population. It is seventy-three years since the two missionaries landed, and now the grandson of one of them is at Washington offering to give the islands to the United States. This Mr. Thurston is not a clergyman, but he is a member of the Congregational Church, which is the leading Protestant church of the islands, whither it was taken from New England. Mr. Thurston is a lawyer. He was born about thirty-seven years ago, and was educated in this country. Many of the sons of the missionaries have been graduated at American colleges, Williams College, where the American Board was originated, being their favorite institution. Mr. Thurston for some time has been recognized as one of the leading men of the Sandwich Islands. From 1887–1890 he was Minister of the Interior.

Mr. W. R. Castle is also a native of the islands. His father was a prominent merchant. He also is a lawyer, and was educated in the United States. He was living in New York, and was called home to accept the Attorney-Generalship. He has been a member of the Legislature several times.

Mr. C. L. Carter was also born in Hawaii. His father was for many years minister to this country, and was highly respected at Washington. This Mr. Carter is young, being only twenty-seven years old, but he is rich by inheritance and has a good professional standing. He is a graduate of Michigan University.

Mr. W. C. Wilder has lived in the islands for fifteen years, and is about forty-five years old. He is an American. He is a lumber merchant and President of the Wilder Steamship Company—a local corporation, the ships plying among the islands. He is a "noble," having served in the Upper House of the Legislature. He is one of the "solid men" of the islands—rich, energetic, and strongly American.

The English member of the Commission is Mr. Joseph Marsden. His personal interests are American, for he is a sugar-planter. He is fifty-five years old, is educated, of excellent business standing, an old resident of the islands, and has been employed by the government in looking after immigration.

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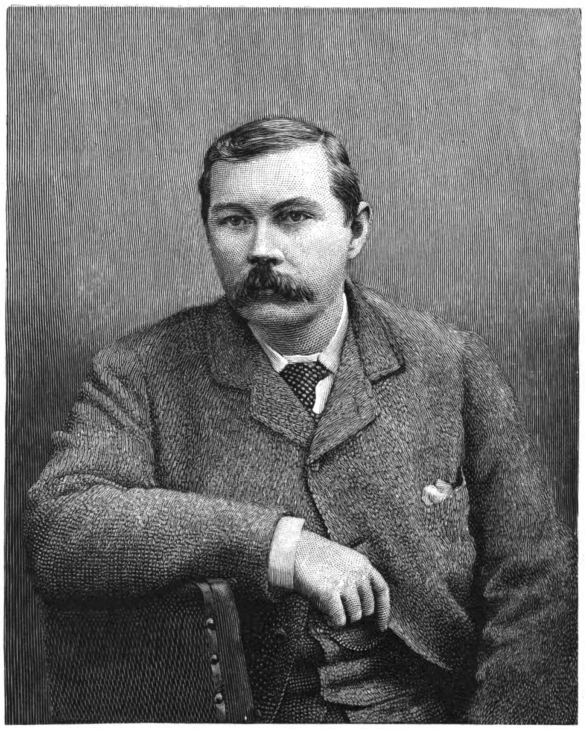
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MR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

MR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

An English critic told his readers the other day that the historical novel is defunct. Whether the statement, like the ancient one which imputes unveracity to the entire race, was made in haste does not appear; but it certainly must have been made in ignorance, or without consideration. True, the historical novel has not the vogue it once had. The spell of the past, as exercised by most of the latter-day magicians, has lost somewhat of its old potency. The magic wand is frequently not magic at all; so that the events and characters summoned up are too often shadowy and unreal, and consequently a mere weariness of spirit. But historical romance is not dead. On the contrary, there are distinct signs of a revival. In spite of frivolity and the noisy gospel of "modernity," the modern reader is reverting with quickened interest to his ancestors, finding, perhaps, with pleasurable surprise that the terse speech and ready jest of hunters and men-at-arms, faithfully rendered, is every whit as entertaining as the minor commonplaces of the nineteenth century tea table, and that the record of accidents and adventures by flood and field may yield as much wholesome excitement as the recital of qualms about infant baptism, or tedious details of the useful but prosaic domestic duties of seared and angular spinsters. In a word, "the age" is beginning to discover that it does not itself monopolize the great and moving qualities of human nature.

To no living English novelist are we more indebted for the renewal of interest in things fresh and natural than to Mr. A. Conan Doyle. He has made a strenuous effort to rehabilitate and quicken "the old dead time," and his success has been conspicuous. *The White Company*, hitherto his most important work, is not only excellent as a story, rich in incident, and strong in characterization, but gives the best picture of the life of England and France in the fourteenth century that is to be found in fiction. That splendid period, a period during which, as some think, England reached the summit of her greatness, is depicted with not a little of the power and felicity of the poet, and with all the accuracy of the historian. Nor is this accuracy attained by prolix and tiresome descriptions; for Mr. Doyle's writings are remarkable for their liveliness and briskness of movement.

Mr. Doyle has not, however, confined himself exclusively or even mainly to the past. Of the dozen books which he has written only three are strictly historical, *The White Company*, *Micah Clarke*, and *The Refugees*, the last of which is now being published serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Perhaps it is as a writer of detective stories that Mr. Doyle is most widely known, and it is interesting to note that these stories had their origin in the author's irritation at the perfectly arbitrary manner in which the detective of fiction always appears to attain his results. *A Study in Scarlet* was written to show what Mr. Doyle conceived to be the true deductive and analytical method of solving detective problems. The success of the book led to the writing of *The Sign of the Four*, and the later *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. This last has had an immense popularity in serial form—indeed, has been by far the most popular thing of its kind that has appeared in England for years, and the work is being continued in the new series of "Adventures" now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Then he is the author of some volumes of short stories, and of an ultra-sensational novel representing his 'prentice work, entitled *The Firm of Girdlestone*. In all these there are freshness, force, and originality; the detective tales are extremely clever, and are not unlikely to mark an epoch in their own order of fiction. Henceforth readers will be apt to demand more reason and less miracle in the achievements of the ordinary detective.

But while Mr. Doyle has done well in all the departments he has entered—and he has been a singularly versatile writer—his highest claim to critical consideration must rest on his historical work. In it he has made his most serious efforts, and by it he would probably wish to be judged. He is, no doubt, aware that in taking "the high historic ground" he subjects himself to a more searching criticism and more dangerous comparisons than if he delineated contemporary life. But he has taken the risk, and must abide the consequences.

In these days a man is not permitted to be himself, but must be compared to some one else. Rather inconsiderately and hastily, I think, Mr. Doyle has been compared to Scott. The verdict is inevitable, even if tradition were without force. Mr. Doyle is not Scott any more than Hawthorne was Scott, any more than Scott himself was Shakespeare or Cervantes. Dogberry observed quaintly that comparisons are odorous; they are often unjust, and generally misleading. The more a writer is himself, the less he can resemble any one else. In literature there ought to be no insistence or imitation, for imitations will always abound so long as mediocrity persists in writing. If there is nothing in *The White Company* like the famous tournament scene in *Ivanhoe*, are we on that ground to pronounce the former book inferior to the latter? Surely not. It ought rather to stand to Mr. Doyle's credit that, following the master in a perilous enterprise, he has preserved his independence and his individuality.

He is, in fact, too richly endowed to need to be a borrower from anybody. Touches there doubtless are in *The White Company* that remind one of the author of *Quentin Durward*; but they are incidental, or such as must result from similarity of theme. Mr. Doyle does indeed take material that had been utilized by Scott, but he regards it from a point of view of his own. Scott, in a way that is incomparable and inimitable, has drawn the English bowman as an outlaw; Mr. Doyle has presented him as the flower of infantry soldiers, fighting under his country's flag partly from patriotism, partly to mend his fortune, and partly for the fun of the thing; and has added a new attraction to English fiction.

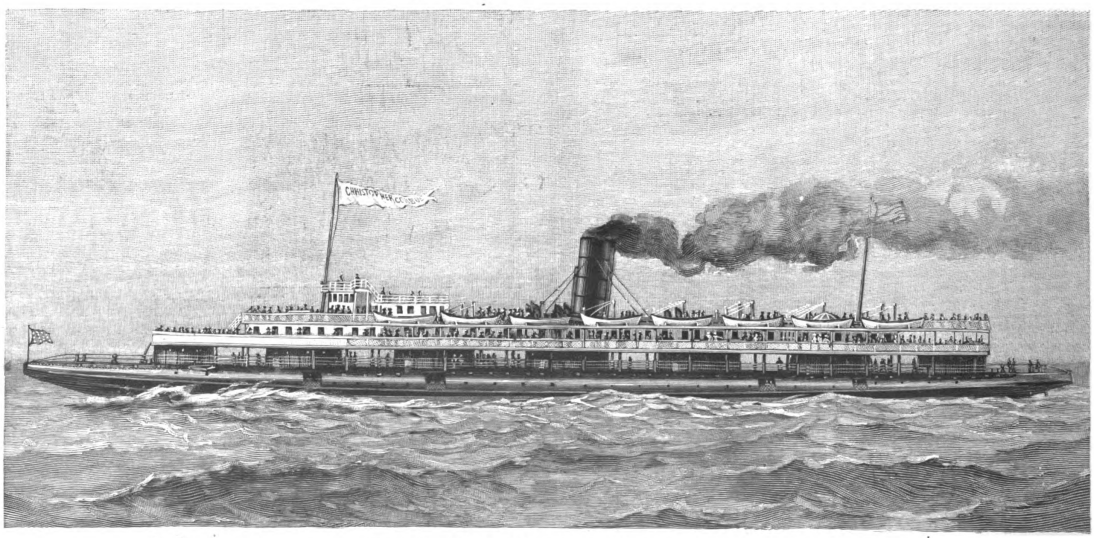


ELEONORA DUSE.—[SEE PAGE 159.]

In the most difficult part of the novelist's art Mr. Doyle has given promise of very high achievement. His characters have the vitality and the variety of life. They move us as friends and companions; we share their joys, suffer in their defeats, and sympathize even in their failings. Sir Nigel Loring, the model of chivalry, the pink of courtliness, the gentlest as well as the bravest of knights, is a character that Cervantes or Scott might have been proud of; and Hordle John, uncouth, generous, and utterly fearless, is a man whom the reader is certain to remember with affection. There are others hardly less delightful, and in general Mr. Doyle's characters are perfectly discriminated from each other.

As to his style, a word will suffice. It is vigorous rather than subtle, broad rather than fine. There is little or no sacrifice to the graces; but in the midst of richness and power daintiness will scarcely be missed. There are multitudes who all too successfully cultivate the vice of preciousness. Mr. Doyle is not precious. But he is a born story-teller, with gifts of narrative and characterization that have already made him the delight of thousands, and are likely to make him the delight of many thousands more.

J. A. STEUART.



A WHALEBACK PASSENGER-BOAT.—[SEE PAGE 162.]

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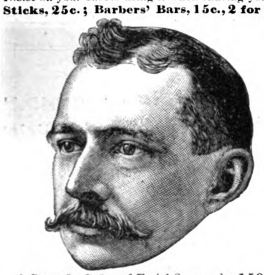
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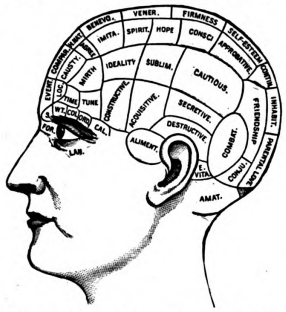
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THE NEW YORK STREETS.

OBSERVERS who see with the brains behind their eyes are pretty well agreed that rarely if ever have the streets of New York been in a fouler condition than they are at this time. The beneficence of frost, which is in other ways such an enemy to the poverty-stricken masses, has locked up in its icy grip most of those latent elements of evil which exist in accumulations of filth. The senses, which are the scouts of the facts that make up truth, are not assailed to the same extent at this season of the year. The seventy-seven stenches which Coleridge claimed he could distinguish in the streets of Cologne would have escaped the poet's perception had they been put to sleep by such a New York winter as we have had. But this accident does not hide a great fact.

Even in those streets where the trickery of an ineffective department would naturally seek to whitewash itself the icy accumulations of dirt and refuse are quite noticeable. In those seemingly innocent piles of frozen stuff, and in the heavy layers of filthy ice which cover so many of the most reputable streets where the wealthier classes live, it is easy enough to divine what exists in a temporarily innocuous state. But in the tenement-house districts, and in many instances these do not lie far away from where the better classes live, the condition of things is alarming. The city is to-day threatened with unaccustomed disease, and a swift thaw might easily add a hundred horse-power to the forces which assail the public health.

The Street-cleaning Department, armed with an appropriation far in excess of the usual sinews of war, shrugs its shoulders, so far as a Tammany department of public service ever deigns to excuse itself, with the cry of *non possum*, the hide-bound plea of failure, putting the blame on extraordinary conditions of weather. But, familiar with the past, thinking men look on this as little less than "playing possum."

The illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY of this issue give a vivid notion of the result of the present efforts of the Street-cleaning Department in discharging their all-important functions, or, in brief, of how not to do it. While these pictures, which are actual photographs limned by the sun and not by any artist's fancy, deal mostly with the tenement-house districts, they are none the less an accurate gauge of the aggregate truth. These object-lessons bring several things especially into a clear and searching light.

The condition of the streets, with the masses of mud, manure, and other monstrous agglomeration of everything dangerous, unsightly, and offensive, is plainly indicated. All the refuse which a city eliminates is represented in the heavy crust and in the piles of material which encumber the pavement and the edges of the sidewalks. The pedestrian of a nicer sense is seen picking his steps over the fairway of stone which is supposed to keep him free from the pollutions which reek about him—a supposition in many cases a bitter deception. Barrels and pails overladen with material, mingled in a foul mess of garbage and ashes, beset the sidewalks. In many cases these have been upset, and the unsavory contents emptied on the curb-stone and into the gutter. The poor wretches that live in the surrounding houses cannot altogether be blamed, for a quart cannot be put into a pint cup, and when the department carts fail to make their rounds the results are inevitable. The unsightliness of many of these thoroughfares cannot be depicted in words, and only the photograph can represent them. Aside from the failure to remove the daily accumulation of city refuse, the worthlessness of the system to provide for keeping the streets in a decent state is brought into vivid light, and a suggestion of the limping cripples, lame, halt, and blind, who are employed on the regular force of the Street-cleaning Department comes home to the fancy. In private enterprise employers are careful to use servants adequate for the work. But the wretched examples of the *genus homo* who wield the broom in New York give a better notion of the possible degeneration of man than a visit to the country poor-house. These men are voters, and must be cared for by the paternal love of Tammany, for on election day each one has as much political value as Cornelius Vanderbilt or Dr. Parkhurst. The long strings of trucks and carts which obstruct the sidewalks, gutters, and much of the width of the streets have often been complained of by the street-cleaning officials as responsible in part for the failure to keep streets in good order. Recent statutes have been enacted to lessen the evil, and there can scarcely be a doubt that the police, if they were active in enforcing the laws, could reduce the evil to a minimum; but the police, like the street-cleaners, are the creatures of a Tammany system of administration. In many of the streets, on the east side of town especially, as is shown in several of our illustrations, trucks may be seen buried to their hubs in a mass of refuse, sometimes frozen, sometimes loose, and reeking with unspeakable abominations. It is said on the best authority that by actual count the trucks which encumber the public thoroughfares at night and during much of the day would reach from New York to Peekskill, a distance of about forty miles, if they were stretched in a line. As long as such abuses exist it is impossible to put street-cleaning on a rational basis; but even within the limits of its immediate work, one is constrained to declare that the department responsible for the streets has been tried long and patiently and found utterly wanting. And in spite of winter, which covers up the worst to the careless eye, the truth was never more startling than now.

The responsibility of the city of New York, as the great foreign port of the United States, is tremendous at all times. With the coming spring and summer that responsibility will be quadrupled. The threat of cholera importation, which is even more than a threat, and the interests of the Columbian Exposition, which touch the financial interests of New York scarcely less than they do those of Chicago, add new complexities to a question which is of overwhelming value in itself. Unless the machinery of street cleaning runs vastly smoother and better than we have now any reason to hope for, one can only look to the future with despondency. Those who study the illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY with a thoughtful eye will perceive ominous cause for dread.

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PENN STATE

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE COMING CABINET, AS SUGGESTED BY HIS DAILY READING.

I'VE studied up the question, and I think the country's safe,
Although to have a Demmycrat to rule us makes me chafe.
Things can't go very wrong if what the papers says is true,
That Dan Lamont's to be in charge of War an' Navy too.

I ain't afraid that crops 'll go to bloomin' 'tarnal smash,
Er that the gov'ment's like to do much that is wild 'nd rash,
If it is so, as in the daily papers now I reads,
That Dan Lamont's to take Rusk's place manipulatin' seeds.

'Nd I've no end o' confidence our letters 'll go straight
To where they're destined, as the envelopes may indicate,
If Grovey Cleveland's going to have the courage and the face
To put Lamont, as I've heern tell, in Wannymaker's place.

'Nd what is more, no foreign land 'll bluff us Yankee folk,
No Britisher will dare to try to bind us 'neath no yoke,
If they be right who've had a sight of Mister Cleveland's slate,
'Nd say he's got Dan down agin to run affairs of State.

'Nd there's a friend o' mine who knows a friend of Dan's what says
We're comin' into bloomin' fine 'nd mighty prosp'rous days,
Because he knows it for a fact, jest as 'twas told to me,
That this same Dan's likewise to have charge of the Treasury.

I don't know Dan Lamont myself, but I'm prepared to swear
That he's the simplest greatest man there's livin' anywhere;
For if he wasn't, Mister C.—'tis pretty safe to bet—
Would never dare to let him have the hull darned cabinet.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE INCREASE OF SPORTSMEN.

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.

HAD the compilers of the last census given the same attention to collecting the statistics and data of the sportsmen as they did to all branches of trade, the result would have furnished some startling information, bordering on the incredible. It is safe to say that there is more wealth among the fraternity, more capital invested, more money spent annually, by the sportsmen of America than by any guild, society, order, or whatsoever incorporated body in the United States.

During the last ten years the increase and development of the sportsman have been phenomenal. A decade ago only the large cities had a gun club. To-day it is a small town indeed that does not boast of its "fine team." In fact, the modern gun club seems to have taken the place of the old-fashioned debating society, and the crack of the double barrel has drowned the last echo of sky-scraping eloquence.

The makers of fine guns in this country could be counted on the fingers of one hand ten years ago; now they are numbered by the score. The guns turned out by these factories, in which millions of dollars are invested, are of the very best, with all the latest improvements, and it is needless to add that the American manufacturer keeps pace with the world.

Of late the manufacture of fixed ammunition has increased. Formerly most sportsmen preferred to load their own shells, but it became apparent that the trade which made a specialty of that business could, by buying the ammunition in large quantities, furnish the shells loaded cheaper than the retail buyer could obtain the material to fill them, to say nothing of the time and labor expended. It is exceptional now to see any one who lives within reach of a railroad attempt to charge his shells, and even the small country stores offer loaded ones for sale where once only powder and shot could be obtained. The amount of ammunition used annually by the gun clubs would supply the armies of all Europe.

All this has awakened an enthusiastic love of real sport among the people. The time when the city youth fond of sport had to steal through the dark streets on his way to or from the country has passed away. The young man who confesses to a love of hunting is no longer pointed out as a "ne'er-do-well."

America is fast becoming a nation of marksmen, and if there should ever be a war with foreign powers, the spectacle often witnessed on the late battlefields of Virginia, where fully one-third of the muskets borne were overloaded, underloaded, or in some way wrongly loaded, would not be repeated.

A member of a gun club is only content for a short time to shoot at inanimate objects, and the very moment this becomes monotonous he develops into a sportsman, as the grub turns into a butterfly. His attention and interest are no longer attracted by the scores of the shooting matches or the high record of the champions, but he reads with avidity the letters of correspondents giving accounts of actual experiences in the field.

The true sportsman will take to the rod as naturally as to the gun. Not that a huntsman is necessarily a fisherman—for the pursuit of the former requires incessant motion, skill, and endurance, while in most sections of the country fishing, according to Izaak Walton, is a "meditative, peaceful avocation," the greatest qualification for which is patience. I have read the quaint observations of old Izaak over and over again, and am compelled to believe that the gentle fisherman never hooked anything stronger than a perch, or at the most a delicate brook trout. But the angler who goes fishing in the streams of Maine or the lakes of Canada will have his sporting instincts as keenly alive as the most inveterate gunner of large game. He must undergo as great physical exertion and exhibit the most perfect endurance, while the excitement of playing a lively salmon which bites like a steel-trap and pulls like a horse, or of fighting a great lake ten-pounder which never yields until dead, is as intense as the most thoroughbred sportsman could desire.

I have never known a huntsman who, after trying a rod on the game fish which haunt the Canadian waters, did not become at once an enthusiastic fisherman, though but yesterday he was ready to echo bluff Dr. Johnson's words, "An angler consists of a pole with a line at one end and a fool at the other."

Thrice happy and blest is he who has sporting blood in his veins. It is a magic and potent fluid. Mother Nature is royal—a lavish, indulgent, and beneficent lover of such of her children as obey her mandates, but as relentless as the Fates to those who break her inexorable laws. She requires "value received" for all she gives. For robust health, hardened sinews, good digestion, and steady nerves she demands their equivalent in regular physical exercise. To enjoy perfect health one must work for it.

A sportsman when in pursuit of game calls into play the same muscles as the hod-carrier and the railroad track walker, and such is the enthusiasm born and bred in him, the work is a pleasure, the labor a delight, and at the same time he is laying up a reserve fund of strength and vigor for later years. It is an established fact that a sportsman is a rare patient of the doctor. His tonic is the open air, his "nerve-restorative" drawn from the spicy odors of the wood and field, and his general "tone" and temperament seem to be in accordance with the sunny, patient forces of nature. His philosophy is trained to a higher grade, and he learns to take, in hunter parlance, the "fat with the lean," which soon becomes habitual, and stands him in great stead when encountering the sterner details of every-day life.

This growing taste in America for out-door sport will have its effect on the coming race in their superb physical development. Above all athletics are hunting and fishing. With these there is no violent exertion followed by long inaction. On the contrary, the exercise is continued and well sustained. A tramp through the heather all day with gun and dog, or a scramble down the rocky cliff of a granite-walled mountain stream with rod and reel, is more beneficial than the frenzied rush of a football game or the arduous pull of a boat-race. Then, in addition to this, a love of sporting inculcates a love for the dog. Gun clubs and kennels keep even pace. For every gun turned out of the factory there will be a dog raised at the kennel, and it is satisfactory to reflect that even as science improves fire-arms, so the dog breeds up. A pair of well-trained English or Irish setters of to-day are as far superior in intelligence, beauty, and go to the dogs our grandfathers hunted with as the modern shot-gun is over the ancient flintlock, or Joe Manton percussion-cap fowling-piece.

A sportsman, and he only, can love and appreciate a dog at its full value. Of course many people have canine pets, embracing every variety of pug, poodle, and turnspit. But there is as wide a difference between these household favorites and the trusted companions of the field as between a dude and a statesman.

The sportsman's pointers or setters are of a highly nervous organization, the result of careful and select breeding. They are trained from puppyhood for special work, and how faithfully and lovingly they perform their duties! It is a mutual contract which the dog understands as well as his master. The setter or pointer knows that it is his place to find the game and his master's business to bag it. There is also a mutual dependence; one cannot get along without the other.

The instincts of these animals, engendered by generations of judicious breeding and breaking, is wonderful. It is next to human reasoning.

One admirable feature of gun clubs is that they all favor protection for the game, and use every endeavor to see the game-laws carried out. Experience has proved that indiscriminate slaughter of fur and feather, even in the most favored localities, speedily drives away or exterminates the game, whilst a moderate degree of protection will keep their number practically undiminished.

One substantial proof of the great increase of sportsmen is the number of syndicates which buy up large tracts of wild, uncultivated lands and turn them into game-preserves. There are many of these properties in North Carolina and Virginia, and the experiments have in every instance proved a success.

It should be borne in mind that it is not the sportsman who exterminates the game. It is the avaricious market-gunner and soulless pot-hunter, who kill everything in sight, and whose appetite for slaughter is insatiable. In these game-preserves, however, every precaution is used to keep this gentry away, and a member, therefore, of one of these clubs can count on moderate sport for the balance of his life.

The South will always be the Mecca of American sportsmen. The vast inaccessible swamps, the immense areas of unhealthy low grounds, the great stretches of barren lands with soil so thin as to make agriculture a failure, seem to have been designed by nature as an inexhaustible reservoir for game.

For the fisherman Canada presents unequalled attractions, and its immense territory, as virgin now as in the prehistoric age, furnishes the finest sport to both the wielders of rod and gun.

In conclusion, it can be truly said that the prospect of small game for the future was never better for the legitimate sportsman; and for many years to come the amateur can find a reasonable amount of shooting in the field, and the fisherman can follow the mountain streams and gain health and pleasure in "ye gentle pursuit of angling."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLLEGE "GYM."

BY H. A. CUSHING.

THE spirit that made the Olympic victor's wreath an abiding honor for the athletic Greek and for his family, that created in the Spartan his rugged and awe-inspiring nature, the spirit of Achilles' friend Patroclus and of Kingsley's Amyas Leigh, is still living. The force that developed for England in the sixteenth century a king who has been historically portrayed as a hammer-thrower, and in the nineteenth century an uncrowned ruler who will long be known as the scholarly tree-feller of Hawarden, the force that drove the rollicking Scot to the heather, and his cousin below the Cheviot Hills to the cricket green and the saddle, is potently active to-day.

In more recent years we see that same out-door bodily exercise continued, until in the twenties of this century we find a record of that simple work being supplemented by the erection, in some institutions, of suitable apparatus for further development. Thus, in 1826, the old "Delta" at Cambridge, with its pieces of primitive apparatus, became, in connection with an unoccupied commons hall, the centre of physical activity for Harvard students, while about the same time the Yale students were afforded an opportunity for exercise in an out-door gymnasium provided by the corporation's appropriation of $300.

Many men now living can spin tales of the early college day, with its out-door gymnasium—called gymnasium now by courtesy, as it were—owned by a club or supplied by the college authorities, and consisting of vaulting blocks, rings, bars, and such simple pieces of apparatus. The same man would not have to be an "oldest living graduate" to be able to recall the charitable labors of a "chip day," or the equally patriotic exertions of a "gravel day," or the tramp, demanded by tradition, on "mountain day;" the last being still known to many undergraduates simply as an annual holiday, and not as a relic of the festive past.

The faculties of the past, judging from the character of some of the holidays, believed in guiding in a fatherly way the efforts of the vigorous undergraduates, and they also preserved, to some extent, a true Puritanical, or possibly Quaker, ideal of existence, if one can judge from the refusal of a certain college faculty to grant a petition of the students for a bowling-alley because it would occasion too much noise, and because "public sentiment would not justify the countenancing of such a game." And yet, at the present day, that same college maintains a billiard-hall in its gymnasium, some quite expert bowlers are found in its faculty, and the head of its department of physical education, although very near threescore and ten, rides a "safety."

To the industrious college man of the early day the garden, the stable, and the wood-pile gave sufficient opportunities for exercise, but with the increase of prospective patrimonies there came to college the boy of leisure, who soon became a dyspeptic, and the call for a department of hygiene became an imperative reality.

This call, developed by natural circumstances, was strengthened, and the cause it spoke for furthered, by the trials of the war-times and the attendant incentives to action. It is at about that time that we see the beginning of the college gymnasium, of organized and definite form, such buildings being built in 1859 and 1860 at Amherst, Harvard, and Yale, at a cost, respectively, of $15,000, $10,000, and $13,000. Since that time many colleges have erected gymnasia, but most of the buildings have been quite simple in design and scope, and destined to be outgrown in no long time. With their abandonment begins the present era of the college gymnasium, the period beginning with the erection of the finely equipped Hemenway Gymnasium at Cambridge, and ending with that of the generally considered perfect gymnasium recently presented to Yale University by the stanch friends of her athletic interests. In the intervening period of about a dozen years we learn of the erection of many gymnasia, embodying many new ideas of construction, and tending to give one a more definite idea of what a college gymnasium may and should be. From the departments of physical culture at Amherst, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Princeton, Smith, Wellesley, Williams, and many others, besides those already referred to, one can secure a good basis for an ideal of organization and equipment, and easily become convinced that the college gymnasium is an excellent field for the special efforts and the careful thoughts of the already many-sided architect.

The collocation of bath and dressing and rubbing rooms, the ventilation of drying-rooms and lockers, the lighting of the baseball "cage," the material of the in-door track, the best in-door accommodation for special baseball, football, rowing, and tennis training, as well as the possibilities for the introduction and growth of new lines of work, plainly suggest the necessity of careful and inventive thought. The college gymnasium is no longer four walls and a set of dumbbells, with, perchance, a bar and a ladder. It is that part of the college that must make the student more fit for the creditable accomplishment of his allotted work. It is not simply to make high-vaulters, ten-second sprinters, good half-backs, or strong strokes, but to give men the power to carry on their work with a vim and a determination that will insure success.

The college gymnasium is a place not for the production only of studious athletes, but of athletic students; a place where an hour's varied exercise, a run, a spray, and a rub down can be had regularly, and where a man may turn his thoughts wholly from books and studies for a while by a bout at fencing, or boxing, or by a game in the bowling-alley, or in the handball-court, from which he can get increased capacity for greater and better endeavors. Kept within its proper sphere, it is as necessary for the symmetrical and complete development of the young "scholar in politics" as is the mathematical recitation, the historical lecture, or the debating society, and it is as legitimate.

We can plainly see the result of its influence, now becoming quite an evil one in the eyes of him who sees only abnormally developed wrong in the gathering of such vast crowds on Manhattan Field and Springfield's Hampden Park. That there may be evil in some of its phases one may well suppose; but older heads are at hand, and there is sure to come a time of proper conservatism. We will also see greater development and further expansion, now represented by such annexes as the Carey and Weld buildings at Cambridge, by the "cage" and the club-house at Princeton, and by other important adjuncts.

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THE GRIPMAN—CHICAGO CABLE-CARS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

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THE HAWAIIAN BUSINESS.

IF the Republican party takes advantage of the last days of its power to effect the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, it will commit an act utterly inconsistent with the true spirit of democratic government. On the 8th of November last the American people declared by an overwhelming majority of their votes that they had withdrawn their confidence from President HARRISON and his party, and that they had transferred this confidence to Mr. CLEVELAND and his party, who, according to the popular will legally manifested, are to be intrusted with the conduct of the government. This was the plain meaning of the last national election. Mr. HARRISON and his party cannot now do a thing which would—as the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands certainly would—change the traditional policy of the republic in a most important point, which would, when once accomplished, be irrevocable and irremediable, and which is believed not to be in accordance with the views of the incoming Executive, without rendering themselves guilty of an act of virtual usurpation. It will not serve as an excuse to say that there are prominent Democrats in Congress who favor this act; for it must be remembered that in matters requiring negotiation with foreign powers or nations the Executive has an essentially leading part to perform, and that to forestall the action of the incoming Executive, and thus to force its hand, is to take from it a power which the people have declared it shall possess. This usurpation appears especially unjustifiable considering the nature of the measure in contemplation.

This republic has indeed acquired foreign territory in the past, but only territory contiguous to its borders, which might be expected to be filled in the course of time with a population more or less homogeneous in character, interests, and aspirations with our own, and presently to be incorporated with our political system, to be formed into States governing themselves as to their home concerns, and to take part in the government of the whole republic according to our common national Constitution. The Hawaiian Islands are about two thousand miles distant from our western coast. Their population consisted in 1890 of 34,436 natives, 6186 half-castes, 7495 born in Hawaii of foreign parents, 15,301 Chinese, 12,360 Japanese, 8602 Portuguese, 1928 Americans, 1344 British, 1034 Germans, 227 Norwegians, 70 French, 588 Polynesians, and 419 other foreigners—in all, 89,990 souls. Since then the foreign population has been increasing, but most of the immigrants have been Chinese and Japanese. The climate and the products of the country are those of the tropics. The character of the population, whatever further mixture may take place, will always be such as is developed under the influence of the tropical sun, that is, as universal experience has shown, a character uncongenial to the sober, orderly working of free institutions. It will always be colonial; that is to say, Hawaii would always be more a dependency than an integral part of the United States, with interests peculiar to itself, bound to this republic only by the protection against foreign aggression and by the advantages of a commercial union with this country, but, owing to its situation, always a field of intrigue for foreign influences.

The manner in which the recent revolution in Hawaii was brought about is significant. Let it be granted that Queen LILIUOKALANI is a very improper person to sit on a throne, and that her attempt to impose a new constitution upon her people was very objectionable. But the movement that overthrew her was not a popular movement. It was a movement set on foot by a handful of American residents, encouraged, if not instigated, by the American minister, and supported by the armed forces of an American man-of-war. In other words, a foreign influence upset the existing government, and put in its place a government of its own, whose constituency is only a very small minority of the inhabitants of Hawaii. And this government of intruders, by intruders, and for intruders, born of a successful *coup de main*, offers us the Hawaiian Islands for annexation to the United States. Its authority in Hawaii is owing to the general belief that it has the power of the United States at its back. Its credit in the United States is owing to the fact that its authority in Hawaii seems to be generally submitted to. Of the true feelings of the large majority of the Hawaiian people we know very little. And the annexation of Hawaii to the United States is to be effected, as far as our government is concerned, before we know more. The formal assent by vote of the Hawaiian people to their incorporation in the United States as a condition precedent to annexation does not seem to be thought of. The thing is to be done here as quickly as it was done there, without sober examination of the nature of the act and its consequences, by mere "snap."

To stimulate our greed we are told that unless we take Hawaii, England will take it. Nothing could be more absurd. Our very refusal to take it will immensely strengthen our moral authority in objecting to anybody else's taking it. We are told that our possession of Hawaii would give us great commercial advantages. Granted. But can we not secure those commercial advantages by some other arrangement than the annexation of a distant land and a mongrel people, which, such as they are, nobody thinks of receiving into the Union as a self-governing State, equal to the other States; which, as a far-away dependency, would have to be ruled by a proconsul—a strange and dangerous anomaly in our political system, an inexhaustible source of tyranny, profligacy, and corruption, the beginning of radical changes in our free institutions? Would not this be paying too high a price for the possession of the islands? Cannot the commercial advantages be had cheaper? We are told that the Hawaiian Islands would be a splendid station for our navy, and give it great facilities in those important waters. Granted. But is it not worth while to consider that if we get such outlying posts for our navy, we must build a navy large enough to protect the outlying posts? and that, while we are unassailably strong in our continental home, every far-away possession will be a vulnerable point, an element of weakness?

These are important questions. But no time is to be given for their mature consideration to the American people by an administration which they have recently condemned by an emphatic vote of want of confidence. It is an outrage of the first order.

THE TREASURY AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the effort of Secretary FOSTER to maintain a cheerful air, it is apparent that he is disturbed over the departure of gold. He has not met the difficulty, however, in a sincere and patriotic manner. He has not risen to the gravity of the situation.

The only effective remedy applicable to the prevailing monetary disorder is the repeal of the SHERMAN act. The insistence of Congress in maintaining this law on the statute-book has led the sensitive money centres to fear that the United States is to become a silver country before sound financial ideas again prevail. In such an emergency it becomes the duty of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to exert all their powers of persuasion to induce Congress to change its mind. Enough Republican Senators and Representatives who are anti-silver men voted against repeal for purely partisan reasons to have made a majority for repeal if they had voted in accordance with their convictions. If the President should send a message to Congress, accompanied by a report of Secretary FOSTER, it is possible that these votes might be changed. He would be a reckless partisan who, believing in the iniquity of the SHERMAN act, realizing the impending danger, and with public attention focussed upon him by a President's message, would nevertheless vote against repeal for the purpose of embarrassing the incoming administration.

The President and the Secretary have not exerted all their influence with Congress to procure the repeal of the law. The administration is content to adopt a temporary expedient, and Mr. FOSTER indicates his purpose to avoid, if possible, any decided action, and to throw responsibility upon his successor. Two alternatives presented themselves to him. He might mass the gold resources of the country by borrowing from the banks, or he might add to them by selling bonds under a power which is supposed to be conferred by the resumption act, but which Mr. SHERMAN evidently believes requires ratification by Congress. It is understood that the President strenuously objects to the issue of bonds, for the reason that such action would discredit his administration. Mr. FOSTER has his own reasons, also, for avoiding the bond issue, and has therefore called upon his friends among the city banks to advance enough gold to carry him to the 4th of March with his $100,000,000 reserve intact.

In doing this Mr. FOSTER is doing that which must postpone repeal, because he is preventing the realization of the truth. He is interfering with the development of the object-lesson by means of which honest free-coinage advocates must eventually learn the full meaning and direful effects of their policy. In one breath he tells the free-coinage men that the continued increase of silver coins and silver certificates will lead to the hoarding of gold, and in the next breath he asks the city banks to prove that his statement is false by parting with their gold to the Treasury. The free-coinage men, seeing this, are convinced that the banks are simply crying "wolf" when they express the fear that gold is going to a premium, because they know that the banks would not part with property on which in the end they would make a profit if they should hold it.

The difficulty with their reasoning is that it is based on insufficient information. The banks are not parting with their gold. They are merely pretending to exchange it for greenbacks. In reality they are simply depositing it in the Sub-Treasury, with the understanding that it will be returned in kind whenever they demand it. There is no law for this kind of deposit, but Treasury officers always stretch the law in a financial emergency. The city banks have $80,000,000 in gold, and at the end of the first week during which this experiment was tried $6,000,000 had been advanced to the Treasury. The understanding between the Secretary and the banks was that when the borrowed and the free gold was exhausted, and no gold remained in the Treasury except the reserve, bonds should be sold. The banks would make a profit on the bonds, and would also have the gold they had advanced, and on which they will make whatever premium results from the ultimate depreciation of silver.

This shift to tide the administration over the remaining weeks of its term not only postpones the inevitable, but fosters and increases uncertainty, and encourages the opponents of repeal to persist in their hostile attitude to the business interests of the community. It is probably as weak and ineffective a course as the Treasury could take, besides being disingenuous, for the understanding with the banks is secret, and the deposit of gold in the Sub-Treasury is intended to appear to the country as a genuine exchange of gold for greenbacks, and a real acquisition of coin by the Treasury.

The other remedy, the sale of bonds, would be a most expensive device. It is quite probable, if the present Congress finally declines to come to the relief of the country, that bonds will be issued, if there should be the necessary power, by the next Secretary of the Treasury. Probably, in view of the general belief that the power does exist, the next Secretary would give himself the benefit of any doubt that he might entertain.

By the issue of bonds the government would replenish its stock of gold. The bonds would command a premium, for happily neither the wealth nor the honor of the United States is doubted. But the issue of bonds would give us the most expensive currency the world ever knew, and would not save the business interests of the country from the evil effects of a depreciated currency. The issue of bonds would not necessarily check the flow of gold; it would simply enable the Treasury to meet the demand. The policy of buying silver and increasing the amount of currency with silver certificates and coins must eventually drive gold out of circulation. What does not go abroad will go into hiding at home, and will command a premium. Owing to the depletion of the Treasury by the extravagance of the last and the present Congresses, the Secretary must use his borrowed gold for paying what may be called his floating indebtedness—which is large, Mr. FOSTER having suspended the payment of a large amount of obligations—and for buying silver. At current rates the government has already lost more than $80,000,000 on its purchases of silver bullion, and its loss would be still greater if it should throw such a large amount on the market. Silver would keep on depreciating, and the amount of the government's loss would go on increasing. To this loss must be added the interest on the gold bonds, and, what is vastly more important, the disaster and ruin that would follow from a depreciated currency.

In such an emergency as that which is upon us, the bold way is usually the best way. The true remedy is the radical remedy. The only thorough way to ward off disaster is by the repeal of the SHERMAN act, and it is to be regretted that the outgoing administration does not prefer the patriotic to the selfish course; does not address itself to ending the difficulty at the beginning, and saving the country from certain waste and possible disaster, instead of seeking temporary makeshifts that will enable it to cast its burdens upon the incoming President and his Secretary of the Treasury.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

SEVERAL weeks ago we called attention to the fact that there were two bills pending in Congress that were a direct menace to the National Park, which is popularly known as the Yellowstone Park. One bill seeks to change the boundaries of the Park, and to give the right of way for a railroad through a part of the Park, and the other only gives the railway right of way. The proposed railroad is for the benefit of Cooke City—an insignificant mining camp on the borders of the Park. There are active men at Washington urging the passage of one bill or the other, and the danger now to be feared is that in the hurry of the last days of the session a bill may be rushed through and become a law despite the protests of the people who are not interested in Cooke City property. We have been favored since our previous article with two letters from friends of the Park, one

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this subject of changing the boundaries and giving a railroad right of way. An esteemed correspondent in Boston says:

"If any large proportion of citizens had visited the Park, any proposed raids thereon would be quickly and summarily squelched; but the people neither realize what a priceless gem they own, nor how great is the danger of having it spoilt. . . . . Why the Park was laid out in rectangular form is a mystery; and what is now imperatively needed is not a curtailment of the area, but a material enlargement so as to include the mountains on the east, south, and west, making a well-defined natural boundary in place of the present ridiculous straight line running up and down hill regardless of all natural features. If the game is to be preserved, something of this kind must be done. If parties are still allowed to traverse any part of the Park at pleasure, the game will in any event be driven away and exterminated."

This correspondent further says that the men employed by the government to protect game are notoriously incompetent. Another correspondent, an army officer, who has had exceptional advantages to observe the Park and study the question of its preservation, takes issue with the correspondent quoted both as to the boundaries and as to the efficiency of the guards. He says:

"The advantage of a 'natural' boundary over an artificial one is, in my opinion, purely chimerical. The advantage is all the other way. A natural boundary, 'to include the mountains,' means one that follows the course of streams or valleys. But this at once permits poachers to dwell on the borders of the Park, which, with the present boundary 'running up and down hill,' over lofty mountain ranges, is practically impossible."

This correspondent is sure that under the present administration the guards are entirely competent, but he thinks that the administration of the Park should be transferred to the War Department. And it may be that he is right in this as the Interior Department is at present organized. The officers of the army have a sure tenure of office, and they can be depended upon to do their duty in all emergencies without fear and without favor. If a like tenure of office were extended to the other departments, the officers of them could be depended upon for just as efficient work as is now expected from army officers; and there is no reason why, by the extension and enforcement of the civil service law, we should not have as good men in the other departments as those at present in the army and navy. These two services do not by any means exhaust the efficient men of the country. There are plenty to fill all the other offices, and so soon as the tenure of office shall be made certain, these offices will be filled by such men. Then we shall not hear, whenever there is difficult or delicate work to do, suggestions that it be done by the War or Navy Department. But there is one thing about which there seems to be no doubt, and that is that both of the bills now before Congress are attacks on the National Park, and neither should become a law. The friends of the Park in Congress should keep a sharp lookout that neither of the bills is rushed through at the last moment, or at any other time; and the friends of the Park in private life should remind their Congressmen that this Park is the property of the whole people, and should not be encroached upon for the benefit of private speculators and their selfish plans.

INTERESTING SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

After all, the most obvious function of the courts is the one of least value. Though it would doubtless be advisable to continue them simply for what they do in the way of administering justice, nevertheless their greatest use is in bringing into general public notice occurrences of value which would otherwise not be heard of beyond the neighborhood where they take place. This was admirably illustrated recently in the Weekly when it gave an account of the case of Drinkwater *vs.* Campbell, an interesting and diverting instance of a collision between two holes which never would have obtained public notice had it not been taken into the law courts. Again we find the same thing in the case of Millikan *vs.* Eames, a suit for damages brought in a local court of Running Water, Kansas.

It appears that the defendant, Mr. Eames, has a farm near Running Water which is largely devoted to stock-raising. The plaintiff, Millikan, some two or three weeks ago, came along the road from the direction of Big Grasshopper with his earthly possessions tied up in a bandanna handkerchief and hung over his shoulder on a lath, and asked Mr. Eames for work. Eames looked him over, saw that he did not carry a watch, or have other outward indications of the dude, and hired him for the season at twenty dollars a month. Then, after some general instructions about the work, Eames drove to Running Water to get the mail, where, being an enthusiastic Populist, he staid till evening and denounced the government.

It appears further that Eames is a bit of an experimenter, and that early in the winter he bought a buffalo cow from "Buffalo" Jones, of Goodnight, the same man from whom Austin Corbin and others got their bisons. We ought, for the benefit of the ordinary reader, to say right here, in regard to the American buffalo, that though it gives brilliant promise of becoming a valuable domestic animal, up to date the cow of the species has not been milked by the weak and, as we may say, flimsy hand of man. We are assured by those who ought to know that a man might as well try to shoe an ox without the usual heavy frame-work and tackle as to attempt to milk a buffalo cow; and as to shoeing an ox without apparatus, a Vermont blacksmith has already said in print that a man "might as well lie down on his stomach and try to hold an earthquake still." But of all this it seems the guileless Millikan, late of Big Grasshopper, was as innocent as a babe.

When milking-time came Millikan put on a pair of overalls, took two tin pails, and proceeded to the barn. He milked two or three ordinary and, as we may call them, still cows, and then approached the sparkling and effervescent buffalo. She was confined in a box-stall, and he says that as he approached her he noticed that she was "mighty high-shouldered in front, and seemed to be wearing a buffalo-robe on herself," but he "didn't think nothing much about it." He casually remarked "So, bossy!" a couple of times, with the laudable purpose of opening an era of good feeling, sat down on his stool, adjusted the pail, and boldly struck out to extract the lacteal fluid. "Along about now," as the ancient almanac writers would have put it, this absurd buffalo cow kicked. Indeed, that the reader may know the very worst without further delay, we will say that she kicked several times. The first or forward half of the first kick sent the pail against the manger, where it shut together like an accordion. The second or return half of the same kick caused Millikan to smite the side of the barn; and this not being very strong, he went through, leaving a large, irregular hole. Subsequent kicks broke the stall into pieces and demolished the manger, after which the intelligent beast jumped up and down stiff-legged till she had smashed down the plank floor and stood on the ground amid the general wreck. When, in ten minutes, Millikan recovered consciousness, he hobbled to the house and remarked to the hired girl that "that there brindle' heifer didn't seem to be used to having strangers milk her." When the girl explained the true state of affairs to him, he forgot his hurt, and rose up and walked to Running Water, where he engaged the best lawyer in town to begin suit for heavy damages.

The plea which Millikan will put forward is that Eames was guilty of criminal negligence in not warning him of the danger in attempting to milk a buffalo cow. Eames will set up the claim that any man with common-sense would know better without being told. We fear that about all we can say is that much may be said on both sides. The question seems to be, should Millikan have recognized that she was a buffalo, and is the buffalo's prejudice against being milked generally known? We presume that if Eames had had, let us say, a giraffe confined in his barn, any court would have held that Millikan should have seen that it was not a domestic cow and have kept away from it. But a buffalo is not so greatly dissimilar to a common cow, and the court at Running Water may decide for the plaintiff. One point, however, seems clear: Eames will put in a counter claim for damages, based on the hole in the barn where Millikan went through. This claim ought not to be allowed.

THINGS TALKED OF.

Of the names of his cabinet officers which Mr. Cleveland, with characteristic frankness, has announced, that of Judge Walter Q. Gresham excites the widest interest and the most comment. His selection is said by some of Mr. Cleveland's supporters to be a "political mistake." We do not see why. It is true that Judge Gresham has not, until last year, acted with the Democratic party, but he is precisely on that account a highly representative man. He voted last year as did a very large number of citizens who had before acted with the Republican party, because the aims of that party did not command his approval. What better politics can there be for an Executive than to call as an adviser an able and upright man, universally respected by all parties and in all sections, whose views are those of the large body of former opponents who have placed the administration in power? Mr. Cleveland does not offer the State Department to Judge Gresham as a reward for past services, or the price of future services, or as the recognition of party fealty. He calls him to "public office as a public trust," on the same terms that he holds his own, and there is every reason to believe that Judge Gresham will be adequate to his trust. The feeling among Democrats of the old school is natural that one of their number should have had the honor. We are confident that they will be reconciled to the choice Mr. Cleveland has made from motives higher and more fruitful than their own. To the President-elect happily his party is an organization for the accomplishment of certain objects of great and lasting value, to which Judge Gresham can reasonably be expected to bring substantial aid. His appointment to the State Department, like every other, is, in some degree, an experiment. But it is one Mr. Cleveland was amply justified in making, and all good citizens will not only rejoice in its success, but do all in their power to make it successful.

The speech of Mr. Gladstone on introducing the bill for home rule in Ireland, on February 13th, is regarded by friends and opponents alike as a very wonderful feat for a man of his age. It is plain not only that the reasoning powers of the old statesman are as strong as ever, but that the grasp of memory on recent and detailed events and facts —a faculty much more liable to decay—is as close as in his prime. To this add the vivacity of the man, the lightness with which he can turn aside a serious attack, and the skill with which he counters on an adversary in debate, and Mr. Gladstone presents the most marvellous figure in the history of English politics, rich as is that history in potent and aged statesmen. But the most remarkable feature of his address was the candor with which he stated the difficulties involved in Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. This is in reality the crux of the problem, for, in plain English, the Irish votes in Parliament are likely to be at the disposition of any party that bids highest in the direction of favors to Ireland. This difficulty Mr. Gladstone hardly seems to think that he can wholly overcome, and he intimates that he is more hopeful than are his colleagues in the ministry. He proposes to get around it by reducing the number of Irish members, and by limiting their vote to matters wholly Imperial or directly Irish. But whether he can carry the country for this particular measure or not, and it is still very doubtful, it is plain that the outcome must be greater freedom and self-control for Ireland, if for no other reason, because Ireland holds the key to English politics, and no party can be long secure in power without its aid, for which must be paid the Irish price.

The worst specimen of government socialism in the recent history of the United States is the so-called anti-option bill, which has passed both branches of Congress, and now awaits action in the House on the amendments of the Senate. In substance it imposes prohibitory taxes on "options" and "futures" in cotton, grain, and the products of the hog. It is well known that the use of these two forms of business contract prevails on all the cotton, grain, and produce exchanges of all the great commercial nations of the world. Their sole purpose, and that which makes them practicable, is to diminish unnecessary risk in the fluctuation of prices. By this operation the vast crops of not only this country, but of the world, are brought into consumption with a degree of steadiness and certainty absolutely requisite to the safe conduct of the business. It has been estimated, and the estimate is reasonable, that $136,000,000 is constantly invested in this form of contract. The anti-option bill is mainly the work of Senator Washburn, who wishes it believed that he represents the interest of farmers. He is an owner of very extensive flour-mills. The theory of the bill is that if the wicked speculators can be prevented from dealing in futures and options, the farmer will get a higher price for his products. The fact is that the bill, if it became a law, would, for the time being, restrict the market of the farmer to the various mills of which Mr. Washburn is one of the owners. Whether prices are made higher or more certain by compelling the seller to sell, within a limited time, to a small number of buyers is a question every man of sense ought to be able to answer. It is not surprising that Mr. Washburn should support such a bill, but why should it be supported by men like Senators Sherman, Morrill, and Cullom? The bill may yet fail. If it pass both Houses, Mr. Harrison may veto it, as he certainly ought. But if it get upon the statute book, it will produce such disturbance, such loss and trouble, that it cannot survive the next session of Congress.

At the annual meeting of the New York Kindergarten Association it was stated that there had been established at 395 Broome Street the "Curtis Kindergarten," under the charge of Miss Perkins. The name is given in honor of the late George William Curtis, by the proceeds of whose address on James Russell Lowell—the last delivered in the city where the orator was so beloved—the expenses of the kindergarten at the outset were provided. There is something exquisitely fitting in the title thus given. Mr. Curtis's address on Lowell was a powerful and charming argument from Lowell's life for the value of the pursuit of truth in its highest forms and on the broadest fields, an argument, indeed, of which the speaker's own life was a continuous and noble example. The essence of the kindergarten system is the development of the mind of the child that it may see the truth in all things, and use it intelligently. It is the training in the tender plant of the qualities of which the lives of Curtis and Lowell were the splendid and enduring flower. The Kindergarten Association is doing a work of great value, and it is a graceful tribute to Mr. Curtis that his name should be associated—modestly, as was his wont, and would have been his wish—with so beautiful and lasting a service.

"This administration, like all the Republican administrations that have preceded it, has successfully solved every embarrassing problem that has been brought before it." This is the amazing statement made by Mr. Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, on the evening of February 11th, at a banquet of the Republican Club. One embarrassing problem presented to the administration, with which Mr. Foster has officially but reluctantly been forced to deal, has been the maintenance of gold payments under the law of 1890. The solution of this he professes to regard as successful. But has it been so? Has there been any solution whatever? For the past two weeks the Secretary has been able to keep intact the redemption reserve only by the aid of certain New York banks, whose gold has been placed in the Treasury, only to rest there a few hours and then to take its way across the Atlantic, where it is preferred to American securities. Nor this alone. For two years now every claim on the Treasury that could possibly be deferred has been deferred, and the Secretary has been gravely considering how he could get creditors of the United States to take fractional coin. This is not financial statesmanship. It is the devious scheming of Wilkins Micawber, waiting for a new Secretary to "turn up."

The most amazing specimen of legislative rashness that has lately been presented to our people is the proposition by a committee of the Senate of New York to fix the price of anthracite coal in this State, and also the freight rates at which it shall be brought into the city of New York. The authority in the Constitution for such an act it would be hard to find without torture to that instrument. With that, however, the courts could be trusted to deal should it ever reach them. What it is worth while now to point out is the assumption that this extraordinary power could be lodged in safe hands. The men who could be chosen, by any method known to our system of government, for such a function, and who would be wise enough and honest enough to exercise it solely for the public good, are as rare as oranges in Alaska, and rarer. Oranges can be raised anywhere under glass, but is there any hot-house yet invented for the sure production of sages and saints combined? And if there were, have we the seed? Incidentally it is amusing to remark that the committee's chief argument is that if anthracite coal should become too costly, the city would be ruined by the smoke of bituminous coal. Suppose that the price be put so low that anthracite would not come in at all, would not the defiling smoke be made just as inevitable? But the most dangerous fallacy is involved in the assumption that "government control" is not control by such male human beings as could be got through elections—a fact that disposes of numerous Utopias.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* informs its readers that it has discovered that the article on Bucharest in the Weekly of February 4th is identical with one published by the *Globe-Democrat* in June last, and it adds, in a grieved tone, that we have given "no credit" therefor. As the article published in the Weekly was one of a series for which Harper & Brothers had secured the American rights by arrangement with the English publishers, what the *Globe-Democrat* deserves is not exactly credit. We knew of a prominent citizen in an inland town who missed an entirely new and costly umbrella, and finding it in the hands of a passer-by one rainy day, he claimed it, sustaining his claim by pointing to his name neatly embroidered on the silk. "My dear sir," said the tranquil purveyor of personal property, "I named that umbrella after you as a token of respect." And he plainly thought he was entitled not only to the umbrella, but to "credit."

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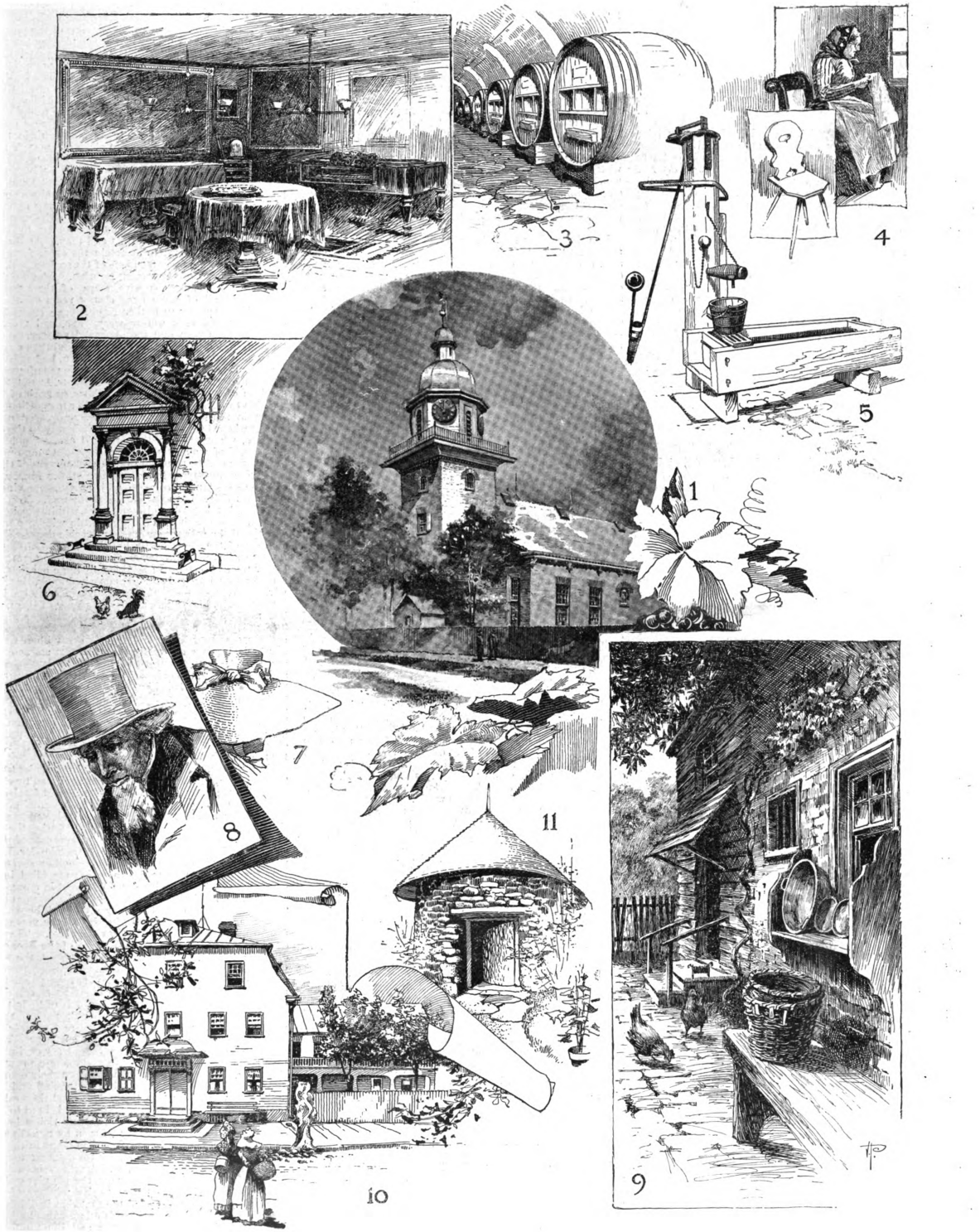
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WASHINGTON—VISITORS ON THE TERRACE OF THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 177.]

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THE OLD COMMUNISTIC TOWN OF ECONOMY, PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by W. H. Bull.—[See Page 174.]

1. The Church. 2. Parlor in Rapp's House. 3. Wine-Cellar. 4. Two Old-Timers. 5. Economy's Water-Works. 6. A Doorway. 7. Economite Hat. 8. Jacob Henrici. 9. An Economite Dwelling. 10. The Hotel. 11. Grotto in Rapp's Garden.

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THIS BUSY WORLD

THERE is a current newspaper story about an Ohio cow that gives black milk. It is an unlikely story on its face, but not so inherently impossible as the one from the East that alleges a desire on the part of the people of Boston to run electric street cars across their Common. It is much easier to believe that an Ohio cow would give black milk, or even rum punch, than that Boston should seriously meditate allowing her Common and the children thereon to be run over by the cars. Such a proposition is not what we have a right to expect of Boston. Of Chicago, or Seattle, or Duluth, or some other town that is in a desperate hurry, it might be credible, because those Western towns have to hurry, or else they get passed by. But with Boston it is different, or at least it ought to be. No rival threatens to pass her on her road. I cannot think of any reason why her citizens should be in such driving haste that the street cars may not continue to skirt the Common instead of crossing it.

J. L. & J. G. Gilder, which means Miss Jeannette Gilder and her brother Joseph, who founded the *Critic* in 1881, and have always been its editors, announce that they have lately acquired the controlling interest in it formerly held by Mr. Charles E. Merrill, and are now the owners, or at least the controlling owners, of their own paper. There are some journals which it is well known to be a superior felicity to edit than to own, but the *Critic* not being one of that sort, its editors are very much to be congratulated on their proprietorship. They say they will make it better than ever, and brighten its face with pictures, though "literature will continue to hold the first place in its columns," for which last assurance let the oppressed guild of writers give thanks. Great are pictures; so great that almost at any time, by putting your ear to the ground at the right place, you can catch the subdued moan of the journeymen of letters complaining that pictures are everywhere crowding the reading stuff out, and absorbing not only the most valuable space, but the bulk of the pay. It must be confessed, though, that people will often look at pictures when they won't read, and that sometimes they can be induced by alluring illustrations to pay attention to valuable and instructive reading matter that they would otherwise skip. So no doubt pictures and print can be made to work together for good even in the *Critic*, and the new proprietors can be trusted, if any one can, to see that the illustrations do not grow insubordinate or get too manifestly on top.

Mr. Maurice Thompson is to be the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poet this year, and General Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the chosen orator. To be invited to pronounce the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem is the American distinction which seems to bear the closest analogy to carrying off the annual prize for poetry at Oxford. Most of the recent Phi Beta Kappa poets have been products and representatives of the effete East, and have been possibly rather distinguished for general culture than notorious for a demonstrated ability to compose marketable verse. It is matter for congratulation that this year the society has reached out into the woolly West, and got an untrammelled bard of a fresh type. It is to be hoped and expected that Mr. Thompson will give it such abundant encouragement in this new departure as to incite its committee to open negotiations with such other Western masters as Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley.

Among persons lately reported missing in New York was a Connecticut man described as an inventor of an elevator for lowering coffins into graves. For the sake of his family or possible friends one must hope, of course, that he duly turned up, but so far as concerns him merely as an inventor it seems as if he might be spared. Too much has been done already for the relief of pall-bearers. It has become customary, if a deceased person is over forty years of age, to have two series of them, one honorary, to be seen of men, the other, young and sturdy, to carry the coffin. To supplement the exertions of this supplementary series by machinery seems an unnecessary disparagement of the physical capacity of the contemporary man. Let the pall-bearers lower the coffin. It will prove that they are of some practical use, and so help their self-respect.

The question of publishers' risks being under discussion in London, John Murray contributes memoranda of three depressing instances of misplaced confidence on the part of his firm. The firm brought out a costly work twenty years ago under the most felicitous auspices, but the book is permanently dead now, and the deficit on it is £1727.

Another, "an unrivalled work," published seven years ago, sells a few copies a year, and is £2311 behind its expenses. Another book is £3095 behind, but Mr. Murray hopes that by great exertions that deficit, in time, may be wiped out, unless indeed there should be, as there may, "some change in public taste which may wreck this great venture."

I do not think that the aspiring author ever doubts that there are great risks in the publishing business. He is always ready to grant that there are, and considering the sort of books that most of the other authors write, he is only surprised that the losses are not much greater. All that he presumes to ask is that the particular publishers of his choice should not take occasion to reimburse themselves for past losses at the cost of the meritorious work that he is about to offer. If his book makes a hit, and he doesn't get a satisfactory share of the proceeds, it is an inadequate solace to him to learn that his publishers made up on it for their loss on some one else's venture.

The short sense of the matter seems to be that if there is any reasonably sure means of knowing what an author's work is worth, he can get its value; and if not, the publisher who takes the book simply bets with him that it will sell so many copies. If it doesn't, the publisher loses; and if it does, the author (probably) gets better rates next time.

Loomis, whose business is that of purveyor of solid and instructive compositions to the periodical press, is in the habit of designating the lighter essays which compete with his for space as "song-and-dance articles." He means no disrespect by it, nor do I when I apply his epithet to another branch of endeavor, and observe how saliently successful has been the contemporary song-and-dance combination of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and Mr. J. Hopkinson Smith. In Boston Mr. Page made a great audience happy by talking to them about Dr. Holmes, and then made them cry with "Marse Chan," and then turned them over for relief to Mr. Smith, who restored them with "Colonel Carter." Doubtless these clever gentlemen take turns in being pathetic, and, alternating between tears and smiles, have the same enlivening effect on the spirits of an audience that March weather has on maple sap. There is one mystery about it, though, and that is how any one can learn to read "Marse Chan" without letting his emotions run away with his voice.

Not less successful is Mr. Marion Crawford, who chooses to be both ends of his combination, and who can name, among other gratifying results of his efforts, the approval of Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, who "ventures to assert that if properly approached Mr. Crawford is one of the boys of the first water." Mr. Field has been in the song-and-dance business himself this winter, as appears in his regretful reference (in the Chicago *News*) to "some of us, who, owing to circumstances which lecture lyceums alone control, were unable to round up with him (Mr. Crawford) during this his first visit to Chicago."

In view of the rumors of the appearance of symptoms of cholera in some parts of Europe, it is suggested that if Mr. Wanamaker should provide to have a fit proportion of some reliable cholera preventive stirred into the gum that backs his large new postage stamps, the inside of the American people might be so fortified in advance against cholera germs that we could face the hazards of their distribution with equanimity. If the disease actually comes, the stamps would sell better for having curative properties, and in that case it might be well to supplement them by an issue of sinapism postal cards, which would insure to every citizen the benefits of a mustard plaster at insignificant cost.

In a three column article on Mr. Blaine, the London *Times* notes that "he was far from indifferent to the Irish vote, and, indeed, he wooed it too openly. . . . But he never enjoyed the full confidence of Tammany." Which makes one smile, and then stop and ask himself if there was really anything to smile at.

The *Times*'s estimate of Mr. Blaine's book, given in the same article, is that it has lost flavor, and that "with all its merits, and they are real, the book illustrates the curse of barrenness pronounced on the literature of party politics."

Our British brother really begins to find us out. In an article on the American child, which one of him who has been here contributes to the London *Queen*, he says of the American mother:

"She is, if possible, too unselfish, and the consequence is that the child is apt to become exacting. But it is precisely this peculiar trait that runs through all American society—it is characteristic of men no less than of women. Husbands slave for their wives, regardless of all recreation even in the most heated days of summer, while the wives in their turn lavish all their thought and care upon the little ones."

We Americans have known these many years that if we had a fault it was that we were too unselfish, but we never expected our transatlantic contemporaries to impute it to us. But this brother is exceptionally dulcet, since he even declares that our children "are, as a rule, good, sensible, companionable little creatures, and the reports so often circulated as to their disagreeable forwardness are positively libellous."

The *Tribune* notes that "Sarah C. Sears, who has won the $500 Evans prize in the New York water-color exhibition, proves to be the wife of Boston's millionaire J. Montgomery Sears." Which is true; but it is not less true and, from its bearing on heredity of talent, not less interesting, that Mrs. Sears is the daughter of President Choate, of the Old Colony Railroad, and a niece of Mr. Joseph Choate, of New York. The Choates have been famous artists these many decades, only hitherto they have usually found that their most convenient medium of expression was language.

The income from a part of a gift made in October, 1891, by Thomas George Hodgkins, of Setauket, New York, to the Smithsonian Institution, was to be devoted "to the increase and diffusion of more exact knowledge in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." Furthering this donor's wishes, the Institution now offers three prizes and a medal, which would seem to be of enough importance to attract the attention of scientific men all over the world. A prize of $10,000 is offered for a treatise embodying some new and important discovery in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air; a prize of $2000 for the best essay on the known properties of atmospheric air, considered in their relationships to research in every department of natural science; a prize of $1000 for the best popular treatise on atmospheric air; and a gold medal, to be awarded every year or every two years, for important contributions to knowledge of the same subject. All treatises are to be sent in before July 1, 1894, except those in competition for the first prize, for which six months longer is allowed.

The President of Columbia College announces the establishment of a first prize of $1000 and a second of $400 "for the best works published in the English language upon the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North America." The competition for these prizes is open, under the deed of gift, to all persons, whether connected with Columbia College or not, and whether citizens of the United States or of any other country. The first award will be made at the close of the present year for the best works published since January 1, 1888. Further awards will be made at intervals of not less than five years, all under regulations which can be obtained from the president's secretary.

E. S. MARTIN.

ECONOMY TO-DAY.

IN strange contrast to the bustling activity of Pittsburg, and yet only eighteen miles below that city's gates, lies the town of Economy, where since 1825 the communistic society of Economists, or, as they were originally called, Harmonites, has lived apart from the world in contentment and uncommon prosperity. The Pittsburg, Chicago, and Fort Wayne Railroad runs at the foot of the cliffs which form the southern boundary of the town and front upon the Ohio River, and when you alight from the train at the little stone railroad station all that can be seen of Economy is some barns and warehouses, partly in disuse, on the brow of the steep hill above you. Following a road that climbs boldly up the hillside, a minute's walk brings you to the level plateau upon which the town is built. This plateau extends for a mile almost back from the river, till some gently rolling hills mark the natural frontier of the Ohio Valley. The town covers far more ground than the actual number of houses and inhabitants would seem to the average American to justify. This is because about every house is a roomy garden, the streets are sixty feet wide, and right in the heart of the town are the spacious semi-public grounds attached to the Rapp house, where the founder and father of the society made his home until he died, on the threshold of his ninetieth year, in 1847. At night, when the slumberous solitude of the grass-grown streets is natural, and long lines of substantial brick houses, with here and there a massive warehouse or granary, and the old German church tower rising over all, confront the visitor, warmly lit up, too, by the yellow glare of the natural-gas flambeaux, with which the town is well provided, he might be pardoned for believing that thousands instead of hundreds lived there. In the daytime, however, the silence and absolute peace of the place, so entirely unlike the air of any of the neighboring towns in the same country, make the first and the deepest impression. If it were not for the fowls which swarm upon the streets, the very dust would seldom be disturbed. The feathered inhabitants of Economy are the most lively of all there, and even without tasting fried chickens, which, with supplementary waffles, are the *pièce de résistance* at the funny old hotel, or discovering eggs at every meal and in almost every dish served there, the man who only stays an hour in the town will never forget the omnipotent air of Economy's roosters, and the hardly more modest manner of its hens.

The society never contained more than a thousand souls, and probably at its lustiest age, before Count Leon, the singular impostor, who succeeded in seducing almost one-third of the members from their allegiance, as long ago as 1832, six or seven hundred was the maximum of its membership. There are records to show that the society by 1866 had shrunk to a scant two hundred and fifty. At the present day, though it is hard to ascertain the exact figures, there are not more than forty members of the society, and of these three-fourths are of very recent creation. About a dozen of the original members survive, many of them bedridden, and almost all of them over eighty years of age. The venerable successor to Father Rapp, Jacob Henrici, whose death occurred only a few weeks ago, had reached his eighty-seventh year, and the abnormal preservation of his powers, both physical and mental, is doubtless due to the life of activity which, unlike his brethren, he has led.

Of course this handful of veterans, even re-enforced by the recruits of the last decade's enlistments, is not the only garrison of the town. The old fellows, or such of them as are able to be about, with a still smaller proportion of their sisters in the society, may be occasionally seen upon the streets when the sun is shining, on their way to the church, perhaps, where two services are held every Sunday, or to pay a call of state at the Rapp house. Commonly these survivors must be sought in the coziest corners of the queer old houses, mostly of brick, and two stories high, which in spring and summer are green with heavy grape-vines trained upon trellises from the ground to the roof. You have to go through the garden always to get within the house, for there are no openings but square little windows upon the street, and the solitary entrance is the side door. The solid comfort of the Economite's habitation is its strong point: light, ventilation, and other sanitary features are rather notable by their absence. In addition to these old-timers some three or four hundred hired hands—including, that is, their wives and children—find in Economy a most desirable home for those who like square meals and plenty of them, a warm bed to sleep in, and a quiet, unvaried existence generally. The thirty odd members of the society who are generally called "new members," and not always with a respectful emphasis, by their elders, for the most part act as overseers and the like in the management of the society's industries and occupations, the actual labor being almost entirely left to the hired help. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that even the more intelligent of the Economites themselves are beginning to look for the dissolution of the society. The common opinion outside the society has been that so long as Jacob Henrici lived there would be no radical change, but that at his death there would be a wild scramble for the Economite's property.

Until the day of his death Mr. Henrici was senior trustee of the society, and, when he was not incapacitated by sickness, the active manager of its affairs, domestic and foreign. The junior trustee, John Duss, is a young man, and although the son of an Economite mother but recently elected to membership, has assumed a good deal of authority during the last two or three years, not without opposition from some of the older members of the society, and aspires to take Mr. Henrici's place. The trustees are assisted in council by seven elders, who form a board, vacancies in which are filled in by the surviving members. All property is held in common, and when a man is admitted to membership he assigns all he has to the society, and cannot recover anything if he withdraws. In return, the society agrees to furnish all the necessaries of life to all its members as long as they live. There is no certain method of computing the value of the Economy Society's property. The wildest estimates of the society's wealth have been made, but not even the trustees themselves, nor their attorney, Judge Hice, who has been associated with the society in a legal capacity for many years, can do much more than hazard a rough guess. Much of their property is in real estate, including a considerable part of the town of Beaver Falls, where they also own and operate several factories. Their oil and gas interests are large. They are interested in brick-making, own a large tract of timber-land in Warren County, near Tidioute, and operate a saw-mill at Economy. They make capital wine from their own grapes and other fruits, and all the milk, butter, and grain, to say nothing of vegetables, they themselves need they raise. As to their monetary investments naturally it is hard to tell, but they are undoubtedly large. How their riches have been overestimated in the past may be seen by reverting to the evidence upon the subject produced in court in the trial of the suits of Nachtrieb and Lemmix for damages against the society, from which they had withdrawn or been expelled. At that time—that is, 1855—as now, the popular estimate of the society's wealth was ten or twelve millions of dollars. The judicial inquiry revealed the fact that it didn't exceed one million. Stories are told of fabulous sums buried in the town, concealed in all sorts of ways, and, like pirates' booty, the hidden treasure grows bigger every year. The foundation for most of these yarns is an incident that actually occurred a good many years ago in Economy, when cash was required to pay for Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad securities purchased by the society. Silver coin, which had been buried under the Rapp house before the war, was dug up and shipped to Pittsburg. There were many old Spanish pieces and Mexican dollars among the money, and for a while there was a great demand for them in Pittsburg, and the

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story of their origin obtained a wide circulation. It is probably true that there is rather less money in Economy than in most towns of its size, because a large part of the population have no need for it, since they draw their supplies from the store upon written orders, and receive a regular allowance of milk, wine, etc., without money and without price.

Now, when you go to Economy, as you should do and very easily may when next you are in Pittsburg, you will find that the church, Rapp's house and garden, the wine-cellars, and the Economites themselves, are as thoroughly German as if the Rhine, instead of the Ohio, watered the fruitful valley in which the society has flourished for nearly seventy years. There are some of the members who cannot talk English, and among the hired hands German almost exclusively is spoken.

Mr. Henrici's bent figure, with the tails of a long frock-coat flapping about his knees, and a tall felt hat of German extraction and style of 1820, could till recently be seen almost any day on Pittsburg's streets, or in Economy itself. He always carried a big black valise, in which some people insisted he concealed very valuable papers and other treasures, but which, I believe, contained a light lunch, with sometimes a bottle of that excellent Economy catawba or cherry wine, a present for some city friend, and always a bottle of boneset bitters, a sovereign Economite remedy for most human ills. Mr. Henrici had the reputation of being an able man of affairs. Pittsburg's financial men, who had dealings with him for years, speak of his unswerving integrity, his shrewd common-sense, and his ability to make a good bargain. But his best reputation was in Economy itself. He was beloved there. No doubt, also, there were times when he was feared. Only a few Sundays before his death his intellect was strong enough to enable him to deliver a stirring sermon in church without preparation when the regular preacher failed to appear.

Things have not changed for the better in Economy of late, at least so far as picturesqueness of the life and its environments in the old town are concerned. But you may still wander among the sweet-smelling flowers of Rapp's garden, and wonder at the old-world quaintness of it all, or drink in memories of the past in the stately, if stuffy, atmosphere of the parlor in Rapp's house, and inspect what a very modern young woman will tell you is a masterpiece of West's, a painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs there among other curiosities in the shape of furniture, musical boxes, pictures carved in ivory, and other things presented at one time or another by visitors or made by Economites. A table from the Blaine homestead when the family lived at Baden, in James G. Blaine's school days, is one of the relics always pointed out.

Everything is old-fashioned. New-fangled things do not commend themselves to the Economites. The pumps are old style; so are the women's poke bonnets; and a few years ago Mr. Henrici found it necessary to forbid the women wearing bustles, which some of the younger hired women had dared to do. "Take the 'plunder' off your backs!" the father of his people thundered in church, and off the so-called "plunder" came, you may rest assured, before night. There is such a prejudice in favor of antiquities in Economy that when Mr. Duss recently introduced there a new breed of chickens—white Leghorns, I think they were—some of the older members of the society thought it portended a revolution, and denounced the six-toed fowls. But in a country where the new is almost synonymous with the good, if not the best, the reverence and affection of these thrifty old communists for the past and all that carries any reminder of it is rather refreshing. It will seem a pity to some that the old-fashioned town and its remnant of old-fashioned people can hardly outlast the century, even if the end of Economy Society be staved off that long.

HEPBURN JOHNS.

MINISTER STEVENS.

THE Hon. John L. Stevens, LL.D., the present United States Minister Resident at Honolulu, was born in Mount Vernon, Maine, in the year 1820, and is descended from one of the earliest settlers of New England. He was educated in the common schools and seminaries of Maine. In 1855 he became the partner of the Hon. James G. Blaine in the ownership and management of the *Kennebec Journal*. Always an ardent opponent of slavery, his editorial writings during his connection of sixteen years with that paper show the most undeviating advocacy of antislavery views and measures. He was an especial disciple and advocate of William H. Seward, and for five of the most momentous years of that illustrious statesman's life was one of his personal confidants. In 1870 Mr. Stevens was appointed, by President Grant, United States Minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, the former country being then in a state of civil war, and the latter having just emerged from a disastrous conflict with Brazil. He was very active and influential in protecting American interests in Montevideo and in aiding to establish peace in the countries to which he was accredited. Mr. Stevens resigned in 1873, although the administration urged him to remain. In 1877 he was appointed United States Minister to Sweden, where he remained six years, resigning in 1883. While residing in Stockholm, he wrote a history of Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War, a subject to which he had already devoted many years' reading and study. This is recognized as a standard work, and has received the commendation of historical critics both in Sweden and America. In 1883 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Stevens by Tufts College. In 1889 he was appointed United States Minister at Honolulu by President Harrison. During his residence in Honolulu he has by his courteous and genial manners endeared himself to every one with whom his personal or official relations have brought him in contact; and, assisted by his wife and daughters, he has dispensed so generous a hospitality that his home is one of the favorite rendezvouses of the various nationalities represented at the Hawaiian capital. His official attitude in the recent events which resulted in the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy was one of strict impartiality. It was only at the request of the Committee of Safety that he consented to the landing of the sailors and marines from the U.S.S. *Boston*, and only then for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American citizens. On Wednesday, February 15th, President Harrison sent to the Senate a message relative to Hawaiian affairs, together with the correspondences from Mr. Stevens. The annexation of the islands was advocated, and a form of treaty for accomplishing the same was also submitted. Mr. Stevens's course in the matter was strongly upheld.



AN INTENSELY INTERESTING NOVEL.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.



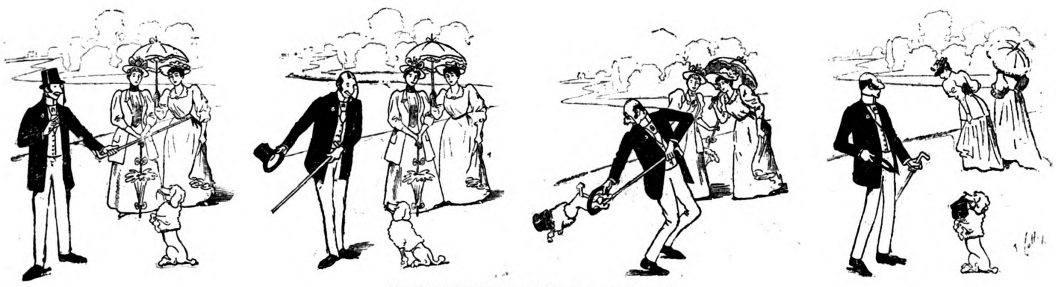
NOT POPULAR.

SQUIRE. "'Twas awfully good of you, farmer, to fish me out of that ditch."
FARMER. "S-s-s-s-sh, squire! For 'aven's sake, daan't 'ee zay a word about it. Ef it was know'd amongst the neighbors 'ere that I'd a-fished you out, whoy, they'd pitch me in."
—From *Scraps*.



TROP DE ZÈLE.

HOSTESS. "Why are some of the liqueur glasses *empty*, Kathleen?"
THE NEW PARLOR MAID. "If you please, my lady, they're for thim as don't take any liqueur."
—From *Punch*.



AN UNREHEARSED TRICK.—From *Pick-Me-Up*.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE STATUE OF THE REPUBLIC.—Daniel C. French, Sculptor.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mond.

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VISITORS ON THE CAPITOL TERRACE.

THE rural visitor to the national Capitol is a perennial source of delight. Hardened old newspaper correspondents, who have a cynical distrust of everything connected with the work of government at Washington, always find enjoyment in the loitering, gaping visitors, who not only look with awe and reverence upon the statesmen with whom the newspaper man is on familiar and intimate terms, but who actually regard the works of art with which the Capitol is graced with respectful wonder.

They go away from the Capitol doubtless knowing more about its recesses and its secrets than the newspaper man finds out for himself in ten years of assiduous devotion to interviewing and searching for news. They know the names of all the statues, and where the whispering gallery and the echo are in the old House of Representatives; and they know, too, a pleasant, well-spoken, deeply versed young man who wears the badge of an official guide, and who introduces the stranger to the mysteries for a small consideration. The stranger who does not have a guide loses one of the great pleasures of a visit to the Capitol. The bubbling vivacious eloquence of these men must be a source of infinite and annually recurring pleasure in many of the farm-houses of the country. There are doubtless repeated to-day at many firesides bits of description and passages of history and tradition that fell upon the ears of the reciter a dozen years ago from the quickened lips of a Capitol guide.

There is so much to see at the Capitol that guides are necessary if one is to see everything. And what American citizen is there who, repeating a list of what he saw, is not chilled to the marrow by the question, for example, "Did you see the Crypt?" and to be forced to answer, hesitatingly, resisting a strong temptation to prevaricate, "No, I don't recollect the Crypt"—an admission which is followed by a voluble description of dinginess that has been suddenly turned into glory by the discovery of exclusive possession. If the true American wishes to avoid such humiliation, let him by all means employ a guide when he visits the Capitol.

It is one of the delights of an old citizen, if he is possessed of the true feeling about the Capitol, to watch the visitors from all over the country, the pilgrims to the shrine of the nation, and especially is the open-mouthed, undisguised, unashamed wonder of the rural visitors gratifying. They are seeing what they have dreamed of for years; or perhaps the man is looking upon streets that were roads, muddy and dusty and toilsome, when he was young, and marched over them to crush the rebellion, or in the splendid review that marked the end of the great conflict. He is looking now on one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, and he and his wife are laying up stores of experiences and sights that will please many a Grand Army camp-fire and sewing circle.

It is a great inspiration to patriotism, this frank admiration of the country's beautiful Capitol and its other public buildings. Day after day the visitors stream into the Rotunda, and look at the originals of the pictures they have often seen on the backs of their national bank-notes, and then up at the glowing fresco under the lantern, and at the poor brown panorama representing the history of the country. They walk through the Library, and whisper in wonder at the piles upon piles of books and plates stored on the floor for lack of room. They sit in the galleries and listen to weary or inspiring words, according as the pending debate may be on a business proposition or on politics. They believe in the statuary, in the paintings, in the statesmen, in the very doorkeepers, who take on a touch of the glory with which they come daily in contact. They believe in their country and its Capitol, and are touchingly proud of them.

And well may any American be proud of the scene that lies before him from the point of view which Mr. Reinhart has selected for his picture. From the beautiful terrace one may look far into the umbrageous city which lies at his feet. The broad avenues named from the thirteen original States spread out before him, and immediately in the foreground are the shady parks of the Horticultural Department and the Smithsonian Institution. Beyond is the shining shaft of the Washington Monument, which light-minded and unimpressionable persons are prone to liken to a factory chimney; and still beyond are the waters of the Potomac and the hills at Arlington. Everywhere is rich foliage—in the streets, the parks, on the hills. It is the country in town—in a town ornamented by buildings which, whatever may be said of their architectural virtues, are impressive from their size and from their traditions.

Washington visitors gain their most pleasing impressions of the Capitol from the porch of the Library or from this fine terrace, the conception of which was a happy inspiration. Its purpose is to make a front entrance in the original rear, and to correct the wrong which the city has done the Capitol by growing up behind it, and to help out the apparent height of the structure so that the huge dome should not seem to overpower it. But it is also a most charming spot from which to catch a glimpse of the city, the memory of which will always linger.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.



WASHINGTON BRASS, SULGRAVE CHURCH.

THE ENGLISH HOME OF WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

IT will be a surprise to many to know that the ancestral home of "The Father of Our Country" still stands in England. It was in Little Brington, Northamptonshire, not far from Althorp Park, that Laurence Washington, the great-great-great-grandfather of George Washington, lived, and it was in his house, our photograph of which was taken this year, that John Washington, the General's great-grandfather, was born. John Washington emigrated with his brother Laurence to Virginia, 1657, and he settled near the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, between Pope's and Bridge's creeks. He here married Anne Pope, by whom he had two sons, one of whom he called, after his brother, the family name of Laurence. Laurence married Mildred Warner, of Gloucester County, and had three children. The second child was named Augustine, and was the father of George Washington.

The old English home of the Washingtons is now the moss-grown cottage of a laborer, and the plaster has here and there fallen from its stuccoed sides. Its roof, once of thatch, has long ago been replaced by shingles, but the old-fashioned windows are the same, and the cottage has not been added to in the way of improvements since Washington's great-grandfather was born in it, not far from three hundred years ago. The house is of yellow sandstone covered with plaster. The lights of the windows are divided by slender stone bars, and above the door there is an inscription which reads: "The Lord Giveth, The Lord Taketh Away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructed 1606."

Near this is the Sulgrave church, in which Washington's ancestors are buried, and where upon a slab is an inscription stating that Laurence Washington, Gent, and Amee his wife, by whom he had issue of three sons and seven daughters, died in 1564. By the side of this is engraved a sort of a shield or coat of arms, with three stars at the top and two stripes below, from which it has been erroneously stated that our national flag was taken.

General Washington said but little about his ancestors in his papers, and the probability is that his time was so much engaged that he could not look them up. He was in many respects an aristocrat, and we have had no other President who was so punctilious regarding the etiquette to be observed in his establishment. He was addressed by his friends as "your Excellency," and I have seen manuscript private letters to Mrs. Washington which were directed to "Lady Washington." She and the President had their coat of arms, and they observed a genteel style in all their living. He had one of the most gorgeous coaches which have ever been seen in America. He imported the most of his clothes from England, and he wore silk, satin, and great quantities of gold lace. He entertained like a lord at Mount Vernon, and his establishment there was such that it would not discredit the most lavish entertainer among the statesmen of to-day.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WINTER NIGHTFALL.

THE rose has faded from the western sky
Behind the lazy mill,
The snow's wind-carven drifts in beauty lie
Where all is gray and still.

Now dim and faint the distant steeple grows,
While night's drear shadows creep
Across the land, and dull the weird repose
Of ashen wood and steep.

Above the fields a great enamelled star
Is sparkling cold and white;
The deep dark curtains of the east afar
Shine with a sudden light,

And in a moment, with a silver flood,
The full moon rises chill
Behind the tangle of the sombre wood
That crowns the distant hill.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK



THE SULGRAVE MANOR-HOUSE—ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS.

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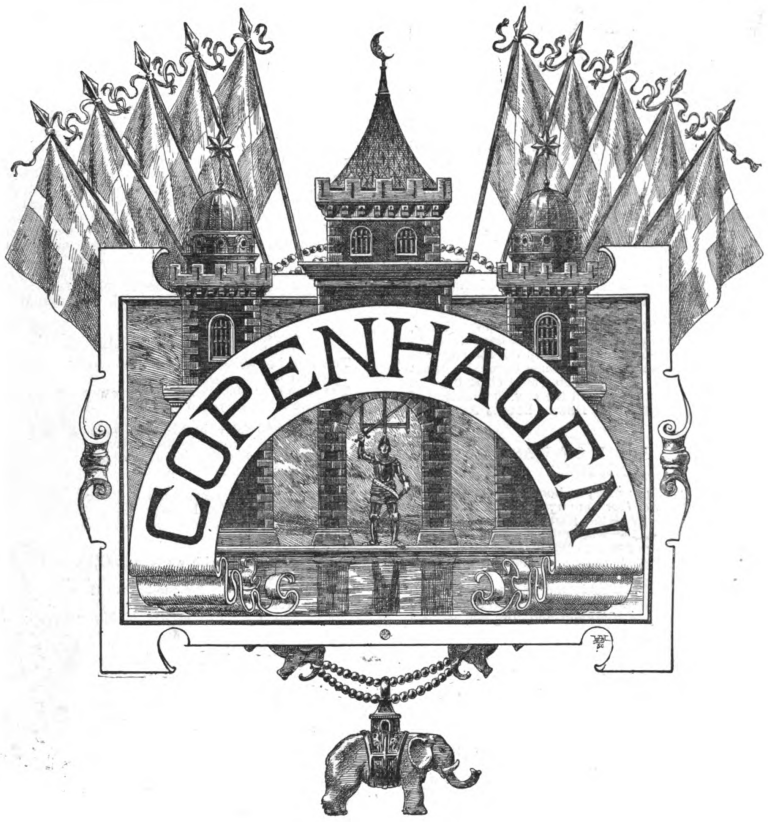
THE CHICAGO GRIPMAN.

THE ears of a stranger in Chicago are startled constantly by clanging bells on the streets. The first idea is that there must be a fire, and that all the engines and fire apparatus, together with the hospital ambulances, must be on the street and hastening on their missions of help. In a little while, however, the visitor sees what is making this ceaseless and alarming din. It is made by the gripmen in charge of the trains of cable-cars that hurry along the main thoroughfares of this busy Western metropolis. The noise itself is striking, and in no sense pleasing. The gripman himself, who makes the noise with his discordant but sharp-toned bell, is during the winter months the most striking and picturesque figure to be seen in Chicago.

The gripman, who is the engineer of the cable-cars, is almost entirely unprotected from the weather. Weather means more in Chicago than it does anywhere else; for within any twenty-four hours from November to May a wise person who has to be out-of-doors will provide himself with clothing to withstand the stress of driving rain and sleet, fierce snow and heavy winds, and a temperature in the neighborhood of zero. The gripman therefore arrays himself in an immense fur coat, with collar above his ears and skirts almost to his heels. His head is also fur-covered, and he presents to the elements little save his eyes. How he manages to hear the conductor's bell, considering that his ears are covered and his own bell constantly jangling, is really wonderful. But he is wonderfully picturesque to behold, and I believe he manages to get along without an undue number of accidents. In almost any other climate than Chicago the gripman could be housed in a glass-covered cab like that of a railway locomotive; but in Chicago the heavy smoke and black coal soot would soon so damage the transparency of the glass that the gripman would not be able to see accurately one hundred feet ahead of him. He therefore must stand in an open car, his eyes to the front, with one hand on the grip lever and the other on the brake.

The gripman's job in a crowded street is no sinecure. He must be always alert, and possessed of intelligence and judgment. Running a grip is not considered to require the same skill as running a steam or electric motor. It may not require what might be called instructed skill, but it certainly needs a robust physique, good eyesight, good hearing, and a clear mind. Driving an ordinary horse-car is not the easiest work in the world, but it is child's play compared to the work of the gripman. After car-horses have been used a little while their own intelligence does much to relieve the driver's work, for they learn to stop and start by the conductor's bell. But the cable beneath the street has no intelligence. It goes on and on, whether the street be blocked or only crowded, and the gripman must do all the rest.

The broad avenues of Chicago are very well adapted for the use of cables in pulling surface cars, and their use is an undoubted improvement on the old horse-cars. But they are not comfortable, nor do they cover distance with any considerable rapidity. A little past midnight the cables stop running, and then belated persons must take the horse-cars or cabs. Places of business, amusement, and resort empty themselves in time for these post-midnight cable-cars, and little crowds are waiting on the street corners to catch the last trains. This rule of the cable-cars is more effective in securing the closing of drinking-saloons at midnight than the ordinary aldermanic ordinance relating to the subject. It those rare days of summer when it is neither too hot nor too cold, the gripman's cab is considered a post of vantage, and the seats about his stand are crowded. But in the summer the gripman's picturesqueness has departed. He is no longer made a burly Titan by his furs, but is only an ordinary laborer, clothed like his fellows, soiled by the dust and the soot, and not even distinguished by these honorable stains of toil. Such stains do not distinguish one in Chicago. They are worn by all alike—the rich, the poor, the idle, and the industrious. Even the dandy when a few hours from his bath looks as though he might have been shovelling coal.



To Armand Dayot.

YOU ask me, dear friend and fellow-traveller, to call up again as I sit in my easy-chair the experiences of our charming trip in the bright days of June, 1888—days which sped by all too quickly, thanks to the interest and variety of the scenes we witnessed, the number and rapidity of the impressions we received, and the gentle courtesies and cordial hospitality of the people we visited. You do not, of course, expect me to describe all the sights we saw at Copenhagen, or, like Asmodeus, to lift up the roofs of the houses, but merely to give, for the benefit of your readers, a *résumé* of the ideas and impressions I brought back with me from our visit to the country of Denmark, and the streets and museums of its capital.

So I will look through my travelling note-book and try to call up the memories already hidden and half effaced beneath the dusty accumulations of daily life, but which gradually, as I muse, wake up to reality, and resume at some touch of association their natural proportions and coloring.

And, first, I see the sea in the early morning, a vast pearly-gray gleaming sheet of water, dotted with long islets of pale green verdure drifting with the tide. The ocean is ever the fundamental feature of a Danish scene, forming as it does three-quarters of every landscape, gently encircling in its embrace the whole country, and cutting it up into an infinite number of bays and islands. In the days of the heroes of eld the sea was the undisputed domain of the Northmen, bearing on its wide bosom the ships of the Vikings, who followed the flight of the wild swan, and boasted in their warlike songs that they had never slept beneath a roof, and never drained a cup beside a sheltered hearth. They steered their dragon-prowed vessels towards the lands occupied by the Anglo-Saxons and Franks, planted their pikes in the invaded districts, pillaged on every side, plundering with special zest, as pleasing to Odin, the churches of the Christians, and little dreaming that out of the ruins of those very churches was to spring up a new, better, and more wonderful style of art, a style to the development of which the Vikings were themselves in some measure to contribute, for to Northern influence we owe much of the quaint and confused yet rich and effective ornamentation characteristic of Romanesque architecture—an architecture thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its originators, which peeps out at us, so to speak, from many a sculptured capital in the grand cloisters, aisles, and naves of our cathedrals.

As we speed along between Korsör and Copenhagen, across the moors and heaths of Sjoelland, we look out from the window of our carriage on to low-lying silent districts, dotted here and there with farm-houses, the roofs standing out clearly against the wide horizon, and catch glimpses of the white oxen, with short legs but mighty lyre-shaped horns, yoked together in pairs, and of peasants bending over their ploughs. The scene is perhaps a little monotonous, but very peaceful and restful. One is reminded of some outlying tract of North Holland, only everything here is in a lower key of color, and the atmosphere is even more transparent, the light seeming to have been filtered through the ice of the nearer arctic regions.

But as the town is approached, the scenery becomes more diversified and fuller of interesting detail. The fields and pasture-lands now alternate with the scattered hamlets of the fisher-folk, and all along the Strandvei are villas embowered in trees, which are reflected in the blue waters of the Sound; we pass Klampenborg and Skovsborg, with their belts of fine woods; Charlottenhund, and, a little further north, Dyrehaven, with their chateaux and hunting-boxes, their celebrated old oaks, and their gigantic beeches, the finest I ever saw, venerable grandsires of a race peaceful yet powerful, in which the mighty hidden work of nature is silently carried on century after century, and who enjoy a charmed, all but immortal life, sustained by the flowing of the inexhaustible sap in their veins, and manifested in the gentle mysterious rustling of their masses of sombre foliage. Truly they live indeed; we almost fancy they think; and as we look at them we recall without any of the scepticism of doubt Holberg's account of the wonderful country in which wandered the student Niels-Klim, where the trees are men, true masters of the earth, and monarchs of the country, depositaries of the grand primitive forces of nature, the sources of authority, forming a natural and all-powerful aristocracy, the chiefs of which, distinguished by the greater number of their branches and the superior girth of their trunks, solemnly salute each other by slowly drooping their branches.

Yet one other peculiarity must be noted here, a peculiarity which will specially arouse the interest of the traveller on his first visit to Denmark, and that is the beauty of the lingering twilight, the magic charm of the long-drawn-out summer evenings, the soft light lingering in the transparent atmosphere, through which gleam the tender turquoise tints of the cloudless sky sinking so slowly from piano to pianissimo that the changes are scarcely perceptible. Gladly would one catch each fleeting effect in some ideal water-color sketch, or embody in the dreamy music of a lullaby the ineffable impression of peace and mystery produced by the sacred charm of this quiet evening hour, as the dying day in a delirious dream and in almost stealthy silence gives to the earth his parting kiss....

Copenhagen, or, as its inhabitants call it, Kjöbenhaven, the port of the merchants, is situated in an admirable position on the shores of the Sound, partly on Zeeland and partly on Amager. Like a northern Constantinople, it guards the Baltic Strait, and is a point of transition between central and northern Europe, watching over the fragments, much parcelled out, alas! of an ancient empire. But for the old citadel of Frederikshaven and its advanced batteries of Trekroner and Lynethen, it has no fortifications to speak of.* The ancient ramparts have been replaced by a girdle of promenades and wide boulevards. The authorities do not deceive themselves about the defences of their city, and if an invasion were threatened they would not be able to contemplate without uneasiness the terraces and avenues of the Lange-Linie, that beautiful esplanade on the side next the sea, the deep blue waters of which are fringed in the bright days of June with a line of silvery foam, reminding one of the lustrous violet-hued waves described by poets.... In spite of the want of batteries, however, the courage and patriotism of the Danes are alike undoubted, and relying on them, and on the justice of their cause, the people of Copenhagen earnestly cultivate those arts of peace which have aided in the rapid development of the resources of their country, and assure to it a grand future.

Although the history of Copenhagen can be traced back to the twelfth century, the city retains but few relics of the past, and it is wanting in what has been called the historic air of a town with many memories. At various times conflagrations and bombardments have razed to the ground its ancient monuments. To note but the most terrible: in 1728 more than sixteen hundred houses were burnt at one time; in 1795 whole quarters were consumed by the flames; in 1807 more than three hundred buildings and monuments fell beneath the cannonade of the English. Nothing remains to-day of earlier date than the time of Christian IV. (1588–1648), who, like Charles V. of France, was fond of "beaux maçonnages, saige artiste, vray architecteur, deviseur certain et prudent ordonneur, et belles fondacions fit faire en maintes places, notables édifices beaulx et nobles";† and in spite of all the troubles which befell his country during his reign has ever been the most popular monarch of Denmark.

The oldest portion of Kjöbenhaven is the southern, bounded on the north by the long Gothersgade Street, and cut across by the Ostergade, Amagertorv, Vimmelskaft, Nygade, Nytorv, and Frederiksberggade. There is the Kongens-Nytorv, or New King's Square, with its fine trees, its theatre, the Charlottenberg Palace, and the equestrian statue of Christian V., whilst further on we come to the Fruekirke, or Church of Our Lady, with the "Christ and Twelve Apostles," by Thorwaldsen, the University Buildings, and lastly, to the eminently characteristic Slotsholm, cut across by numerous canals spanned by little bridges, with the ruins of the Christiansborg Palace, of which the fire of 1884 left but the walls. On the same islet is the Thorwaldsen Museum, to which we shall return presently. Here, too, in the very heart of the old city, not far from the Prindsens Palace, is the Exchange, built under Christian IV., above which rises a very quaint and unusual kind of spire, made of the uplifted

* Many outlying forts are, however, now in course of construction.—TRANS.

† The translator has left this passage in the original, as its whole charm consists in the quaintness of the old French phrasing and spelling.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1887. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
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and interlaced tails of four dragons, the bodies of which rest on the roof, bearing witness in the midst of the triumphs of classicism to the survival amongst the Danes of a faithful love for the primitive fancies which inspired the art of their ancestors.

North of Slotsholm stretch the new quarters of the town, Jammelholm, Frederiksstadt, and Amalienborg, the last named the West End of Copenhagen, where are situated the royal residence and the houses of the aristocracy. On the west of this quarter is Kongenshave, the one park of the town, in which rises the little Rosenborg Château, built by Christian, in a mixed Gothic and Renaissance style, and containing the collection of Danish antiquities arranged by the celebrated archæologist Worsaäe. In this pretty park, which, like that of the Luxembourg in Paris, is the favorite resort of children and their attendants, is a statue of Andersen, the famous teller of fairy tales, who looks down as if ever relating fresh wonders to the charming groups playing at his feet.

Lastly, outside the town, beyond the Botanical Gardens, are the celebrated Tivoli Gardens, where, on the smooth sward beneath the fine old trees, all manner of innocent amusements are provided for the good people of Copenhagen, washed down by excellent beer. . . .

We have now given a rough description of Copenhagen as a whole, and, truth to tell, there is, with one or two slight exceptions, nothing particularly Scandinavian or unlike other towns about it. In fact, there remains nothing national about the style inaugurated under Christian, one of whose favorite artists was the son of Karel van Mander, the Dutch romanticist, who was thoroughly imbued with admiration for what may be called the ultramontane style, and who aided in the introduction to the extreme north of Europe of that international classicism which was to become an article of faith in Stockholm and Copenhagen in the following century.

How Academism invaded Scandinavian art, and was afterwards gradually eliminated by the return of scholars and artists to national traditions, resulting in the stamping out of all that was conventional and outworn, can be studied in the museums and private collections of Copenhagen. It was very well illustrated also in the interesting exhibition of 1888; and in this article I propose, with the help of the art treasures preserved in the city, if not exactly to give a history of the movement, yet to indicate its course.



THE VOR FRELSER'S KIRKE.



HUSSAR OF THE DANISH GUARDS.

In creating the admirable Museum of Northern Antiquities, Ramsus, Nyerup, and his successor, C. J. Thomsen, aided much in directing attention to the fine monuments of the past in Denmark. The illustrious Worsaäe, who classified the contents of the museum, threw a flood of light upon the origin of Danish art and civilization, and reduced to a science what had previously been a mere collection of half fabulous traditions.

Thanks to the zeal of inquirers and the scientific methods of the erudite, Denmark may be said to have learnt to know herself. She has fathomed the secrets of her own origin, and, as is the case with every nation whose independence is threatened, she has sought for something outside her political position on which to build up her individual character and her existence as a nation. This knowledge of what she has achieved in the past is to her alike a renewal of her youth and an earnest of her future progress. In the collections of the Prindsens and Rosenborg palaces the most remote ancestors of the Danes of the present day live again, and their very spirit is revealed to their descendants. Every stage of Danish prehistoric civilization and of history can be traced in chronological order in the Rosenborg Museum, from the time of the kitchen-middens, in which are preserved bits of broken pottery and fragments of the food of the men of the Stone Age, to that of the kings of the historic periods, who have left behind them their jewels, their weapons, their robes, their table decorations, etc. There, lying in their oaken coffins, are the warriors of the Bronze Age, the chief still wearing his hairy skin cap, his short petticoat, his woollen mantle, fastened on the shoulder with a wooden pin, and his upper garment of bullock's hide. Never can one forget the first impression made by the sight of these witnesses to the past, recalled from their long oblivion, with their household goods, and their jewels of gold and amber, their weapons and their harness still about them—these various relics exhibiting characteristics now purely local, now common to the Bronze Age, whether among the Celtic and Scandinavian races or the people of the Caucasus. Gradually the influence of the South begins to become apparent, and here and there we find a Roman form side by side with some purely barbaric ornament. But the basin of the Baltic, far removed as it was from the great routes of immigration and the currents of classic civilization, long retained the primitive customs of prehistoric times, and remained a home sacred to the unsophisticated heroes of the North.

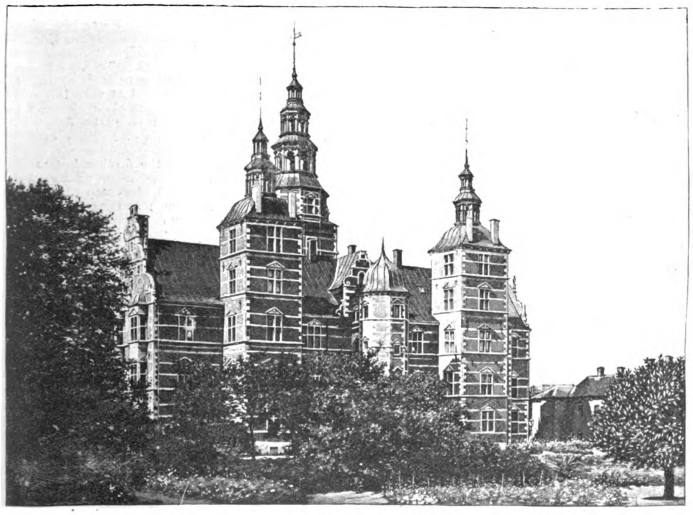


THE DYKE.

And now the hour had come when heathen Scandinavia, conqueror of Christian Europe, was to enter on an era of incomparable grandeur. The Vikings, on their return from their warlike expeditions to England, Ireland, and France, brought with them many costly treasures. Valuable objects, such as beautiful weapons, swords with jewelled hilts, weights for testing gold, gilded bronze harness and bridles, etc., abound in the tombs, and in the more recent are found with these earlier relics coins from Russia and the shores of the Caspian Sea, imported towards the end of the age of heathen domination.

At last, however, Christianity reached even the sons of Odin, and we witness the flight of their idols before the supreme God. But their resistance was long and bloody. When the stone churches of southern Europe were already crowded with worshippers prostrate before the Saviour, pagan traditions were still held sacred in Denmark, and missionaries had to compound with them. The only true natural Scandinavian architecture is that in wood, and even the first Christian churches were built of materials from the great native forests. According to Saxo Grammaticus, the church of Odensee, where St. Knut was assassinated, had *ligneos parietes*. It was, says another chronicler, *magnum ligneum templum, pluribus et magnis fenestris instructum*. When, in the twelfth century, the Bishop Otto of Bamberg went to evangelize Denmark, he was struck at finding castles and towns still built of wood; and it is with a very evident touch of native pride that the clerkly historian of the Röskilde Cathedral, who was to become the St. Denis of Denmark, notes that it was rebuilt *insigni lapideo tabulata*. Henceforth Danish art was to become, so to speak, tributary to that of foreigners, and it followed, at a somewhat later period, the successive stages of development in the rest of Europe. This is how it is that in Copenhagen we find, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, under Christian IV., the Dutch and German Renaissance style tempered by certain Gothic features.

The history of the classic reaction of last century, and of the important share taken in it by Winckelmann, is well known. The theories of the great German critic were early propagated in Copenhagen by his friend and correspondent Wiedevelt, who founded in 1754 the academy in which they were to be so eagerly adopted. Nicolas Abraham Abildgaard (1744–1809) was one of the first to put them in practice, and he painted Greek heroes in the taste of the time. I do not know what his fellow-countrymen thought of his work, but to my French eyes it seems to belong to the very worst phase of the school of David, with lifeless figures rigid with the extra cold of the North, in what I may perhaps characterize as a frozen *pompier* style. But the impulse was given, and though students still flocked to Paris, it was only to follow the Parisians to Rome, so that when the young Thorwaldsen distinguished himself in the competitions at the Copenhagen Academy, it was to Rome he was sent. There he remained, and I must not say any more about his stay there now, as my business is to trace to its origin the truly national school which has lately sprung up in the North.



THE ROSENBORG CASTLE.

And here I have to touch a very delicate question. The memory of Thorwaldsen and the work he left behind him are doubly sacred to every Dane, and his fellow-countrymen have rendered to him in the museum bearing his name the most reverent homage ever accorded to a great artist. It is impossible not to be struck with admiring respect in walking through this unique collection, where every statue has its *cella*, every bass-relief its right position in the best possible light; whilst beneath a single block of granite, in the midst of this select and secluded Campo Santo, full of his own

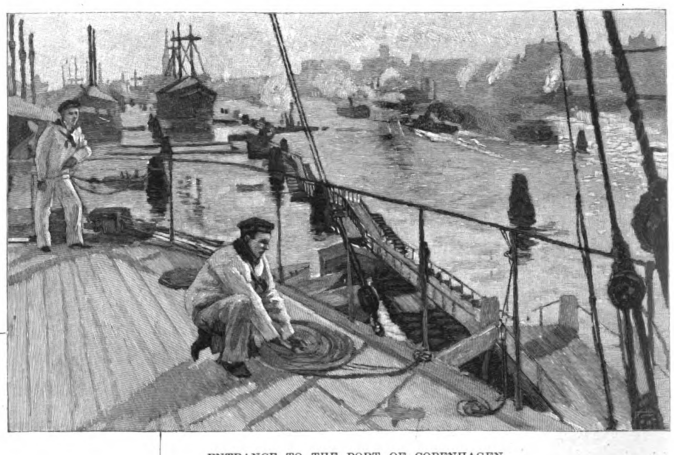


THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF MERCURY.

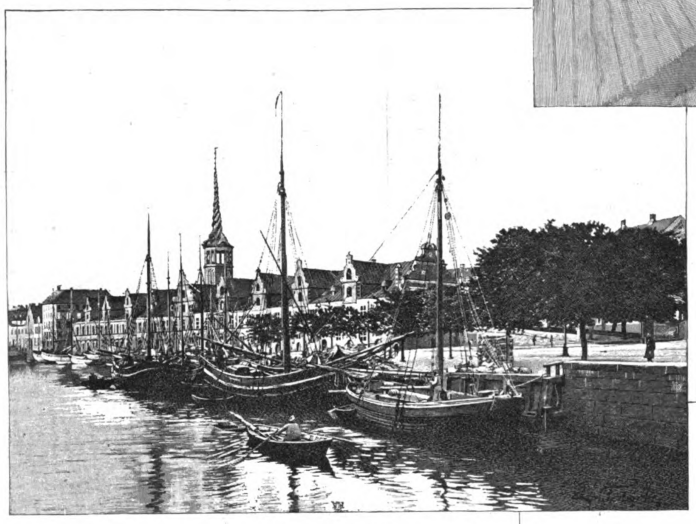
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masterpieces, sleeps the great artist himself. Truly it is more than a museum—it is a temple, sacred to the religion alike of art and of patriotism. But having said all this, it still remains a fact that the man who is the object of all this fervid admiration spent his life far from his native country, never drew from it his inspiration, but served foreign gods, even signing his name *Alberto* Thorwaldsen, like the man in one of Holberg's comedies who converted the berg (mountain) he inherited from his father into *Montanus*. No; Thorwaldsen did not—indeed he *could* not—leave behind him a native school; and not from him have Danish artists imbibed any of their special characteristics.

The day came when the people of Scandinavia realized that they were on the wrong track when they sought so far afield for the subjects of their work. The Views of Italy, Rapes of the Sabines, Temples of Vesta, and Destructions of Pompeii became less and less intelligible to the fellow-countrymen of the two or three generations of Danish artists who painted such scenes as these, and it was realized at last that it was high time to give some attention to the home country, so long considered unworthy to inspire a genius. And just as, after their passing passion for Romanticism, the worthy Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, cured of their love for ultramontane fashions, set quietly to work to portray



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF COPENHAGEN.

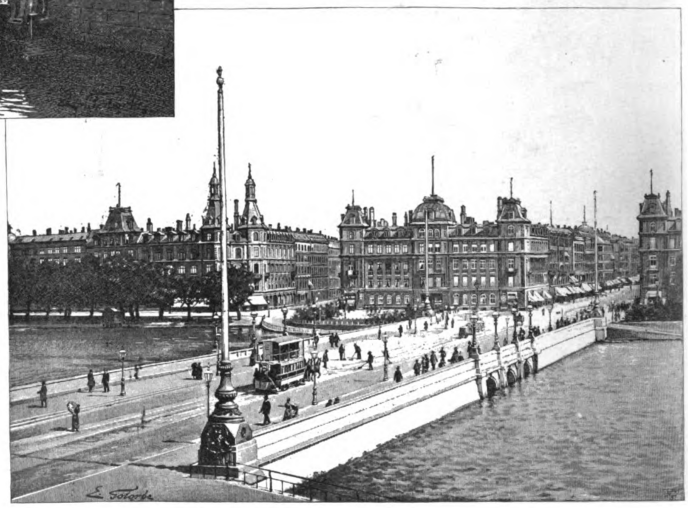


THE EXCHANGE

scenes in their own country, so did the Danes begin to open their eyes and their hearts to the familiar beauty of well-known horizons—suddenly, so to speak, discovering their native land.

One of the first to turn this discovery to practical account was Eckersberg, who died in 1853. Following the example of all his fellow-artists, he made the sacred pilgrimage, worked under David, and brought from Italy views of the Roman Campagna, with its ruins, etc., treated in the conventional manner. But he had always been inspired by an honest desire to do good work, and when he had no longer the wish, or perhaps the means, to travel, and was back in his own land, he made up his mind to give his whole attention to the scenes about him, henceforth taking all his subjects from the Sound, with its interesting shipping and seafaring population. Of course I do not mean to say Eckersberg was a great painter; he was neither the William Vandervelde nor the Backhuysen of Denmark, but he set an example of the right kind, and he was very soon imitated and surpassed.

There is no doubt that the members of the young Scandinavian school of art have all been to study in the Paris studios, and are all, moreover, ready gratefully to acknowledge what they owe to French masters; but, unlike their predecessors, they always meant to return home, and had no idea of being content with merely working up the collections of sketches made abroad. No; their aim was but to widen their experience by the study of other methods of painting, and they were fully determined to devote all their talent, all their enthusiasm, to their native land. And it is just this cordial sincerity, this open-hearted candor, which so fascinates us in their work. The mind is enthralled and the heart is touched by a nameless sense of freshness, youth, and loyalty, a certain moral force, a naïve and tender sympathy, such as is one of the chief elements of the realism characteristic of Northern races. We feel we are amongst honest fellows who love to study and to paint the familiar scenes of their native land, not so much with a view to introducing those scenes to us as from sheer delight in getting to know them more intimately themselves. Need we mention any names? There are plenty to choose from—Niels Petersen Mols, Viggo Pedersen, Theodore Philipp-



THE NEW TOWN.



A FRIENDLY BREAKFAST PARTY.

sen, Michael Therkildsen, and Brendekilde, Jharvald Kiss, Christian Zacho, Nils Christian, Skovgaard, Julius Paülsen, Henningsen, Engelstedt, Jerndorff, Middelboe, Hansen, H. Tegner, Michael and Anna Anker, and, above all, Viggo Johansen and Peters S Kröyer. I know nothing more true, more full of faithful observation, or more skilfully executed than the interiors of Johansen; they are instinct with life and with sincerity; the artist is thoroughly *en rapport* with his subjects; we get a glimpse of the very innermost selves of the people who figure in these noble, virile, yet tender renderings of scenes of familiar everyday life.

And Kröyer catches with marvellous rapidity the fleeting but most characteristic and self-betraying attitudes and gestures of his fishermen and of the artists who meet in the pleasant little *réunions* at Skagen, which is to Danes what Barbizon was to French and Newlyn is to English artists. It is no use trying to make any one who has not heard it understand what the triple "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" is to the people of Scandinavia; but Kröyer almost makes us hear it in the masterly—may we say the *vibrating*?—picture which was exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon in 1889; whilst in his "Departure of the Fishing-Boats" he called up visibly all the soft religious mystery, all the solemn, tender beauty, of night in the North.

Truly well do Scandinavian artists merit the sympathy and the gratitude of the rest of Europe for having lavished all this love, all this filial reverence and devotion, on their native land, and for having dedicated to it all the best efforts of their imaginations. To the old effete schools, given over to a sterile dilettanteism, they are alike a lesson and an example; for, after many and varied experiences, they have returned advisedly to the spontaneous instincts of nature, and are worthy of the honor of giving to their much-loved native land a school which may justly be characterized as grand.

André Michel

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF SILVER BLAZE.

"I AM afraid, Watson, that I shall have to go," said Holmes, as we sat down together to our breakfast one morning.

"Go! Where to?"

"To Dartmoor; to King's Pyland."

I was not surprised. Indeed, my only wonder was that he had not already been mixed up in this extraordinary case, which was the one topic of conversation through the length and breadth of England. For a whole day my companion had rambled about the room with his chin upon his chest and his brows knitted, charging and recharging his pipe with the strongest black tobacco, and absolutely deaf to any of my questions or remarks. Fresh editions of every paper had been sent up by our news agent, only to be glanced over and tossed down into a corner. Yet, silent as he was, I knew perfectly well what it was over which he was brooding. There was but one problem before the public which could challenge his powers of analysis, and that was the singular disappearance of the favorite for the Wessex Cup, and the tragic murder of its trainer. When, therefore, he suddenly announced his intention of setting out for the scene of the drama it was only what I had both expected and hoped for.

"I should be most happy to go down with you if I should not be in the way," said I.

"My dear Watson, you would confer a great favor upon me by coming. And I think that your time will not be misspent, for there are points about the case which promise to make it an absolutely unique one. We have, I think, just time to catch our train at Paddington, and I will go further into the matter upon our journey. You would oblige me by bringing with you your very excellent field-glass."

And so it happened that an hour or so later I found myself in the corner of a first-class carriage flying along *en route* for Exeter, while Sherlock Holmes, with his sharp eager face framed in his ear-flapped travelling-cap, dipped rapidly into the bundle of fresh papers which he had procured at Paddington. We had left Reading far behind us before he thrust the last one of them under the seat, and offered me his cigar-case.

"We are going well," said he, looking out of the window and glancing at his watch. "Our rate at present is fifty-three and a half miles an hour."

"I have not observed the quarter-mile posts," said I.

"Nor have I. But the telegraph posts upon this line are sixty yards apart, and the calculation is a simple one. I presume that you have looked into this matter of the murder of John Straker and the disappearance of Silver Blaze?"



HIS HEAD HAD BEEN SHATTERED BY A SAVAGE BLOW.

"I have seen what the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* have to say."

"It is one of those cases where the art of the reasoner should be used rather for the sifting of details than for the acquiring of fresh evidence. The tragedy has been so uncommon, so complete, and of such personal importance to so many people, that we are suffering from a plethora of surmise, conjecture, and hypothesis. The difficulty is to detach the frame-work of fact—of absolute undeniable fact—from the embellishments of theorists and reporters. Then, having established ourselves upon this sound basis, it is our duty to see what inferences may be drawn and what are the special points upon which the whole mystery turns. On Tuesday evening I received telegrams from both Colonel Ross, the owner of the horse, and from Inspector Gregory, who is looking after the case, inviting my co-operation."

"Tuesday evening!" I exclaimed. "And this is Thursday morning. Why didn't you go down yesterday?"

"Because I made a blunder, my dear Watson—which is, I am afraid, a more common occurrence than any one would think who only knew me through your memoirs. The fact is that I could not believe it possible that the most remarkable horse in England could long remain concealed, especially in so sparsely inhabited a place as the north of Dartmoor. From hour to hour yesterday I expected to hear that he had been found, and that his abductor was the murderer of John Straker. When, however, another morning had come, and I found that beyond the arrest of young Fitzroy Simpson nothing had been done, I felt that it was time for me to take action. Yet in some ways I feel that yesterday has not been wasted."

"You have formed a theory, then?"

"At least I have got a grip of the essential facts of the case. I shall enumerate them to you, for nothing clears up a case so much as stating it to another person, and I can hardly expect your co-operation if I do not show you the position from which we start."

I lay back against the cushions, puffing at my cigar, while Holmes, leaning forward, with his long thin forefinger checking off the points upon the palm of his left hand, gave me a sketch of the events which had led to our journey.

"Silver Blaze," said he, "is from the Somomy stock, and holds as brilliant a record as his famous ancestor. He is now in his fifth year, and has brought in turn each of the prizes of the turf to Colonel Ross, his fortunate owner. Up to the time of the catastrophe he was first favorite for the Wessex Cup, the betting being three to one on him. He has always, however, been a prime favorite with the racing public, and has never yet disappointed them, so that even at those odds enormous sums of money have been laid upon him. It is obvious, therefore, that there were many people who had the strongest interest in preventing Silver Blaze from being there at the fall of the flag next Tuesday.

"The fact was, of course, appreciated at King's Pyland, where the Colonel's training-stable is situated. Every precaution was taken to guard the favorite. The trainer, John Straker, is a retired jockey who rode in Colonel Ross's colors before he became too heavy for the weighing-chair. He has served the Colonel for five years as jockey and for seven as trainer, and has always shown himself to be a zealous and honest servant. Under him were three lads; for the establishment was a small one, containing only four horses in all. One of these lads sat up each night in the stable, while the others slept in the loft. All three bore excellent characters. John Straker, who is a married man, lived in a small villa about two hundred yards from the stables. He has no children, keeps one maid-servant, and is comfortably off. The country round is very lonely, but about half a mile to the north there is a small cluster of villas which have been built by a Tavistock contractor for the use of invalids and others who may wish to enjoy the pure Dartmoor air. Tavistock itself lies two miles to the west, while across the moor, also about two miles distant, is the larger training establishment of Mapleton, which belongs to Lord Backwater, and is managed by Silas Brown. In every other direction the moor is a complete wilderness, inhabited only by a few roaming gypsies. Such was the general situation last Monday night when the catastrophe occurred.

"On that evening the horses had been exercised and watered as usual, and the stables were locked up at nine o'clock. Two of the lads walked up to the trainer's house, where they had supper in the kitchen, while the third, Ned Hunter, remained on guard. At a few minutes after nine the maid, Edith Baxter, carried down to the stables his supper, which consisted of a dish of curried mutton. She took no liquid, as there was a water-tap in the stables, and it was the rule that the lad on duty should drink nothing else. The maid carried a lantern with her, as it was very dark and the path ran across the open moor.

"Edith Baxter was within thirty yards of the stables, when a man appeared out of the darkness and called to her to stop. As he stepped into the circle of yellow light thrown by the lantern she saw that he was a person of gentlemanly bearing, dressed in a gray suit of tweeds, with a cloth cap. He wore gaiters, and carried a heavy stick with a knob to it. She was most impressed, however, by the extreme pallor of his face and by the nervousness of his manner. His age, she thought, would be rather over thirty than under it.

"'Can you tell me where I am?' he asked. 'I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the moor, when I saw the light of your lantern.'

"'You are close to the King's Pyland training-stables,' said she.

"'Oh, indeed! What a stroke of luck!' he cried. 'I understand that a stable-boy sleeps there alone every night. Perhaps that is his supper which you are carrying to him. Now I am sure that you would not be too proud to earn the price of a new dress, would you?' He took a piece of white paper folded up out of his waistcoat pocket. 'See that the boy has this to-night, and you shall have the prettiest frock that money can buy.'

"She was frightened by the earnestness of his manner, and ran past him to the window through which she was accustomed to hand the meals. It was already opened, and Hunter was seated at the small table inside. She had begun to tell him of what had happened, when the stranger came up again.

"'Good evening,' said he, looking through the window. 'I wanted to have a word with you.' The girl has sworn that as he spoke she noticed the corner of the little paper packet protruding from his closed hand.

"'What business have you here?' asked the lad.

"'It's business that may put something into your pocket,' said the other. 'You've two horses in for the Wessex Cup—Silver Blaze and Bayard. Let me have the straight tip and you won't be a loser. Is it a fact that at the weights Bayard could give the other a hundred yards in five furlongs, and that the stable have put their money on him?'

"'So, you're one of those d——d touts!' cried the lad. 'I'll show you how we serve them in King's Pyland.' He



THE MAID CARRIED HIS SUPPER TO THE STABLES.

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sprang up and rushed across the stable to unloose the dog. The girl fled away to the house, but as she ran she looked back and saw that the stranger was leaning through the window. A minute later, however, when Hunter rushed out with the hound he was gone, and though he ran all round the buildings he failed to find any trace of him."

"One moment," I asked. "Did the stable-boy, when he ran out with the dog, leave the door unlocked behind him?"

"Excellent, Watson, excellent!" murmured my companion. "The importance of the point struck me so forcibly that I sent a special wire to Dartmoor yesterday to clear the matter up. The boy locked the door before he left it. The window, I may add, was not large enough for a man to get through.

"Hunter waited until his fellow-grooms had returned, when he sent a message to the trainer, and told him what had occurred. Straker was excited at hearing the account, although he does not seem to have quite realized its true significance. It left him, however, vaguely uneasy, and Mrs. Straker, waking at one in the morning, found that he was dressing. In reply to her inquiries, he said that he could not sleep on account of his anxiety about the horses, and that he intended to walk down to the stables to see that all was well. She begged him to remain at home, as she could hear the rain pattering against the window, but in spite of her entreaties he pulled on his large mackintosh and left the house.

"Mrs. Straker awoke at seven in the morning, to find that her husband had not yet returned. She dressed herself hastily, called the maid, and set off for the stables. The door was open; inside, huddled together upon a chair, Hunter was sunk in a state of absolute stupor, the favorite's stall was empty, and there were no signs of his trainer.

"The two lads who slept in the chaff-cutting loft above the harness-room were quickly aroused. They had heard nothing during the night, for they are both sound sleepers. Hunter was obviously under the influence of some powerful drug, and as no sense could be got out of him, he was left to sleep it off while the two lads and the two women ran out in search of the absentees. They still had hopes that the trainer had for some reason taken out the horse for early exercise, but on ascending the knoll near the house, from which all the neighboring moors were visible, they not only could see no signs of the missing favorite, but they perceived something which warned them that they were in the presence of a tragedy.

"About a quarter of a mile from the stables John Straker's overcoat was flapping from a furze-bush. Immediately beyond there was a bowl shaped depression in the moor, and at the bottom of this was found the dead body of the unfortunate trainer. His head had been shattered by a savage blow from some heavy weapon, and he was wounded on the thigh, where there was a long clean cut, inflicted evidently by some very sharp instrument. It was clear, however, that Straker had defended himself vigorously against his assailants, for in his right hand he held a small knife, which was clotted with blood up to the handle, while in his left he clasped a red and black silk cravat, which was recognized by the maid as having been worn on the preceding evening by the stranger who had visited the stables. Hunter on recovering from his stupor was also quite positive as to the ownership of the cravat. He was equally certain that the same stranger had, while standing at the window, drugged his curried mutton, and so deprived the stables of their watchman. As to the missing horse, there were abundant proofs in the mud which lay at the bottom of the fatal hollow that he had been there at the time of the struggle. But from that morning he has disappeared, and although a large reward has been offered, and all the gypsies of Dartmoor are on the alert, no news has come of him. Finally, an analysis has shown that the remains of his supper left by the stable-lad contain an appreciable quantity of powdered opium, while the people at the house partook of the same dish on the same night without any ill effect.

"Those are the main facts of the case, stripped of all surmise, and stated as baldly as possible. I shall now recapitulate what the police have done in the matter.

"Inspector Gregory, to whom the case has been committed, is an extremely competent officer. Were he but gifted with imagination he might rise to great heights in his profession. On his arrival he promptly found and arrested the man upon whom suspicion naturally rested. There was little difficulty in finding him, for he inhabited one of those villas which I have mentioned. His name, it appears, was Fitzroy Simpson. He was a man of excellent birth and education who had squandered a fortune upon the turf, and who lived now by doing a little quiet and genteel bookmaking in the sporting clubs of London. An examination of his betting-book shows that bets to the amount of five thousand pounds had been registered by him against the favorite. On being arrested he volunteered the statement that he had come down to Dartmoor in the hope of getting some information about the King's Pyland horses, and also about Desborough, the second favorite, which was in charge of Silas Brown at the Mapleton stables. He did not attempt to deny that he had acted as described upon the evening before, but declared that he had no sinister designs, and had simply wished to obtain first-hand information. When confronted with his cravat, he turned very pale, and was utterly unable to account for its presence in the hand of the murdered man. His wet clothing showed that he had been out in the storm of the night before, and his stick, which was a Penang lawyer weighted with lead, was just such a weapon as might, by repeated blows, have inflicted the terrible injuries to which the trainer had succumbed. On the other hand, there was no wound upon his person, while the state of Straker's knife would show that one at least of his assailants must bear his mark upon him. There you have it all in a nutshell, Watson, and if you can give me any light I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

I had listened with the greatest interest to the statement which Holmes, with characteristic clearness, had laid before me. Though most of the facts were familiar to me, I had not sufficiently appreciated their relative importance, nor their connection to each other.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that the incised wound upon Straker may have been caused by his own knife in the convulsive struggles which follow any brain injury?"

"It is more than possible; it is probable," said Holmes. "In that case one of the main points in favor of the accused disappears."

"And yet," said I, "even now I fail to understand what the theory of the police can be."

"I am afraid that whatever theory we state has very grave objections to it," returned my companion. "The police imagine, I take it, that this Fitzroy Simpson, having drugged the lad, and having in some way obtained a duplicate key, opened the stable door, and took out the horse, with the intention, apparently, of kidnapping him altogether. His bridle is missing, so that Simpson must have put this on. Then, having left the door open behind him, he was leading the horse away over the moor, when he was either met or overtaken by the trainer. A row naturally ensued. Simpson beat out the trainer's brains with his heavy stick without receiving any injury from the small knife which Straker used in self-defence, and then the thief either led the horse on to some secret hiding-place, or else it may have bolted during the struggle, and be now wandering out on the moors. That is the case as it appears to the police, and improbable as it is, all other explanations are more improbable still. However, I shall very quickly test the matter when I am once upon the spot, and until then I cannot really see how we can get much further than our present position."

It was evening before we reached the little town of Tavistock, which lies, like the boss of a shield, in the middle of the huge circle of Dartmoor. Two gentlemen were awaiting in the station, the one a tall fair man with a lionlike hair and beard, and curiously penetrating light blue eyes, the other a small alert person, very neat and dapper, in a frock-coat and gaiters, with trim little side whiskers and an eye-glass. The latter was Colonel Ross, the well-known sportsman, the other Inspector Gregory, a man who was rapidly making his name in the English detective service.

"I am delighted that you have come down, Mr. Holmes," said the Colonel. "The Inspector here has done all that could possibly be suggested, but I wish to leave no stone unturned in trying to avenge poor Straker and in recovering my horse."

"Have there been any fresh developments?" asked Holmes.

"I am sorry to say that we have made very little progress," said the Inspector. "We have an open carriage outside, and as you would no doubt like to see the place before the light fails, we might talk it over as we drive."

A minute later we were all seated in a comfortable landau, and were rattling through the quaint old Devonshire city. Inspector Gregory was full of his case, and poured out a stream of remarks, while Holmes threw in an occasional question or interjection. Colonel Ross leaned back with his arms folded and his hat tilted over his eyes, while I listened with interest to the dialogue of the two detectives. Gregory was formulating his theory, which was almost exactly what Holmes had foretold in the train.

"The net is drawn pretty close round Fitzroy Simpson," he remarked, "and I believe myself that he is our man. At the same time I recognize that the evidence is purely circumstantial, and that some new development may upset it."

"How about Straker's knife?"

"We have quite come to the conclusion that he wounded himself in his fall."

"My friend Dr. Watson made that suggestion to me as we came down. If so, it would tell against this man Simpson."

"Undoubtedly. He has neither a knife nor any sign of a wound. The evidence against him is certainly very strong. He had a great interest in the disappearance of the favorite. He lies under suspicion of having poisoned the stable-boy, he was undoubtedly out in the storm, he was armed with a heavy stick, and his cravat was found in the dead man's hand. I really think we have enough to go before a jury."

Holmes shook his head. "A clever counsel would tear it all to rags," said he. "Why should he take the horse out of the stable? If he wished to injure it why could he not do it there. Has a duplicate key been found in his possession? What chemist sold him the powdered opium? Above all, where could he, a stranger to the district, hide a horse, and such a horse as this? What is his own explanation as to the paper which he wished the maid to give to the stable-boy?"

"He says that it was a ten-pound note. One was found in his purse. But your other difficulties are not so formidable as they seem. He is not a stranger to the district. He has twice lodged at Tavistock in the summer. The opium was probably brought from London. The key, having served its purpose, would be hurled away. The horse may be at the bottom of one of the pits or old mines upon the moor."

"What does he say about the cravat?"

"He acknowledges that it is his, and declares that he had lost it. But a new element has been introduced into the case which may account for his leading the horse from the stable."

Holmes pricked up his ears.

"We have found traces which show that a party of gypsies encamped on Monday night within a mile of the spot where the murder took place. On Tuesday they were gone. Now, presuming that there was some understanding between Simpson and these gypsies, might he not have been leading the horse to them when he was overtaken, and may they not have him now?"

"It is certainly possible."

"The moor is being scoured for these gypsies. I have also examined every stable and out-house in Tavistock, and for a radius of ten miles."

"There is another training-stable quite close, I understand?"

"Yes, and that is a factor which we must certainly not neglect. As Desborough, their horse, was second in the betting, they had an interest in the disappearance of the favorite. Silas Brown, the trainer, is known to have had large bets upon the event, and he was no friend to poor Straker. We have, however, examined the stables, and there is nothing to connect him with the affair."

"And nothing to connect this man Simpson with the interests of the Mapleton stables?"

"Nothing at all."

Holmes leaned back in the carriage, and the conversation ceased. A few minutes later our driver pulled up at a neat little red-brick villa with overhanging eaves which stood by the road. Some distance off, across a paddock, lay a long gray tiled out-building. In every other direction the low curves of the moor, bronze-colored from the fading ferns, stretched away to the sky-line, broken only by the steeples of Tavistock, and by a cluster of houses away to the westward which marked the Mapleton stables. We all sprang out with the exception of Holmes, who continued to lean back with his eyes fixed upon the sky in front of him, entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. It was only when I touched his arm that he roused himself with a violent start and stepped out of the carriage.

"Excuse me," said he, turning to Colonel Ross, who had looked at him in some surprise. "I was day-dreaming." There was a gleam in his eyes and a suppressed excitement in his manner which convinced me, used as I was to his ways, that his hand was upon a clew, though I could not imagine where he had found it.

"Perhaps you would prefer at once to go on to the scene of the crime, Mr. Holmes?" said Gregory.

"I think that I should prefer to stay here a little and go into one or two questions of detail. Straker was brought back here, I presume?"

"Yes; he lies upstairs. The inquest is to-morrow."

"He has been in your service some years, Colonel Ross?"

"I have always found him an excellent servant."

"I presume that you made an inventory of what he had in his pockets at the time of his death, Inspector?"

"I have the things themselves in the sitting-room, if you would care to see them."

"I should be very glad." We all filed into the front room and sat round the central table while the Inspector unlocked a square tin box and laid a small heap of things before us. There was a box of vestas, two inches of tallow candle, an A D P brier-root pipe, a pouch of seal-skin with half an ounce of long-cut Cavendish, a silver watch with a gold chain, five sovereigns in gold, an aluminium pencil-case, a few papers, and an ivory-handled knife with a very delicate inflexible blade marked Weiss & Co., London.

"This is a very singular knife," said Holmes, lifting it up and examining it minutely. "I presume, as I see blood-stains upon it, that it is the one which was found in the dead man's grasp. Watson, this knife is surely in your line?"

"It is what we call a cataract knife," said I.

"I thought so. A very delicate blade devised for very delicate work. A strange thing for a man to carry with him upon a rough expedition, especially as it would not shut in his pocket."

"The tip was guarded by a disc of cork which we found beside his body," said the Inspector. "His wife tells us that the knife had lain upon the dressing-table, and that he had picked it up as he left the room. It was a poor weapon, but perhaps the best that he could lay his hands on at the moment."

"Very possibly. How about these papers?"

"Three of them are receipted hay-dealers' accounts. One of them is a letter of instructions from Colonel Ross. This other is a milliner's account for thirty-seven pounds fifteen made out by Madame Lesurier, of Bond Street, to William Derbyshire. Mrs. Straker tells us that Derbyshire was a friend of her husband's, and that occasionally his letters were addressed here."

"Madame Derbyshire had somewhat expensive tastes," remarked Holmes, glancing down the account. "Twenty-two guineas is rather heavy for a single costume. However, there appears to be nothing more to learn, and we may now go down to the scene of the crime."

As we emerged from the sitting room a woman, who had been waiting in the passage, took a step forward and laid her hand upon the Inspector's sleeve. Her face was haggard and thin and eager, stamped with the print of a recent horror.

"Have you got them? Have you found them?" she panted.

"No, Mrs. Straker. But Mr. Holmes here has come from London to help us, and we shall do all that is possible."

"Surely I met you in Plymouth at a garden party some little time ago, Mrs. Straker?" said Holmes.

"No, sir; you are mistaken."

"Dear me! Why I could have sworn to it. You wore a costume of dove-colored silk with ostrich-feather trimming."

"I never had such a dress, sir," answered the lady.

"Ah, that quite settles it," said Holmes. And with an apology he followed the Inspector outside. A short walk across the moor took us to the hollow in which the body had been found. At the brink of it was the furze-bush upon which the coat had been hung.

"There was no wind that night, I understand," said Holmes.

"None; but very heavy rain."

"In that case the overcoat was not blown against the furze-bushes, but placed there."

"Yes, it was laid across the bush."

"You fill me with interest. I perceive that the ground has been trampled up a good deal. No doubt many feet have been there since Monday night."

"A piece of matting has been laid here at the side, and we have all stood upon that."

"Excellent."

"In this bag I have one of the boots which Straker wore, one of Fitzroy Simpson's shoes, and a cast horseshoe of Silver Blaze."

"My dear Inspector, you surpass yourself!" Holmes took the bag, and descending into the hollow, he pushed the matting into a more central position. Then stretching himself upon his face and leaning his chin upon his hands, he made a careful study of the trampled mud in front of him. "Hullo!" said he, suddenly. "What's this?" It was a wax vesta half burned, which was so coated with mud that it looked at first like a little chip of wood.

"I cannot think how I came to overlook it," said the Inspector, with an expression of annoyance.

"It was invisible, buried in the mud. I only saw it because I was looking for it."

"What! you expected to find it?"

"I thought it not unlikely."

He took the boots from the bag, and compared the impressions of each of them with marks upon the ground. Then he clambered up to the rim of the hollow, and crawled about among the ferns and bushes.

"I am afraid that there are no more tracks," said the Inspector. "I have examined the ground very carefully for a hundred yards in each direction."

"Indeed!" said Holmes, rising. "I should not have the impertinence to do it again after what you say. But I should like to take a little walk over the moor before it grows dark, that I may know my ground to-morrow, and I think that I shall put this horseshoe into my pocket for luck."

Colonel Ross, who had shown some signs of impatience at my companion's quiet and systematic method of work, glanced at his watch. "I wish you would come back with me, Inspector," said he. "There are several points on which I should like your advice, and especially as to whether we do not owe it to the public to remove our horse's name from the entries for the Cup."

"Certainly not," cried Holmes, with decision. "I should let the name stand."

The Colonel bowed. "I am very glad to have had your opinion, sir," said he. "You will find us at poor Straker's house when you have finished your walk, and we can drive together into Tavistock."

He turned back with the Inspector, while Holmes and I walked slowly across the moor. The sun was beginning to sink behind the stable of Mapleton, and the long sloping plain in front of us was tinged with gold, deepening into rich ruddy browns where the faded ferns and brambles caught the evening light. But the glories of the landscape were all

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wasted upon my companion, who was sunk in the deepest thought.

"It's this way, Watson," said he at last. "We may leave the question of who killed John Straker for the instant, and confine ourselves to finding out what has become of the horse. Now supposing that he broke away during or after the tragedy, where could he have gone to? The horse is a very gregarious creature. If left to himself his instincts would have been either to return to King's Pyland, or go over to Mapleton. Why should he run wild upon the moor? He would surely have been seen by now. And why should gypsies kidnap him? These people always clear out when they hear of trouble, for they do not wish to be pestered by the police. They could not hope to sell such a horse. They would run a great risk and gain nothing by taking him. Surely that is clear."

"Where is he, then?"

"I have already said that he must have gone to King's Pyland or to Mapleton. He is not at King's Pyland. Therefore he is at Mapleton. Let us take that as a working hypothesis and see what it leads us to. This part of the moor, as the Inspector remarked, is very hard and dry. But it falls away towards Mapleton, and you can see from here that there is a long hollow over yonder, which must have been very wet on Monday night. If our supposition is correct, then the horse must have crossed that, and there is the point where we should look for his tracks."

We had been walking briskly during this conversation, and a few more minutes brought us to the hollow in question. At Holmes's request I walked down the bank to the right, and he to the left, but I had not taken fifty paces before I heard him give a shout, and saw him waving his hand to me. The track of a horse was plainly outlined in the soft earth in front of him, and the shoe which he took from his pocket exactly fitted the impression.

"See the value of imagination," said Holmes. "It is the one quality which Gregory lacks. We imagined what might have happened, acted upon the supposition, and find ourselves justified. Let us proceed."

We crossed the marshy bottom and passed over a quarter of a mile of dry, hard turf. Again the ground sloped, and again we came on the tracks. Then we lost them for half a mile, but only to pick them up once more quite close to Mapleton. It was Holmes who saw them first, and he stood pointing with a look of triumph upon his face. A man's track was visible beside the horse's.

"The horse was alone before," I cried.

"Quite so. It was alone before. Hullo, what is this?"

The double track turned sharp off and took the direction of King's Pyland. Holmes whistled, and we both followed along after it. His eyes were on the trail, but I happened to look a little to one side, and saw to my surprise the same tracks coming back again in the opposite direction.

"One for you, Watson," said Holmes, when I pointed it out. "You have saved us a long walk, which would have brought us back on our own traces. Let us follow the return track."

We had not to go far. It ended at the paving of asphalt which led up to the gates of the Mapleton stables. As we approached, a groom ran out from them.

"We don't want any loiterers about here," said he.

"I only wished to ask a question," said Holmes, with his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket. "Should I be too early to see your master, Mr. Silas Brown, if I were to call at five o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Bless you, sir, if any one is about he will be, for he is always the first stirring. But here he is, sir, to answer your questions for himself. No, sir, no; it is as much as my place is worth to let him see me touch your money. Afterwards, if you like."

As Sherlock Holmes replaced the half-crown which he had drawn from his pocket, a fierce-looking elderly man strode out from the gate with a hunting-crop swinging in his hand.

"What's this, Dawson!" he cried. "No gossiping! Go about your business! And you, what the devil do you want here?"

"Ten minutes' talk with you, my good sir," said Holmes in the sweetest of voices.

"I've no time to talk to every gadabout. We want no strangers here. Be off, or you may find a dog at your heels."

Holmes leaned forward and whispered something in the trainer's ear. He started violently and flushed to the temples.

"It's a lie!" he shouted; "an infernal lie!"

"Very good. Shall we argue about it here in public or talk it over in your parlor?"

"Oh, come in if you wish to."

Holmes smiled. "I shall not keep you more than a few minutes, Watson," said he. "Now, Mr. Brown, I am quite at your disposal."

It was twenty minutes, and the reds had all faded into grays before Holmes and the trainer reappeared. Never have I seen such a change as had been brought about in Silas Brown in that short time. His face was ashy pale, beads of perspiration shone upon his brow, and his hands shook until the hunting-crop wagged like a branch in the wind. His bullying, overbearing manner was all gone too, and he cringed along at my companion's side like a dog with its master.

"Your instructions will be done. It shall be all done," said he.

"There must be no mistake," said Holmes, looking round at him. The other winced as he read the menace in his eyes.

"Oh no, there shall be no mistake. It shall be there. Should I change it first or not?"

Holmes thought a little and then burst out laughing. "No, don't," said he; "I shall write to you about it. No tricks, now, or—"

"Oh, you can trust me, you can trust me!"

"Yes, I think I can. Well, you shall hear from me to-morrow." He turned upon his heel, disregarding the trembling hand which the other held out to him, and we set off for King's Pyland.

"A more perfect compound of the bully, coward, and sneak than Master Silas Brown I have seldom met with," remarked Holmes as we trudged along together.

"He has the horse, then?"

"He tried to bluster out of it, but I described to him so exactly what his actions had been upon that morning that he is convinced that I was watching him. Of course you observed the peculiarly square toes in the impressions, and that his own boots exactly corresponded to them. Again, of course no subordinate would have dared to do such a thing. I described to him how, when according to his custom he was the first down, he perceived a strange horse wandering over the moor. How he went out to it, and his astonishment at recognizing, from the white forehead which has given the favorite its name, that chance had put in his power the only horse which could beat the one upon which he had put his money. Then I described how his first impulse had been to lead him back to King's Pyland, and how the devil had shown him how he could hide the horse until the race was over, and how he had led it back and concealed it at Mapleton. When I told him every detail he gave it up and thought only of saving his own skin."

"But his stables had been searched?"

"Oh, an old horse fakir like him has many a dodge."

"But are you not afraid to leave the horse in his power now, since he has every interest in injuring it?"

"My dear fellow, he will guard it as the apple of his eye. He knows that his only hope of mercy is to produce it safe."

"Colonel Ross did not impress me as a man who would be likely to show much mercy in any case."

"The matter does not rest with Colonel Ross. I follow my own methods, and tell as much or as little as I choose. That is the advantage of being unofficial. I don't know whether you observed it, Watson, but the Colonel's manner has been just a trifle cavalier to me. I am inclined now to have a little amusement at his expense. Say nothing to him about the horse."

"Certainly not without your permission."

"And of course this is all quite a minor point compared to the question of who killed John Straker."

"And you will devote yourself to that?"

"On the contrary, we both go back to London by the night train."

I was thunderstruck by my friend's words. We had only been a few hours in Devonshire, and that he should give up an investigation which he had begun so brilliantly was quite incomprehensible to me. Not a word more could I draw from him until we were back at the trainer's house. The Colonel and the Inspector were awaiting us in the parlor.

"My friend and I return to town by the night express," said Holmes. "We have had a charming little breath of your beautiful Dartmoor air."

The Inspector opened his eyes, and the Colonel's lip curled in a sneer.

"So you despair of arresting the murderer of poor Straker," said he.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders. "There are certainly grave difficulties in the way," said he. "I have every hope, however, that your horse will start upon Tuesday, and I beg that you will have your jockey in readiness. Might I ask for a photograph of Mr. John Straker?"

The Inspector took one from an envelope and handed it to him.

"My dear Gregory, you anticipate all my wants. If I might ask you to wait here for an instant, I have a question which I should like to put to the maid."

"I must say that I am rather disappointed in our London consultant," said Colonel Ross, bluntly, as my friend left the room. "I do not see that we are any further than when he came."

"At least you have his assurance that your horse will run," said I.

"Yes, I have his assurance," said the Colonel, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I should prefer to have the horse."

I was about to make some reply in defense of my friend when he entered the room again.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am quite ready for Tavistock."

As we stepped into the carriage one of the stable-lads held the door open for us. A sudden idea seemed to occur to Holmes, for he leaned forward and touched the lad upon the sleeve.

"You have a few sheep in the paddock," he said. "Who attends to them?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you noticed anything amiss with them of late?"

"Well, sir, not of much account; but three of them have gone lame, sir."

I could see that Holmes was extremely pleased, for he chuckled and rubbed his hands together.

"A long shot, Watson; a very long shot," said he, pinching my arm. "Gregory, let me recommend to your attention this singular epidemic among the sheep. Drive on, coachman!"

Colonel Ross still wore an expression which showed the poor opinion which he had formed of my companion's ability, but I saw by the Inspector's face that his attention had been keenly aroused.

"You consider that to be important?" he asked.

"Exceedingly so."

"Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later Holmes and I were again in the train, bound for Winchester to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us by appointment outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the course beyond the town. His face was grave, and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" asked Holmes.

The Colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for twenty years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze, with his white forehead and his mottled off fore leg."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got fifteen to one yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter, until you can hardly get three to one now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear."

As the drag drew up in the enclosure near the grand stand I glanced at the card to see the entries.

Wessex Plate (it ran) 50 sovs each h ft with 1000 sovs added for four and five year olds. Second, £300. Third, £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro. Red cap. Cinnamon jacket.
2. Colonel Wardlaw's Pugilist. Pink cap. Blue and black jacket.
3. Lord Backwater's Desborough. Yellow cap and sleeves.
4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze. Black cap. Red jacket.
5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris. Yellow and black stripes.
6. Lord Singleford's Rasper. Purple cap. Black sleeves.

"We scratched our other one, and put all hopes on your word," said the Colonel. "Why what is that? Silver Blaze favorite?"

"Five to four against Silver Blaze!" roared the ring. "Five to four against Silver Blaze! Five to fifteen against Desborough! Five to four on the field!"

"There are the numbers up," I cried. "They are all six there."

"All six there? Then my horse is running," cried the Colonel in great agitation. "But I don't see him. My colors have not passed."

"Only five have passed. This must be he."

As I spoke a powerful bay horse swept out from the weighing enclosure and cantered past us, bearing on its back the well-known black and red of the Colonel.

"That's not my horse," cried the owner. "That beast has not a white hair upon its body. What is this that you have done, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, well, let us see how he gets on," said my friend, imperturbably. For a few minutes he gazed through my field-glass. "Capital! An excellent start!" he cried, suddenly. "There they are, coming round the curve!"

From our drag we had a superb view as they came up the straight. The six horses were so close together that a carpet could have covered them, but half-way up the yellow of the Mapleton stable showed to the front. Before they reached us, however, Desborough's bolt was shot, and the Colonel's horse, coming away with a rush, passed the post a good six lengths before its rival, the Duke of Balmoral's Iris making a bad third.

"It's my race, anyhow," gasped the Colonel, passing his hand over his eyes. "I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it. Don't you think that you have kept up your mystery long enough, Mr. Holmes?"

"Certainly, Colonel, you shall know everything. Let us all go round and have a look at the horse together. Here he is," he continued, as we made our way into the weighing enclosure, where only owners and their friends find admittance. "You have only to wash his face and his leg in spirits of wine, and you will find that he is the same old Silver Blaze as ever."

"You take my breath away!"

"I found him in the hands of a fakir, and took the liberty of running him just as he was sent over."

"My dear sir, you have done wonders. The horse looks very fit and well. It never went better in its life. I owe you a thousand apologies for having doubted your ability. You have done me a great service by recovering my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes quietly.

The Colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him! Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here! Where?"

"In my company at the present moment."

The Colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognize that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the crime, Colonel," said he. "The real murderer is standing immediately behind you." He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the Colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defence, and that John Straker was a man who was entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell, and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Colonel Ross as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the events which had occurred at the Dartmoor training-stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unravelled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theories which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete. It was while I was in the carriage, just as we reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was distrait, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marvelling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clew."

"I confess," said the Colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helps us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavor is not disagreeable, but it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary dish the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curry was exactly the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger, Fitzroy Simpson, have caused curry to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavor. That is unthinkable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case, and our attention centres upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night. The opium was added after the dish was set aside for the stable-boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though some one had been in and had fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the midnight visitor was some one whom the dog knew well.

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he drug his own stable-boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by laying against their own horses, through agents, and then preventing them from winning by fraud. Sometimes it is a pulling jockey. Sometimes it is some surer and subtler means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets might help me to form a conclusion.

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife

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which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's ham, and to do it subcutaneously, so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness, which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play."

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out on to the moor. So spirited a creature would have certainly roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the Colonel. "Of course that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings I was fortunate enough to discover not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough to do to settle our own. I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life, and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one can hardly expect that they can buy twenty-guinea walking dresses for their ladies. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph I could easily dispose of the mythical Derbyshire.

"From that time on all was plain. Straker had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson in his flight had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow, he had got behind the horse and had struck a light, but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare, and with the strange instinct of animals feeling that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already, in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task; and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there!"

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practise on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct.

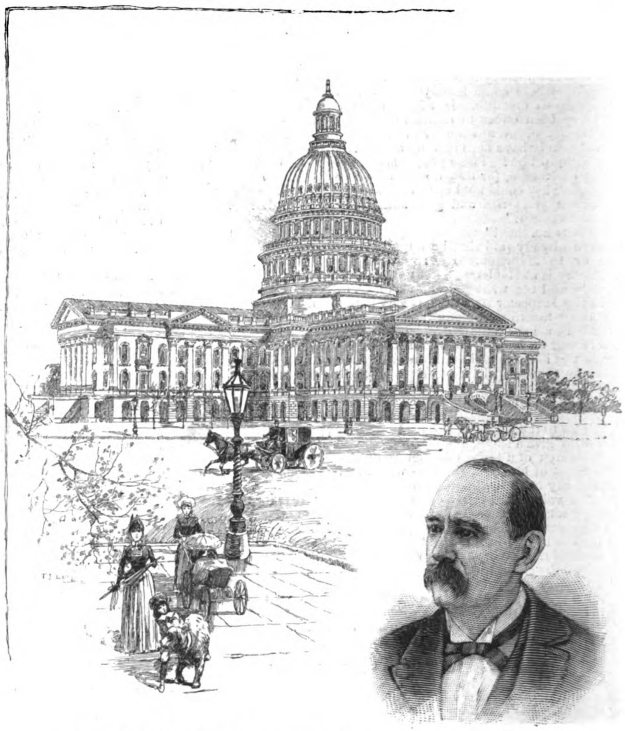
"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner who had recognized Straker as an excellent customer of the name of Derbyshire, who had a very dashing wife, with a strong partiality for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it bolted, and was cared for by one of your neighbors. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. This is Clapham Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."

THE CRISIS IN KANSAS.

If the intelligence that has gone forth from Topeka, the capital of the State of Kansas, had reached the world from any South or Central American republic, everybody would have been prepared to say that a revolution had begun, and they would have expected that tidings of bloodshed and outrage on property would quickly follow the first news. To be sure, this is a revolution in Kansas, for it is extraordinary action not provided for in the law and unprecedented in the State. It was apparent last fall after the election that there was a possibility of trouble in Kansas, where the third party, known as the Populist party, had made a fusion with the Democrats, and had carried the State for General Weaver, the Presidential candidate, and for Mr. Lewelling, the candidate for Governor. Both of these candidates received an ample majority over their opponents. The canvass of the vote for members of the Legislature was not so simple. The State Board of Canvassers gave certificates to sixty-three Republicans for the House of Representatives, fifty-six Populists, five Democrats, and one Independent. In the Senate there was a clear Populist majority large enough to make the vote on the joint ballot of both Houses in favor of the Populists. This was important and interesting, because a United States Senator was to be elected to succeed Mr. Perkins, who had been appointed in the stead of the late Senator Preston Plumb. But there were other considerations which seemed to make it desirable that each of the dominant parties should organize the House in its own interests.



THE KANSAS STATE CAPITOL AT TOPEKA. GOVERNOR LEWELLING.

The House met on January 10th last, and each party attempted to effect an organization without regard to the members of the other party. The Populists maintained that the Canvassing Board had been unfair in issuing certificates of election, and had favored the Republicans. The Populists also maintained that in the district where there had been a tie vote the decision by casting lots was illegal and immoral, and therefore null. The Republicans had won in this game of chance. When the members of the House met together, each faction elected a Speaker, and each Speaker endeavored to exercise the functions of his office. For several days there was a reign of disorder, and the members and the two Speakers remained in the Hall of the House day and night. They slept in their chairs, and the rival Speakers behind the Speaker's desk, each with a gavel in his hand, wrapped themselves in one blanket, and slept side by side when they could no longer keep awake. It was an effort on each side to tire out the opposition.

The Senate and Governor both recognized the Populist organization, but this did not disturb the Republicans. Each side unseated members on the other side, so that there might be working majorities. The Populists also elected a State Treasurer, but he has not been permitted to take office.

On January 25th, by a combination of Populists and Democrats, Judge John Martin, the leader of the fusion forces, was elected United States Senator. He obtained the vote of twenty-five Populists and Democrats in the Senate and sixty-two votes in the House. Every man in the House not a Republican voted for him. He is now in Washington seeking to secure recognition as the legally elected Senator from Kansas. The Republicans denounced Judge Martin's election as illegal. Their votes were cast for Mr. Joseph W. Ady. He too is in Washington seeking recognition.

The Speaker of the Populist organization of the House some little time ago ordered the Republican organization to disband. The latter not only refused to do so, but put a guard of fifty men in the hall to prevent forcible ejection. On the 10th of February the Republican organization passed a resolution giving the Populists until the 21st of February "to declare their intention of becoming members of the legal House," and announcing that if the Populists failed to do this their seats would be declared vacant.

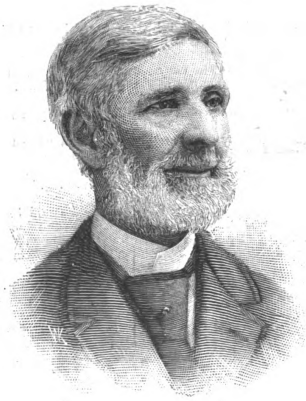
It was feared that there might be a collision at any time between these irreconcilable factions. It was suggested, so as to prevent this, that the House organized by the Populists should pass an appropriation bill, have this passed by the Senate and approved by the Governor, and then let the matter be tested in the courts. This did not meet with Republican approval, and it is not certain that the Populists were enthusiastic in its favor. So matters stood on the 15th of February, when the Populists placed guards in the State-house to prevent the Republicans from entering the Hall of Representatives. The Republicans, however, forced the guard, and finding the doors locked, battered them down with sledge-hammers. They took possession, and proceeded to transact business. The Republican Speaker used a sledge-hammer for a gavel, and the House voted it to him as a present, and as a memento of his stalwart prowess in battering down the doors of the Hall.

When the Republicans had secured possession of the Hall, the Governor called out the militia, and also enrolled a force of volunteers. The State-house was surrounded, and the Republicans in the Hall of Representatives besieged. They spent the night of the 15th of February there, getting supplies through the windows.

The sheriff of the county informed the Governor that it was not necessary to call out the militia, as the civil officers could preserve the peace. The Governor ordered the militia to disperse the Republican members and clear the Hall of Representatives. The colonel commanding refused to obey this order. The Populist House then met in a hall outside the State House. When this paper went to press people were flocking to Topeka from all parts of the State. The sheriff had sworn in 1000 special deputies, and armed them with baseball bats. Meantime there were conferences between the Governor and the Republican House, but no satisfactory plan of ending the crisis could be reached.



UNITED STATES SENATOR WILLIAM LINDSAY.
Mr. Carlisle's Successor.—[See Page 190.]



HON. JOHN L. STEVENS,
United States Minister to the Hawaiian Islands.—[See Page 175.]



THE LATE DR. NORVIN GREEN.
From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 186.]

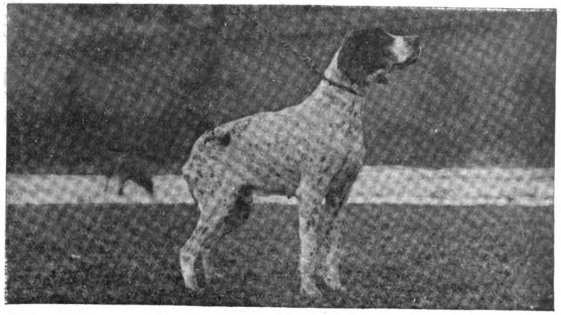
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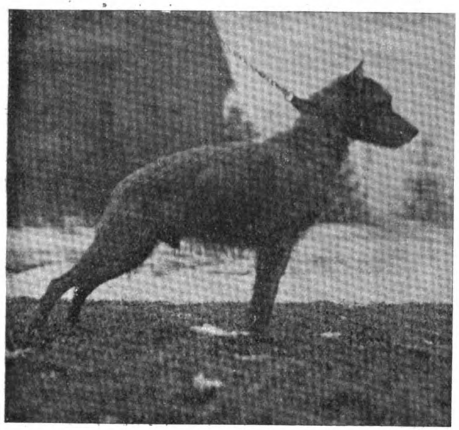
WOODMANSTERNE TREFOIL.



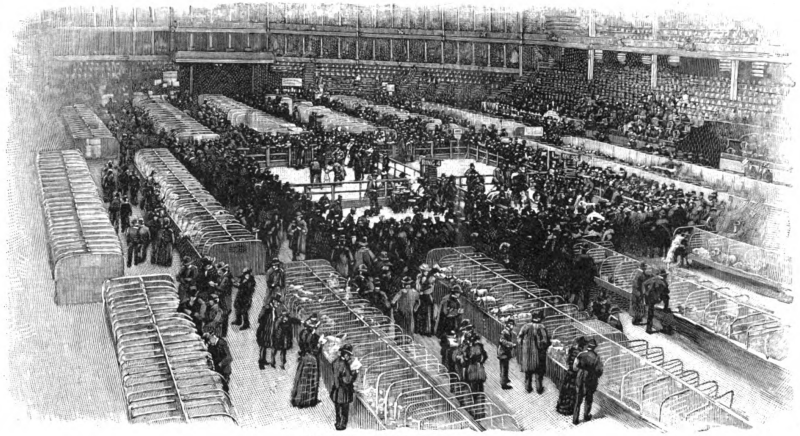
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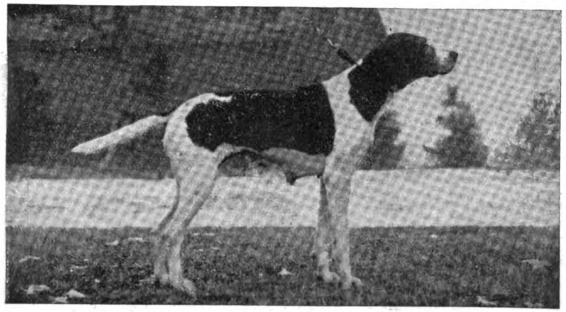
FENIAN BOY.



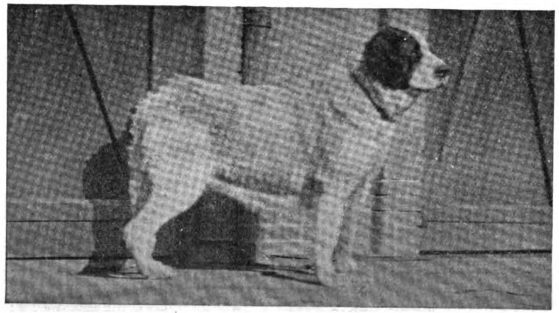
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.



SUFFOLK TOBY.



WOOLTON GAME.



BARONESS CARDIFF.



DUKE OF HESSEN.

AT THE DOG SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—From Photographs by Hemment.—[See Page 190.]

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WASHINGTON.

Upon the scroll of honor, year by year,
In shining letters written, we behold
The names of those whose glory grows not old,
Whose memories remain forever dear.

Foremost among the stars, the splendid sun
Who gave to Liberty her path of light
And led her hosts victorious through the night:
First of our nation's heroes—Washington!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

MAJOR GEORGE W. McLEAN.

THE most picturesque organization in New York is probably the Old Guard, and wherever it is known the kindly presence of Major McLean is familiar to all. But that presence is but a memory now, for the commander of the Old Guard died on February 13th. Major McLean was visiting some friends after the Old Guard ball, when he was taken sick, and six days after he passed away, having developed pneumonia.

George W. McLean was born in New York city on the 16th of June, 1822. After studying at the common schools he attended the Columbia Grammar School, going thence into business. He was connected with the Ohio Life and Trust Company when it dissolved, and then went into brokerage, being at one time President of the Stock Exchange. He was Commissioner of the Street-cleaning Department,



holding the position now occupied by another member of the Old Guard, Thomas A. Brennan, and afterwards took up the business of a broker once more. Major McLean was at one time very rich, but lost his fortune in the disasters of 1873. Later Comptroller Loew appointed him Receiver of Taxes, which post he held until his death. In 1868, when the Light Guard and City Guard became one under its present name, Major McLean was made commander, having served as Lieutenant in the Light Guard, which had been a company of the Seventy-first Regiment. In 1840 Major McLean was married, and a daughter and two sons, together with his wife, survive him. The body lay in state at the Old Guard Armory and later at Trinity Chapel, where the funeral services were held on February 17th.



ONLY last week Milan was the Mecca of the musical world, toward which the eyes of all the faithful were reverently turned, while the great La Scala Theatre was the shrine upon which the most popular operatic composer of modern times was about to offer up his latest tribute to musical art. During the whole of his long life Verdi has been a prominent feature in the world of music, and a most important factor in the progress and development of that art. After the production of *Aïda* his muse was silent for nearly fourteen years, and the world was therefore justified in believing that age had probably silenced it forever. Then *Otello* was produced; certainly the most important operatic work since Wagner in many respects, possibly a work more significant and more important in its bearing on the future of operatic art than even any of the Wagnerian operas. In it, at an age when most men are justified in enjoying in peace and quiet whatever laurels they may have won, and at an age when the powers of even the greatest geniuses are generally exhausted or on the wane, the veteran composer successfully combined the truthfulness and sincerity of the Wagnerian methods with the melody characteristic to the Italian school, and thereby established a starting-point for a new line of operatic development. That *Otello* has as yet had no successor would seem to be due to the fact that no composer has yet appeared with sufficient strength of purpose to handle successfully the varied and complex material which Verdi used in *Otello*.

From all accounts the new opera, *Falstaff*, recently produced in Milan, made an emphatic and legitimate success. It is not, as might be supposed, a return on the composer's part to earlier methods, or, as compared with *Otello*, a step downward from the sublime to the ridiculous. *Falstaff* is avowedly a comic opera, and the music is intended to illustrate and reproduce the humor and comedy of the text, characters, and situations. For all this, *Falstaff* is a work which is still in the line of legitimate progress and development equally with *Otello*, but in a different direction and from a different stand-point. As far as one can judge at present, *Falstaff* is a music-drama in the Wagnerian sense, in that the music constantly reflects and illustrates the varying emotions of the personages and situations of the drama. The chorus is used most sparingly, and the music has such complete dramatic unity that single numbers, in the ordinary sense of detached pieces, do not exist. The libretto is arranged from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with additions from the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*, and is divided into three acts and six scenes. While the music is called delightful and unfailingly humorous, it consists entirely of running dialogue between the various characters carried on to a brisk orchestral accompaniment, and though essentially melodious, is not apparently of a kind to attract lovers of mere tune. There is said to be a most Mozartian simplicity and freshness in the music, which would seem altogether to be intended to illustrate Verdi's belief that Wagnerian methods may be as truthfully and effectively applied to comedy as to tragedy. M. Maurel, who played the title rôle, was the only member of the cast known outside of Italy, with the exception, perhaps, of Madame Pasqua, who played Mrs. Quickly. Detailed criticisms of the opera have not as yet reached us, but the general opinion seems to be that it is a work calculated to increase its composer's reputation from every point of view, and was received with boundless enthusiasm, the composer being called before the curtain no less than thirty times during the evening. Altogether the production of *Falstaff*, written by a composer nearly eighty years old, was, in view of the significance of the work itself and the triumphant success it achieved, an event without precedent in the annals of music. It would appear as if in *Falstaff*, again, Verdi had successfully established a new point of departure for writers of comic opera.

The dramatic happenings of last week were not of notable importance. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew produced a version of Dumas's *Francillon*, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, under the title of *The Marriage Spectre;* and Mr. Charles Frohman's company of comedians produced a farce, also after the French—and a long way after, too—entitled *The Sportsman*, at the Standard. The last-named play does not call for serious criticism. There is a good deal of bustle and very little plot in it, and, after the manner of most farce comedies of its kind, the fun is obtained by acrobatic rather than by intellectual means. It is, however, no worse than many of its class, and will probably please and amuse those who enjoy boisterous action on the stage, and love to see the characters tumble over each other, throw things at each other, rush in and out of closets, and wrap themselves in whatever covering happens to be handy for various purposes. There is nothing new in the story, which is the old one of the volatile husband, who leaves home for the purpose of amusement on the pretext of going on a shooting trip. Mr. Holland as the sportsman, and Mrs. Drew Barrymore as the suspicious wife, did all that could have been expected of them under the circumstances.

If Mrs. Potter's intentions be to elevate the stage, as has been said, her choice of plays is certainly a curious one. It may be all very well to say that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and that "turn and turn about is fair play" is certainly true enough, but the value of these principles, when applied to questions of morality, is certainly debatable. *Francillon*, or, as anglicized, *The Marriage Spectre*, discusses the question as to whether a wife, when she finds out that her husband has been unfaithful to her, is justified in taking her revenge by following his example. To American minds the question is one which would seem hardly open to much discussion, as two wrongs can hardly be held to make a right under any circumstances. From a literary stand-point, M. Dumas discusses the question with much cleverness and in good language, but as a play *Francillon* is neither amusing nor instructive, and is not likely to make any greater success here than it did in Paris, where it missed the dramatic bull's-eye of success by several inches. The mannerisms for which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew are both remarkable are intensified to an unpleasant extent in *The Marriage Spectre;* both are capable of much better work, and it seems a pity that they should not be able to find a better vehicle for the display of their talents.

Mr. Henry I. Thomas, the New York agent of the J. B. Millet Company, of Boston, sends us the last four numbers published of their very interesting publication, *Famous Composers and their Works*. These four parts are even more interesting and valuable than the first four. Mr. Philip Hale treats of Mozart, Mr. J. K. Paine of Beethoven, Mr. John Fisk writes about Schubert, Mr. Henderson discusses Spohr, while Weber is treated by Mr. Krehbiel in interesting and scholarly fashion. Besides the admirable letter-press, the illustrations again are of great interest and beauty, and the several well-executed fac-simile manuscripts enrich the pages of the publication. When complete, the work should prove a most valuable addition to musical literature.

The musical events of the week were also few in number. M. Paderewski and the Adamowski Quartet gave a delightful concert of chamber music, which was enjoyed by a large audience. The playing of the Adamowski Quartet was admirable in finish, delicacy, sentiment, and refinement, while M. Paderewski, having hurt one finger, played just as well as ever with the other nine, and, as always, roused his audience to enthusiasm. His treatment of the piano in conjunction with the strings was masterly, and proved conclusively how the really great artist can efface his personality, as it were, in the interest of true art. The other important musical event was the first appearance in this country of Mr. Plunket Greene, an English basso, who possesses a voice of remarkable power, sonority, and sweetness, and who also sings with much artistic feeling and effect. Mr. Greene has appeared with great success in England, in concert, oratorio, and opera, and bids fair to duplicate here the success he has made there. He is certainly a finished artist in every sense of the term. The most important symphonic novelty heard in New York this season was the symphony in C minor by Klughardt, played at the last Philharmonic Concert. Mr. Klughardt is Kapellmeister and conductor of the opera at Dessau, the capital city of one of the smaller German principalities. His symphony has been given in several of the larger German cities with considerable success. Generally speaking, it is small in conception and large in execution, and while well written from a technical stand-point, is hardly either very suggestive or very interesting. In the language of an eminent German critic, "It is an eminently respectable work, but one which will hardly prove a lasting addition to symphonic literature." One is tempted to wonder why it is necessary for every German Kapellmeister to perpetrate a symphony or some other similar work; if they could be persuaded not to do so, the musical world would certainly be spared a vast quantity of music which, while it may be "eminently respectable," is usually eminently dull.

The sale of the Metropolitan Opera-house property to Mr. Roosevelt and other gentlemen may be considered as eminently satisfactory, from every point of view, in the interests of the public and of opera in New York. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt and his associates will look upon the matter from a strictly business stand-point, and having once more placed the opera-house in working order by rebuilding and restoration, will then lease the whole property to some reputable manager or managers, on condition that a season of opera should be given there each winter. Under the circumstances, the rent which the owners would be obliged to ask to cover the fixed charges need not be so excessive as to frighten off any enterprising manager, who might readily arrange to secure the property conditionally, and open a subscription for next season to the public without distinction or preference, in order to see what support would be given to the enterprise. Hitherto opera in New York has been controlled by a comparatively small section of society. This was inevitable, owing to the conditions under which the Metropolitan Opera-house was first built; but now there is certainly a chance for opera on a more popular footing. Former experiences would not, one would think, incline the present owners to form a stock company to run opera themselves, and it is, one would think, unlikely that they would do so. It would be certainly much better for operatic interests in general if the Metropolitan were in the hands of a competent manager, who, for his own protection, would have to run it to please the public, rather than to please a small coterie of stockholders. It is unquestionable that opera, to be permanent in New York, must be made popular, and this end could certainly best be attained by having the Metropolitan run by an independent manager, whose interests would then naturally be identified with those of the public who would have to support it. If Mr. Abbey decides to take the Metropolitan at his own risk, as is said to be more than likely, he would, one would think, have no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of subscriptions to boxes for an opera season another year to practically limit his risk, and assure the success of the enterprise. Sir Augustus Harris has given grand opera in London for several seasons past with success in this way; why should not Mr. Abbey do the same thing successfully in New York?

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

DR. NORVIN GREEN.

IF any man in the country can be said to have achieved his high position by his own unaided efforts, it may be said of Dr. Green, though his father, a man of considerable prominence in Floyd County, Indiana, gave him the start of a country school education in what was then a new country. Joseph Green, the father, was a native of Kentucky, and fought in the war of 1812 when only a boy. Soon after that war he married Miss Susan Ball, a farmer's daughter living near Louisville, and with her moved into Indiana, where he became one of the organizers of Floyd County. Here Norvin Green, their eldest child, was born on April 17, 1818. He was one of the earliest native born citizens of that county.

His father was a farmer, and Norvin was brought up to do farm work, getting his rudimentary education in the intervals of the busy seasons. Before he was sixteen his father invested all his belongings in a small fleet of flat-boats and their cargoes. One of these boats was loaded with such a stock as is usually carried in country stores, and was put in young Norvin's charge. The others, loaded with horses for the Southern market, the father took charge of. The result was unexpected. The father's fleet was partially wrecked, and he, after making his way to Natchez, was laid up with a dangerous fever, and while he was sick all the property he had with him was seized to satisfy a debt he had incurred as bondsman for an administrator. Norvin Green, however, traded along the river bank till he sold nearly all his goods at a profit, and when he found his father at Natchez sick in bed he had his pockets full of money.

He then started in life for himself. In three years he had paid off all his own and his father's debts and had bought a farm in Kentucky. He then decided to study medicine, and graduated at the University of Louisville in 1840, paying all his expenses out of money he had accumulated before beginning his course. For thirteen years he practised medicine in Kentucky, but took meanwhile great interest in politics, serving two terms in the Kentucky Legislature, and being a Presidential elector on the Pierce ticket in 1852.

It was not until about the year 1854 that he embarked in the business which has made his name famous all over the civilized world. The telegraph business was then in its infancy, and though it had been demonstrated to be a commercial possibility, the numerous companies that had been established all over the eastern half of the country were poorly equipped and wretchedly managed. It was foreseen, however, by a few far-sighted men that there was a great future in the new invention, and a syndicate was formed, in which Dr. Green was one of the leaders, to lease all the lines between Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Possibilities were then opening up rapidly. In 1857 Dr. Green came to New York for the purpose of organizing something very like what would be now called a "trust." He called together the presidents of what were then the six leading telegraph companies of the country, and laid before them a plan which he had already carefully elaborated. It was adopted, and was thereafter known as the Six-Party Contract.

In 1866 Dr. Green again took the lead in a "deal," so called, which resulted in the consolidation of all the parties to the original compact. The Western Union Company had the charter best adapted to the needs of the consolidation, and its capital stock was enlarged sufficiently to enable the different companies to exchange their own capital stock for that of the Western Union, and to work together thereafter in one corporation. As a matter of course, there was much negotiation necessary in the consummation of so great a bargain, and Dr. Green so distinguished himself in the settlement of points in dispute that he was soon selected as president of the consolidated company, a position which he held until his death, to the entire satisfaction of the company and the public.

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Kentucky did not, however, propose to lose him. In 1867 his fellow-citizens in Louisville elected him to the State Legislature, and informed him of the fact next day as a surprise—a political honor that probably has no parallel, in American history at least. He served his term, and although he did not seek the place, came near being elected, in the course of the session, to the United States Senate. He had large railroad interests outside of the telegraph business, and was for a time president of the Louisville, Cincinnati, and Lexington Railroad.

Dr. Green was taken seriously ill during the first week in February, and on the 12th of the month died at his Louisville residence. For some time he had been unwell, and a year ago, at the annual dinner of the Western Union directors, expressed his belief that he would not be present at the next dinner.

He was always closely devoted to his business, and was daily at his office, giving personal attention to the details of it, and showing few traces of the years, that rested very lightly upon him. Sociable and genial in his characteristics, he was a favorite with all who knew him, but outside of his office and his home he had few established relations.

Among the employés of the Western Union Company the loss of Dr. Green is deeply felt, for he endeared himself to all with whom he was brought into contact. A large delegation from the general office were present at the funeral services, which took place in Louisville on Thursday, February 16th. At a special meeting of the directors a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of regret for the loss sustained by the company.

THE SYMS OPERATING THEATRE.

THE progress of New York towards the front rank of the great cities of the world has been more signally marked, perhaps, in its growth as a centre for medical and surgical education than in any other one way. If it were not for the repugnance that Americans feel towards hospital treatment, New York would very soon have as great facilities for medical instruction as any of the cities of the Old World. It is true that the hospital service is growing rapidly, and it is also true that with the means at their command the hospital managers frequently cannot accommodate all who would seek these beneficent havens. But the majority of those who go to American hospitals now cannot be used before classes, and their treatment only gives experience to a limited number—to the hospital staff and the attending surgeons. A most general idea prevails even among those who are intelligent, but at whose homes there are not facilities for nursing the sick, that hospitals are places for experiments, and that medical students are permitted to try their apprentice hands in giving pills and potions or in performing operations. Nothing could be more untrue than this. The best skill, medical and surgical, is engaged in hospital practice, and the young men have not much more to do than to look on and watch what the masters are doing. And the trained nurses at these hospitals are under such careful discipline that it would be almost impossible for any of them to make a mistake. It is certainly very different nursing from that haphazard kind that prevails in most homes, where some kindly but ignorant soul, with a so-called gift for nursing, has charge of the sick-room, and carries out only so much of the physician's orders as the patient fancies. The effort, therefore, of those interested in the hospitals and medical schools of New York has been to impress upon the people the wisdom of using hospitals, and they have concluded that the quickest and most thorough way to do this is by making the hospitals attractive in appearance rather than repulsive. When the Cancer Hospital was built this was borne in mind, and the hospital was placed in a residence part of the town, while in its architecture it was stripped of everything that would make it look like a charitable institution. The most recent, and in some regards the most important hospital adjunct to be inaugurated in New York is in conjunction with the Roosevelt Hospital, and is called the William J. Syms Operating Theatre. When the late Mr. Syms was about to prepare his will he consulted Dr. Charles McBurney, the eminent surgeon, as to how he could leave provisions for an enduring monument to himself, and at the same time do a great service to suffering humanity. Dr. McBurney, who, besides being surgeon of the Roosevelt Hospital, is one of the professors of surgery at the neighboring College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, carefully elaborated this plan of an operating theatre, and Mr. Syms provided for its erection and endowment by leaving in his will a bequest of $350,000. The theatre has now been built and equipped, and is in daily use by the surgeons of Roosevelt Hospital.

No hospital, no medical school, has so complete a surgical adjunct as this. Everything seems so entirely ship-shape, and even elegant, that a well man visiting it would almost regret that he did not need a surgeon's assistance, so that he might take advantage of what has here been brought together to at once relieve individual distress and teach those who are to relieve the distress of others how that can best be done.

In surgery cleanliness is of the first importance, and so in designing this building every provision has been made so that filth may not defy the vigilance of the cleaners. There are marble floors and walls and stairways from top to bottom. There are rooms for the surgeons' various purposes—one where the patient is placed under ether before being taken to the operating theatre, another where bandages are sterilized, another where septic cases are operated on, and so on. Where septic cases are to be operated on there is a complete set of instruments, so that the slim chance of any poison remaining on an instrument after it has been cleaned may be reduced to a perfectly safe minimum. The main instrument-room, with its iron and glass cases, looks like a very well appointed museum. And of its kind so it is. The young surgeon who showed it to the writer rubbed his hands with delight as he looked at shelf after shelf of the beautiful pieces of steel which in skilful hands can be made to do so much to relieve suffering and prolong life.

But the theatre proper is the most interesting portion of the building, after all. The stage is the floor of the building, and there is the operating-table and space for the surgeon and his assistants to work. Rising above this are rows of seats. These rise so abruptly that from each seat a complete view of the operator can be had. There will be no need for the spectators to crowd to the front or lean forward. Each one has but to look downward and everything is in view.

J. G. S.

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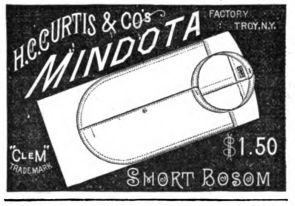
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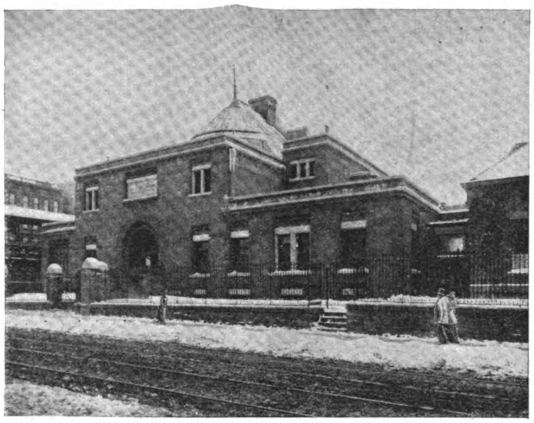
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Paul Lindau,
Catulle Mendès,
François Coppée,
Anatole France, etc., etc.

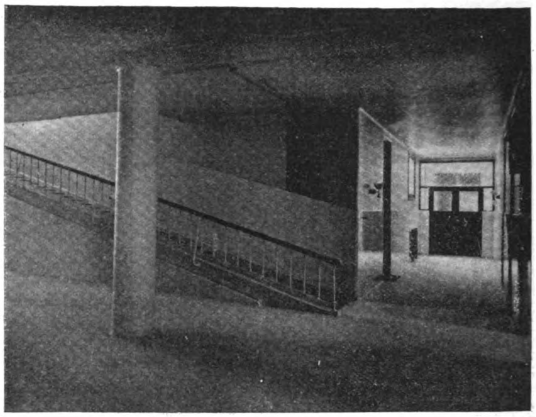
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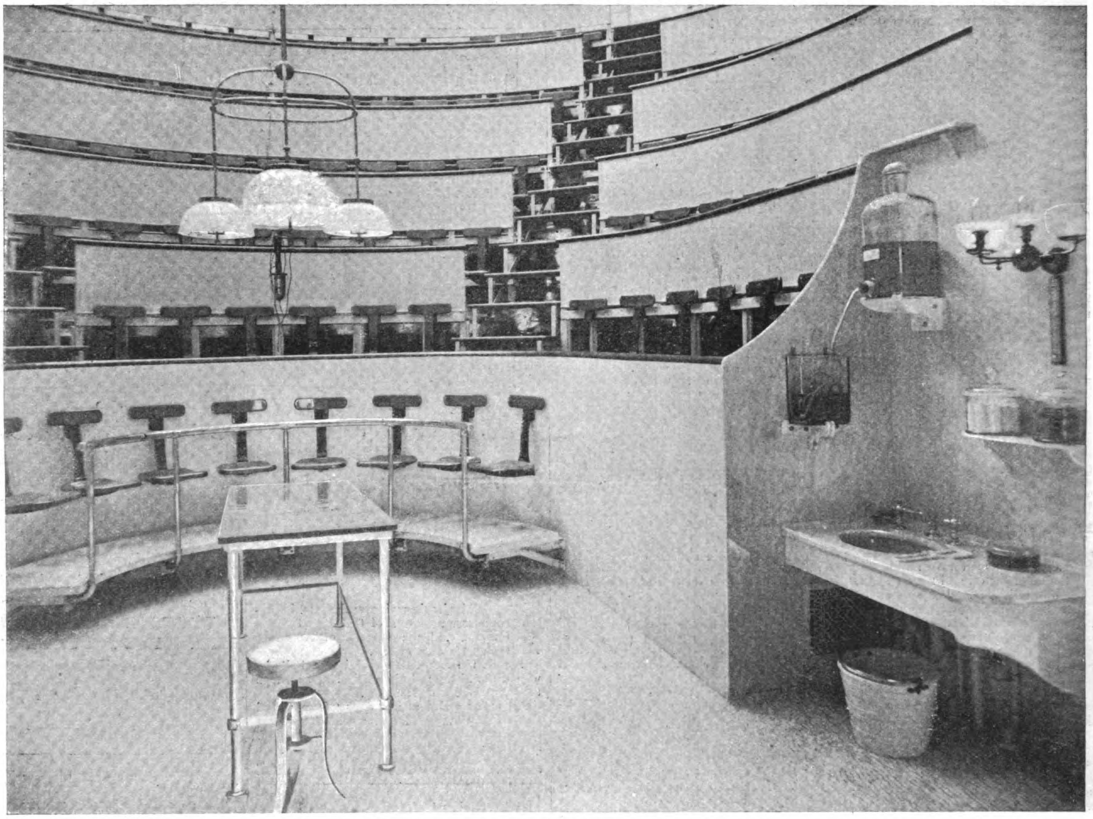
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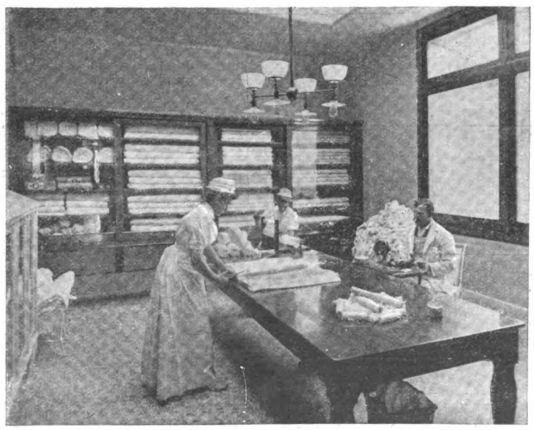
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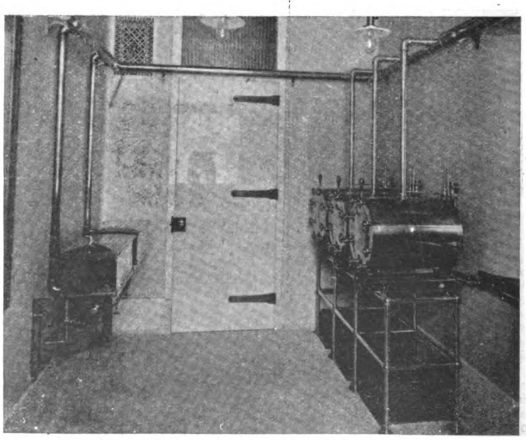
VIEW OF THE MAIN HALL,
Showing inclined plane on which patients are brought down to the operating theatre.



OPERATING THEATRE, LOOKING FROM THE PIT.



MAKING BANDAGES.



PORTION OF THE STERILIZING ROOM.

THE SYMS OPERATING THEATRE OF THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL, NEW YORK.—From Photographs.—[See Page 187.]

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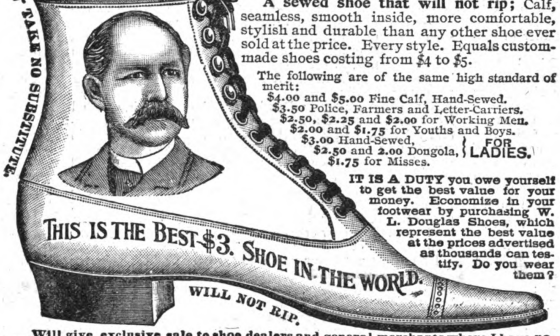
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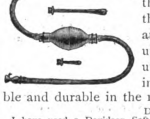
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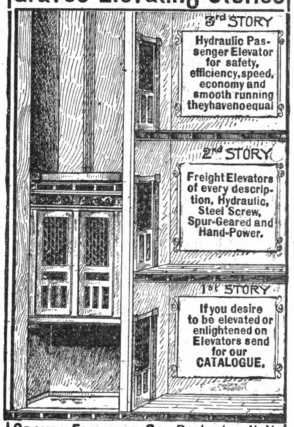
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SENATOR CARLISLE'S SUCCESSOR.

WILLIAM LINDSAY, who was elected by the Kentucky Legislature on February 14th to succeed John G. Carlisle in the United States Senate, had previously received the unanimous vote of the Democratic caucus. He is a Virginian, a native of Rockbridge County, where he was born, of Scotch-Irish parentage, September 4, 1835. When nineteen years old he went to Kentucky, where he studied and practised law until the outbreak of the civil war, when he entered the Confederate army, serving as captain in line and staff. He surrendered at Columbus, Mississippi, in 1865, and returning home, resumed the practice of law.

He was elected to the State Senate in 1867; and in 1870, when only thirty-five years of age, was elected a judge of the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State. At the completion of his term on the bench he resumed his law practice at the State capital, and is recognized as the foremost lawyer in the State. He was appointed by President Harrison one of the commissioners of the World's Columbian Exposition, and went abroad in that capacity to enlist foreign governments in the great enterprise. Without solicitation on his part, the President also appointed Judge Lindsay a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, a place which he declined to accept.

The new Senator is a strong man physically, a deep thinker, and in politics he is in full sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, whose nomination and election he strongly favored, and whose administration he will earnestly support.

THE HEMPSTEAD FARM KENNELS.

THIS is the week of the annual grand powwow in dogdom, the seventeenth annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club, and is no doubt the best of all the great shows this leading club has given, which is a proof of its immense educational influence in regard to the appreciation and merits of thoroughbred dogs. I say thoroughbred in the full sense of its meaning, as there are no better and bluer pedigrees of any king of the turf than those found in the first-class winners in these bench shows.

One of the most prominent exhibits of this year will be, as it has been many years before, the collection of the Hempstead Farm kennels. The Hempstead Farm is really such a unique feature in the kennel world of America that it will interest many more readers than the "boys"—which is a name given dog-lovers and dog-fanciers by the fraternity. The kennel is owned by Mr. Thomas H. Terry, who is also the vice-president of the American Kennel Club, secretary of the Westminster Kennel Club, and in a number of specialty clubs a leading member.

Situated on the Hempstead plains, on Long Island, about three miles from Westbury, it is such a gigantic affair, in its way, that it is a subject of interest to any one who follows any sport closely, be it dogs, horses, cattle, or poultry. For all these are kept and bred there according to the most approved methods. Mr. Terry, assisted by one of the best judges of dogs, Mr. James Mortimer, the able manager of the Hempstead Farm, has collected such a number of specimens of the different breeds that he is almost sure to win in all the classes he enters. For this reason, I say, the Hempstead Farm kennels really have a unique position in the kennel world.

Of course, Mr. Terry's first canine love, the Scotch collie, is the principal feature, Hempstead Farm having become almost synonymous with collie. Of late, because it interfered with Mr. Terry's other business, the Hempstead Farm has not been as successful in collies as formerly; but now that Mr. Mortimer has put his ability at Mr. Terry's disposal, the collies are expected to be foremost again. The present grand brace of stud-collies are Conrad II. (Charlemagne *ex* Grace III.), a wonderful rich sable dog, with a very fine head, and Woodmansterne Trefoil (Charlemagne *ex* Dorothy), one of the sweetest black, tan, and white collies I have ever seen. Both dams are litter sisters to the great Christopher. Besides this pair there is Hempstead Zulu, an own-bred dog, who is very valuable for his blood.

It is a very fine sight to stand on the manager's front stoop and see a dozen or more of the best collies frolicking and galloping with terriers of all kinds, Dachshunde, great Danes, pointers, and others. That alone is worth the journey, and never to be forgotten, once seen.

The stud-pointers of the kennel, which can hardly be excelled, both for field qualities and form, are champion Robert le Diable, one of the handsomest pointers ever produced, and champion Duke of Hessen, who has a record in field trials and bench shows which has hardly been equalled.

To name all the prizes of these two celebrated pointers would be tedious. Suffice it to say that Robert le Diable has won no less than fourteen or fifteen firsts and challenge prizes, and innumerable specials, as well as first prize at the Eastern field trials of 1886.

Duke of Hessen has even a more brilliant record, especially so in trials, where his indomitable pluck has many a time carried him to the front; but his bench show is even better. He won 3d Southern Trials of '88, 2d at Central Trials of '89, 2d Eastern Trials of '90, and 2d again at the Central Trials of '91, with over 15 firsts in open and challenge classes—specials too numerous to mention. Their latest acquisition in pointers is from Mr. E. C. Norrith's kennel, one of the foremost breeders of the highest class of pointers in England, namely, Sandford Druid, a racy dog by Exon Don *ex* Sandford Quinie, better made for field-trial work than for bench showing, where his celebrated kennelmates will always discount him; but he won 1st in the English Pointer Derby when less than a year old, and kept his reputation up in this country by winning 3d at the Central Trials of '92. This is a very good showing for a first-season dog, since it takes quite a time to get imported dogs thoroughly acclimated to the scent of American game, and he will no doubt be one of the most dangerous competitors in this year's trials, specially so in the hands of that astute trainer for the Hempstead Farm, Angus Cameron, formerly with Sir Heywood Lonsdale, for whom he won a couple of pointers in the American Trials.

Champion Woolton Game is one of the greatest heavy-weight bitches in existence, and, barring a bit heavy markings, it is useless to try to improve on her. I do not think her colors have ever been lowered by any other pointer, provided she was in fair condition. She won 4th at the Eastern field trials, and no doubt would have had more had she not been used for raising pups. There are, of course, a number of other high-quality pointers at the kennels, and in North Carolina, in their trainer's hand, but this quartet is 'way ahead on the list, as it is very near on the top list of pointers generally.

Next comes Zmeika, a Russian wolf-hound bitch, which I feel sure will prove my word, at the show, that she is certainly by far and away the best hound of this breed in America. I think, condition being equal, she can give Argos a beating; she is a wonderfully large, well-proportioned animal, white with slate-colored markings, coat at present not good, as she has just raised a litter of puppies; but when her coat is in good condition I expect her to be at the head of the list. Another wolf-hound, Muscovite, winner in England too, is just now crossing the big pond to represent the kennels.

I really do not know where to turn next. The *embarras de richesse* is so immense that it is puzzling; so many and such good specimens everywhere. There are, for instance, two curly-coated English retrievers, typical representatives of their breed, Physician and Hempstead Jet, frequent winners in England; then a quaint-looking drover's dog, the kind cattle-drivers use in England; Hempstead Bob, the well-known old English sheep-dog, by Dr. Loks's Sir Cavendish; next two smooth-coated collies used principally by Welsh herders, Bluelight and Hempstead Maid, and an exceedingly good light-weight bull-dog, Wal Hampton, one of those fascinating pictures of ugliness so typical that any dog-fancier will call it beautiful. He is a rare good one, by Champion Harper, and won on his first appearance first honors at Brooklyn last fall. There is also a very good specimen of our little German demon, the Dachshund, Tak, a very good-headed dog, very low and long, good crook, and excellent in color, black and tan. He will no doubt hold his own in the best of company. Here is my old favorite, Suffolk Toby, a grand wire-haired terrier, full of type, quality, and character, and will no doubt carry off the champion honors in his division. Another little terrier, this time a smooth-coat, only a youngster, Suffolk Regent, took my eye very much, and I should be very much mistaken if he is not making a strong bid for Mr. John Thayer's one-hundred-dollar special for best produce of one of his stud dogs. He is by Harden's King *ex* Incognita. Next is one of those typical Irish terriers, Fenian Boy, *game* written all over him, as with most of this hardy breed.

The kennels have lately purchased a fine pair of Great Danes from Germany—Cæsar Hansa, first at Berlin, and Santa Valeria, also a winner. Such dogs as these will bring this shamefully neglected class quickly to favor where they belong, being the best big race we have, and, barring some low-bred specimens, are the most intelligent and reliable class of protectors of the canine tribe. There are, of course, any number and many kinds of dogs in the kennels besides those named, about 150 in all, and there is room for more.

The kennels are excellently arranged—cemented floors, so as to allow cleaning by hose and water; all along the walls benches, about eighteen or twenty-four inches off ground; good ventilation near top of ceiling—and therefore about as healthily arranged as they can be. Immense wire enclosures permit some of the dogs to be in the open air all day in case they are not taken out on the surrounding plain for exercise. The farm itself contains about 800 acres, and there is almost a small village of buildings, with cozy cottages for the manager and his assistants.

The Hempstead Farm makes a specialty also of raising hunters, no doubt a very good undertaking, Long Island being the stronghold of the cross timber and country riders. Long Island fences have set more than one imported huntsman a-thinking, coming to the conclusion that auld England's hedges and ditches were easier. Their stallion to breed hunters is the thoroughbred Macbeth, by Macaroon *ex* Jersey Belle, own sister to Spendthrift, and by mating to strong sound mares should prove a successful venture. Besides Macbeth there is Clearaway in the stud.

That repeated winner on this and the other side, imp. Buren, French coach stallion, imp. by Mr. E. D. Morgan, is at stud. There are a good many trotting-bred mares on the farm, and I saw a number of very businesslike-looking youngsters by General Withers and Aerolite. Beautiful herds of Jersey cattle, pens of thoroughbred black Berkshires and imp. Yorkshire swine, are there, and the next feature will be the raising of large flocks of sheep to breed collies for work and hold practical trials. Very fine poultry is kept here also—black and white Langhams, white Cochins, bantams, royal Pekin ducks, and English pheasants.

An enclosed shed for exercising the horses, over a hundred box-stalls, a mile track, only one-quarter of a mile from the main line of the Long Island Railroad, and, in fact, so many little details, unnecessary to mention, but absolutely necessary for the place, it would take too much space to give due credit; but the whole in its systematic ingenuity and uniqueness is certainly a credit to its owner and his able manager—a combination which could not be otherwise than successful.

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ANOTHER VETERAN GONE.

It is long ago since the "Treaty of Peace and Amity between Great Britain and the United States of America" was signed at Ghent, on December 24, 1814. And not until February 11th of the following year did the "great and joyful news" reach New York. Among those who rejoiced was a young man of nineteen, a corporal in the Eleventh (New York) Heavy Artillery. He had been on duty at Fort Gansevoort and upon the heights of Harlem, guarding McGowan's Pass. After this he had been stationed at the blockhouse in Central Park. A few days before the news of the treaty reached New York the young man had been honorably discharged from service, and, following the American example, he forthwith went into business. That was seventy-



eight years ago, and the ex-corporal, who was Abram Dally, has just died.

To all New-Yorkers the figure, or at least the name, of "General" Abram Dally is familiar. The advancing years gained for him the honorary title, and upon national holidays the old man, attired in full uniform, would hoist the flag over the old block-house in Central Park, and also at the Battery. Whenever the flag was raised by the veteran he was escorted by the Washington Continental Guards, and the occasions were always pleasing and something apart from the busy life of the city. General Dally lived of late years with his grandson in Brooklyn, where he died on February 15th, nearly ninety eight years of age. The United States government allowed him a pension of $8 per month.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

SPEED SKATING.

As in all branches of athletics, a great deal of constant training is required to make a successful speed skater, and it is useless for any one to compete with the best men unless he can give a large part of each day to it. Harald Hagen, the professional champion of Europe, usually spends from four to six hours a day practising. He divides his time equally between the morning and afternoon. Each day at the start he skates about slowly for a mile or two to loosen his muscles. He then increases his pace gradually until he has gained a high speed, which he maintains for ten or fifteen miles, after which he gives himself a short rest. This consists in slowing down to an easy jog. After resting, he tries speeding again, but this time for short distances, sometimes half a mile, quarter-mile, or less, winding up finally with a dash of two hundred yards at his fastest gait. In going distances of a mile or longer he does not swing his arms, but holds them behind his back, clasping them loosely. For shorter distances he generally swings them backward and forward, keeping time with his strokes. In watching Hagen one is impressed most of all with his great length of stroke. He kicks out the rear foot with a jerk, and poises it in the air a moment before bringing it forward to strike.

Hagen's height is six feet one inch, and his weight when in training is about 170 pounds. His legs are very long and muscular, while his body above the hips is rather lightly built. He has a strong hearty appetite, and eats large quantities of meat. One of his special dishes is a preparation of extract of beef, which he spreads on his bread and eats with great relish. After each practice spin he is rubbed down thoroughly by a trainer, sometimes with liniments.

Hagen uses a skate made in Norway. The blade is made of steel, seventeen inches in length and one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, set in a hollow tube, which is fastened to a very thin plate by three hollow uprights. The whole is fastened to his shoe by several copper rivets. The shoes are made of the best calf-skin, without any sole or heel, and they are very strong and light. They are laced tight around the instep, and extend a little above the ankle. The weight of both skates and shoes is about two pounds and a half.

Hugh J. McCormick, the ex-champion of Canada, has a different style from Hagen. Instead of placing his hands behind his back, he swings them loosely from side to side, and he does not bend as far forward as Hagen. His strokes are shorter and quicker. This method of skating comes from skating in the small covered rinks of Canada.

McCormick is a very graceful skater, and moves along with an easy swing of his body. He is, like most Canadian skaters, very particular about being rubbed before and after a practice spin, and for a race he has a particularly thorough rubbing. His height is five feet ten inches, and he weighs 158 pounds when in training condition. His skates are wooden on the top, and are fastened to the shoes with straps. The blade is fifteen inches in length and one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, with a bevel of one-eighth of an inch at the top, to give as much strength as possible where the steel joins the wood. The blade is bored with eight holes about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, to give greater lightness to the skates without weakening them.

Fred Breen, who was defeated by Hagen at Minneapolis, skates in a style which resembles that of McCormick, except that he takes a somewhat longer and slower stroke. He is a Canadian also, and uses skates of the same pattern as those of McCormick. Breen's height is five feet nine and a half inches, and weight, in condition, about 165 pounds.

Norseng, the Norwegian amateur, uses a skate similar to the one used by Hagen. His style of skating is nearly identical with that of Hagen's, except that he does not have the strong kick by which Hagen forces himself forward. Norseng spends a great deal of time training, and has often said he would not think of starting in a race with less than a month's training and practice.

As for myself, all the training I undergo is to skate twice a day, if possible, usually taking a spin of ten or fifteen miles, and finishing up with a short dash. Then I return and have a shower-bath of lukewarm water, with a light rub afterward. I am not a believer in rubbing an athlete with all sorts of liniments. A person in good condition does not need any rubbing. I have often been in dressing-rooms at different skating contests where all the men were rubbed and carefully prepared, while I merely put on my skating clothes and was ready. After the race I dressed, put on dry under-clothing, and felt in no need of a rubbing. If I could have a bath at the hotel where I was quartered, I took advantage of it; but many of the hotels are more like barracks than anything else, and then I have to do without.

I usually eat what I please, except on the day of the race, when I avoid anything in the line of pastry. I do not use tobacco or liquor in any way, and never have much trouble in training myself, therefore. At the beginning of the season I weighed, dressed, 170 pounds, which is a little heavier than usual. My height is five feet ten inches.

The three most distinctive styles of skating are the Dutch, English, and modern racing style.

In Holland the skaters are divided into two classes—those of Friesland and those of South Holland. The method of the latter is known under the name of the "Dutch roll." On slightly curved blades the South-Hollander avoids the necessity of keeping an upright position or maintaining a straight course, and in easy and graceful curves he swings from side to side, riding on the outside edge, and leaning far over to one side or the other. He seems to put off striking the ice as long as it is possible to enjoy the roll, and then finally gives a short quick stroke backward, throwing himself on the outside edge of the other skate.

The Friesland style is more adapted to short-distance races. Klass Hanfe, the champion short-distance skater of Holland, dashes off, swinging his arms from side to side with great vigor, and bringing his skates down upon the ice with sudden jerks. In the quarter-mile race at Heerenveen, in 1891, Hanfe took 158 strides of only three yards one foot each. He uses the famous Friesland skate invariably. The blade is about fifteen inches in length, projecting well forward of the foot and curving high up in front. The blade does not run as far back as the end of the boot, but stops at the centre of the heel. It is set in a very light wood top, the whole being fastened to the foot by leather thongs. The inside edge of the blade is ground to an acute angle, which cuts the ice like a knife. The Friesland can skate in his stocking feet, and I have seen boys skating along the canals in Holland holding a large wooden shoe under each arm.

The English or Fen style is confined to that district of England known as the Fens, a name given to a low and marshy territory filled with many small streams and canals. The Fen skater starts off very slowly, swinging his arms fore and aft, and keeping time with his strokes. He brings his foot forward and puts it down on the outside edge with the toe of the skate pointed in, and then thrusts it slowly forward. The general course of the stroke is a curve inward at the beginning, then a straight line for a short distance, ending with a sharp curve outward.

The English maintain that they follow a straight line better than any other skaters, but, although I have watched them pretty closely, I have failed to find this to be the fact. An English skate is similar in appearance to the Dutch just described. It is about the same length, with the high curve in front, but the blade is half an inch higher at the heel than at the toe. Their idea in this is to enable them to continue longer on their stroke.

The modern racing style of skating is being generally adopted all over the world. The skater starts off, swinging his arms till he has gained headway, then he places his hands behind his back and clasps them loosely. He then leans well forward, and bending low from the hips, brings his foot well up under him and thrusts it sharply forward, trying to follow a straight line as nearly as possible. At the end of the stroke he brings the other foot well up under him and repeats the movement. In distances under a mile the arms are called into play and are swung rapidly forward and backward, or sometimes from side to side. The skates now used by all of the fastest skaters are similar to those used by Hagen.

JOSEPH F. DONOGHUE.

CALIFORNIA ATHLETICS.

Eastern athletes have already had opportunities for measuring their strength against rivals from the Middle States, but similar chances have not been offered of determining by Eastern standards what is the calibre of the athlete of the Pacific slope. It is not unnatural, therefore, that little trust has been placed in stories of performances made under Californian eyes and watches. But I can say, from recent experience, that the average Eastern man sets his standard of the performances of athletes across the continent at far too low a mark, and when contests come about, as they are sure to sooner or later, there will be surprises in store for us all. Primarily, in the climate itself lies a great advantage for the athlete of the Western coast. He can, if his training be not of so severe a nature as to make it unwise, keep in condition from one year's end to the other, and, with only occasional exceptions, be sure of weather that will admit of almost daily exercise. An Eastern man at first misses that snap of cold in the air, that crispness and life, which seem to inspire our football men in November, but it is a decided question as to the value of that crispness in actual performances, and many believe—with good warrant, too—that not only a horse, but a man as well, can do more when there is no tingle of cold in the air. The stock that, in the horse line, is being bred at the Palo Alto farms, many believe, owes much to the climatic influences; and if this be true, the athlete on the Pacific slope will enjoy a similar advantage.

In making a journey through the charming ranches of the Santa Clara Valley one comes upon some fine specimens of physical development among not only the laborers but the proprietors of these favored farms. Perhaps the training of these robust fellows in the matter of food and drink would hardly accord with our notions of strictness, and certainly would not be advisable with men not accustomed to it, but it seemed to have no detrimental effect upon their physical condition. They drink the wines of the country with too great freedom. There were several instances where we had the opportunity of closely observing, and found the men of remarkable muscular development; nor were our observations of picked men only, but merely of the average. The boys brought up under such favoring conditions of out-door exercise not only for half the year, but really every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, will offer material for athletic development such as cannot be found in the East.

And the sports are by no means in their infancy. Track athletics, baseball, football, and boating are all receiving a fair share of attention, and records are being approached that will make the holders men well talked of when they journey East for competition. Henry, of the University of California, is a hurdler who will make our best flyers keep close to the timber; while Hunt and Clemans, the former from Berkeley and the latter from Palo Alto, would give Lake and Bliss plenty to do to keep them out of the half-back lines at either Cambridge or New Haven. Walton, of the Leland Stanford team, is a college catcher whose back-stop work and throwing to second we do not see bettered on any of our crack college nines. There is one man now taking part in athletics on the West coast whom we are likely to see in the East in the fall at some one of the colleges. His name is Porter, and he enjoyed some early football experience at Lehigh, but is now playing upon the Olympic Club team of San Francisco. He will probably go to Yale or Princeton, and we shall have a chance to see whether a Western player can make a place for himself. His present position is that of tackle, but he might make a good bid as a running half-back. These two universities, the University of California and the Leland Stanford, Jun., University, are the two great college rivals on the coast, but the athletic clubs, such as the Olympic of San Francisco, the Multonomah of Portland, and the Field Club of Seattle have made themselves pioneers in the work of establishing a foothold for all branches of sport. Felton Taylor, of the Olympic Club of San Francisco, is one of the most remarkably developed muscular types I have ever seen, while Captain Wood, of the Presidio, is one of those men whose unlimited powers of endurance we seldom meet with outside the ranks of professional teachers. Tobin, another Olympic Club man, is a beautiful drop-kicker, scoring from the 35 or 40 yard line.

Through the medium of graduates of the Eastern colleges an interest in the intercollegiate football game was first stimulated, for the Englishmen had already introduced Rugby along the coast. Mr. Howard, who played half-back on Billy Manning's famous Harvard team, was one of the first to stir the enthusiastic ones to take up the intercollegiate rules, and as he was a clever player both at Rugby and the American game, found little difficulty in teaching the new methods. Since that time the fact that there has been more or less steady connection between Eastern and Western football through the medium of Western men who were in the Eastern schools and colleges, and whose perennial returns from the scene of activity brought with it the newest ideas, has kept Western football fairly abreast of the times. This is true, however, in the matter of the tricks and strategy of the game rather than in the individual detail of position playing. The Western football-player understands the criss-cross, the tandem, the wedge direct, the flying wedge, the wedges along the line, and, in fact, is thoroughly posted upon the latest Eastern plays, but his execution of them lacks the precision that comes from making a study of what the duty of each man in the play should be. There is a rather confused idea of what the tackle should do, where the end should stand, what the quarter's play is after passing the ball, and no definite understanding upon a dozen other points of a similar nature. The tackling is not so clean and certain as in the final games of an Eastern season, but more like what is seen in the first days of practice upon the scrub side. All this comes from the fact that the development of trick plays has come too rapidly after the first introduction of the game, and the detail of individual position, which Eastern teams have spent years in acquiring, has had but little attention paid to it in the West. Such rapid progress has been made in other directions that the smaller points have been forgotten. On the other hand, the running is good, and the dodging and warding well brought out. Interference is not yet thorough, and the tendency to unfair use of the hand and arm altogether too marked. There are a few excellent kickers, but, like all our American teams, the number of men able to punt or drop-kick is a great deal less than it should be.

The University Club of San Francisco is the patron of all college sports, and has already established a series of annual contests between the two rival universities of the coast by the presentation of a trophy in the shape of a silver football of exactly regulation size. The Bohemian and Pacific Union clubs, although social rather than athletic, indulge for sweet charity's sake in an annual baseball match, and there is also a yearly feature in the shape of a Yale-Harvard baseball contest, which brings out not only the old graduates of these Eastern institutions, but an enthusiastic following. W. Greer Harrison, as president of the Olympic Club, has probably done more than any other individual toward furthering the interests and development of all legitimate sport, and he is to-day as great an enthusiast as one can meet.

As for the material one finds out of which to make athletes and players, it is fully up to the Eastern standard—in fact, in proportion to the population, a little above it. The men are willing, and, as a rule, "good stayers." They do not like cold weather, and are not at their best when an occasional cold day comes. For this reason it would be unfortunate for them if, upon the occasion of their meeting Eastern athletes, the weather should be like our autumn days. They would not be at their best. They stand long training well, and instances of men "going fine" are rare. They have not enjoyed the coaching that has been given our Eastern athletes, because their schools of training are not yet old enough to have warranted this, and their best men have drifted out of the interest too speedily to have been of great value. But there is a time coming, and that not far off, when the athlete of the Pacific slope will want to try his mettle in contests of all kinds with his Eastern brother, and whatever the result, the winner will, as the expression has it, "know that there has been a contest."

WALTER CAMP.

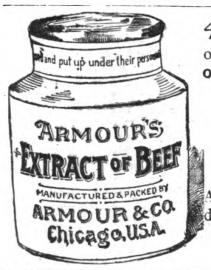
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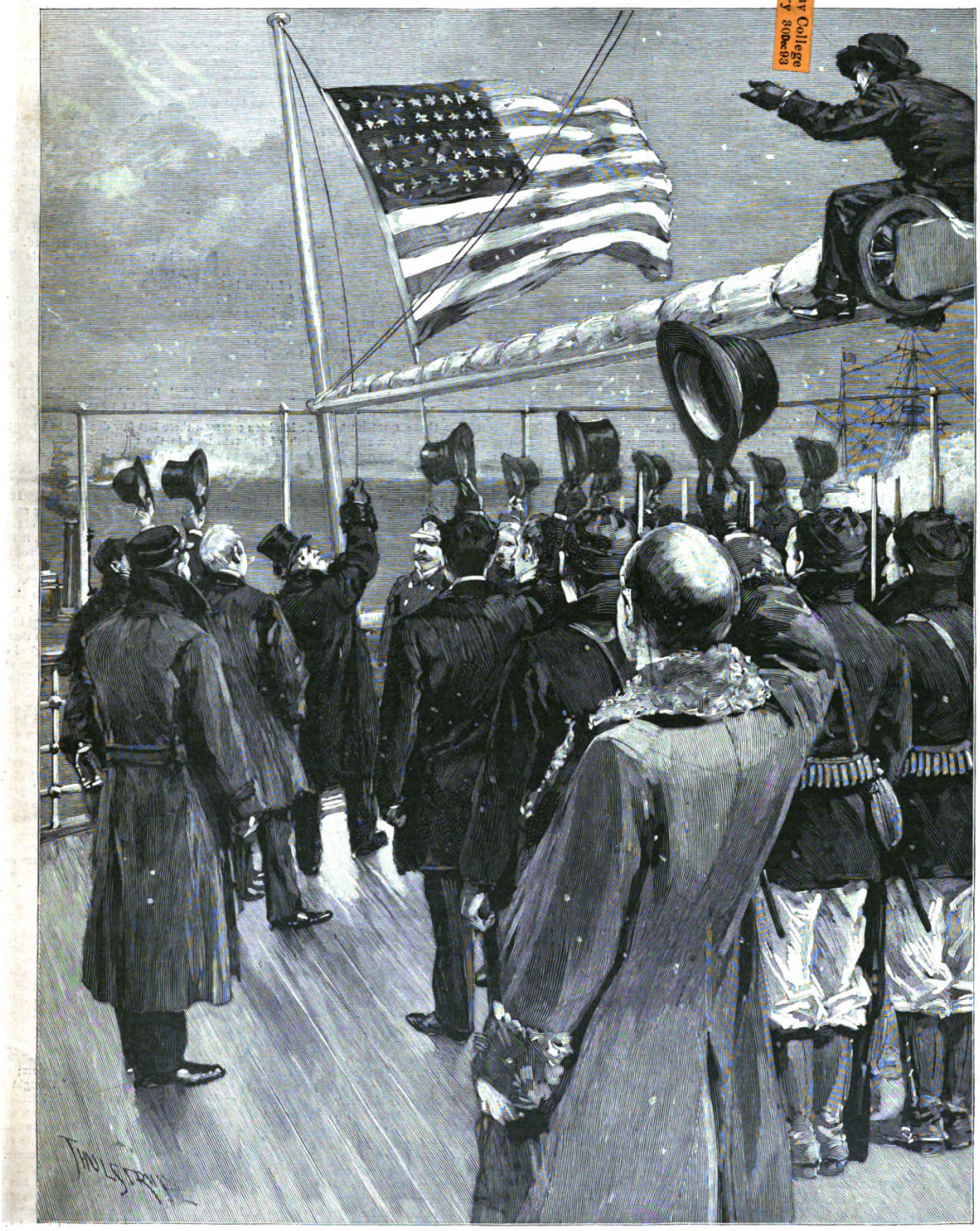
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THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY AND MR. CLEVELAND.

TO form an intelligent judgment of the present condition and the future of the Democratic party in New York some facts of recent history must be kept in mind. Before the last National Democratic Convention there appeared two delegations from this State. One was the offspring of the "snap" arrangements of Tammany Hall and of the Democratic State machine controlled by Senator HILL, Mr. MURPHY, and Mr. SHEEHAN. It made a fierce war upon Mr. CLEVELAND, and urged Mr. HILL's nomination for the Presidency. It had the advantage of "regularity." The other had been appointed by an irregular meeting called in opposition to the "snap" methods of the regulars. It represented the strong feeling of the people in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND, and had an enrolment of about two hundred thousand Democrats in all parts of the State at its back. Its real constituency was much larger. The "anti-snapper" delegation found that it had the sympathy of the National Convention overwhelmingly on its side; yet, for the sake of harmony, it abstained from contesting the seats of the "regulars." But it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that had not the anti-snappers, representing the true feelings of the majority of the New York Democracy, appeared on the field of action, Mr. CLEVELAND, in spite of the strong current in his favor outside of the State of New York, would not have been nominated. His victory was owing to the proof furnished by the anti-snappers that the regular delegation was not a faithful representative of the New York Democracy.

Mr. CLEVELAND having been nominated, the Democrats of the State of New York worked for his election, apparently united; but only apparently. Again for the sake of harmony the anti-snappers of New York city abstained from nominating for the municipal offices candidates of their own against those of Tammany Hall, and Tammany then supported Mr. CLEVELAND with ostentatious zeal. But it is no secret that this zeal was inspired by a mere appreciation of the necessities of the case, since opposition to CLEVELAND would have meant to Tammany the entire loss of its standing in the national Democracy and of its hold upon the government of New York city, which is its pasture. Nor is it a secret that, while Senator HILL made campaign speeches for Mr. CLEVELAND, every place in which his personal influence was especially strong showed, when the votes were counted, glaring signs of widespread and systematic treachery, which might have become dangerous had not supporters of Mr. CLEVELAND coming from outside of the Democratic party more than filled the gap. However, during the campaign the appearance of harmony was decently preserved. The election over, Tammany and the State machine resumed their offensive operations. They united in securing the election of Mr. MURPHY, whose personal hostility to Mr. CLEVELAND had been no less virulent than that of Senator HILL, to a seat in the Senate of the United States. They insisted upon the reappointment of Judge MAYNARD as a member of the Court of Appeals. In this city Tammany Hall affronted public decency with some scandalous selections for important offices. In the State the Democratic machine caused the removal from public employment of every friend of Mr. CLEVELAND it could lay its hands upon. It has sought even by legislative action changing municipal charters to deprive of their legitimate powers elected municipal officers who would not submit to its dictation. Its tyrannical and vindictive insolence seems to know no bounds.

It is evident that this cannot go on without disaster. No party consisting of self-respecting men can live under such control. It has become absolutely necessary either to take the existing Democratic organization entirely out of the hands of the men now ruling it, and to put men of sound principles and high aims in their places, or to form in opposition to it a new organization composed of the best elements of the Democratic party—the elements which a year ago made so effective a demonstration in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND. We risk little in predicting that if at the next State election the Democratic party of New York is still under the leadership of the present machine, it will be defeated. The reasons for enforced harmony which held it together last autumn when the Presidency was at stake will exist no longer. There are many thousands of Democrats—not to speak of the independents and former Republicans who at the Presidential election swelled the Democratic ranks—who will prefer defeat to a continued domination of this greedy, insolent, and treacherous selfishness. And such a defeat will leave the Democracy confronted with the same necessity of a reorganization upon a sound and honorable basis; but then the Democracy of New York will find itself morally weakened by too long a submission to the disgraceful yoke. It is true, the formation of a new Democratic organization in opposition to the old and the running of two sets of Democratic candidates would also present the possibility of Democratic defeat. But from that defeat one Democratic organization at least would issue with untarnished honor, with principles and aims entitled to the respect and confidence of the people. And this respect and confidence it would have, with the certain promise of future victory. Nor is the possibility that the new organization may rapidly grow to such power as to command immediate success by any means excluded. For it is evident, from the recent revolts in the Legislature, that the forces of the machine are already disintegrating; and the remarkable attractiveness of the new Democracy under Mr. CLEVELAND'S leadership to public-spirited men of other parties has been strikingly demonstrated by the Presidential election.

The question is frequently asked what position President CLEVELAND will take with regard to the antagonisms within his party in this State. There can be no doubt as to where his sympathies will be. He knows as well as anybody that the fight against the Democratic machine is no mere fight against this or that individual. He knows that the true question is one of vital principle—whether the party is to be despotically ruled by a selfish and irresponsible boss or oligarchy, or by the deliberate opinion and will of a majority of its members. His sympathy, therefore, is assured. But how will he practically use his patronage? Will he systematically discriminate in favor of one set of Democrats and against another? Will he expose himself to the danger of building up a new party machine to defeat the one now existing? Or will he discourage his friends and the friends of good party politics and of good government by leaving them in doubt as to whether they have his countenance and practical support? To these questions he may be trusted to find without difficulty a satisfactory answer. He will most successfully avoid the dilemma by not treating the offices of the government in the sense of party patronage at all. If he proceeds slowly with the removals to be made, and makes them only for good reason; if, when different candidates are presented for an office, he carefully selects, and peremptorily instructs those wielding power under him carefully to select, the one best fitted for the place by character and ability; if especially for the more conspicuous and influential positions he chooses men enjoying in the highest degree the esteem and confidence of the community, not merely as politicians, but as citizens; if he thus keeps the public interest in view as the first thing to be considered, and makes the public service in the truest meaning of the word the service of the people—he will remain true to the best of his principles, and at the same time strike the most effective blow for good party politics. He will be in no danger of disappointing and discouraging his friends or of working in the hands of the old party machine, for it is by no means probable that a machine like this will present many candidates pre-eminent by their character and ability, even by mistake; but if it did, it might have the benefit of it. He will thus furnish a new and most wholesome illustration of the maxim that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

THE BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR NEW ORLEANS.

AT the same time that a few public-spirited men in this city were planning to make grand opera a possibility for next year, hundreds of such men in New Orleans were cooperating to make opera there not only a certainty but a success. Grand opera has for a long time been one of the attractions of the Southern capital, and Paris has sent many a troupe there. But, fond of good music as the population was, the character of an experiment clung to each season's operatic ventures, and they were not always profitable to the managers. In the winter of 1891–2 the opera resulted in a small loss, and in order that not even the possibility of a recurrence of this misfortune should interfere with the popular pleasure during the winter which is now closing, a wealthy citizen assumed responsibility for any loss that might occur. Noble as was this man's behavior, it did not represent the sum of the public spirit of the populace, or if it did, it served to develop that quality in many others. At the close of the operatic season, which was the beginning of the current year, other leading citizens banded together to form an opera-guarantee association of two hundred members, who are to hold themselves in readiness to meet any loss that may result from the continuance of grand opera next season.

These citizens announced that it was an imposition for the lovers of music and all who held the welfare of the city at heart to lean upon one man's generosity. So prompt and numerous were the responses to their call that it was resolved to swell the membership to four hundred, and now it is said that even this large number will be increased by another hundred. It was a surprising revelation, not only of interest in grand opera, but of pure public spirit and desire to help the city; for many who have subscribed are not "opera-goers." The list of the members of the guarantee association shows that the old creole families, the old American element, the new-comers in society and in business, and, indeed, all classes except the poor, who doubtless share the same spirit, but not the means to indulge it, stand side by side in this movement.

The amount which each member holds himself in readiness to pay should the opera managers lose money is small, and, indeed, it is logically asserted that even this sum is removed from risk by reason of the enthusiastic and general interest in opera that has been aroused, but the great point and moral of the movement is something apart from this. The moral is that the gay and picturesque and semi-foreign old city is awakened to a sense of its almost certain future importance as the winter capital of the country. Already a host of Northern visitors congregates there each year to witness the Mardi-gras festivities, and it is noticed that all are enthusiastic over the manifold attractions of the city, and that each year the crowd is greater and the visitors stay longer than during the preceding year. There was no rivalry between New Orleans and Florida when this began, but it is seen that many who seek the balmy climate of the Gulf coast find more to enjoy in the gay life of the American-Latin city, with its shops and clubs and theatres and city bustle, than in the quieter countrylike charms, which also have their devotees in the crowds that seek not only Florida, but the resorts of Georgia and the Carolinas. Grand opera from Paris—in the delightful old French Opera-house, with its attendant crowd of creole and American beauties—has been a leading attraction in New Orleans. The thought of losing it, now that the city is breasting the new era of its reign as a pleasure capital, was not to be entertained. The next progressive step will be the provision of hotels of the most modern sort. They are absolutely necessary, and the want of them is keenly felt. With this defect remedied, New Orleans will have no apology to offer to the army of wealthy idlers whose forerunners have been so captivated by the lovely queen city of the South that they have forced themselves upon her before she had swept and garnished her house in readiness for them.

BETTER TIMES AHEAD FOR THE CLERICAL CALLING.

IT has been common these last few decades to lament the dearth of first-rate men in the ministerial profession, and even the retrogression of the profession itself as a power in modern life. We are all used to hearing it averred that the relative influence of ministers, as compared with that of other professional men, has steadily declined. It has never been denied that the church gets some strong and admirable men, but the impression has undoubtedly obtained that it gets by no means as many as it needs or as it is entitled to, and that too often it has had to fill the places of such men with candidates of inferior calibre. Many reasons and remedies have been suggested for this state of things. The multiplication of sects and small churches has been blamed for it, and not without good reason. It has been said, too, that the ministerial vocation does not pay as well as it ought in order to hold its own in these practical times; also that the profession has been pauperized by making theological education so cheap that self-respecting men look askance at it. It has been pointed out, too, that whereas in that golden age of ministers known as the good old colony times the minister regulated the personal conduct of every one of his parishioners, the times have so changed that it is a humble parishioner indeed who does not feel entitled to an appreciable share in the regulation of the personal affairs of the minister. Then, too, it has been thought that ministers have been fitted too closely into cast-iron standards of belief, to which many conscientious men, otherwise well adapted to the clerical vocation, could not bring themselves to submit. The remedies suggested have been adapted to these causes—better pay for the ministers, less interference by charitable persons with the law of supply and demand, the amalgamation of small churches, the education of congregations in the great art of minding their own business, and the emancipation of Christianity from unnecessary theological fetters.

There are signs nowadays which promise the application of some of these remedies. The refusal of the New York Presbytery to discipline Professor BRIGGS, and the restoration of Dr. MCGLYNN to the Roman Catholic priesthood, are signs out of many that forecast increased liberty of thought and action to all clergymen in and out of church. The same signs, too, foreshadow a decrease in the capacity of minor differences of belief or opinion to split up congregations that ought to hold together, or to keep separate those that ought to unite. The union of congregations that ought to be joined would mean larger church societies, especially in the country; and larger churches should mean more adequate salaries for the country ministers; while increased pay and a less restricted liberty of thought may reasonably be expected to draw into the clerical profession more men of sufficient power to build up churches, and to hold their own with the congregations which they attract.

These signs, such as they are, of more favorable conditions for the ministerial profession are very welcome. It is a profession too attractive to many men to need to be subsidized. If it has lost ground, it is because it has been unnecessarily handicapped. The men who are wanted as ministers will never start out to be ministers because the pay is big or the work easy. But they may be kept out of the profession because its money returns are unequal to the maintenance of their families, or because they believe the

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conditions under which they must work to be inconsistent with entire self-respect and the pursuit and demonstration of truth. It is only by appealing to men's highest motives that the clerical profession can really prosper. If the profession says, "I can give you power and money," it may get "smart" and ambitious men; if it says, "I can make you comfortable," it may get clever lazy men; but if it is to get the sort of good and able men it needs, it must offer them the best chance to help their fellows. Its strong point is its appeal to unselfish sentiment. The romance is pretty well gone out of the military profession. That is a trade which has survived most of its glory, and subsided into the rank of a necessary evil, closely allied with police duty and mathematics. The contemporary hero of the maritime profession no longer stands on deck and watches his bellying sails. No; his most heroic moments are spent down in the bowels of his vessel splicing a broken shaft. There is some little glamour left in politics still, but the chances are too good that the man who yearns to serve his fellow-men in political life will find that the only form of service readily open to him is to busy himself getting offices for his constituents, and inducing legislatures to assent to measures which he himself, perhaps, does not wholly approve.

But all the opportunities which the clerical profession ever had it has still. There is practically just as much sin to fight, just as much devil to beat, as there ever was. Error and ignorance are continually rampant; multitudes go hungry for lack of spiritual food; the harvest is constantly white, and beckons to the reapers. And reapers enough there will be, provided only that they have leave to sharpen their sickles according to knowledge, and to use them according to the fulness of their strength.

RAILWAY FARES TO CHICAGO.



THE managers of the railroads leading into Chicago from the East have had under consideration the amount to be charged for fares to visitors to the World's Fair. It is reported that these managers have come to the conclusion that one fare for the round trip will not be agreed upon, and, indeed, that there will be no reduction from present rates except upon slow trains, and that even on these the reduction will not be so great as has been usual heretofore on occasions when unaccustomed numbers of people travelled to one place. No one wishes to travel on a train that consumes thirty-five hours in going from New York to Chicago. On trains going faster than this the railroad managers say that no reduction is contemplated. This conclusion, it is said, was arrived at because there was little doubt that at present rates the railroads centring in Chicago could during the fair do all the business they could accommodate. This may be true, but we cannot believe that this conclusion is final. In ordinary business it may be entirely right for the seller to get all that he can for his services or his wares, but the railway companies are not conducting an ordinary business. It was reported recently that one of the trunk-line presidents had asked a Chicago hotel-keeper and Chicago merchant whether they would reduce their prices during the fair. Each, as the story went, said that he would not. Then the railway president turned upon them and asked why his company should be asked to reduce its profits any more than merchants and hotel-keepers. This story was denied by the railway president, but he said that it fairly represented his views on the subject. So it may; but if his views are permitted to be carried out in regard to the fares to and from Chicago, then the railways will have failed to do what the public has a perfect right to expect them to do, and this right is founded in reason and confirmed by precedent.

The railway companies do not conduct an ordinary business, and the motives of ordinary business men cannot be permitted to control the actions of railway managers. Railway corporations have been created by the public, and given most extraordinary privileges, and to the creating power the corporations are under continuous obligations. What is for the public interest should always be considered by the railway managers as of the first importance. When the public interest is forgotten, the public is likely to retaliate. Indeed, in many instances in the Southwest the railway companies have found that it is not profitable to too long neglect these public obligations. The World's Fair in Chicago is not a private venture for private gain, but a great public undertaking for the public good. The States and the national government have contributed directly to this undertaking, and the railways must do their share towards its complete success, both directly and indirectly.

The purpose of the fair is in the main educational. That purpose will be defeated unless a very great number of visitors are able to visit Chicago, and by studying the exhibits learn the lessons that they teach. The great majority of these visitors must go to Chicago by rail, and if the railways, by ungenerously high fares, discourage the visitors who must count each dollar of expense, then the railways will have failed in their duty towards the public. The very people who will be most benefited by visiting the fair are those who must carefully consider the cost. A matter of ten or fifteen dollars in railway fares is nothing to rich men, but it is a great deal to the artisans and mechanics and farmers of the country. Besides being wrong in itself, such a policy would be short-sighted, even from a purely selfish standpoint. In the development of the country and its growth in wealth the railways profit directly and quickly. The Centennial Exhibition gave a great impetus to trade, and resulted in the growth of many industries. This Columbian Fair will do the same thing, and in its complete success the railways have an interest that the managers cannot afford to ignore.

THE FINE ARTS LOAN EXHIBITION.

THE first feeling of a cultivated and travelled American who makes the round of the loan exhibition now to be seen at the Fine Arts Society Building in Fifty-seventh Street must be of wonder that a collection such as adorns the walls could be got together in this country. The large gallery given to the society by Mr. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT, and named after him, is devoted to the works of modern masters. In this one's admiration does not amount to wonder, because it is familiar to all American art-lovers that their country offers one of the best markets in the world to living painters of whatever nationality. The productions of British art, indeed, are mainly kept at home, and the modest exhibition of the works of the pre-Raphaelites at the Century Club, not long ago, was surprising by its extent, modest as it was. But the works of contemporary schools and masters of the Continent are eagerly bought by American amateurs. Of the famous French pictures of the current period, in particular, an exhibition might be arranged in New York that would come into no despicable rivalry with anything that could be assembled in Paris itself; and that certainly could not be equalled in any European city excepting Paris. Such an exhibition, indeed, the Vanderbilt Gallery comes very near to presenting. It competes very favorably with the magnificent loan exhibition of 1876 in the Academy of Design, which nobody who was privileged to visit it can have forgotten. In the means it furnishes for estimating the power and the range of some of the most distinguished French painters, the present exhibition has not been surpassed.

But it is in the works of older schools that the loan exhibition excites wonder, for the visitor finds here what most visitors would unhesitatingly have said that he must cross the ocean to see. Who could have imagined, for example, that there could be assembled upon this continent, even though Canada has been drawn upon as well as the United States, so complete a representation of English painting, from REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH to TURNER and Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, as is here accessible? Of GAINSBOROUGH and of CONSTABLE, indeed, the representation may almost be said to be as nearly complete as can be had anywhere, even in the National Gallery itself. No lover of art needs to be told how important such an exposition is, how especially important historically in the case of CONSTABLE, whose influence has been so much greater in France than in his own country, and who was the predecessor and in many respects the teacher of the painters whose works are the greatest glories of French landscape art. Of Sir JOSHUA, too, the examples are numerous and worthy; and the single TURNER, the "Mercury and Argus," is a highly characteristic and typical work.

It is in this representation of English art that the exhibition is quite unique and unprecedented in this country, and that it is indispensable to untravelled American students. But there has never been on view here so interesting a representation of still older masters. VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, RUBENS, VAN DYCK, are to be seen in adequate and in some cases in famous examples; and the collection of Dutch art alone, or of early Italian art alone, would be worth more than one visit. Whoever, having an intelligent interest in art, fails to partake of the feast which has been provided for him by the enterprise and the diligence of the Loan Exhibition Committee, will lose an enviable opportunity.

THINGS TALKED OF

MR. CLEVELAND has made one selection for his cabinet hardly less significant and promising than that of Judge Gresham, and resembling the latter in that it shows his purpose to be surrounded by men of courage and conscience. He has gone beyond the Mississippi and chosen Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, to take charge of the Department of Agriculture. This department cannot be said to have been very useful under the honest and faithful "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, for that worthy man's equipment is not equal to the task he assumed. Under Mr. Morton it may well become extremely useful, since he is a skilled and trained farmer, an ardent and intelligent student of forestry, and a man of much executive ability. This is much, but it is not all, or even the best. Mr. Morton has for some twenty-five years been a devoted Democrat in a State overwhelmingly Republican, and an active party man in a community where the temptations to compromise principle for the temporary advantage of the party have been many, constant, and alluring. During all that time he has stood perfectly firm for sound money and for tariff reform. He fought the "greenback" craze from the start, and he has fought the free-silver craze with the same unflagging energy. During the last campaign he was strongly opposed to fusion with the Populists in any form or to any degree. He is a public speaker of great effectiveness—not an orator in the ordinary sense, having no need of the orator's peculiar gifts, but a straightforward, sincere, logical, and convincing talker. He has done very much to educate the farmers of Nebraska as to the real working of the high tariff and as to their vital interest in freer trade. Mr. Morton and Judge Gresham, therefore, represent two powerful elements in the Democratic party as Mr. Cleveland conceives it—one stanch and faithful adherence to high aims in the past, the other courageous adoption of those aims in the present, and both the growing popular attachment to those aims in the great region to which political power has been transferred. Their co-operation in the administration is a strong guarantee of the future.

The absurdity, or worse, of considering all diplomatic matters in secret session is strikingly shown in the history of the so-called "treaty" with Hawaii. Here was an agreement to change absolutely and abruptly the established and traditional policy of the United States, to assume the possession, administration, and necessarily the defence of a group of islands of motley population, some 2500 miles distant from our nearest seaport, and much farther distant from the seat of our chief military and naval resources. It was an agreement, moreover, made with the representatives of a provisional, purely *de facto*, and essentially revolutionary government, which had overthrown a government with which this country had for years had the most intimate, friendly, and profitable treaty relations. Such a step could wisely be taken only with the most complete assurance that the intelligent, informed, and deliberate judgment of the people of the United States approved of it. Such assurance was impossible unless the people of the United States were made fully acquainted with all the facts and with all the arguments for and against annexation, and that result in its turn could only be obtained by submitting all the documents to Congress, and inviting the fullest discussion. Even then it might well be that the means for forming a rational public opinion should be found lacking, and that lack of itself would be a conclusive argument for deliberation and delay. Every stage in this reasonable and honorable process is rendered difficult, and may be rendered impracticable, by the secrecy with which such matters are treated, and with which this one in particular was surrounded. It is true that the text of the treaty and the report of the Secretary of State were made public; but these were only enough to show how utterly indefensible, how really indecent, was the haste made by the President and the State Department, followed by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and in effect demanded of the Senate. It is an insult to the people of the Union to assume, as is assumed in this case, that their opinion on a matter of this importance, involving certainly great and possibly irrevocable consequences, is not worth the attention of the administration and the Senate. There are, of course, instances of the need of secrecy in the treatment of international relations, but these occur only in carrying out a policy that the country thoroughly understands and fully approves. To adopt, or seek to adopt, a policy so radical and so far-reaching under the cloak of secrecy is, in reality, a grave violation of the fundamental principle of representative popular government.

The "Address of Eulogy on George William Curtis"—thus it was officially described—delivered by the Rev. J. W. Chadwick before the Brooklyn Institute on the 22d of February was something more and much better than the announcement indicated. It embraced a very clear and effective review of Mr. Curtis's career, and was marked by a number of passages of eloquence; but its chief value lay in the thoughtful, discriminating, and delicate criticism of the phases and of the motives of that career. No higher praise could be given it than to say that it was composed in the spirit that Mr. Curtis himself would have delighted in. It will doubtless be published by the Institute, or otherwise, and with Mr. Chadwick's charming chapter of personal reminiscences, in the February number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be welcomed by Mr. Curtis's innumerable friends.

A memorial hall for Phillips Brooks is to be built in the "Yard" at Harvard. A committee has invited subscriptions for a fund of $300,000, and his class, 1855, pledges the last $10,000 of each $100,000. There can be no doubt that the hall will be built, and it will be worthy of a noble memory. Devoted to religious and social uses, it will, in the words of the committee, "convey to coming generations of students the splendid spiritual endowment which he gave to Harvard." With Phillips Brooks the religious life and the social life were inseparable. He could not conceive of a religion that did not embrace the whole field of human relations; he labored for a society in which every activity should be informed by the spirit of religion. The alumni of Harvard will honor themselves and their college in honoring one of the purest and strongest of Harvard's sons. Details of the plan may be obtained of President Eliot. A memorial sketch of the life and work of Phillips Brooks has been prepared by his brother, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., of the Church of the Incarnation, New York city, and will be published in the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Perhaps the most engaging of the chapters in *Moltke, his Life and Character*, is the brief one, scarce half a dozen pages, in which the great strategist, at the age of ninety, has written some "Consolatory Thoughts on this Life, and Trust in a Future Life." These show the severe and firm and penetrating mind, equal to the task of waiting as well as to that of achievement. The spirit of the chapter is one of calm but hopeful rationalism, with an undertone of tenderness. It is clear that Moltke was not a narrowly dogmatic man in his religious ideas. There is, indeed, a tone of gentle scorn in his remark, "I fear it is the pulpit zealot, who tries to persuade where he cannot convince, that empties the church with his sermons." Even of reason he speaks with a dread of its certain but undefined limitations. The note of hope, however, is clear and sweet when he speaks of the affections. "But, above all, the emotions must be retained by the soul if it is to be immortal. Friendship does, indeed, rest on reciprocity, and it is partly an affair of the reason; but love can exist though unrequited. Love is the purest, the most divine spark of our being." This from the veteran of seventy years of active service in the art of war is singularly touching. That such a spirit should survive such a career is in delightful harmony with his own argument for a future life.

The birthday of Washington was celebrated by the management of the Lenox Library by opening the rich and varied treasures of that noble institution to the public. Heretofore admission has been had only by cards, and though these could be had at any time on application, the requirement of them was an appreciable obstacle to the general use of the library. Commencing with the 22d of February, the building is thrown open to all visitors during the daytime of every day except Sundays. It is not generally known that the collections of the library embrace, besides its great number of books common to all institutions of this character, many rare and curious volumes, manuscripts, examples of exquisite binding and illumination, and many extremely valuable works of art. The widow of the late Robert L. Stuart has lately added to the library some 7000 volumes and 250 pictures of different schools. It is not easy to exaggerate the influence of a foundation of this sort, the beneficence of which is sure constantly to be increased, the hard saying of Scripture, "to those who have shall be given," working in such cases purely for good. And this influence is very greatly extended by the new policy of the trustees.

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"ON PROBATION."

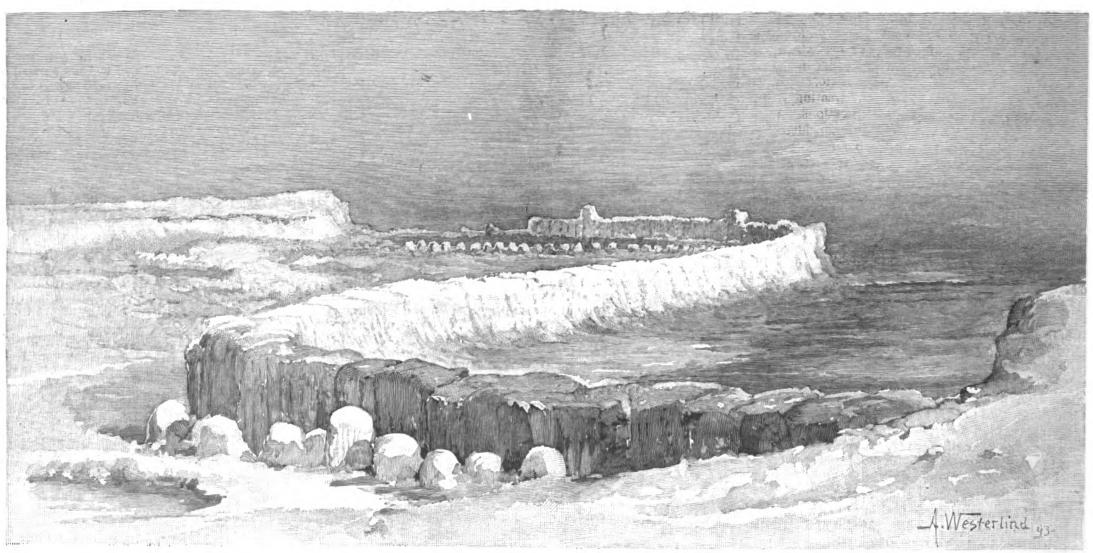


"IF EVER I GO ON PROBATION AGAIN, I'LL BOARD IT OUT IN A NUNNERY."

It is pretty nearly certain that the generality of people who go to the theatre in this country go there to be amused. The hurry and worry of our every-day life is such, and competition has made the struggle for a bare existence so severe, that some form of recreation is absolutely needed by the army of our busy toilers, and such a positive recreation is perhaps most easily and satisfactorily obtained by means of a good theatrical performance. This is one principal reason why the legitimate drama, and those forms of theatrical entertainment which demand a positive mental effort have lapsed and waned in popularity, and comedy is the key-note of almost all theatrical productions which nowadays attain popularity. There is certainly nothing more wholesome, more refreshing, more genuinely invigorating, than a hearty laugh, and any play or theatrical piece which provides genuine amusement without recourse to either vulgarity or impropriety should be heartily welcomed. We are to be congratulated that our theatrical taste has not become, as yet, over-civilized to the point that genuine and legitimate humor, uncoupled with suggestiveness, has ceased to be either interesting or attractive.

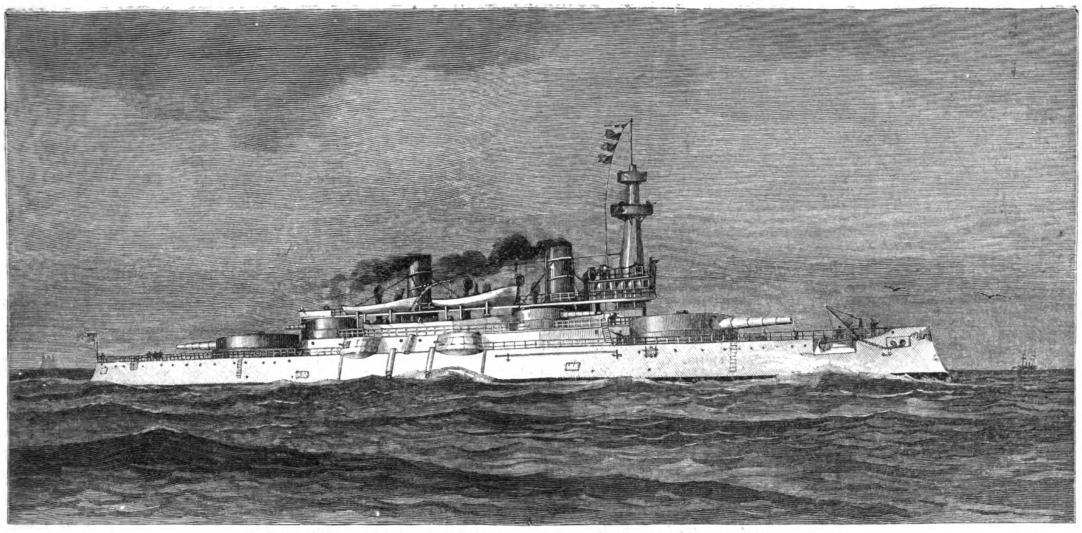
On Probation, the "comic drama" by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Geo. H. Jessup, now successfully running at the Star Theatre, is a good play, because it fulfils the purpose for which it was evidently designed, which is to amuse in a wholesome and legitimate way. Its authors and exponents, as well as the public which enjoys it, are therefore to be congratulated on its legitimate and deserved success. It is not necessary to view a play like *On Probation* from a strictly critical stand-point; were such a one to be adopted, one could say with justice that the situations, though humorous, were improbable and exaggerated, that the characters were too broadly drawn to be exactly typical, and that the dialogue in some cases was hardly true to nature. But possible strictures of this kind on a play like *On Probation* would be not only hypercritical, but unnecessary. As has been said, the play was written to amuse, and in so doing to provide Mr. Crane with all possible opportunities for the exhibition of the many qualities which have endeared him as a comedian to the American public. In this its authors have succeeded without doubt or question, and have therefore done everything that could be expected of them. The mere sight of Mr. Crane calls up many pleasantly mirthful recollections of *The Two Dromios*, *The Henrietta*, *The American Minister*, *The Senator*, and many other plays in which for years past he has laid the American public under a debt of gratitude by affording them many opportunities for genuine merriment. In no one of his previous impersonations has he been more amusing than as the flirtatious Chicago millionaire, incited to fresh flirtation and involved in fresh complications by the sight of every pretty girl he may happen to meet. Even while we must admit that the situations brought about by Mr. Silsbee's amorous proclivities are improbable, we can forgive this and much more since they are genuinely comical.

The great merit of *On Probation* lies in the fact that the humor is legitimately developed from the situations, and its fun is produced by legitimate means without suggestion of either acrobatic comedy or horse-play. Much of the dialogue, too, is genuinely humorous and appropriate, and the characterization of the various personages of the play, though at times approaching burlesque, is still definite and distinct. If we allow the premises, the conclusions are logical enough. The authors have managed to give to their characters and situations a lightness and vivacity which savors of the French school of comedy, without any of its malodorous suggestiveness, and their climaxes are made easily and without any undue straining for effect. Apart from the principal character, played with much unction, spirit and legitimate comedy by Mr. Crane, the characters of the jealous Brazilian husband and the cosmopolitan waiter are pleasantly conceived, deftly drawn, and very well played by Messrs. Backus and Herbert. The female characters, while neither as distinctive or amusing as the male ones, are still effective, and are also well rendered. Miss Busby, as the young lady from New York, on whose account Mr. Silsbee is placed "on probation," is so pretty to look at that one can readily overlook her somewhat amateurish methods. All in all, the play is sufficiently well acted to fulfil all reasonable requirements, and in this case the play itself is not so much the thing as is Mr. Crane, who dominates every situation, and is the prime mover in all the fun and merriment evoked by these situations. It is pleasant to be able to record the success of so clean, wholesome, and amusing a comedy, written by American authors from an American standpoint, and played by American actors in a distinctively American way. *On Probation*, if memory serve, was first produced at a matinée in New York last season. It was afterwards rather extensively revised, and was produced first in its present form in Chicago, at the beginning of the present season. It is reasonably safe to predict that Mr. Crane will not have any occasion to change the vehicle in which he so admirably succeeds in amusing the public which admires him for some time to come.



ALONG THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN IN WINTER.—Drawn by A. Westerlind.—[See Page 214.]

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THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."—From a Sketch by Robert G. Skerrett.—[See Page 207.]

TRENTON'S UNRIVALLED ICE GORGE.

The third and what gave every promise of being the most dangerous freshet and ice gorge in the Delaware River held the inhabitants of the city of Trenton in a state of apprehension for a week, dating from February 10th. The memorable flood of 1854, and the subsequent one of 1886, have been outrivalled.

Now that all danger is over, without any attending loss of life, and comparatively small damage to property, speculation runs riot with conjectures as to what might have occurred.

The bed of the Delaware for many miles above Trenton, overcharged by torrents, threw off its thirteen-inch covering of ice, which, lashed by the current, was driven against the ice dam at Periwig bar, and tossed upon it in huge jagged masses, forming a formidable rampart forty feet high. In the rush of the ice, trees a foot in diameter were snapped off like saplings, and when the wild flight of the charged torrent met with resistance at Periwig bar, great masses of ice were forced over a twenty-foot embankment, to be piled ten feet high over an area of a hundred yards.

This immense dam diverted the river from its natural channel, and forced it over the meadows on the New Jersey side, where it formed a new channel fifteen feet deep and a hundred yards wide. This saving outlet returned to the natural bed of the river again above Bordentown. The ice-floes covered an area of two miles and a half, extending from the bar to the old Trenton Bridge.

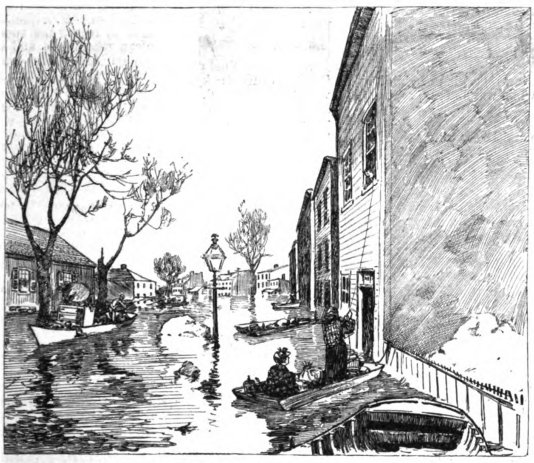
At South Trenton the river, when highest, rose nineteen feet and ten inches, which instantly placed that portion of the city in imminent danger, and great apprehension was felt lest the outlying country should be inundated by the water reaching the height of the canal-banks and overflowing them.

Considerable interest centred in the resistance of the great iron railroad bridge, whose abutments were completely incased in ice. A heavy train was stationed on this bridge to help resist the undermining power of the mighty force only two feet below the platform. A corps of engineers kept constant vigil, and an attempt was made to dislodge the masses of ice by the use of dynamite. Eighty pounds of the explosive were discharged on the 14th, but the results were so slight as to discourage further experiment.

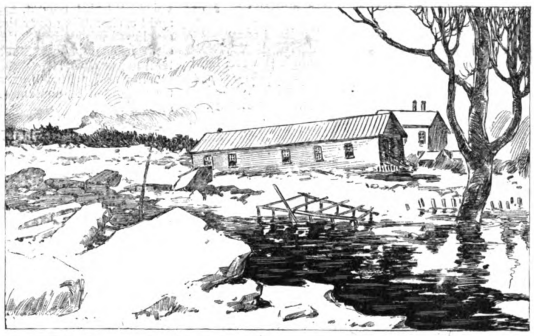
The houses on the two islands in the river, Morris and Duck, respectively, were also objects of interest to the thousands of people gathered in Riverview Cemetery and along the banks. The ice had risen to the second story of these isolated river houses, and the inmates had escaped, leaving their cattle and household goods behind.

At the foot of Ferry Street, Trenton, stands the old colonial Bloomsbury House; when the flood was at its height, guests were taken from the second story into boats by means of ladders. Fair Street was literally transformed into a miniature Venice; bakers, grocers, milkmen, newspaper-carriers, and general purveyors replaced their wagons temporarily by row-boats as means of transit. The excitement on this street attending the transferring of personal effects and furniture into boats, and thence to a point of comparative safety at a point inland, amounted to almost a frenzy. Mills and factories on the river-front were forced to close, and many thousand hands were without employment. Immediate danger abated on the 14th instant, when the river started its fall by dropping eighteen inches. There is yet a quantity of ice in the river, and more may come.

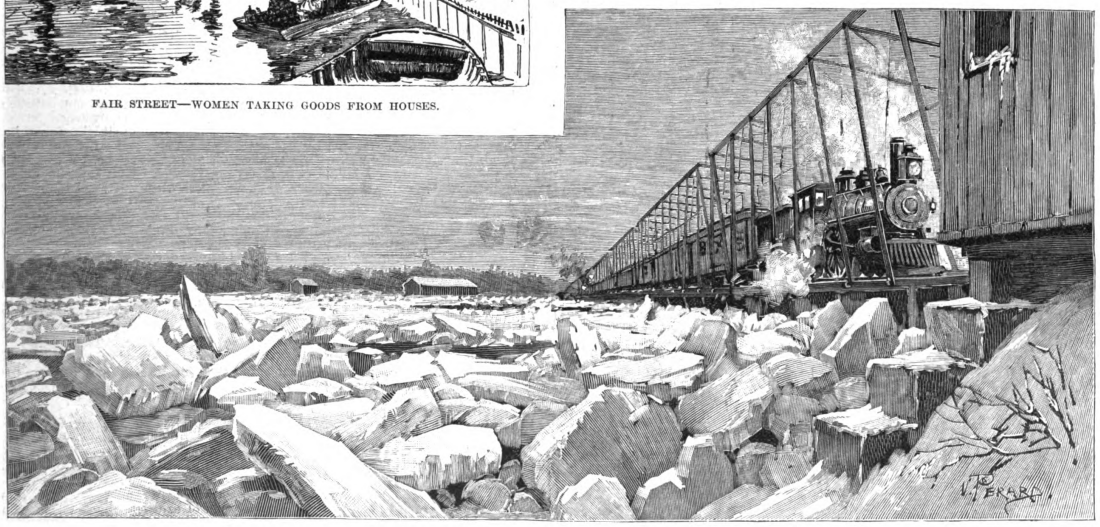
Henry Russell Wray.



FAIR STREET—WOMEN TAKING GOODS FROM HOUSES.



FOOT OF FERRY STREET.



THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD BRIDGE IN DANGER—AN ICE JAM TWENTY TO THIRTY FEET HIGH REACHING UP TO ITS LEVEL.

THE RECENT ICE GORGE AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.—From Sketches by F. Cresson Schell.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A DOG-SHOW DISAPPOINTMENT.

I WENT into the dog show just to while my time away,
And saw of canines quite a marvellously fine display;
And just before I came to leave, a little mongrel near
Stood up upon his after-legs and whispered in my ear:

"I am a little yellow dog without no pedigree,
But you can bet I'll win a prize, a very V. H. C.
They'll overlook my bandy-legs, my brilliant saffron coat;
They'll overlook my stumpy tail and truly husky throat.

"They'll overlook my velveteenlike huge and floppy ears;
They'll take no note of whinings, or a nose bedecked with tears;
They will not mind my total lack of family renown;
They'll close their eyes unto the fact that I'm the worst in town.

"The maids will stop and gush o'er me, the men will stand and gloat,
And if a collar is put up, I'll win most every vote,
Despite my most plebeian walk, despite my stumpy tail,
That madly beats upon the floor like any farmer's flail.

"And it is all because I am the little doggie sweet
Of one who has society prostrate before his feet,
Who has by some excessively odd matrimonial fluke
Become the sixteenth cousin of a haughty British Duke."

This said, the doggie broadly grinned and winked his nether eye,
Got down upon all-fours again, and with a gladsome cry,
Which seemed to show he thought the world was made for him alone,
Left off his bragging for the nonce and gnawed a chicken bone.

Alas for his ambition! When I read the list to-day
Of prizes they'd awarded for that wonderful display,
No yellow doggie's name was there, though it were hard to find
A finer flop-eared specimen of his peculiar kind.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE TWO DENMARKS.

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

HE was a Dane, of Skallingen, a fisherman, one of those tremendous fellows with thick shoulders and short necks—those human amphibians which the North Sea seems to breed. Two years before he had brought his child and his emigrant's bag filled with hooks and tackle to Maine, to the little fishing village lying about nineteen miles to the south of Machias Bay. He came for the reason that the family with whom he had always lived in Skallingen came also. He followed them uncomprehendingly, like a dog, for he was both deaf and mute. His countrymen, the Danes, wandered away to the West, leaving him and his boy.

Here, fifty or sixty yards back from the huge russet cliffs, was the cluster of fishermen's huts, all in miniature, like a Japanese village without the color. These tiny houses were built of hemlock boards and rough shingles, which the sun and salt winds had turned to the gray of a fog bank. Behind were the dark nets spread out to dry and weighted with round stones. Scattered about here and there one saw the forked tails and gaping heads of cod. The whole village had the odor of its livelihood and smelt of fish, as a cobbler's shop smells of leather.

Here the "two Denmarks," as the fishermen named them, were content. They lived in the fourth house from the sea, with Bleoo, a shrewd "down-easter," who, upon recognizing the mute's marvellous knowledge of the sea, took him into his house and employ, making the one pay for the other. From delicacy Bleoo always spoke of him as "my pardner, Big Denmark." It was a good bargain, for the Dane was a wondrous fisherman, his power of observation being acute as the instinct of an animal. He did not realize his unspeakable loneliness. All those shades of feeling, those complexities of life of which even the lowest gain inklings through conversation, were to him undiscovered, unknown. In the fulness of his magnificent manhood he was a repetition of a primeval type—an anachronism—a man whose emotions were elemental, exclusive, like a psychological definition. But he loved the sea, and he loved his child. For his wife he had never cared. To the day of her death she had treated him as an imbecile.

On those days when the storms prevented the launching of their small skiffs, father and son would climb among the rocks on the shore under the great walls of cliff, which from contact with the spray had rusted like iron. Together they would lie and stare into an intricate pool, watching the sturdy fiddler-crabs poling along the bottom or darting obliquely through the brown sea-weed, causing it to sway in its moorings. And in the recesses, sheltered well, were other pools, filled with the waters of some belated breaker, resting in their rocky basins still as lenses. Here a stick stirred gently would perform miracles, awakening kinds of marine life with which only naturalists and children are acquainted, curious creatures which fled over the colored shells and glistening pebbles to new homes. For the more usual forms, as the sea-urchins and starfish and hermit-crabs, the two Denmarks had some sign, some imitative dumb show, which they alone understood.

At length this little fellow of nine years with his light blue eyes and frayed-rope hair became his father's teacher, the sole link with the great inheritance of human knowledge from which this giant had been shut out.

All his life Denmark had lived with illiterate fishermen, men whose minds were stiff from toil and monotony, but now he gained new impulses, and the elasticity of the child's brain opened new doors, discovering pleasures of which he knew as little as primitive man.

Occasionally on their rambles they found wreckage—pieces of dead ships, black woods studded with rivets of copper. These they prized, for when burned in the little hut up on the bluff strange flames were set free—red and yellow with swift green jets from the copper—producing lights such as flare in the dreams of children. In this fashion the two Denmarks tasted happiness, acting the weird pantomime imposed by nature. The boy running ahead, pointing, making a thousand gestures, while his father watched him with those blue eyes of his which necessity had made so strangely expressive and intent. But these were holidays—gifts of the storm.

After cleaning the fish at night, they sat together until bedtime, watching the burning drift-wood, its changing lights flickering over the pictures from by-gone weeklies which covered the walls, and over old Mrs. Bleoo too, who sat upon the hair-cloth sofa knitting fishermen's stockings for her son.

In the morning Little Denmark would get into an enormous pair of boots flecked with cod scales. They had belonged to Bleoo, and were so large that the child could almost turn around inside of them without disturbing their direction. In these he scuffled down to the shore and lumbered into the boat, while Bleoo and his father stood counting the breakers, waiting until the great ninth wave should curl, when they could pull out in the "slatch."

Until lately they had always been together—the two Denmarks. But now the little fellow grew restless during the long day in the small boat. The fish ceased to interest him. He knew them all so well, the pollack's projecting jaw and pointed snout, and then those others, the hake and the haddock and the cod, they were so similar. Even before they were lifted over the gunwale he recognized them.

Frequently now he strolled away over the gold-colored fields with boys of his own age, and he liked that; therefore his father fished with Bleoo.

The little Denmark and his friends went often to the railroad, especially to the drawbridge, which a ragged indentation in the coast made necessary, for here the river met the ocean. Through this deep estuary stalked the slim supports of the iron bridge. Here on the trestles they swung like monkeys, doing a hundred acts of daring, and making the bridge-tender's life a woe to him. When he endeavored, through the medium of a strong County Leitrim brogue, to express a little of what was in his heart, they climbed higher and were happy, noisily happy.

One day in the early fall they roused him to such anger that he did not see a fishing-smack, which by his negligence was forced to luff and come up again. Then these demons of the trestle went mad with joy, calling in their treble voices, "Lobster-snoot, Lobster-snoot, tend to yer draw!" and he, shambling over the ties, forced to obey his tormentors, heard mingled with the gruff abuse of the fishermen that clear, insistent, airy sentence, "Lobster-snoot, Lobster-snoot, tend to yer draw!"

After that, with the exasperating repetition of childhood, they shouted it, content that what was once apropos was still efficient.

It was quite dark when Bleoo and Denmark returned that night. They had made a good catch, and their great baskets were brimming with fish as they came up over the bluff to their house. A knot of people were standing there watching them. Bleoo's mother said something which made him look at Denmark. Then the old woman took the Dane by the wrist and led him in. There on the long shining sofa lay the little Denmark, very still.

The mute grasped the boy's shoulder and shook him. The body moved stiffly. He began to understand. On the child's left temple was a blue triangle. Denmark turned, and making a swift motion toward his son, looked his question. The veins in his neck had swollen until they were almost the color of the wound in the little fellow's forehead. His lips were dry, and seemed to stick to his teeth. His face was frightful, notwithstanding there was in his eyes a look of animal pleading.

The others stood still, gazing awkwardly, each one fearing to attract his notice.

Bleoo's mother pointed at the boy's head, and then toward one of the wood-cuts on the wall. It was a locomotive. Slowly he nodded his head as one would say, "Yes, I know, I know." Unexpectedly he raised the well-knit little body, whose chest had already commenced to arch in the same curve as his own. He strode past them down to the sea. They came out and talked in low voices.

Breathing heavily, he clambered along under the dripping bastions of rock, over bowlders matted with sea-weed. Once a great Napoleon gull, startled from his slumber, fanned his face in flight.

To all those places where they had dreamed together, the two Denmarks went again. Before each spot, before each scene of some pleasure never to be renewed, he stopped, and looked long in the face of his child.

Then it came over him, at last, and uttering those inarticulate unearthly cries peculiar to mutes, he threw himself down on the rough-smelling weed, and rolled like a beast in agony.

Suddenly he remembered the mark on the boy's forehead, and taking little Denmark in his arms again, he toiled up a cut, heading for the railroad. He came to the bridge and stood there, looking at the web of iron and the glistening water beneath. The tide was rushing up from the sea.

Towards morning a train came and stopped, awaiting the signal. The bridge-tender opened the door of his cabin on the draw and walked toward the engine holding a lantern. At the entrance to the bridge was a little tool-house. Here he paused. To Denmark's keen sensibilities the throbbing of the water in the boiler of the locomotive was like the pulsation of a monstrous human heart.

The man waved his lantern three times, and the train started. The whistle of the engine, the roar of the bridge, the rattle of the track, all were unheard by the man who stood at one side with his child in his arms. To him its movement was noiseless as the drifting of smoke. He grew cold as it passed. Why had this thing which shook the earth changed his child?

All through the long days at sea he thought of it for weeks. The solitude of his existence deepened. His joy had been cut off with the only being that he loved.

Often at night he would go again and look at the bridge, like a child, concealing himself, not wishing to be seen by this thing. Step by step the engine became a familiar personality, fearfully alive, a being that breathed and ran, that acted as he did—by signs.

He thought of it unceasingly. In the early morning when the dull sun loomed through the mists, the poor fisherman, standing in the cold water, remembered the headlight of the locomotive. Sometimes on the level sea he would lie flat in their little boat and cry piteously for his boy, the little Denmark.

To this isolated mind the locomotive was malicious, terribly evil, cowardly, like a dog running with its ears down, but powerful, powerful as a storm.

One night he was at the bridge again. As before, he lay near the tool-house, in the sparse grass which was rough against his face as a cat's tongue. Over him the clouds, scudding across the moon, made of it a gigantic dark lantern, whitening the earth at intervals.

The bridge-tender came and put his lantern down by the tool-house. The train was behind time. Looking back, he saw a small schooner pointing for the draw. Now "Lobster-snoot" was a good-natured man after all, so he decided to let the fisherman through, for the wind was blowing sharply and the schooner would be difficult to manage, besides, the train was often late. He walked back. A moment after the train came up. The draw was about half open. Denmark sprang to his feet, caught the loop of the lantern, and waved three times. The tool-house was between him and the bridge-tender.

To his inexpressible joy the train moved forward. It went by him. As he waited, he blew in the side tube of the lantern and extinguished the light. The moon streamed out again, and he saw the engine and its one car sprawl forward like a falling child. It turned in the air, the car windows flashed, there was a cloud of steam, then darkness. A moment later he could see. The waters crowding up from the ocean were agitated, shimmering as though with a school of fish. Here and there floated some dark objects—the jetsam of the train.

Heaving the lantern into the river, Denmark set out for the village. The strong salt wind filled his lungs. Once he stopped and looked back, thinking of it all, smiling tenderly as only the little Denmark had ever seen him smile, and he was sure that the little Denmark would have been pleased.

THE CABINET.

No President has so completely taken the public into his confidence concerning his cabinet as Mr. Cleveland has at the beginning of his second term. It is usual to pretend to a secrecy that does not really exist. Ordinarily, the cabinet is revealed with the sentiments of the inaugural speech, and the one is actually as secret as the other, for the selected persons who are to be the advisers of the President for four years to come distribute their individual confidences so freely that they become public property, while those who wish to guess what the revelations of the speech will be have only to consult the President's party platform and his previous public utterances. Mr. Cleveland has left no room for guessing. As he has chosen definitely the different members of his cabinet, he has announced his decision to the country.

The first cabinet officer whom he chose was Mr. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky. The fitness of this selection was universally recognized. Mr. Carlisle has made his reputation as a public man on questions of public policy that relate to the department over which he is to preside. He was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Randall on the issue of tariff reform. At the same time he was known to be expert in all questions of the currency and on all laws relating in any way to the fiscal policy of the government. It was natural for Mr. Cleveland to turn to him for an adviser on the tariff issue, on which, mainly, the late campaign was conducted. In the recent financial troubles of the country arising from the existing silver law, Mr. Carlisle's advice has proved to be singularly sound and useful. He really began his duties as a cabinet officer weeks before he assumed office. Besides his knowledge of the affairs of his department, he is a sound constitutional lawyer, and is a safe and conservative man. No public man within the present generation has a more enviable reputation. He is fifty-eight years old. He is not college-bred. He has been a teacher, a lawyer of large experience, Lieutenant-Governor of his native State (Kentucky), an exceptional Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a leader in the Senate.

Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, the next Secretary of War, was an early choice for the cabinet. Mr. Lamont has been in politics in the State of New York during almost his entire manhood. He was born in Cortland, in the State of New York, in 1852. He is a graduate of Union College, and was one of Mr. Tilden's young lieutenants. He entered the service of the State in a subordinate capacity when Mr. Tilden was elected Governor. That astute politician found him of great service, and through his influence Lamont was made clerk to the Democratic State Committee. When Mr. Cleveland became Governor, Lamont was a reporter on the Albany *Argus*, whose proprietor then was Daniel Manning. He became private secretary to Mr. Cleveland, and as private secretary to the President in Mr. Cleveland's first term attained a national reputation. For several years he has been interested in a large way in railroad enterprises, and has developed an executive ability quite equal to his previously evinced skill as a politician. His judgment of men is most acute.

Mr. Wilson S. Bissell, the Postmaster-General, was another early selection. He was Mr. Cleveland's law partner when the new President was elected Mayor of Buffalo. He is a man of great force and character, and is especially remarkable for executive ability. There is no man in the State who has been a more persistent and successful enemy of the machine than Mr. Bissell. He, also, is a native of the State of New York, having been born in Oneida County in 1847. He is a graduate of Yale College.

The appointment that most surprised and most disappointed the politicians was that of Walter Q. Gresham to be Secretary of State. Until the last campaign he had been an active Republican, but in recent years he has grown sensibly away from that party on the tariff question. He is a declared enemy of what he denominates the plutocratic tendencies of his old party. He is sixty-one years old, and was born in Harrison County, Indiana. He is a graduate of Indiana University. He was a soldier in the Union army, and came out of the war as a Brigadier-General, known of all men who came in contact with him during the conflict as a man of excellent judgment and undoubted

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courage. In 1883 President Arthur appointed him to be Postmaster-General, and he succeeded Secretary Folger as Secretary of the Treasury. He was the choice of many Republicans, the best element of the party, for the Presidential nomination in 1888. It is said that he lost the nomination by his refusal to accept the party's tariff policy. In the last campaign he announced his intention to vote for Mr. Cleveland on the tariff issue, without giving in his entire adhesion to the Democratic party. Mr. Cleveland selected him as the best representative of the independent element that supported him.

Mr. Hoke Smith, who has been appointed to be Secretary of the Interior, is a young man who has won a high place at the Georgia bar. He was born in North Carolina, and is thirty-eight years old. He was a teacher before he became a lawyer, and won his success at the bar in litigations against railroad corporations. He was the leading Cleveland man of the South, and succeeded, after Mr. Hill had appeared to capture the State, in turning over to Mr. Cleveland the Georgia delegation.

Mr. Hilary A. Herbert, the Secretary of the Navy, has been a member of Congress from Alabama for fourteen years. He is sixty years old, and was born in South Carolina. He was a Colonel in the Confederate service, and lost an arm during the war. Other ex-Confederates have served in the cabinet, but Mr. Herbert is the first to serve at the head of either of the military services. He has for some time been a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs in the House of Representatives, and for two Congresses he has been chairman of the committee. He is thoroughly familiar with the work of the department, and is in entire sympathy with the policy of rebuilding the navy. No appointment could be more popular with the officers of the service than Mr. Herbert's.

Mr. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, the Secretary of Agriculture, is one of the Democrats who have rendered the party great service in the Northwest. He is sixty-one years old, and is a native of Jefferson County, New York. He once served in the Nebraska Legislature, was acting Governor in 1858, and was three times the defeated candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. He has been an editor, is a farmer, and was the founder of Arbor day.

Richard Olney, the Attorney-General, is one of the leaders of the Boston bar, and one of the very first lawyers of the country. He has always been a Democrat, was twice offered and he twice declined a Supreme Court Justiceship of Massachusetts, and his name was presented to Mr. Cleveland for appointment to the Chief-Justiceship of the United States when Chief-Justice Fuller was named. He is about fifty-eight years old.

The cabinet is very strong, and will improve on acquaintance.



SENATOR-ELECT WILLIAM N. ROACH.

THE people of North Dakota watched with interest the battle of the State legislators at Bismarck while they endeavored to select a United States Senator to succeed Lyman R. Casey on March 4th. The battle raged fiercely for several weeks, until February 20th, when, upon the sixty-first ballot, William N. Roach (Democrat) was chosen to represent the State as Senator at Washington. His election was brought about by a combination of Populists and Republicans, who sided with the twenty-three Democratic members. Ten Republicans came over to the Democrats, who had been joined by the Populists, and gave the coveted prize to Mr. Roach, who is described as a "clean-cut Democrat," in full sympathy with Mr. Cleveland. The Republicans held a majority of thirteen on joint ballot, but there were rival candidates in the field, representing different factions of the party, and after a long struggle the dissenting Republicans decided to end the contest by electing Mr. Roach. The result was a general surprise to every one, and particularly gratifying to the Democrats. Beyond this, it insures the Democrats full control of both Houses in Washington for two years after March 4th. For more than thirty years the Republicans have ruled the United States Senate, and until Mr. Roach's election it was doubtful whether the Democrats would have a majority in that body. As it now stands, the Vice-President will have the deciding vote on strictly Democratic measures. This does not count the Senator from Kansas, who is put down as a Democrat-Populist, or the possibility of a Democratic Senator from Kansas; neither does it include the four Populist Senators. Forty-four Democratic Senators are assured after March 4th—just one-half the body; while there will be thirty-seven Republicans, the five Populists referred to above, and two doubtful Senators to be chosen by the Legislatures of Montana and Washington respectively. So, under any conditions, the Democrats will have the majority.

William N. Roach is fifty-three years of age, having been born in Virginia in 1840. He was educated in Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., and engaged in business until 1879, when he went to the then Territory of Dakota. He settled in Grand Forks County, and proved himself a man of strength and progress. He assisted in laying out the town of Larimore, where he now lives, and served four terms as Mayor of the place. He was sent to the Dakota Legislature in 1884, being the only Democrat in the Assembly. After this he was twice appointed Regent of the University of North Dakota, and twice has he been the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State. Mr. Roach is a large wheat-grower, and deeply interested in the development of his adopted State. He is a widower, with a family of four children.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. JAMES PAYN does not subscribe to the opinion that copyright in England has checked the popularity of such poets as Tennyson. He holds, in the *Illustrated News*, that the quality of much of the best poetry is too high for an extended popular appreciation, however cheap its literary form might be. Of the averment of an American that Longfellow is familiar to uncounted English cottages where Tennyson costs too much to enter, he says: "It is a pity he didn't count them, for it would not have taken him long. Longfellow has not, of course, the depth of thought of Tennyson, but he has delicacy of feeling and expression that is over the head and out of the reach of the British cottager."

The Kansas City *Times* reports that—

"Major John H. Patterson, Third Infantry, who has been in temporary command of Fort Snelling during a brief absence on leave of the permanent post commander, Colonel E. C. Mason, has put himself on record as being in sympathy with the commanding officer of Fort Bliss as to the practice of enlisted men answering their officers with 'All right, sir,' 'Very good, sir,' etc. He has issued an order forbidding the use of this kind of language at Fort Snelling, and directs that enlisted men only answer with 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir.'"

It is not for a layman to suggest that Major Patterson and the commanding officer of Fort Bliss are not right in their conceptions of the proprieties of military speech, or that their orders are not conducive to good discipline and the welfare of the service. It is undeniable, though, that these precise refinements of manner will strike the average American civilian as savoring more of the effete despotisms than of republican feeling. That there should be in the American army, as in other armies, a great gulf fixed between the private and the commissioned officer may be, like war and all that pertains to it, a necessary evil. The fact that in our army it is largely a hypothetical gulf, instituted for convenience of discipline, may make it all the more requisite that its dimensions should be accentuated by trifles. So perhaps Major Patterson is right in rejecting "All right, sir," and stickling for plain "Yes, sir," and it is only the misfortune of his case that he should make the observer in the black coat grin when he does it.

This may not be the right place, therefore, to commend the remarks of a contributor to the Contributor's Club of a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who discourses on certain small particulars wherein English manners differ from American. The English gentleman, he finds, never says "sir" to any except royal persons; the American gentleman often says "sir" to his elders, and commonly to such of his equals as he desires to treat with respect. So the ideal American gentleman aims to be courteous to his inferiors (as he regards them), and at least as civil to his servants as they are to him. Whereas, this contributor says, "The English servant or underling likes to be treated brusquely and arrogantly . . . and the English gentleman seldom fails to gratify him."

Most of us who are good Americans believe that American manners are based on sound ideas, and would far rather see our cousins emulate our behavior than ourselves swing at all into line with theirs. Only in "the service" it is possible that American manners may be less serviceable than elsewhere, and English manners more desirable; and if that is so it is a pity, and the officers are entitled to our sympathy and an increase of pay.

Some officers of the navy, by-the-way, are reported to be shaking in their shoes at the thought of the burdens of entertainment they are likely to incur in connection with the great naval demonstration in honor of the Columbus Fair. There is no limit to the American naval officer's hospitality, but a short time will usually suffice to take soundings in his purse. Hence he awaits the impending visit of schools of brilliant European mariners with sentiments wherein delight is not unmixed with trepidation. In his heart he has a welcome for all his maritime brethren, but in his pocket—well, he is said to be looking about for something to hypothecate. Inasmuch as Uncle Sam seldom feels disposed to spend his own money for the entertainment of his guests, it is easier to offer our naval fellow-citizens our sincere sympathy than to suggest appropriate measures for their relief.

The proposed popular movement for the purchase and preservation of Lowell's home, Elmwood, in Cambridge, can hardly go very far in the face of the information that comes from Mr. Lowell's daughter that the poet himself took adequate measures to "save" Elmwood for a time at least by leaving it to his grandchildren. His daughter, Mrs. Burnett, who lives there now, is well satisfied with that method, which, to be sure, seems reasonably effectual.

There seems to be a timely enthusiasm for saving things in Massachusetts just now, which finds most of its vent in the effort to keep the electric cars off Boston Common. But it does not end there. There is, or was very recently, a bill before the Massachusetts Legislature to save the Waverly Oaks by making them State property, and about the same time record was made in the newspapers of the reclamation of the Wayside Inn at Sudbury by members of the Howe family. The one venerable relic that the Bay Commonwealth seems disposed to give up is Fast Day. The Governor recommends its abolition, and a majority of the Boston ministers sustain him, all agreeing that a spring holiday should be invented to serve in its stead. The main trouble with Fast Day seems to be that Boston and the Bay State generally are fairly well satisfied with themselves and their affairs, and have not felt the need, these many years, of fasting or special humiliation. Consequently the day has emerged entirely from its official uses, and taken rank as a cheerful spring holiday, especially fit, when the climate permits, for the opening of the baseball season. Most individuals who do want to fast in these days in Massachusetts prefer to do it on Good-Friday; so that the chances are that the name of Fast Day will presently be changed to one better suited to its present nature, and a new and somewhat warmer date assigned to it.

The following appreciative lines were evoked by the recent exploit of Mr. Paderewski in playing at a concert given in New York by the Adamowski Quartet with a felon close to the end of the second finger of his right hand. The authorship of the lines is decently gauzed in uncertainty, but the internal evidence seems to implicate Mr. Field, of Chicago, whose musical enthusiasm is almost as notorious as his verse.

"Bully for Paderewski!
His hair is full of ginger.
He played for Adamowski
With a felon on his finger.

"2500 heard him,
And never one of them grumbled
Nor wanted her money back,
Because he never fumbled

"A note nor let any get by him,
But played in ever line of 'em,
Not using his crippled finger;
He done it all with nine of 'em.

"Bully for Paderewski!
His action's on the square.
There's lots of ginger in him
Besides what's in his hair."

"There are kinds of business," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "in which a man acquires wealth by injuring his neighbor. That is the business of the bank-robber, and the burglar, and the gambler, and the lottery-dealer, and, in the main, of the liquor-seller." Of course Dr. Abbott's catalogue isn't complete, for there is nothing about the cigarette-maker or the promoter in it. But is it not significant of the improved reputation of an important and fast-growing branch of business that he should have felt at liberty to omit to specify the man who sells his brother a horse, and that, too, in the very season when horse-dealing is about to begin again?

Mrs. Cleveland is quoted as against crinoline. But in this she is not singular, since, so far as appears, no American woman has permitted herself to be named as an upholder of crinoline in fact or in prospect.

The newspapers have recently been attentive to Mrs. Cleveland to the extent of accrediting to her a private secretary, determining the said secretary's duties, and naming the salary which she is to receive; all of which is kind and thoughtful, though open to the suggestion of superserviceableness.

An analogous instance of redundant solicitude appears in a contemporaneous paragraph, which, alluding to the capture by a lady in easy circumstances of the five-hundred-dollar prize at the New York Water-color Society's exhibition, records that the feeling is expressed that, being rich, she ought not to keep it herself, but should present it to the Art Students' Association or some similar philanthropy. It would be strange indeed if a woman who was enough of an artist to win a five-hundred-dollar prize wasn't artist enough to spend it without supervision.

When the judiciary requires to be chastised, there is no one who administers correction with so much dignity, discretion, and loving kindness, as Mr. Joseph Choate. And yet, for all the suavity of Mr. Choate's ministrations, for days after them the beneficiary is thankful for the upholstery that intervenes between himself and the bench.

The "parties" who have been having so much fun with the name of the Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, may be somewhat disconcerted to learn that Mr. Smith was named after his grandfather, Michael Hoke, and that his real name is Michael Hoke Smith. It is all very well to make game of a Smith whose name is Hoke, but to trifle with a Smith whose appellation is Mike is quite a different matter, particularly in the eyes of the particular journals that have paid the new Secretary of the Interior such an affluence of attention.

The death of General Beauregard recalls to an old contributor to HARPER'S WEEKLY the unusual circumstances under which his last interview with Beauregard took place. He writes:

"When in Confederate service I was thrown in with General Beauregard in a fairly singular manner, and the incident of my coming across him would have made a neat episode for Archibald Forbes. It was two days after the fall of Columbia, South Carolina, and I had been ordered on ticklish service, which was to scout as near to Columbia as possible.

"I had been working on from dawn, and fairly familiar with the country, avoiding the roads, I had taken short-cuts across the woods. I made out beyond a clump of trees a man, somewhat Napoleonesque in attitude, for his hands were clasped behind his back. He was striding to and fro before some embers. Peering through the thicket which screened me, I knew it was General Beauregard. It never would have done to have bounced in on him. My arrival was a surprise. He wheeled quickly, as if on a pivot, and faced me. I told him that if he remained an hour more where he was bivouacking, he stood a fair chance of being captured.

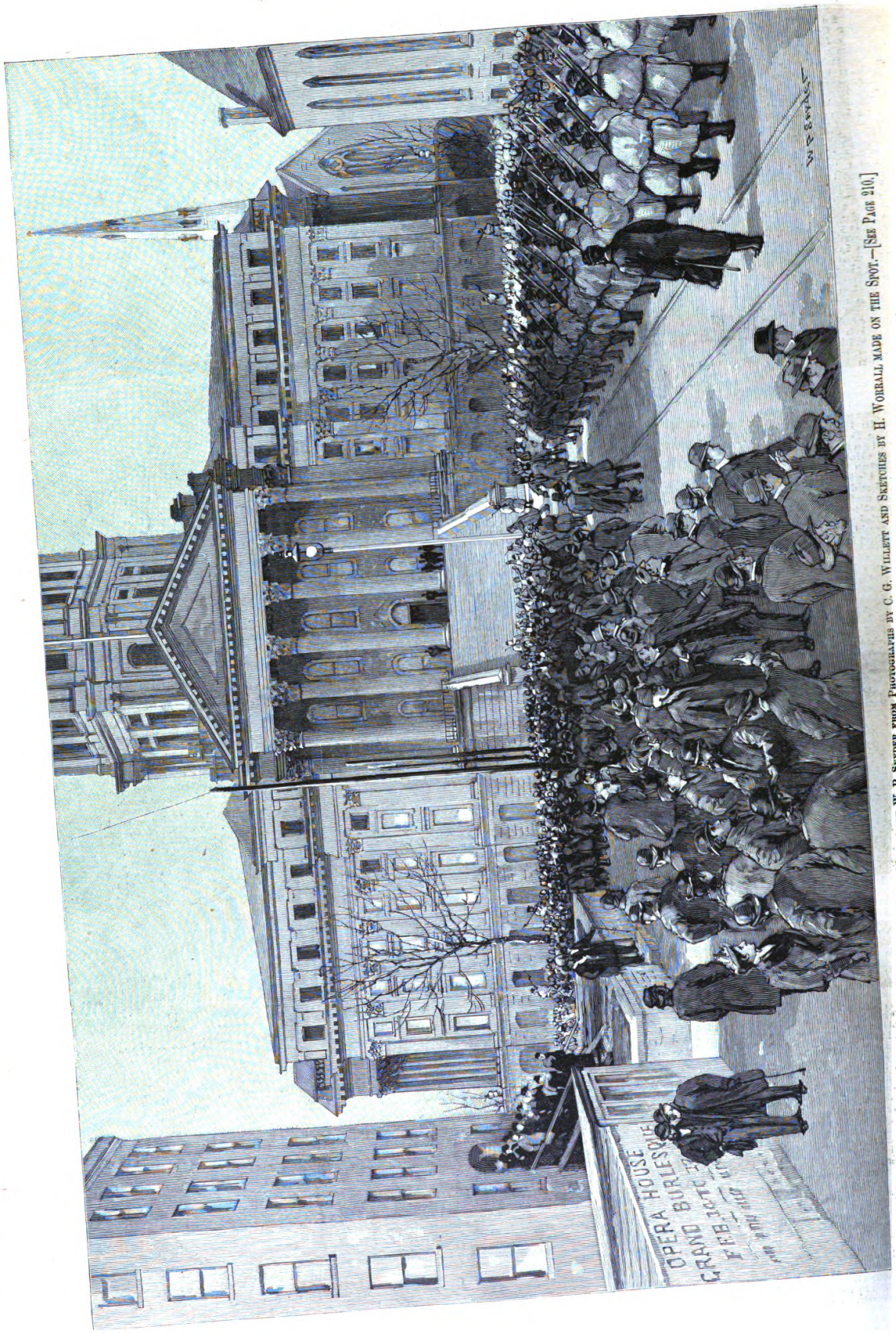
"He certainly did not know the danger he was in. I was probably much more excited than was General Beauregard, for he received the information I gave him with perfect *sang-froid*. Then he called to an officer—who was his aid, I suppose—who came in, tottering under an armful of wood, and addressed him in French. As I was familiar with French, I said, 'General Beauregard, English or French are about the same to me, so if you do not wish me to understand what you are saying, I had better go away.' I again explained conditions to him, giving him fuller details. In a few minutes the mule was harnessed, the wagon crashed through the brush, and that was the last I saw of General Beauregard.

"Wanting to learn whether he remembered the incident, I wrote him in November, 1884, and this is a portion of his courteous reply: 'I have a recollection of the incident. I have no doubt that you saw me much troubled in mind. When you came suddenly upon me on the road I was still in doubt as to which route to follow.'

"Two hours afterwards five companies of United States cavalry, four hundred strong, were scouring that South Carolina wood."

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE KANSAS TROUBLE AT TOPEKA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from Photographs by C. G. Willett and Sketches by H. Worrall made on the Spot.—[See Page 210.]

Arrival of the Militia at the East Wing of the State Capitol on the Afternoon of February 16th.

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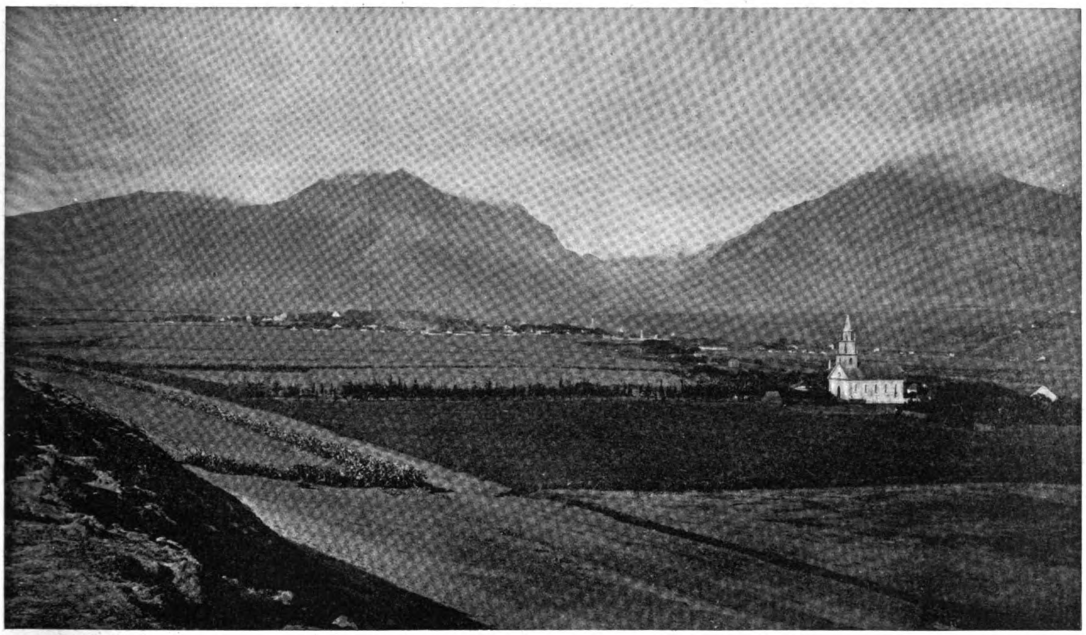
HAWAIIAN HULA DANCER.



TARO PLANT.



RIDING COSTUME.



WAIHE, ISLAND OF MAUI, ADJOINING KAHULIU, CLAUS SPRECKELS'S ENTRY PORT.



HAWAIIAN HOUSEHOLD GROUP.



HAY SELLER.

SKETCHES OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 210.]

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TRIUMPHS OF ENGINEERING.

THE descriptive writers who have visited Chicago, where preparations are making for the opening of the World's Fair, have been so captivated by the architectural and artistic achievements that they have to a great extent lost sight of the engineering triumphs that made the other achievements possible. To erect and roof such large temporary buildings required engineering skill of a very high order—the skill of the bridge-builder rather than that of the designing architect. It may be a nobler achievement to make a beautiful picture or design a great building than to plan and construct a wonderful roof or bridge. That is as we value what is æsthetic and what is merely utilitarian. But when an engineer, working in a material like iron, which in building does not easily lend itself to beautiful effects, succeeds in accomplishing his primal object, which is utilitarian, and combines with it the effect of beauty, then we should award to that man praise both as engineer and artist. And this is what Mr. E. C. Shankland, the Engineer of Construction of the World's Columbian Exposition, has succeeded in doing in two notable instances in designing roofs for the great buildings in Chicago. I allude to the roofs of Machinery Hall and of the Building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

The latter building has a roof which in span is only approached by two roofs in the world, those two being the St. Pancras Station in London, and the Machinery Hall for the exposition in Paris. This roof of the Chicago building is somewhat larger than either of the other two, and more remarkable in several regards. As an engineering achievement its erection was little short of marvellous, for all of the twenty-two spans, 368 feet in width and 206 feet in height, were in place within eight months after the contract was signed. This was the frame-work for a roof 1268 feet long, and in it were 13,000,000 pounds of iron. Of course, under



E. C. SHANKLAND.

any circumstances, this work would have had to be done quickly, but this great roof was really an after-thought, and when it was decided upon it needed to be erected with extraordinary despatch. As Mr. George Post, the architect, originally designed the building there was to have been an open court in the centre, and the present large floor space decreased by that much. The space was soon found to be inadequate, and after much discussion it was decided to roof over the open court and throw it all within the building, thus making it the largest building ever erected in the world, and a roof so spacious that it could comfortably cover either the French or German army. Mr. Shankland is a young man, somewhat under forty, and was graduated from the Rensselaer Polytechnic at Troy, New York, in 1878. He then served under the Mississippi and Missouri River Commission, and later with the Canton Bridge Building Company. For several years before the beginning of work at Jackson Park he had been with Burnham & Root, the Chicago architects.

There is a difference in temperature between extreme cold and extreme warm weather in Chicago of at least 120 degrees, and this the engineer had to take into careful consideration in designing this large roof, for one extreme of temperature contracts and the other expands iron very considerably. This winter when it was 20 degrees below zero the arches were five and a half inches lower than they had been last summer when they were finished. This was not enough deflection to do any material harm, and Mr. Shankland has been congratulated by brother engineers on the success of his work. Indeed, Mr. James Dredge, a member of the British commission and editor of the English paper *Engineering*, has said that he thought the erection of this roof the most notable illustration within his knowledge of American capacity "to attack the problem of providing structures of great size to serve a temporary purpose without betraying their transient purpose." And in that remark Mr. Dredge showed his entire appreciation of Mr. Shankland's very successful achievement. In his paper Mr. Dredge devoted considerable space to explaining the very ingenious method by which two of these arches were erected every five days.

When one visits the Liberal Arts Building the attention is very soon taken from the vastness of the floor space, and attracted to the great roof that spans the centre of the building. This was so when the building was empty; it will probably be much more the case when the building is filled with exhibits, and the only appreciation of the vastness of the structure can be obtained by looking up. At the first glance the arches and girders seem very light, almost as light as spiders' webs. But there is never for a moment a feeling that it is too light or in any sense insecure. Indeed, one never thinks of that at all, or of anything else save the graceful appropriateness of the whole design to the purpose it serves. And in doing this Mr. Shankland has accomplished not only an engineering but an artistic triumph. In speaking of this, Mr. Frank Millet, in that peculiarly enthusiastic way which is at once all his own and altogether charming, said, "This is the first time that iron has been made beautiful." Whether this be the very first time or not, this ironwork is certainly beautiful.

I have given myself no space to speak adequately of the roof of Machinery Hall. This is also artistic in effect, and entirely pleasing. When it was designed it was intended to carry the shafting, and was made heavier on that account. The shafting has been accommodated in another way. Had Mr. Shankland known that this would be so when he designed the roof, he probably would have made it different and lighter. But these were only two of the almost countless problems to be solved by the Department of Construction. The architects of the various buildings only made general plans. The engineers of construction had to attend to all the details of construction, such as determining strains and superintending the work. This has been done so quietly by these skilful and hard-working men that they have as yet been celebrated only in the technical journals. One of them said to me when I asked why we had not heard of the wonderful engineering work done at Jackson Park, "Oh, we have been too busy to blow any trumpets."

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



THE resources of Mr. Daly's theatre and company, which can hardly be equalled outside of half a dozen of the first continental theatres of Europe, have been amply shown throughout the series of most successful revivals which he has given during the present season. Each production has been complete in itself, and has been given with most notable attention to every detail of scenery, costume, and accessories of time and place, and each, all in all, has been admirable of its kind. Possibly the most complete and the most enjoyable of the productions thus far was that of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which was revived, after an interval of several years, at Daly's Theatre last week—for the first time in that theatre; and the production was rendered still further interesting by the fact that Miss Rehan essayed for the first time the part of Viola. The last notable revival of *Twelfth Night* in America was that given by Mr. Henry Irving during his second American season, in which Miss Terry played Viola—a rôle which has been assumed by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Miss Adelaide Neilson, and 'most all other great actresses. In many respects, and especially as arranged by Mr. Daly, *Twelfth Night* is Shakespeare's strongest acting comedy, and one was particularly struck with the wonderful beauty, delicacy, and strength of the language and sentiment. In one thing, certainly, no progress has been made in dramatic art since Shakespeare's time, and that is in the use of the English language. Is it not curious that, with all the accumulated learning and civilization since that time, no other dramatist or dramatic writer has been able to wield words with such marvellous color and effect? The stage pictures which Mr. Daly presents to us in this revival are at all times a delight. The artistic care bestowed upon them was evident, although the groupings of colors were not at all times as harmonious as they might have been made. The general effect of the whole, however, with the added interest of the music, the groupings, and the thousand and one details which the technically unlearned observer would pass by almost unnoticed, made up a series of pictures which called forth repeatedly expressions of unwonted pleasure and delight on the part of the audience.

Miss Rehan's impersonation of Shakespeare's most sympathetic heroine was, on the whole, and allowing for the evident nervousness of a first appearance in a new character made famous by many previous exquisite interpretations, admirable, and at all times satisfactory. In appearance her Viola was altogether charming; she was winsome and gracious by turns, spirited and sympathetic, and barring a slight tendency to drag in the delivery of certain passages, such as the lines beginning, "She never told her love," her recital of them was marked by grace, refinement, and great taste and purity of diction. Possibly she took Viola a trifle seriously, and there was at times, especially in the lighter passages, a certain restraint and lack of freedom noticeable, which was probably due to her evident effort to rise to the classical plane of the part. Altogether, her Viola ought to be ranked among Miss Rehan's best impersonations, and the great success which she attained in this rôle will doubtless be emphasized by future experience in the part. Mr. Lewis, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Catherine Lewis (who was welcomed with pleasure after an absence of several years), as Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria, respectively, made a trio who carried the fun of the piece to uproarious success. Although a small man, comparatively speaking, Mr. Lewis made Sir Toby appear as large as we are accustomed to see him, and was, indeed, fat with humor; while Mr. Herbert presented the lean-sided and whimsical comicality of Sir Andrew with almost equal effect. Miss Lewis, moving in an atmosphere of recollections and past comic-opera triumphs, was as sprightly and vivacious a Maria as need be.

After seeing Mr. Henry Irving, one is inclined to quarrel with Mr. George Clarke's reading of the part of Malvolio. From his appearance and acting one would suppose that it was no presumption on the part of Malvolio to cast sheep's-eyes at Olivia, and that the steward was really a fine gentleman, rather than the pompous preposterous ass, the veritable personification of a gentleman's gentleman, that Shakespeare intended him to be. Instead of being a figure of fun in the famous yellow stockings and cross-garters, Mr. Clarke made Malvolio a very handsome gentleman indeed, which was certainly farthest removed from the author's intention. Altogether, Mr. Clarke entirely missed the dry humor of a character which in the hands of Mr. Irving made Malvolio almost the central figure of the play. Mr. Daubigny made a well-favored, gay, and sprightly clown, and sang his music and went through his antics with much grace and picturesqueness. Miss Prince made a graceful Olivia; Mr. Herbert was as good as need be as Sebastian; and the other characters were sufficiently well taken not to mar the symmetry of the entire production, which may be certainly set down as one of Mr. Daly's most successful efforts. Not a little of the charm of the piece was due to the music by Purcell, Bishop, Dr. Arne, and others, selected and arranged by Mr. Widner, which was introduced throughout the piece, the quartet and chorus by Schubert, which brought down the curtain in the third act, being particularly graceful and effective. Where such minute attention to detail and appropriate surroundings is given it is, however, difficult to understand how Mr. Daly could permit his characters to sing and talk about sitting up all night and its being time to go to bed in broad daylight, as they do in the second scene of Act II. in Olivia's house. The next production of the series will be the long-promised Japanese play, entitled, *The Queen of Smiles*.

Fortune does not seem to smile upon Mr. Hammerstein in his operatic undertakings. His English opera was short-lived, and his announced season of French opera, which bade fair to be more than usually attractive on account of the important operatic novelties promised, failed to materialize at all. So far as the future of the Metropolitan Opera-house is concerned, things seem to be shaping themselves in such a way that a season of opera next year seems fortunately to be more than probable. Mr. Abbey is willing to assume the responsibilities of managing the Metropolitan for operatic purposes, should he be able to come to a satisfactory arrangement with the present owners, and things seem to indicate that such an arrangement will be possible. It is a pity in some respects that the Metropolitan Opera-house is as large as it is, as its size limits the choice of operas to be given there. Such pieces as *Lakmé*, and even *Carmen*, are lost on its stage, and the surroundings seem to preclude the possibility of successfully giving the lighter operas there. The success which has attended Mr. Daly's revivals of standard works with a regularly organized theatre and stock company, suggests the idea, which has already been mooted in musical circles, that it might be possible to establish a theatre on similar lines, with a regular company, where the lighter class of operas might be regularly given; in other words, that an opéra comique might be not only an artistic possibility, but also a practical one in this city. There can be no question about the popularity of light opera, properly so called, and were a company similar in organization and design to Mr. Daly's from a musical stand-point to be formed, and a permanent home found for it, where a season of revivals and productions of standard and legitimate musical works might be given every year, there would, one would think, be little doubt as to its popularity and ultimate success, both financially and artistically.

Just such a theatre has recently been started in Paris. The well-known Renaissance Théâtre in Paris, which for years past has resounded to the strains of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Offenbach and Lecoq, Hervé and Audran, has recently changed its name, and become the Théâtre Lyrique. The recent policy of the Paris Opéra Comique has been such as to banish more and more from its stage that class of piece which might be called lyric comedy, which stands midway between opéra bouffe and lyric opera of the style of *Carmen*; and the new Théâtre Lyrique has been organized with a view to provide a home for pieces of this description. This theatre has been recently inaugurated successfully with the production of *Madame Chrysanthème*, a really comic opera—the book based on the well-known story of Pierre Loti, the music by M. Audrey Messager. Almost every one has read M. Loti's charming Japanese sketch, which treats of one of those marriages *à temps* which are a recognized custom in Japan. The story of the young French lieutenant and his bride for the time being, as told by M. Loti, is one of sentimental incident rather than developed sequence, but appears from all accounts to have been set by M. Messager in true comic-opera style, with taste, elegance, delicacy, and finesse. M. Messager alone among French composers of the present day holds up the standard of genuine and legitimate comic opera raised by Adam and Aubert. While he writes essentially in the modern spirit, his style is clear, melodious, and limpid. We shall have an opportunity of judging of his quality as a composer by means of his charming work *La Basoche*, which is now holding the stage at the Casino. Occasion will be taken to refer at length to this charming work a little later. Its production at the Casino will afford an opportunity of gauging the taste of the American public for a legitimate musical work, which is at the same time sufficiently light in character and treatment to amuse. If it shall be found attractive by the public, it will be a very hopeful indication for the future of this class of work in this country. M. Messager was born in 1853, and is a pupil of Saint-Saëns. Only one work of his, *La Fauvette du Temple*, has been previously heard in this country. Now that *Giroflé-Girofla* will shortly occupy the stage at the Garden Theatre, it would seem as if public taste were to be exhaustively questioned on the subject of French comic-opera music. *La Basoche*, however, is an entirely different style of piece from *Giroflé-Girofla*, and represents the musical development of over twenty years in this direction.

Second thoughts are somewhat best, after all, and on his second appearance in New York Mr. George Grossmith seems to have appealed much more strongly to the sympathies of the amusement-loving public of New York than on his first appearance. In his particular field Mr. Grossmith is certainly a master; his humor, though dry and somewhat satiric, is telling and legitimate, and his capabilities as a mimic and character-delineator are strongly marked. We have not hitherto been as familiar with the class of entertainments offered by Mr. Grossmith in this country as they are in England. Those unfamiliar with the process are almost disinclined to believe that a man and a piano, with their own unaided exertions, can afford one so much amusement and entertainment; but a single hearing of Mr. Grossmith will convince the most unbelieving that almost unlimited amusement can be obtained by such apparently simple means; and those who have gone once will certainly go again, as no one with a refined sense of humor can fail to be amused at Mr. Grossmith's whimsical way of treating modern fashions and foibles from a pleasantly satiric standpoint.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

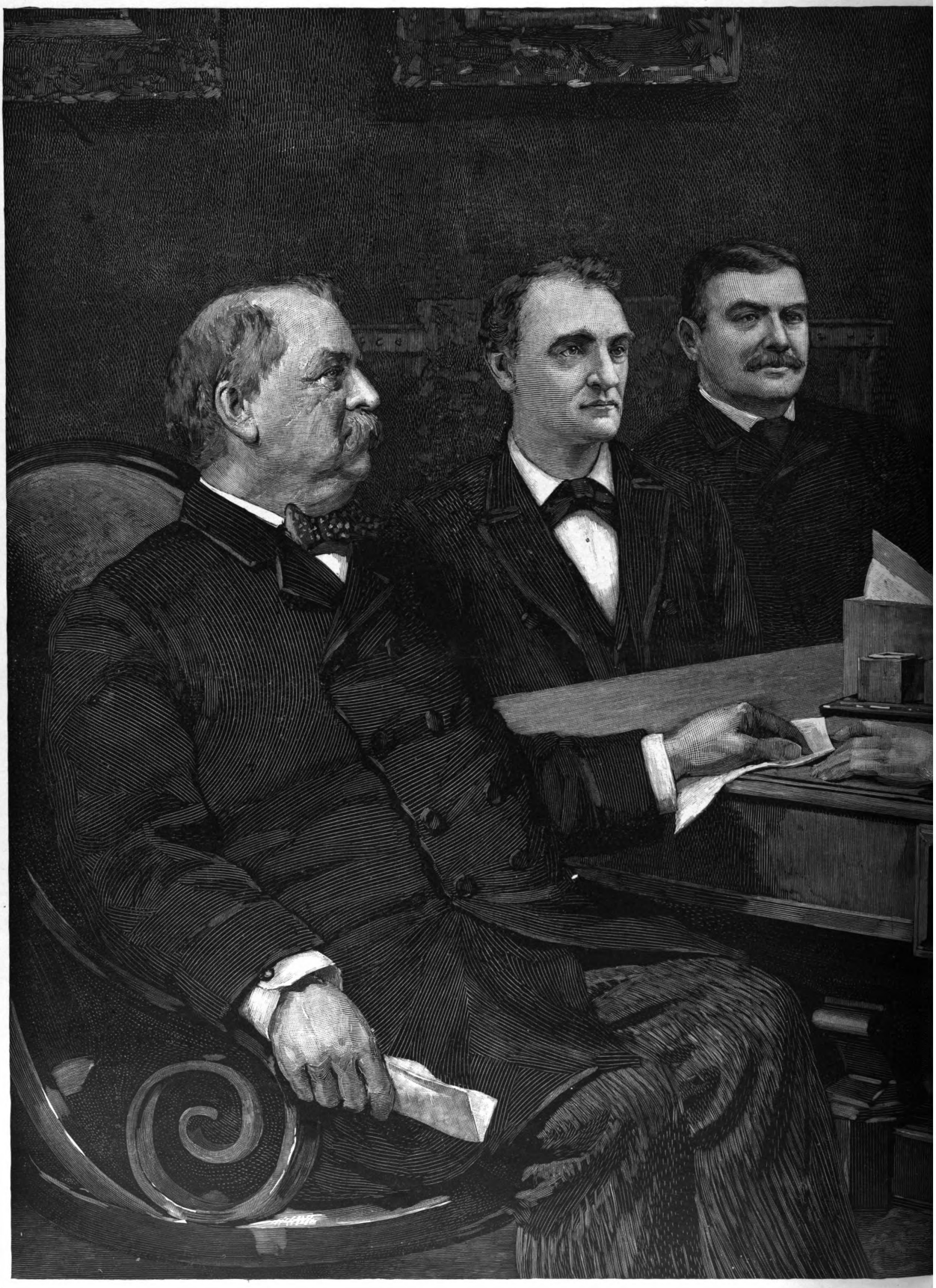
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RICHARD OLNEY, OF MASSACHUSETTS,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

JOHN G. CARLISLE, OF KENTUCKY,
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

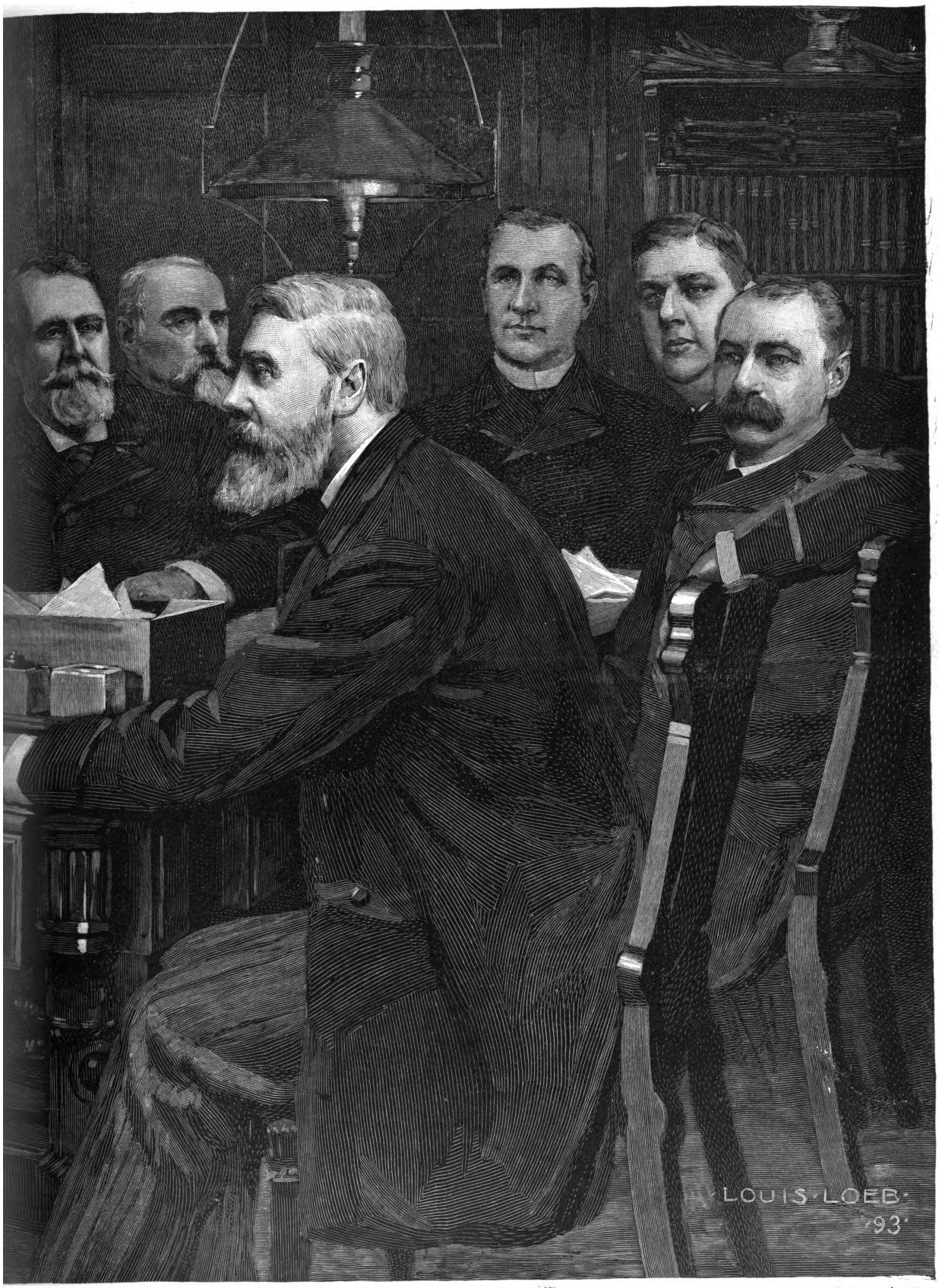
HILARY A.
SECRE

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J. STERLING MORTON, OF NEBRASKA,
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

HOKE SMITH, OF GEORGIA,
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

DANIEL S. LAMONT, OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF WAR.



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HERBERT, OF ALABAMA,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

WALTER Q. GRESHAM, OF ILLINOIS,
SECRETARY OF STATE.

WILSON S. BISSELL, OF NEW YORK,
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

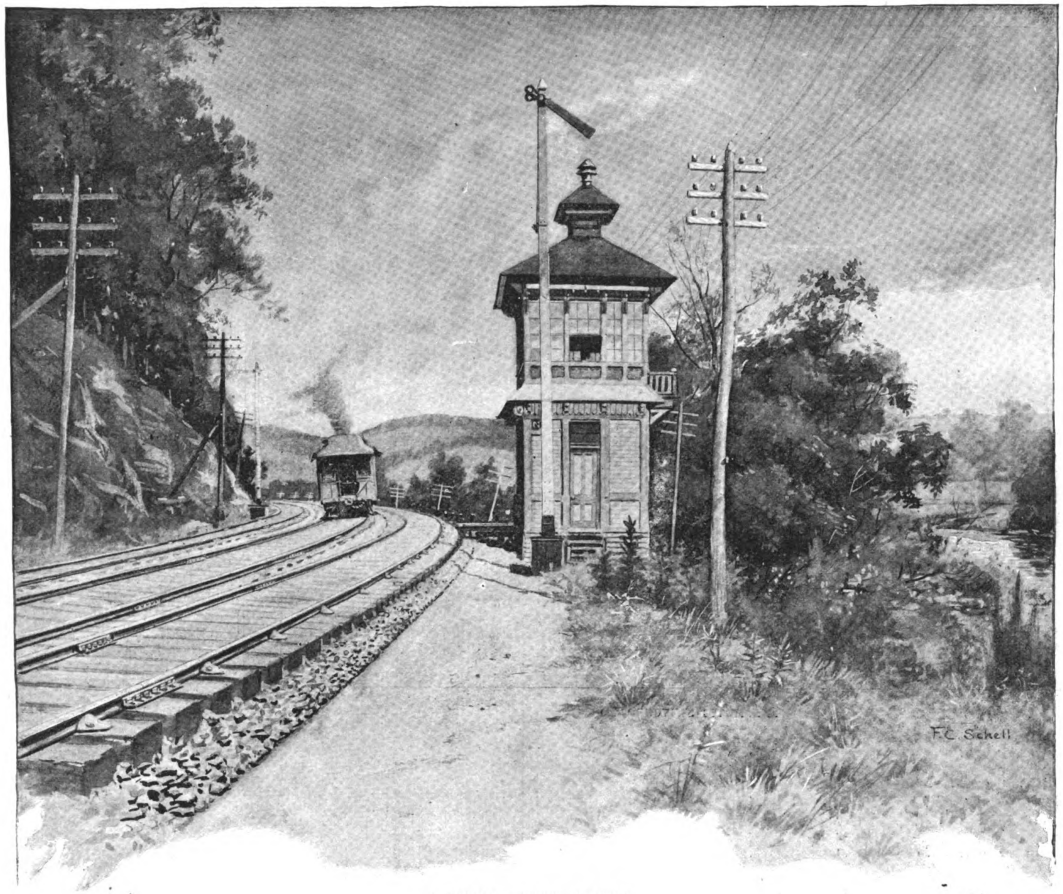
CABINET.—DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.—[SEE PAGE 108.]

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A TYPICAL "BLOCK" STATION.

RAILROAD SAFETY APPLIANCES.

BY A. E. WATROUS, WITH DRAWINGS BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

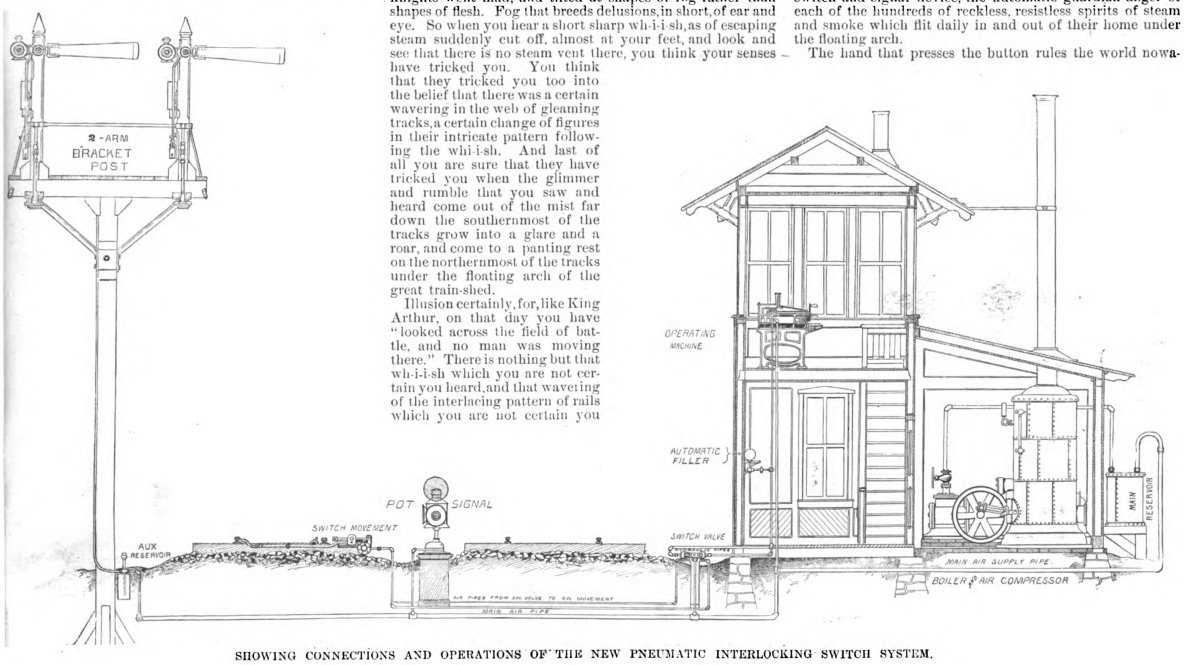
THE great arch of the train-shed seems to float on the fog. The thin blades of the semaphores seem to cut great gashes into the body of it as they rise and fall in mute, awkward obedience to some invisible power that climbs their gaunt ndards high above the dripping tracks of the Jersey City d. There is fog on the land; the glistening metals are t in the gray thick fleece of it before the eye has followed their course a dozen rail lengths out on their long pathways to the four corners of the continent. There is fog on the river. The big beetling ferry-boats come butting their way through walls of it so thick that it would not surprise you if they fell landward and crushed the flimsy wooden ferry-houses into their own slips.

Fog like the mist that slept on sea and land the day of Arthur's last weird battle in the West, a mist wherein the knights went mad, and tilted at shapes of fog rather than shapes of flesh. Fog that breeds delusions, in short, of ear and eye. So when you hear a short sharp wh-i-i-sh, as of escaping steam suddenly cut off, almost at your feet, and look and see that there is no steam vent there, you think your senses have tricked you. You think that they tricked you too into the belief that there was a certain wavering in the web of gleaming tracks, a certain change of figures in their intricate pattern following the whi-i-sh. And last of all you are sure that they have tricked you when the glimmer and rumble that you saw and heard come out of the mist far down the southernmost of the tracks grow into a glare and a roar, and come to a panting rest on the northernmost of the tracks under the floating arch of the great train-shed.

Illusion certainly, for, like King Arthur, on that day you have "looked across the field of battle, and no man was moving there." There is nothing but that wh-i-i-sh which you are not certain you heard, and that wavering of the interlacing pattern of rails which you are not certain you saw, to prove to you that without apparent human intervention the Occidental Vestibule Limited, which ran out of the fog of the line on the southernmost of twelve tracks has run into the fog of the train-shed on the northernmost of them.

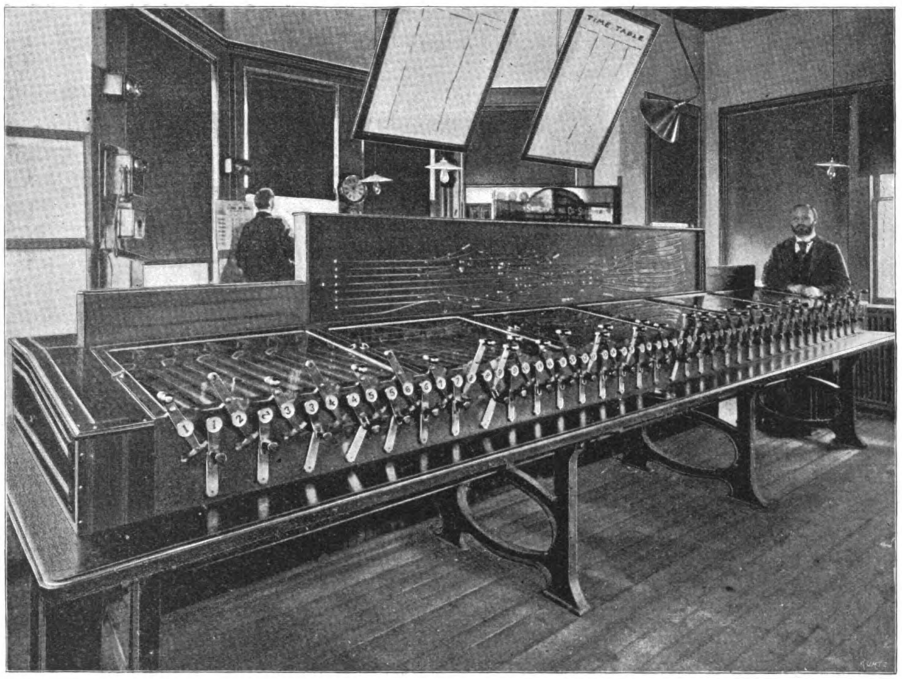
Nothing but the wh-i-i-sh and the wavering of the metals in the rain! They are the outward and visible signs of the last evolution of the original block system. They are the external evidences of the electric, pneumatic interlocking switch and signal device, the automatic guardian angel of each of the hundreds of reckless, resistless spirits of steam and smoke which flit daily in and out of their home under the floating arch.

The hand that presses the button rules the world nowa-



SHOWING CONNECTIONS AND OPERATIONS OF THE NEW PNEUMATIC INTERLOCKING SWITCH SYSTEM.

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PNEUMATIC SWITCHBOARD.

days. The electric signal is the symbol of authority. The stage queen no longer calls "What ho, without." She touches an ivory disk set in the wall. The stage autocrat, generally the minister of police, no more commands the guards to seize the hero in the first act and the villain in the last. He puts his thumb determinedly upon the button set in his desk. No work of the large and successful class of *literati* who find in each new device of civilization, the parlor-car, the telephone, the elevator, new materials in which to drape the old lay figures of romance is genuine unless an electric signal of some kind is, so to speak, blown in the glass. In real life we read of the British commandant at Bermuda sitting in the citadel with a map of the harbor and an electric keyboard before him. He has but to touch one of the electric keys, and whatever portion of the harbor that he pleases goes roaring and spouting skyward as the electric spark kindles the submarine mine, and the enemy's vessel which floated above the torpedo goes with it. What in illustrative art has caused more comment, attracted more attention, than that which on the front page of this periodical a short time ago depicted the modern naval captain in the conning-tower of a man-of-war fighting his ship with the electric bell?

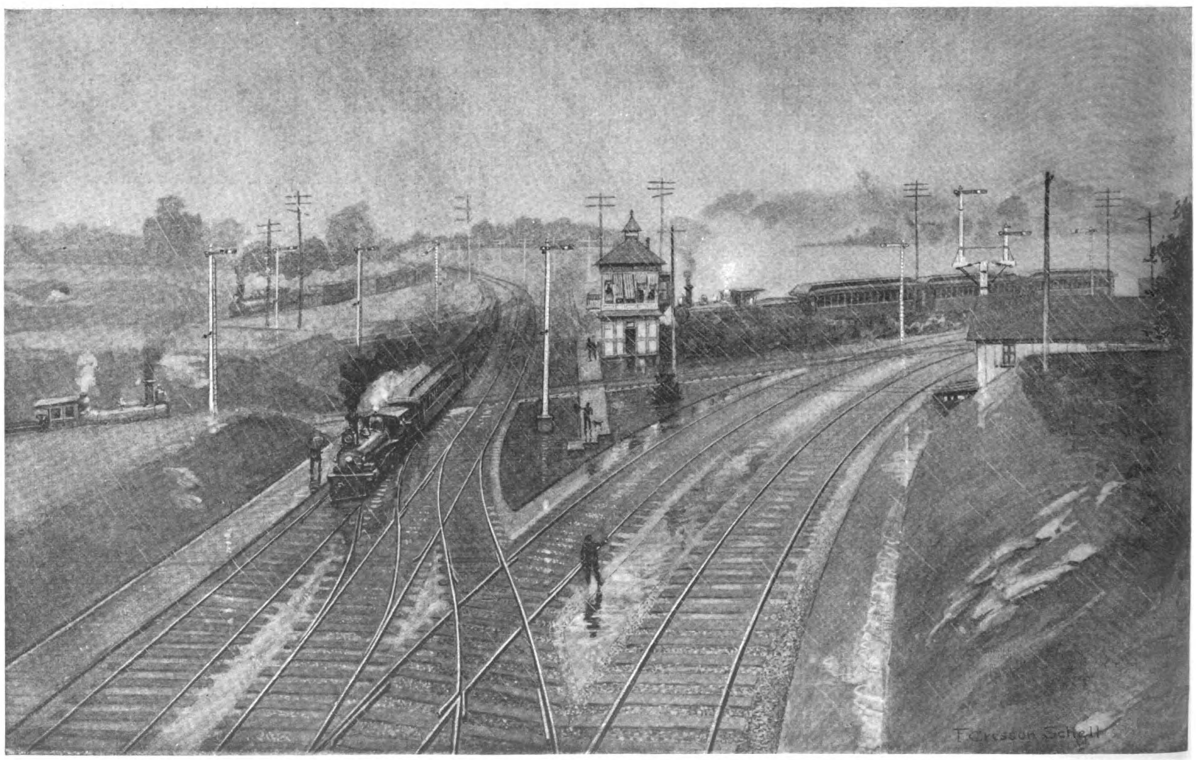
But all these posè people, stage queens and autocrats, commandants, commanders, fine *fin de siècle* ladies in the novels and sketches, are triflers compared with that man who sits up there in the little brick tower, to whose authority answer the wh-i-i-sh and the shifting of the pattern of the tracks. He exercises more electric authority in an hour sometimes than all these people do in a lifetime. The manœuvring of a squadron, the defence of a harbor, are nothing to his daily duties. A week's work puts more of life, more of property valuation in his hands, more of responsibility on his shoulders, than have fallen to the lot of all the blue and gold or scarlet and bullion commanders and commandants combined of Great and Greater Britain for the last generation.

You would not think so. He does not pose the way gentlemen do who are painted in their libraries. He sits in the big bay-window of the tower, but his eye does not "sweep" the tracks which he commands. He merely seems to glance at them. He has a round, good-natured face, without a particularly alert expression. It is ornamented by a blond mustache turned up at the ends in the same way a thousand barbers in New York daily turn up the ends of ten thousand blond mustaches. His elbows rest comfortably on the desk in front of him as he looks out upon the tracks. The only distinguishing mark about his personality is a faded fez, doubtless a relic of some secret society regalia, which he wears as office head-gear. He rams down the ashes in the bowl of an unlighted brier-wood pipe with his little finger, and calls, in an even voice, "Nine to naught west-bound."

Behind him is a glass-topped case about the size of a grand-piano box. The case is, to the eye, full of metal cylinders. From the front of the case project about sixty handles, half of which are numbered in black, half of them in red. Each is, or seems to be, the handle of a cylinder. Before the handles stands a smooth-faced, boyish-looking young man. As he hears the numbers called his hands begin to travel over the handles, like a piano-player's over keys. 29, 21, 23, 20, 17, 13, 12, 7, 8 on the black-numbered handles he touches; then the same numbers on the red. As he touches the first of the numbers, the interlacing tracks over toward the north side of the yard begin to waver, though up here in the tower we cannot hear the gush of compressed air which precedes the wavering. As his fingers fly along the handles, the wavering flies across the rails. Finally, as he touches the last of the red-numbered handles, one of the red-bladed semaphores on the high standard in front of the train-shed droops from its horizontal position to an angle of sixty degrees. Then a train of empty passenger-coaches comes sliding out of the train-shed, passes from track 9 to track 0 *viâ* switches 29, 21, 23, 20, 17, 13, 12, 7, and 8, as you see on the model of the yard—black ground, with bright brass tracks—above the glass-topped case.

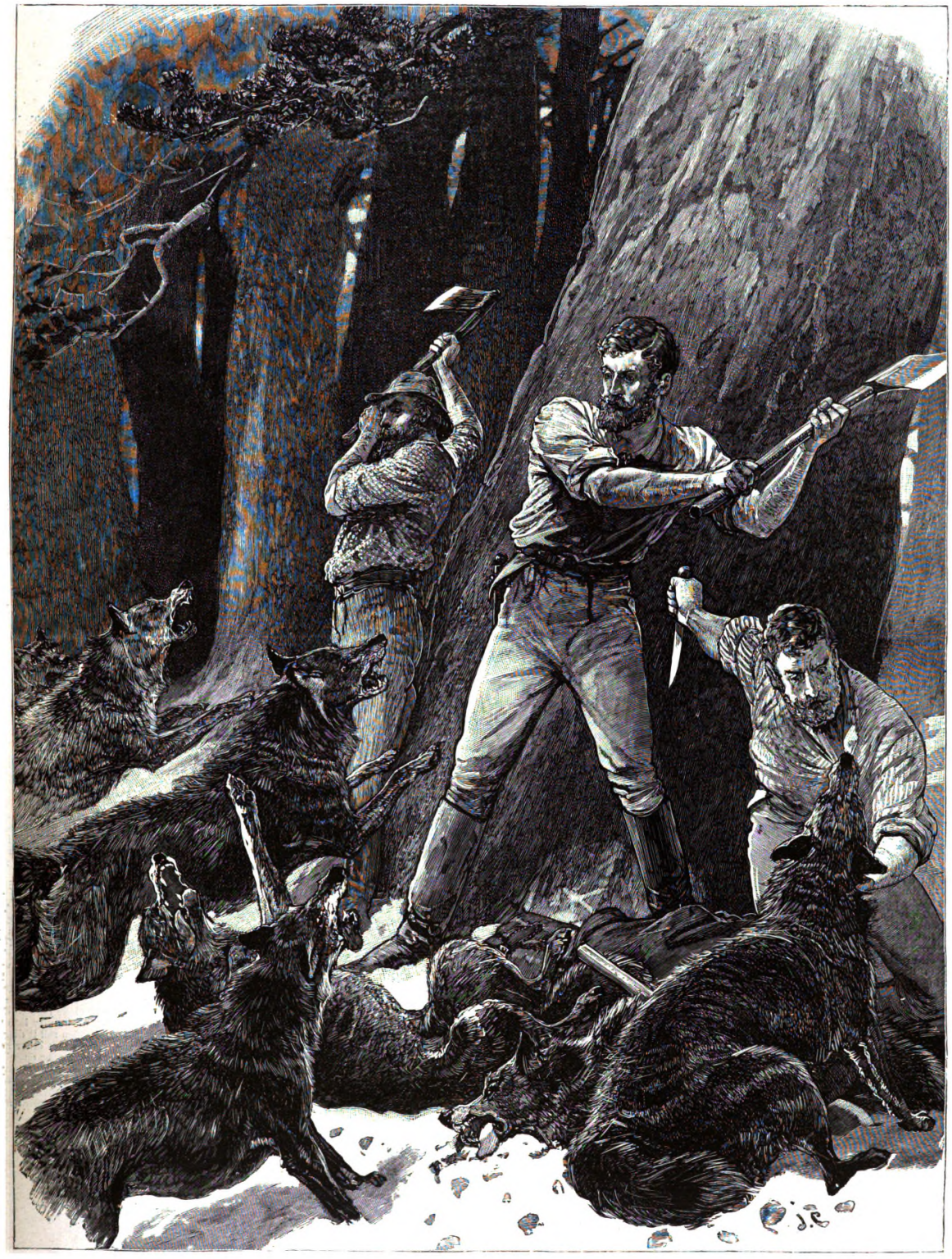
Cause and effect, the calling of the number, the touching of the keys, the shifting of the switches, the falling of the signal, are all so plain that it looks simple. It is really as intricate as the net-work of wires running from the glass-topped case down through the base of the tower and thence to each of the pneumatic switches, where each electric connection takes the place of a man. It is so simple that roads which have tried it without first training their train-directors and assistants had to abandon it. Before this road in whose yard and tower we have been put it into operation it

(*Continued on page* 206.)



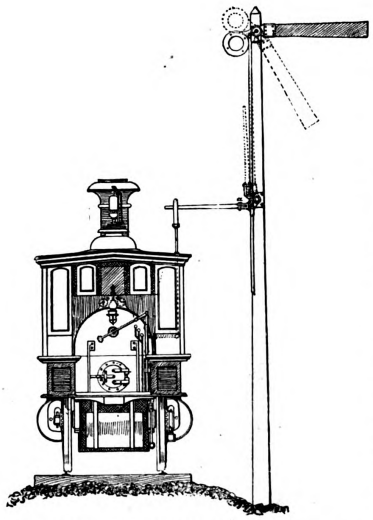
SYSTEM OF INTERLOCKING SWITCHES, DILLERSVILLE JUNCTION, PENNSYLVANIA.

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DANGERS OF CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.—[See Page 207.]

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AUTOMATIC BRAKE-SETTING ATTACHMENTS TO SIGNAL AND LOCOMOTIVE.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

let a half-dozen drilling engines into the yard, and let the train-director and his assistant switch them around for days before trying their hands on the regular traffic of the line.

Sometimes, when business is brisk, the train-director calls for about two "movements" to the second. A "movement" is not of a single switch, but of an engine from one track to another, thus necessitating the handling of ten switches. Then it is that the assistant's hands fly over his keyboard at a speed that would distance the longest-haired Polish pianist of them all.

A headlong pace, it would seem, at which to be shifting trains loaded to the hat-racks with human life, any one or two cargoes of which might be destroyed by the mistake of an inch in the wedding or the parting of two steel rails. All the more risky is it when the electric switchman in the tower cannot see, as the hand switchman of old could on the tracks, whether the mechanism in his control has obeyed his will.

That is where the function of the automatic guardian angel comes in. If you look toward the end of one of those metal cylinders with which the case is filled you see above it a brass tongue which drops when the cylinder which controls a switch is handled. Unless the switch has done its duty, acted in accordance with the intelligence at the end of the handles, if it has varied by so much as a quarter of an inch from its electro-pneumatic instructions, the little brass tongue will not drop, the red-numbered handle cannot be turned, the red-bladed semaphore will not drop from horizontal (danger) to sixty degrees (clear), the train will not come out of the shed. Switch and signal are interlocked. Signal cannot act till switch has acted. It is an automatic guardian angel. The "wrong signal," so large a factor in railway accidents of the past, cannot, in brief, be given.

All this bears little, however, upon the duties of the man who it was boldly premised had more responsibility than all the commandants and commanders and other folk who rule the world at its great crises by a pressure of the electric button. It would seem to be a simple matter, knowing as he does where each train wants to go, for him to call the numbers of the tracks over which it should roll. The defect in this assumption is that each train or its crew knows for itself where it wants to go, or that it always goes in the same place.

Look at the various indicators set before the train-director's eye in the bay-window. One set is connected with the shed, where the conductor of each train touches a button, which announces that the Lehigh Valley, the Midland, the Long Branch, or whatever track of the twelve it may be is occupied the moment his train starts. Another comes from the next tower down the line, conveying the same information as to east-bound trains. Another tells of the arrival of the ferry-boats. Besides this, there are the yard-master's instructions as to what trains are to be moved whence and whither during the day. So the constant problem on the train-director's mind is a given number of tracks to be divided among a given number of trains. The dividend of tracks is always the same, the divisor of trains changes daily, the quotient—safety and celerity—must always be the same. Though the problem be the longest kind of long division, as the figures of the dividend swell with the swing of the arrows on the indicators, making it seem at times as if a round-house full of locomotives had been stampeded into the Jersey City yard, the train-director must carry the whole sum in his head. No time is his for figuring on paper beyond the hastily sorted memoranda of the disposition of trains. How valuable time is, is shown by that ferry-boat indicator. If fog or ice shall have made the boat for the 2.13 train two minutes late, the tracks over which the 2.13 will pass must be put in active use for other trains during the 120 seconds' delay that makes it the 2.15 train.

On the whole, it seems to me that the captain in the conning-tower and the commandant in the citadel have retired-list, or at least shore-pay, duties beside those of the young man in the faded fez looking out of the tower window.

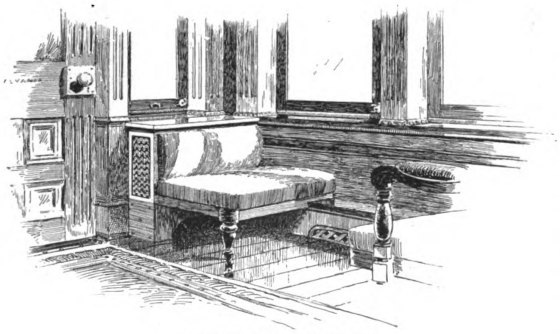
Such is the latest safety device for railroad travel—the electric, pneumatic interlocking switch and signal system. It has only been in use in the Jersey City yard since last May, though it was tried before that at Pittsburg, the home of its inventor, Mr. Westinghouse, whose use of compressed air furnishes now the main guarantees of safety both on train and track. His brake did away with the brakeman. His switch is doing away with the switchman.

On roads which still rely on human intelligence to set signals and adjust switches, the first inquiry of the coroner and the newspapers after an accident is as to whether the switch or signal man did his duty. If he were ill or exhausted or intoxicated when the catastrophe came, the responsibility is sure to rest on him or his employer. When the human agent fails, disaster is the result. That is where the electrical agent in the latest application of the block system proper—on the line, that is to say, not in the yard—has the advantage over the human agent. When it fails, safety is the result.

There is a certain subtle drollery about this phase of the long struggle for combined speed and safety. "The trouble is," says Laudator (Temporis Acti is the rest of his name), "that all these delicate new contraptions are too fine for use. They won't work. They get out of order. Then where are you?" Laudator is generally an old volunteer fireman, and applies this wisdom to a contrast between steam and hand engines. Sometimes, however, Laudator is found in railroad, as he often is in military circles, and sometimes, in very recent times on one notable occasion, he gets into editorial print.

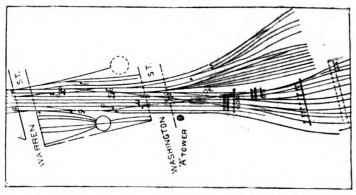
"But," answers Science, with a shadow of a smile, "if this delicate new contraption won't work we are at safety. When it fails to work it hoists the danger signal. Do you see, Laudator?"

Yes, Laudator does see every day of his life as he "commutes" to his suburban home in a club car and wishes for the days of the stage-coach. He sees it every time that he passes a block signal, and there is a block signal every 1260 feet between Jersey City and Point of Rocks, but the rest of his name being Temporis Acti, he will not inquire into what he sees, or acknowledge that what he sees is the proof of what he has been told. Moreover, if he knew that every rail over which his club-car rolled was charged with electricity, and that it ran up into the wheels and springs of his club-car almost to his feet, he would give up his commuter's ticket, write a letter to his favorite afternoon newspaper, and go afoot. Yet that is what happens to Laudator every time that he goes to his suburban home, and that is the guarantee of his safety.

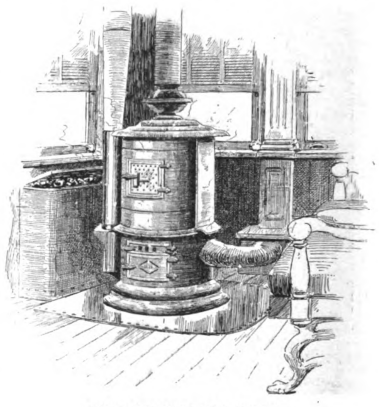


THE STEAM-HEATING SYSTEM.

Perhaps Laudator has noticed this much—some passengers do—that if the red blade on the high post beside the track sticks straight out the train stops, if it is inclined at an angle of sixty degrees, and the green fishtail blade beside it is horizonal, it goes ahead slowly; if both blades are at the sixty-degree angle it goes ahead at full speed. Some passengers have gone so far as to ascertain that the horizontal position of the red blade meant a train on the next block, a horizontal red blade and a sixty degree green fishtail meant a train on the next block but one, and both blades at sixty degrees a clear track. As to the means by which these signals raised and lowered when there is no signal-tower with a man inside of it and the clangor of an electric bell, the honest inquirers confess complete mystification. The careless ones probably think that the signals respond to the yanking of a wire from the next station, perhaps two miles away, and even the conductor or engineer could not, perhaps, enlighten their ignorance.



SWITCHES OPERATED FROM "A" TOWER, JERSEY CITY.



THE "DEADLY" CAR STOVE.

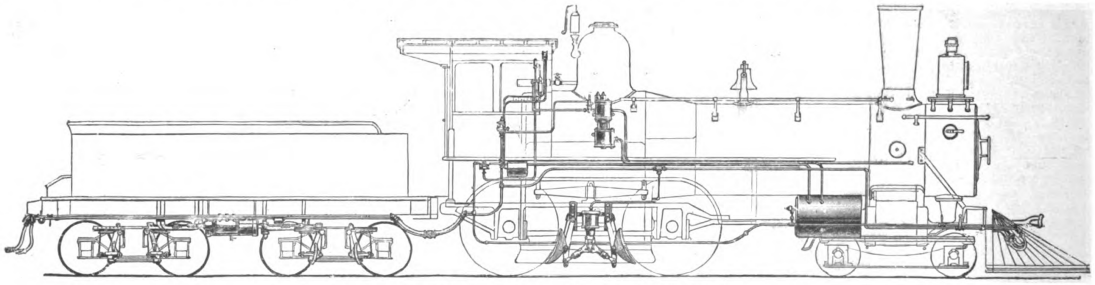
If we look at the end of the rail directly opposite the signal-post we will see that it appears to be made of rubber—not of steel. That is an insulator. If it were not for it the twenty volts per second with which each block is charged by its particular wire might go wandering all along the line as soon as a train left it, unblocking things at their sweet will. When that block is clear of Laudator's train, the twenty volts go prancing up a wire in the signal-post to a magnet, play around an armature, unlock a compressed air chamber, and, presto! down drops the red signal to safety. The next train may come on.

But the moment that the next train passes on that block, Messieurs Twenty Volts are immediately diverted from this course. The great mass of metal passing over them has a much stronger attraction than anything in the signal-post. Presto again! The merry volts swarm up the wheels, leap into the car springs. If it is the Columbian Express that is following Laudator's train, perhaps they are trying to find out if the slandered feet of the pretty Chicago girl in the dining-car are as big as they are painted in the comic prints.

At any rate the circuit is cut. The electrical agent has quit work. The signal goes to the horizontal—danger! The next train may not follow till the Columbian Express is off the block, and the next twenty volts are free to swarm up the signal-post and set the red blade at sixty degrees—safety.

It is not only by the passage of a train that the electrical agent may be made to quit work. Suppose by that very train's passage on a frosty morning a rail on the block has been broken. Then Messieur Twenty Volts will bury themselves in the earth rather than climb to the chilly altitude of the signal. Then again the red blade rises to danger. There being no train on the block an inquiry into the meaning of the signal follows, and the broken rail is discovered. The same would be the case where any other accident, the cutting of a wire, for instance, broke the circuit.

Such is the finality of the block system, only employed near great cities, where blocks are short and trains frequent. Out on the lines of the road described the towers still stand, though the road is advancing the automatic system more



AUTOMATIC AIR-BRAKE AS APPLIED TO A LOCOMOTIVE.

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and more. All this, of course, is on the Pennsylvania system; but though that road is the pioneer in this direction, other roads are seeing, and some have long since seen, the profitable pre-eminence of the Philadelphia corporation in the matter of safety, and are striving to equal if not surpass it. Thus the New York Central is introducing the English system on its line beyond Spuyten Duyvil, which does not trust a signal-man to ring the bell for safety or danger, but by an automatic contrivance rings it by the passage of the train itself. On the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, in place of the insulator used between Jersey City and Point of Rocks on the electro-pneumatic block, the end of each circuit has an electrical instrument which the flange of the car-wheel strikes in passage. The Jersey Central will soon have an improved block system in operation as far as Bound Brook.

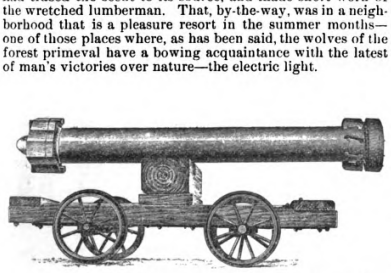
The near approach of the time of the World's Fair will be apt to increase, even on Western railroads, the anxiety of all managers to attain the highest degree of safety coupled with the maximum rate of speed, and this without following the primitive but doubtless effective method proposed over a third of a century ago by *Punch*.

CANADIAN FRONTIER LIFE.

THE thrilling picture on another page is of a scene in a far-distant part of the country, but it reminds us that it was not so very long ago that we shouldered the wolves out of our way here in New York State. At the opening of the Revolutionary war their cries were heard on the outskirts of Albany, which was then a very important place. They are not yet gone from the State, and the strange probability is there are not many States in the Union in which some wolves do not yet remain. There are regions in the West in which the enterprising folk have built modern little parlor-car cities, finished with electric lights and elevators, electric cars and fine hotels, where it is not altogether certain that the wolves and the wonders of latter-day civilization do not sometimes come together. Up in the great timber region of the Northwest, where some such towns are literally built up in the forest, there is little doubt that once in a while a hungry wolf comes upon the outermost electric street lamp, and blinks his eyes in its strong glare as he tries to stare at it, and to make out what manner of leafless tree it is that has grown up in his native woods, and that seems to hold a fallen star upon its stubby top.

The rude lumbermen who are tumbling the forests on either side of the Canadian border about their heads are the frontiersmen of this period who know most about our wolves. Yet that knowledge does not make them like the cowardly wild dogs any better than do we who see them only in museums. Indeed, if the wolf has a friend on earth, it will be a great piece of news to find out what or who it is. There are dogs, like the Esquimau dogs of wilder Canada, and some Indian dogs also, that are very closely related to the wolves, but the wolves prey upon them as eagerly as upon mutton or lamb in its active state.

Some of the dangers that lumbermen risk on account of these pests are such as would not be thought of by some who are tolerably familiar with the woods. For instance, up in Michigan, just two years ago, two men were felling trees in the forest, and one wounded himself severely. His aim at a tree was not true, and the blade of the axe slipped and went deep into his flesh. After binding up the wound, which bled terribly, the uninjured man started off for a doctor and a sled, to bring both to the service of his companion. When he returned, the poor fellow had been eaten up by wolves. They left only some tatters of his clothing. That marvellous scent which these animals possess had made them aware of the presence of the odor of blood in the air, and they had traced the scent to its source, and made short work of the wretched lumberman. That, by-the-way, was in a neighborhood that is a pleasure resort in the summer months—one of those places where, as has been said, the wolves of the forest primeval have a bowing acquaintance with the latest of man's victories over nature—the electric light.



LIVE PROJECTILE OF "VESUVIUS" FITTED WITH GAS-CHECK AND CENTRING PIECES READY FOR LOADING.

THE FLYING TORPEDO.

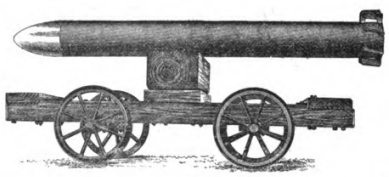
SOME test experiments in the throwing of projectiles from the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* were recently made off Port Royal, South Carolina, with very interesting results. The projectiles used were eight feet long, ten inches in diameter, and when loaded weighed 515 pounds. The body of the dummy projectile was a spirally welded cylinder, into which the base and head were screwed, and these were also connected by an iron bar in the axis of the cylinder. The base was of cast iron, and carried a brass band on which were a number of wings curved so as to rotate the projectile as it passed through the air. The sabot, or "gas-check," which occupied the centre of the ten-inch shell in the fifteen-inch gun, was also attached to the base, but in such manner as to fall off, as a rule, as soon as the projectile left the gun. The head was also of cast iron, and carried as "wing pieces" a number of blocks of wood carefully fitted about it, and centring the forward end of the projectile in the axis of the bore. These blocks flew off, helter-skelter, as soon as the projectile left the gun. In the live projectile the cylinder is a drawn-steel tube, and the head and base pieces are of brass, and are not connected by a bar as in the case of the dummy. The head contains the fuse and primer of dry guncotton, and also has a number of plungers fixed about it so as to explode the primer by impact.

The flight of the projectiles, as it appeared to an observer stationed near the target, is thus described by an eye-witness, Lieutenant A. A. Ackerman, of the U. S. S. *Philadelphia*:

"We are anchored a few yards from the line of fire, a mile away from the low-lying dynamite cruiser. A signal has been hoisted at her yard-arm, warning the observers to stand by. They have acknowledged it by displaying their wig-wag flags. The cruiser's signal is then hauled down, after which those of the observers are also doused as they severally announce their readiness. All is ready. Suddenly we perceive a white cloud about the bow of the *Vesuvius*, and then from this bursts forth a round black object, which, as it rises out of the mist, shapes itself into a long thin cylinder. Higher and higher it mounts, until, nearing the zenith of its flight, the cylinder becomes a ball apparently moving so slowly that one almost fears its momentum will be expended, and it will at any moment plunge headlong downward.

"It has now reached the highest point of its flight, and at almost the same instant the ear is saluted by a rattling, crashing sound, as if all the boiler factories in the country had concentrated the pandemonium of weeks into the supreme effort of a second. It is the sound of the discharge, which travels nearly twice as fast as the projectile, and which in the clear spring air of Port Royal is heard quite as distinctly a mile away in the line of fire as on the vessel itself.

"The flying torpedo has now for seconds seemed almost stationary, poised like some great bird high in the air. It seems sure to fall short; it is too low to carry far at that apparently slow flight. Still, it does not fall perceptibly, and soon the fact dawns upon us that this black object is coming onward at a tremendous rate. It grows larger, and on the downward branch of the trajectory again elongates into a cylinder, the rear end of which seems to wobble or revolve in a small circle around the line of flight. Now a hissing sound is heard. The projectile seems to hasten—it is descending rapidly—straight towards you. There is no doubt now as to its carrying far enough. In fact, it seems impossible to avoid that. We realize that here is a terrible engine, free from all restraint, beyond control. It has a destiny of its own. We don't care who sighted the gun, or for what range the valve was set. We only hope that we shall have luck; that the black thing has not acquired intelligence and decided to hurt us, with a malicious purpose. But now a glance along the cylinder's side is reassuring; it will pass on one side; it seems to turn away more and more, until, with a musketlike report, it enters the water, throwing up a lofty column of spray. A second later and the black oval head pierces the water thirty yards further on; the torpedo leaps high into the air, and turning, porpoiselike, with graceful precision dives head first into the water again. There, after a last mighty struggle, its onward rush is checked, and it sinks to the bottom. The length of time of flight has been just ten and three-quarter seconds. It has come six times as fast as the fastest railroad train; fourteen times as fast and five times as far as the fastest automobile torpedo; fourteen times as fast as the fastest torpedo-boat; twelve times as fast as the fastest running horse. Moreover, it carries an amount of high explosive power equivalent in rending effect to two of the largest Whitehead torpedoes."



200-LB. GUNCOTTON PROJECTILE OF "VESUVIUS" AS IT APPEARS IN FLIGHT, THE GAS-CHECK AND CENTRING BLOCKS HAVING DROPPED OFF.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

THE building of a new and modern navy for the United States goes steadily on. But the plans are such that if there should be any very radical improvement in naval architecture or the armament of battle-ships the newer ships of the new navy could have all such advantages. Next Monday, from the ship-building yard of Messrs. William Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, the coast-line battle-ship *Indiana* will be launched. The *Indiana* is built of steel, and is 348 feet on the water-line. She has an extreme breadth of 69 feet 3 inches, and a draught of 24 feet. Her normal displacement is 10,200 tons, and her maximum sustained sea speed 15 knots an hour. Her normal coal supply is 400 tons, but a coal-bunker capacity of 1800 tons is provided. With the bunkers full the *Indiana* will be able to speed at her maximum rate over 3500 knots. If this rate be reduced to 10 knots an hour, this endurance is increased from 10 days to 60 days, and the distance possible to go to 15,000 knots. It will be seen from this statement how expensive is the consumption of fuel when high speed is maintained. Throughout the length in which will be the machinery and the magazines the *Indiana* will have a double bottom. This will be for 196 feet amidships.

On the main-deck there will be two turrets, one forward and one aft, for the 13-inch guns. Of these there will be two in each turret. Beyond these turrets there will be no obstructions on the main-deck to interrupt the firing of the guns. The ventilators and anchor cranes and such other features are arranged to turn down and out of the way in action. The main battery of the *Indiana* beyond the 4 13-inch breech-loading rifles alluded to will be 8 8-inch rifles and 4 6-inch rifles. Between the two turrets for the 13-inch guns there will be a superstructure in which will be placed the 6-inch guns, and above, or upon the deck to be erected on this superstructure, will be placed the 8-inch guns. The secondary battery will consist of 20 6-pounder rapid-fire cannon, 4 1-pounder rapid-fire cannon, and 4 Gatling guns. The battery of 6-pounders is arranged along the top of the hammock berthing and the bridge, while the 1-pounders are placed forward and aft on the berth-deck. There will be a double-topped military mast made of steel, with a spiral stairway inside, so that the topmen may go aloft under cover. The battery on this mast is both for signal and fighting purposes. In the tops are the 4 Gatling guns. The armament of the *Indiana* is quite powerful, and the arrangements for protecting the guns are specially good. An expert, in commenting on the range of the guns and the angles at which these guns could be fired, has said that "the facility with which this vessel can protect herself from attack at all points reminds one of the unexpected ease of movement of a contortionist."

The sides of the vessel are protected by a belt of armor 7 feet 6 inches wide—3 feet above and 4 feet 6 inches below the water-line. This armor extends along the sides for 148 feet, and then takes a diagonal course inboard at an angle of 45 degrees for 24 feet at each end. This gives a total broadside armor of 196 feet, or where the machinery and magazine spaces are located. On top of this armor is a steel deck. Above this belt of side armor is placed the casemate, with a backing of 10 feet of coal. Forward and abaft the redoubts are 8-inch protective belts of steel, which reach to 4½ feet below the water-line. The steering-gear of the *Indiana* will be below this deck protection. As a further protection to this battle-ship torpedo-nets will entirely incase the vessel.

The vessel is subdivided into numerous water-tight compartments, and an elaborate system of pumping and drainage enables each compartment to be filled or pumped out at will, so as to quench fire or overcome a leak. There will be quarters for 460 persons—officers and men. The sanitary arrangements are in accordance with the most recent and approved notions, and the lighting will be by electricity.



THE LATE RUFUS HATCH.

A WALL STREET LEADER GONE.

BY the death of the late Rufus Hatch, which occurred at Spuyten Duyvil on the 23d inst., one of the most picturesque and original characters that ever figured in Wall Street is removed from among men. Few personalities have been so individual and aggressive, few careers more varied. From the time he went West in early manhood up to the time of his retirement from active business he imprinted himself by sheer force of character, shrewdness, and courage upon the business events of his time. Ever a conspicuous leader among men, his words were listened to with deference by the great financiers of the country, and his schemes were great and well planned. His short stocky figure, large head, massive shoulders, abounding physical vigor, and full resonant voice were all familiar features of Wall Street, where he was respected and loved as "Uncle Rufus." Three times bankrupt, each time he rose buoyant and undaunted to accumulate fresh fortune. His hobbies and personal tastes, his fondness for music, and for gathering musical people to his house, his contributions of forceful rhyme and prose to the press, his invention of popular expressions and epigrammatic sayings—all made him famous among his contemporaries.

Like so many men who have become conspicuous in New York business life, Rufus Hatch was born and reared upon a farm, his father being a farmer at Wells, Maine. The boy, one of a large family, showed little aptitude for farm life, and when twelve years old became clerk in a store in Kennebunk, Maine. At the age of nineteen years he went West, and worked in the party which surveyed the first railroad ever built in Wisconsin, since a part of the Chicago and Northwestern system. Afterwards he became a grain-broker in Chicago as member of the firm of Armstrong & Company, which, after great prosperity, failed in the fall of values following the close of the Crimean war. Mr. Hatch, assuming all debts of the firm, came to New York, where he, in connection with Henry Keep, invested heavily in Chicago and Northwestern Railway stock, and profited greatly in the rise of values that eventually came. In ten years he had paid all the debts of his Chicago failure in full. He was one of the founders and a vice-president of the Open Board of Brokers, and when that association became a part of the regular Stock Exchange refused the presidency of the latter organization. In 1873 he became a member of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was made managing director of the company, and also of the Panama Railroad Company. He lost everything in the panic of 1873, and after a protracted struggle, failed in 1876. He resumed business again in 1878 as a grain speculator, and getting fairly on his feet, became, in 1882, interested in Northern Pacific Railway stock and the Yellowstone Park, which he sought to acquire for the great stock-raising corporation which he organized. In 1883 he made his famous excursion with the great company of English capitalists over the Northern Pacific and through the Yellowstone country. The failure of Henry Villard and collapse of his stock about that time broke up this great scheme, and Mr. Hatch found himself for a third time ruined. After that disaster he retired from the Stock Exchange, and went over to the Petroleum Exchange, and was afterwards associated with James R. Keene in dealings in grain. But following the Villard failure, Mr. Hatch's transactions upon the street were not large, and for several years before his death he had practically retired from business.

Mr. Hatch was twice married. His first wife was Miss Charlotte Hatch, who died in 1873, leaving two girls and one boy. The widow is a daughter of Commodore Gray, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Mr. Hatch was born in 1832. All of his seven children survive him.

GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

PIERRE GUSTAVE TOUTANT BEAUREGARD, general in the service of the late Confederacy, and one who will be ranked by history as among the half-score ablest military leaders developed by our civil war, died in New Orleans on Monday, February 20th, of heart failure resulting from a complication of diseases. He was born near New Orleans in 1818, of mixed French creole and Italian descent, his pa-

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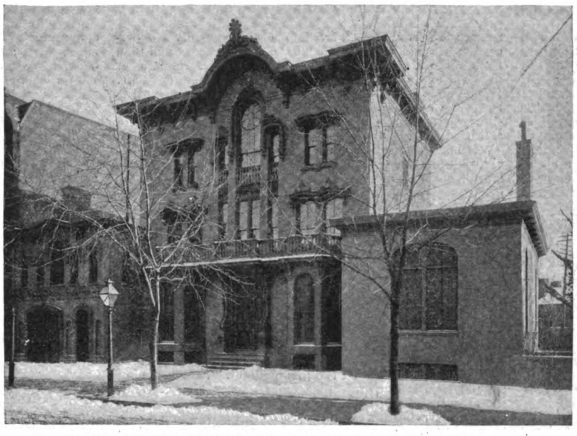
ternal side connecting him with the old French noblesse. His early passion for a soldier's career won him a cadetship, and he was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1838, the second most brilliant scholar in his class. Among his classmates who afterwards drew their swords on the same side in the civil war were Generals Hardee and Sibley; and Generals McDowell, Barry, Gordon Granger, and Nichols, who stood for the Stars and Stripes. The first of these Union Generals was fated to be pitted against him at the battle of Bull Run, which opened the really great conflicts of the war. Young Beauregard was commissioned first in the artillery, but was at once transferred to the engineer corps, an arm for which he was superbly fitted by his talents. He was assigned to varied constructive work at Fort Adams (Newport), Barataria Bay (Louisiana), the passes of the Mississippi, and Fort McHenry, Maryland. At the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 Lieutenant Beauregard was placed in charge of the defences at Tampico; and during this first experience of actual war he participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico, in the last of which he was twice wounded. He was brevetted Major for his gallant conduct, and in 1853 was made Captain in his corps. During the period prior to 1861 he was engaged in engineering work at the South, among which may be mentioned the construction of fortifications at Mobile and on the Mississippi, and the building of the New Orleans Custom-house. In January, 1861, he was appointed Superintendent of West Point, but resigned in less than a month, two days after the election of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis at once accepted Beauregard's proffer of service, and assigned him to the command at Charleston, South Carolina, with the rank of Major-General.

With the intensely dramatic episode ending with the capitulation of Fort Sumter on April 13, 1861, General Beauregard is inseparably connected. This event sent "the fiery cross" travelling on its thrilling mission to every household North and South, and a great war became inevitable. The name of Beauregard, in consequence of this bloodless victory, was blown to the very skies by Southern enthusiasm. He was promptly given command in Virginia in front of Washington, and he proceeded to organize the Confederate forces with great skill and efficiency. The battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, was fought, with General McDowell in command of the Union army, on July 21st. The tide of victory, which at first set in favor of the Federals, was turned by the arrival of General Joseph E. Johnston with large Confederate re-enforcements. The battle was in the main fought by Beauregard, and it was always claimed by himself and his friends that had General Johnston, who superseded him, and President Davis himself, who was on the field, followed his advice, Washington would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates—an event which might have wrought a great difference in the final issue. The action of Mr. Davis at this time was a slight which the fiery creole soldier never forgave, and the breach continued to widen during the life of the Confederacy. General Beauregard in after-years was known to have expressed the opinion that President Davis had done more to destroy the Confederacy than had the military services of General Grant.

In the spring of 1862 Beauregard was appointed second in command to General Albert Sydney Johnston, who confronted the Federal advance under General U. S. Grant in Tennessee. The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought on April 6th, one of the most bloody conflicts of the time, nearly resulted in a great reverse to the Union arms. Johnston was killed on the first day; and Beauregard, taking command, pressed the Federals with such energy and tactical skill that they were on the verge of destruction. It was only the arrival of General Buell with fresh troops that enabled Grant to repel the Confederate onset and hold his ground. On the second day Beauregard withdrew his army and retreated in a masterly fashion in the teeth of a greatly superior force to Corinth, Mississippi. He evacuated this position on May 29th, destroying all his stores and munitions, and retreating southward along the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. After this he was invalided for several months, and before he went on active duty was promoted to the full rank of General. He was next assigned to the command of the defences of Charleston, South Carolina, which were threatened with a formidable attack. The remarkable siege operations conducted by General Quincy A. Gillmore at the head of the land forces, and by Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren in command of the fleet, rank among the notable episodes of the war. The brilliant defence by Beauregard, lasting from April 7, 1863, for about a year, shines as a piece of professional work, perhaps, with even more lustre than the resourceful and ingenious attack of the great rival engineer.

When General Grant inaugurated the final campaign in the spring of 1864 which was to give the *coup de grace* to the Confederacy, Beauregard was summoned to Virginia to assist General Lee. He defeated General Butler at Drury's Bluff, and commanded the defence of Petersburg against the greatly superior Federal army with the same military ability which had marked all his operations. In October he was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the West, but failing to check Sherman's advance, he made a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, with whom he surrendered to Sherman, in April, 1865, hard on Lee's capitulation at Appomattox. The students of Beauregard's career as a soldier will find an authentic record in Roman's *Military Operations of General Beauregard* (Harper & Brothers).

After the war Beauregard received proffers to take command of the Roumanian and Egyptian armies, but the negotiations fell still-born. As a civilian during later years he was president of a street-car syndicate in New Orleans, and of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Mississippi Railroad. He was also Adjutant-General of Louisiana, and was in many ways associated with active business enterprises in his native State. General Beauregard was a soldier of remarkable scientific attainments, and the precision of his plans was well matched by unusual fire and energy in their execution in the field. He was the last of the great generals of the war. His more important contributions to military literature, *Principles and Maxims of the Art of War* and *Report of the Defence of Charleston*, have become classics in their way.



MR. CLEVELAND'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON (H STREET BETWEEN 17TH AND 18TH STREETS).—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON.

It has been the custom for Presidents of the United States to reside in the official mansion in Washington, commonly known as the White House, during their terms of office, and since Mr. Lincoln's time a cottage situated in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home has been known as the President's Cottage, where the families of the different Executives have spent part of the year. But when Mr. Cleveland previously occupied the White House he purchased for himself a summer residence on the outskirts of the city, not caring to make use of the government cottage, and spent as much of his time as was possible away from the Executive Mansion. This year he has further departed from precedent by hiring a house in the city itself, within three blocks of the White House, which he will make his private residence for the present. Solicitude for his baby daughter probably prompts the step in the first place, as the little granddaughter of Mr. Harrison has but recently recovered from an attack of scarlet fever; but it is well known that the idea of working and living at the same time in the White House has always been distasteful to Mr. Cleveland. The house taken by the incoming President is the old homestead of Admiral Porter, situated at 1710 H Street, N.W. It is a house that is well known to all Washington people, and is in the centre of a delightful neighborhood. Some of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city have their homes in the immediate vicinity, and the location is in every way pleasant. There are generous grounds at the side and back of the house, but none in front, the dwelling being built right on the street. It is a three-story brick double house, painted to resemble brownstone, and spacious and roomy on the inside. There is an old-time aristocratic air about it that is most charming, and Mr. Cleveland will probably find it a comfortable home. It is on the south side of the street, adjoining the Metropolitan Club, and has a large stable and carriage-house connected with it. There have been suggestions made of late regarding the enlargement or change of the White House, which is not altogether fitted for both private and public residence. The President's office and library are well equipped, but Mr. Cleveland, having had experience, has acted according to his preference in taking this other house. All public functions, however, will take place at the White House, for which it is suited in all respects.



GENERAL BEAUREGARD, THE CIVILIAN.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

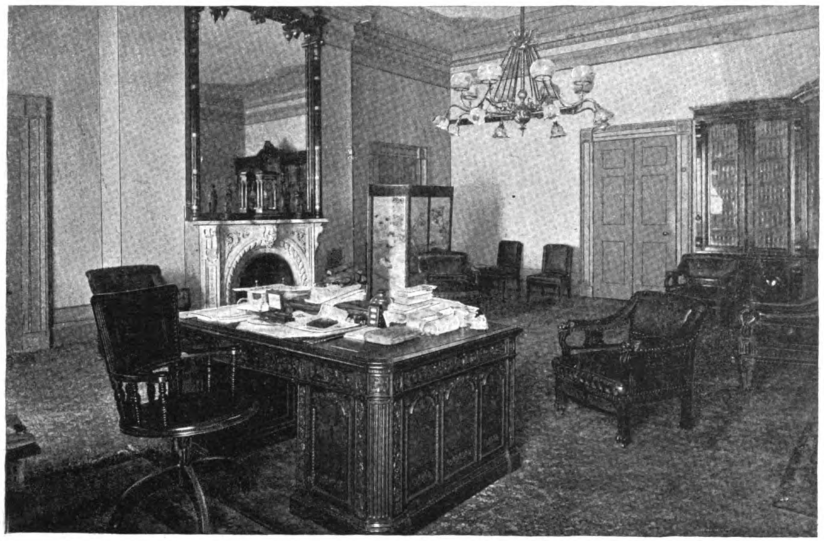


GENERAL BEAUREGARD IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865.

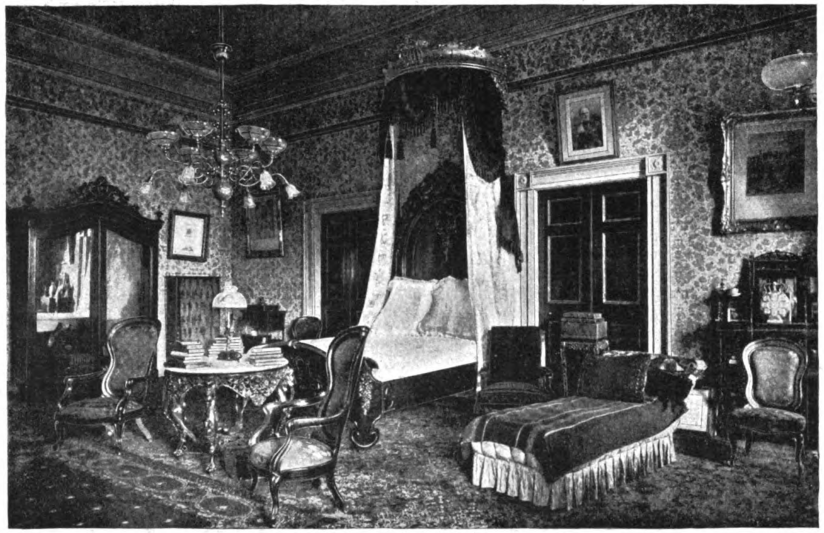
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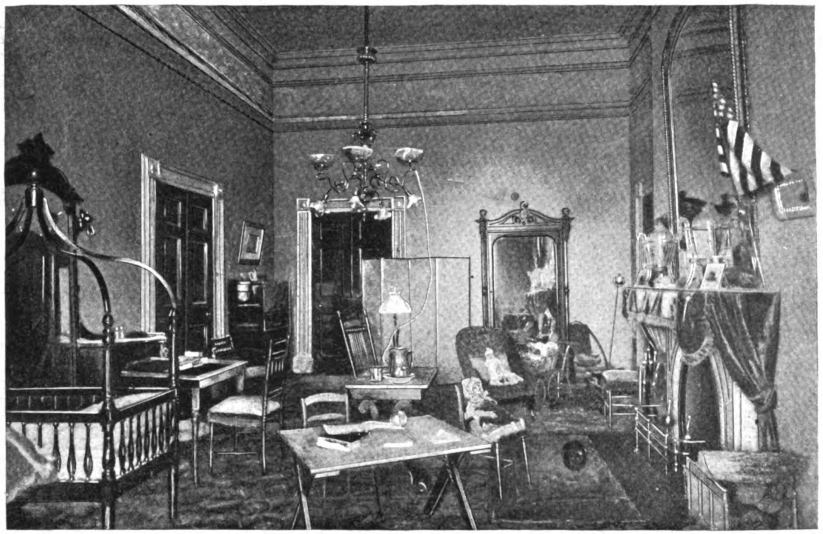
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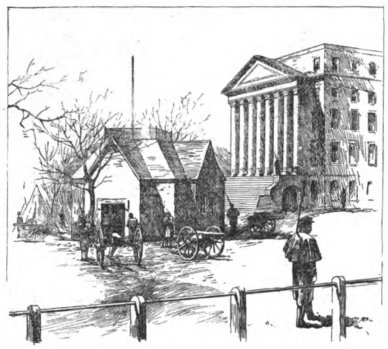
THE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM.



THE NURSERY.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.—From recent Photographs.—[See Page 208.]

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SOUTH SIDE OF CAPITOL SQUARE—MILITARY GUARDING THE ARSENAL.
From a Sketch by H. Worrall made on the Spot.

THE TWO KANSAS LEGISLATURES.

When this paper went to press last week the two contending political parties in Kansas, each with a Legislature of its own, were in battle array, and threatening to come to a collision at any moment. The Governor had called out the militia to disperse the Republican House, and the sheriff had sworn in one thousand special deputies to preserve the peace by protecting the Republican House from any attack the militia might make. The commander of the militia went into the Hall of Representatives and told the Republicans that he would not obey the Governor's commands to disperse them. This officer was removed, and the Adjutant-General, a Populist and an adherent of the Governor, was placed in command. Now serious trouble was apprehended. A conflict was inevitable unless some agreement was quickly reached between the contending factions. In the negotiations for such an agreement the Governor represented the Populist side, and treated with a committee of Republicans. On Friday, after the beleaguered Republicans had spent two nights in the Hall of Representatives, the Governor proposed a compromise to this effect: each House to meet in its own hall and be undisturbed by the other; the Populist House to be permitted to meet in the State-house without molestation; no arrests to be made by either House of the officers or members of the other; the militia and the sheriff's posse to be immediately relieved; and the militia companies then *en route* to Topeka to be ordered home. By way of



COLONEL J. W. T. HUGHS,
Commander of the State Militia, who refused to obey the Governor's Order to forcibly remove the Republican Legislature from the Hall.

explanation this note was added to the agreement at the Governor's suggestion:

"The memoranda this day signed by Governor Lewelling, and George L. Douglass, D. W. Eastman, and J. K. Cubbison as a committee of the House of Representatives presided over by George L. Douglass, and hereto attached, is not to be construed as a recognition by either the Douglass or Dunsmore House of the legal organization or character of either of such Houses by the Governor or the Senate, and shall not be used in court or in any legislative body as evidence for any person, party, or body, and shall not be entered on the journal or other record of either the Douglass House or the Dunsmore House or the Senate."

It should be said in explanation of this that Mr. Douglass presides over the Republican and Mr. Dunsmore over the Populist House. At five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday the Republican House agreed to this compromise, and the papers were soon signed. Almost as if by magic all that



GEORGE L. DOUGLASS.
Speaker of the Republican House.

seemed warlike disappeared, and that air of peace natural to the capital city of an agricultural people was quickly restored.

The further and final settlement of the differences between the parties will be in accordance with the decrees of the courts of the State. The Senate, however, in which there is a Populist majority, has refused to pass a resolution pledging the body to abide by the decisions of the courts. Such a resolution was not necessary, however, and its rejection is no indication of an intention of hostile action in case the courts should decide adversely to the Senate majority. The two Houses of Representatives have been meeting every day since the agreement, and each House has kept very busy in passing bills and transacting the business before it. There is a case before the Supreme Court the decision of which may end the incident.

L. C. Gunn was summoned to appear before the Election Committee of the Republican House. He refused to obey the summons on the ground that the Republican House was an illegal body, and had no power to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses. He was arrested on the charge of contempt of the authority of the House. Now he is brought before the Supreme Court on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The most eminent lawyers on each political side are engaged in the case, the State also being represented. The case was pending when this paper went to press.

In Topeka, and indeed in all Kansas, there is a feeling of great relief that the crisis has passed without bloodshed. Those who hurried to Topeka when civil war was feared



J. M. DUNSMORE.
Speaker of the Populist House.

have returned to their homes, and nothing more alarming now is apprehended than the forensic noise of the lawyers, and the growls of those who lose when the judgment of the court has been pronounced.

THE HOME-RULE BILL AND THE AMERICAN STATE.

Mr. Gladstone's home-rule bill is especially interesting to Americans because the author was evidently governed or influenced by the relation of the States to the United States. In his speech on the motion for a first reading of the bill Mr. Gladstone announced that he had consulted our own fundamental law, and it is apparent that he intended that the new government of Ireland should follow as closely as its different circumstances permitted the analogy of an American State. He declined to attempt to transform Ireland into a colony, and turned to the Federal plan for a solution of his problem.

If the bill should become a law, the act would be practically a written constitution for Ireland, just as the British North American Act is a written constitution for the Dominion of Canada. It is true that it would be simply an act of Parliament, and therefore destructible by the power that gave it being. The present Parliament cannot bind subsequent Parliaments, and consequently it would be within the theoretical power of the imperial legislative body to repeal the law giving autonomy to Ireland. It is also within the power of the imperial government to recall the privileges and rights that have been granted to Canada and other self-governing British colonies. Practically, however, such a power would not be exercised except in an emergency so remote that it is not to be anticipated. Under ordinary conditions the repeal or modification of such an act as this, whose purpose is to confer governmental rights upon a people, would be regarded as a breach of good faith.

The essential difference between the constitutional politics of Great Britain and the United States is preserved in the home-rule bill. The power emanates from the central government, and is conferred upon the local authority. This is an essential attribute of a monarchy—absolute or constitutional or theoretical. In this country the Federal constitution is a grant of power from the States, and a State constitution is a limitation of the powers of the government by the people. The Irish bill is a bestowal of power by the imperial government. In the Dominion of Canada, which is a federation of provinces, the powers of the several parts are grants of the central authority.

An American State has, in the first place, police functions. It has jurisdiction over the life, liberty, and property of the individual. Crimes against the rights of person and property are punishable by the State. The tax on the homestead is imposed by the State. The relations of the citizen to his neighbor are governed by the laws of the State. The business of the community is carried on under those laws. Municipalities and private corporations are brought into existence by the State. The State establishes schools and charitable institutions, and protects the citizen in his right to religious liberty. All these powers will be exercised by the government of Ireland if the home-rule bill becomes a law.

There are certain fundamental rights which the people of the States have reserved to themselves in their several constitutions. These have been reserved from the grants in the home-rule bill. The Irish Parliament is not to make laws respecting the establishment or endowment of religion or interfering with religious liberty. No person is to be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or denied the equal protection of the law. Private property is not to be taken without just compensation. Not only are these principles common to all Teutonic governments, but the language in which they are expressed is familiar to every student of American written constitutions.

The bill also denies some powers to Ireland which are in the nature of the grants of power bestowed by the States upon the United States. These are essentially national powers. Ireland, for example, like an American State, may not, under this bill, declare war or peace, and may not hold relations of any kind with foreign powers, or coin money, or give to any token legal-tender qualities, or levy customs duties, or fix the rates of postage, or issue trade-marks, copyrights, or grant patents. The American State may exercise quarantine powers, provided the Federal government does not interfere, but Ireland is forbidden jurisdiction over that, and even over local health regulations. The United States government makes uniform laws of naturalization, but the State courts may admit foreigners to citizenship. All power over alienage and naturalization is denied to Ireland by Mr. Gladstone's bill. There is also a limitation in the bill on the power of localities to borrow money, but it is left to the Irish Parliament, or the proper department of the Irish government, to fix the amount that a local government may borrow at one time.

Generally, the Irish Parliament will have all the rights now possessed by the American State Legislatures, except a few that may be at any time assumed by the general government at Washington. It will have the police and the taxing power for all the purposes of the island, subject to such restrictions as are imposed upon our own governments by the people, who are with us the final legislators.

In one respect the Irish government, under the act, will have a power that is not exercised by the American State. While the imperial government will retain the right to fix the rates of postage, the administration of the postal service, including the telegraph and the postal savings-banks, is to be transferred to the Irish government.

The great difference, of course, between the proposed Irish government and the American State is in the executive; but this is more apparent than real. The chief executive of Ireland is to remain the Lord Lieutenant, appointed by the crown, and every British subject is to be eligible for the office. The crown also retains the veto power. Whether this would ever be exercised is a question of some interest, which is not to be answered by pointing to the experience of Great Britain. The real executive of Ireland, however, will be the responsible government dictated by the Parliament. There is no analogy between such an executive and the executive of an American State; but the real power of such a government rests with its legislative branch, and if the home-rule bill should pass, Ireland would bear to the imperial government a similar relation to that borne by a State to the United States, so far as its domestic affairs are concerned, subject to a certain power of interference by the crown, which would be rarely exercised. So far as the influence of the Irish government in imperial affairs is concerned, the analogy of the American State ceases; for, under the bill, Ireland is, theoretically at least, to have no voice in the affairs of the empire. Its eighty voices in Westminster are to be heard only when the imperial Parliament is concerned with imperial business.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

HAWAIIAN CHARACTERS.

The mild and equable climate and the perpetual fertility of the soil of the Hawaiian Islands combine to soothe a too restless energy in men. Even those born in a more bracing climate find their zeal for activity yielding to surrounding influences after a short residence there. Only the Chinaman labors on uninterruptedly, with the habit inherited from a long line of laborious ancestors.

There is no spot that blooms more fairly than the region about Waihe, on Maui. So far as the ploughed furrows in the landscape there or anywhere mark the thrift of man, it is the Chinaman's hands that have done the labor. He watches the water from the neighboring valley's stream, through ditch and over flume, into the remotest furrow of each sugar plantation, and cuts the cane when it is ripe; and the white man pockets the benefit. The native Hawaiian, meanwhile, sits amiably on his woven rush mat before the door of his hut, chattering of trivialities, with no thought of care and no feeling of sorrow; though there is enough for him that would be sorrow to a man that thought of care or anything else.

The relationships which govern the membership of a Hawaiian household are past finding out. An indefinite number of persons of an indefinite variety of ages, with no fixed proportion of the sexes, may be joint residents of one of these grass huts, together with an assortment of pet curs, an occasional pet pig, and numberless lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and more familiar insects, which haunt the thatched grass of the walls. When the meal hour arrives, the calabash of poi is placed on the mat, and the household squat about it, dipping their fingers into the pastelike mess until they have by this means conveyed sustenance enough to their mouths. About the only real labor performed is the planting and the gathering of the taro, or kalo, and the pounding of it with a stone pestle into poi. The planting involves wading up to the middle in the black slimy mud of the taro patch. When he gathers his crop the proprietor will sometimes string a few plants, just as he has pulled them from the mud, at each end of a bearing-stick and carry them to market to realize a little cash to spend for indulgence in the sweets of civilization. Sometimes the old men will cut and pull from odd corners with their hands and a case-knife enough of the coarse sour grass to make into a bundle of hay, which none but a kanaka horse would eat.

Horseback riding is a favorite pastime. The women gather their loosely flowing holokus about the limbs and wrap them with bright colored cloth, the ends left several yards long to stream in the wind. Their coarse straight black hair is anointed with cocoanut oil. Men and women deck themselves with gorgeous flowers, ingeniously strung into leis. All then bestride their horses, and, with screaming talk and laughter, ride at full gallop until their horses are absolutely exhausted.

Another recreation, less open to the light of publicity, is the hula dance. The dancing girls are trained from infancy in the intricate posturing and serpentine contortions which make up the movements of the dance. They chant in a monotonous tone the tale which their suggestive motions are supposed to illustrate, and are accompanied by a thrumming in endless cadence on hollow gourds with rattling seeds in them. Free from restraining influences, the hula dances run into indescribable orgies.

Guy Stuart Comly.

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THE NATURALIZATION OF THE "NEW YORK."

THE American merchant marine is enriched by one of the largest, swiftest, and most complete ships ever built in Great Britain. The ceremony of raising the American flag on her was appropriately performed on Washington's birthday by the President of the United States. It was on the Saturday following that for the first time within the recollection of full-grown men a first-rate liner with an American register sailed from New York to England. And yet this is the country that a little more than a generation ago boasted of its maritime supremacy, and whose flag was seen in every port. Americans who are now middle-aged recall the Collins Line that plied between New York and Liverpool, the best ships of their day, and the pride of the country. They will recollect, too, that in their boyhood they spent their Saturday holidays on board ships, and that they knew all about rigging, sails, and records, as the boys of to-day know about locomotives and other land devices. Their day passed away when the war and the tariff destroyed American shipping, and the United States surrendered its maritime supremacy to Great Britain.

In 1859 the United States merchant marine engaged in foreign commerce had a tonnage of 2,231,674; in 1891 its tonnage had been reduced to 988,719. In 1868, the first year in which registry was required, the merchant marine numbered 3039 vessels; in 1891 the number was only 1516.

The accession of the *New York* and *Paris* to the meagre number of American vessels engaged in foreign trade is hailed by some as the beginning of a new era in the maritime annals of the country, as the first step towards the restoration of the old times when America was first on the ocean. This, however, is a problem which, like all other problems, is not to be solved by the first step in the process. The country has not only made an exception to a stringent law much complained of by advocates of free ships, a law which prevented the registration of foreign-built ships in the supposed interest of American ship-builders, but it is adopting a subsidy policy against which all who are opposed to every form of paternalism have long protested. Under the Ocean Mail Subsidy Act of March 3, 1891, the two British ships, the *New York* and *Paris*, which were granted American registration by a special act of Congress, are to receive for each outward trip the sum of four dollars a mile. In round numbers this will be $12,000 a trip, and if ten trips a year are made the sum annually earned by each ship from the government will be $120,000. This subsidy act was passed largely on the representation that the British government subsidized vessels, among others these two; but the British subsidy amounted to about $50,000 a year for a vessel, so that the profit that will accrue to the company from the transfer may be easily calculated.

Ships of the character of the *New York* and *Paris* alone can satisfy the requirements of the subsidy law for first-class vessels, for they must be of a gross registered tonnage of at least 8000 tons, capable of a speed of at least 20 knots an hour, and "constructed with particular reference to prompt and economical conversion into auxiliary naval cruisers."

The *New York* and the *Paris*, as the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris*, have long been known to transatlantic travellers. The ships were contracted for and built in 1887. Soon after, the old Inman Company was purchased by the International Navigation Company, which was an American corporation. The new title of the corporation is, "American Line for Southampton. International Steamship Company," the destination of the ships having been changed from Liverpool to Southampton. It owns a great many ships besides the *New York* and *Paris*, but these two only may carry the American flag. Under the requirement of the act admitting them to registration, the company has contracted with the William Cramp & Sons Company, of Philadelphia, to build two new ships that shall be at least equal to the new British-built ships. The vessels contracted for will really be somewhat larger than the *New York* and *Paris*. These two are 10,500 tons burden, 560 feet long, 63¼ feet beam, and 59 feet deep, measuring from the cabin to the keel. They have triple-expansion engines and three sets of boilers in different compartments. The *New York* has the record for the fastest eastern passage—5 days, 19 hours, and 57 minutes; and the *Paris* has the record for the fastest western passage—5 days, 14 hours, and 24 minutes.

The programme for the ceremonies of Wednesday could not be half carried out on account of the severe weather, and the run out to sea was abandoned. Through a strong wind and snow-squall the *New York* left her dock at the foot of Christopher Street and steamed to a point off the Battery, where she was anchored. At twelve o'clock the steamboats that conveyed to her the President and the guests of the occasion had arrived, and the ceremonies began. First there was a speech addressed to the President by Congressman Bourke Cockran, who was the mover of the bill naturalizing the ship. Then the President made one of his tactful speeches, concluding as follows: "I deem it an entirely appropriate function that the President of the United States should lift this American flag." As he uttered these words, the crowd cheered, the whistles on the boats in the harbor screeched, and salutes were fired from the big guns of the war-ship *Chicago* and from the old-fashioned smooth-bores on Governors Island. The ship henceforth is American territory on the high seas, protected by the American flag, commanded by an American captain, and manned by a crew one-fourth of whom at present and for two years to come must be American citizens. After, the proportion of Americans must continue to increase until it reaches one-half.

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LIFE'S PILGRIM.

LIKE those who travel eastward through the day,
We journey on along Life's devious way;
Behind us each a Shadow hasteneth,
And suddenly, ere we are quite aware,
Lo! at our side a presence mute is there
To be our fellow to the door of Death!
Darker the path each moment grows, and then
At last, the journey done, Night falls again;
And with the Shadow we lie down to rest,
And slumber peacefully upon Earth's breast.

F. D. SHERMAN.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

FIGURE SKATING.

BY GEORGE D. PHILLIPS, AMATEUR CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

THERE is probably no recognized sport in which the fine points are so little understood by the general public as in figure skating. This is proven by the applause which frequently follows the exhibitions of showy skaters as compared to finished and methodical competitors. In many of our amateur championship competitions this has been the case, and reporters of our daily papers have been the worst offenders, often putting their ideas in print when they have been in direct opposition to the judges' decisions.

This was noticeably so in the contest of 1886, when a Canadian skater was defeated directly on his merits, and under the very best judges in the country. It occurred way back in the early seventies, in Jersey City, and again last year. To the unpractised eye the fact is lost sight of that a man must use both feet alike, and, when possible, execute all figures backward and forward and on outside and inside edges.

Proficient judges are sometimes misled, as in the contest of 1867, when Frank Swift, the old-time champion, almost succeeded in getting the best of them. He was only able to make the one-foot 8's with his right foot, and in order to throw the judges off, he first skated the figure facing them, and turning around a few times, he started with his back to them, but on the same foot. The deception was not noticed at first; but when Mr. E. B. Cook, one of the judges, asked him to repeat the figure, it was discovered that he could not use his left foot.

Any one taking up figure skating will shortly discover that he has a very imperfect balance on one or the other of his feet, on the same principle that a man is right or left handed, and in order to overcome it, should learn at once to use both alike. This is labor, and unless he be an enthusiast, he will never get beyond the average, though he may have ability enough to become a champion.

The first consideration is the outfit, namely, proper shoes and first-class skates. A stout shoe is necessary, of a little more than the average height, which should commence to lace at the ball of the foot, so that it can be drawn tight from there up without cramping the toes. Of course such shoes must of necessity be made to order.

The proper skate is largely a matter of opinion. In Canada most of the skaters take off the clamps and screw the skates to the soles of the shoes. In and about this neighborhood the old-fashioned heel plate is used, owing to the fact that the fastening is safe and sure. The market is flooded with any number of skates that fasten with clamps, both heel and toe, but they are all too heavy, and weight is a large factor in figure skating. For figure skating it is necessary that the bearing be under the ball of the foot, which enables a sure and successful balance.

Annual figure-skating contests take place in Russia, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany, England, Canada, and the United States, but to this country alone belongs the honor of holding both the figure and speed championships.

Owing to the geographical situation, and consequent uncertainty of ice, the New York skaters are at a great disadvantage; but even so, they have succeeded in leading the world for over twenty-five years. The figure-skating contests abroad are very limited in character, and do not begin to demand such perfect control and balance as the American championships. To better understand the requirements in the United States, I append a programme with full instructions.

The following is the programme for the annual figure-skating championship. There are twenty-three feats.

The object of this programme is to set forth the movements of figure skating so as best to test the proficiency of skaters, and in an order that will economize the strength of the contestants. The movements are arranged under comprehensive fundamental heads, designed to include everything appertaining to the art. It is to be understood that, whenever practicable, all movements are to be executed both forward and backward, on right foot and on left. It should be borne in mind that grace is the most desirable attribute of artistic skating.

1. Plain forward and backward skating.
2. "Lap foot"—as field step and in cutting circle.
3. Outside edge roll, forward.
4. Outside edge roll, backward.
5. Inside edge roll, forward.
6. Inside edge roll, backward.
7. Figure 8 on one foot, forward.
8. Figure 8 on one foot, backward.
9. Cross roll, forward.
10. Cross roll, backward.
11. Change of edge roll, forward—commencing either on outside or inside edge.
12. Change of edge roll, backward—beginning either on outside or inside edge.
13. (a) "On to Richmond"; (b) reverse "On to Richmond."
14. (a) "Locomotives," forward, backward, sideways—single and double; (b) waltz step (not to be done on the point of the skate).
15. Spread-eagle, inside and outside edges.
16. Curvilinear angles: (a) single, double, chain, and flying threes, beginning on inside or outside edge; (b) turns from outside edge to outside edge, or from inside edge to inside edge, forward and backward.
17. Grape-vines, including "Philadelphia twist," etc.
18. Toe and heel movements, embracing pivot circling, toe spins (pirouettes), and movements on both toes, etc.
19. Single flat-foot spins and double-foot whirls.
20. (a) Serpentines on one foot and on both feet; (b) change of edge, single and double.
21. Loops and ringlets on inside and outside edges, single and in combination.
22. Display of complex movements, at the option of the contestant.
23. Specialties, embracing original peculiar movements.

The officials of a figure-skating competition shall be three judges and one scorer. The judging shall be done on a scale of points running from the number of contestants down to 0. Experience has shown the following to be the most practicable method of scoring: "The number to be given to the one standing first in any section shall be that of the number of contestants. Should there be two or more of equal merit, they should be marked the same number, and the one coming next below takes the number resulting from subtracting the number of competitors above him from the number entered. A total failure is marked zero." A fall does not necessarily constitute a failure. At the conclusion of each figure each judge shall, without consultation with his associates, mark the number of points which he awards to each competitor. These reports shall then be compared, and in case of disagreement the majority shall decide. The scorer shall keep an accurate record of the points allowed to each contestant on each figure, but shall not be permitted to inform any competitor of his standing until the close of the entire competition.

This event is open to the amateur figure skaters of the world.

This programme was first adopted at a meeting of the American Skating Congress held in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 3, 1868, and, with a very few alterations, has been in use ever since.

The first figure-skating contest held in New York under the revised programme was at Mitchell's Pond, corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, during the winter of 1868. This site is now occupied by the Plaza Hotel. The match was won by James Mead, of New York; Edward Martin second—there being in all five competitors.

The old Philadelphia Skating Club claim to have held contests prior to that, and the writer also saw contests in Chicago as early as 1865, but the then existing programme was very limited.

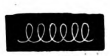
The first principle of perfect skating is grace, and the performer should be careful in executing the various "rolls" to carry his head well up and avoid looking at his feet; the arms should hang naturally at the side, and the knees slightly bent. The balance foot should not be kicked suddenly forward or backward, as the case may be, but follow the performing leg easily to the termination of the stroke, leaving it (the balance leg) slightly in advance at the finish.

It is a remarkable fact that the average figure-skater is weak on what are termed the plain movements. Most of them devote their time and attention to the small figures, forgetting that a graceful skater on the rolls, etc., may obtain a lead in the score that is difficult to overcome.

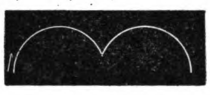


The impetus necessary to execute the smaller or close movements is acquired almost entirely by the use of the disengaged or balance foot. For instance, the ringlets can be made either small or large, by carrying the balance foot high for a small circle or low for a large one.

The loops, which are a series of disconnected rings, are made by the balance foot being carried out and away from the performing leg some fifteen inches, while in ringlets it is carried within about six inches. This is a very nice distinction, but produces very different results.



One other illustration will show how the weight of the shoulders aids the skater. Take what is termed the "three" or natural turn. The skater, starting forward on the outside edge, makes half a circle, and then, by throwing his right shoulder backward and his left forward, turns to the inside edge backward, and cuts the other half.



The reverse of this movement is the "rocking" or unnatural turn. The skater, starting forward on the outside edge, makes a half-circle or less, at will, and then, throwing his left shoulder back and his right forward, turns backward on to the same edge, and makes another half-circle or less. Thus the figure is cut all on one edge, and is a very difficult movement.



In competition this must be done as follows: Outside edge forward to outside edge backward; inside edge forward to inside edge backward; inside edge backward to inside edge forward; outside edge backward to outside edge forward—both feet to be used alike.



The reverse movements commencing backward are very difficult, as the turns must be made without any change of edge; and nine skaters out of ten, in order to preserve their balance, run to the opposite edge just previous to turning. This is incorrect, and always fails to score.

These rocking turns can be utilized in any number of combinations; but the most graceful is in a large field step, and the most difficult in the form of a one-foot 8.

The first necessary balances for a successful skater are the changes of edge, commencing on outside and running to inside, as in making a letter S. When this is accomplished both forward and backward, on right and on left, the skater will have good control of himself, and can very easily pick up other movements.

Another important point is what is termed "skating to place," meaning the ability to run over the figure several times, always keeping on the original lines. This requires wonderful control, especially on one-foot and backward movements.

In the plain movements, rolls, etc., the same rule holds good, the skater being required to make his strokes of uniform length and equal curve.

In skating to place on the close movements we must give the palm to the Canadians, this being accounted for by the fact that they have so much practice, usually four months each year, in covered rinks.

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, certainly leads the world in this respect; the writer has seen him execute the double one-foot 8's, and never vary but a few inches, and the figure will be as perfect on the ice as though drawn by a pair of compasses.

Probably the most showy figures are the "grape-vines," which give the skater a good chance for ingenuity, many of our best performers being able to execute from twelve to fifteen distinct and different vines.

In order to be successful in the spins and whirls, a strong stomach is necessary; otherwise dizziness is sure to follow. When you take into consideration that a skater will make fifteen revolutions on one foot, and as many as thirty on two feet, at a very high rate of speed, it is a wonder that they are not seasick.

A successful figure-skater must be very strong in the legs to stand the strain of competition. In the contest of 1891 there were four competitors, and it took over six hours to decide it; and of course difficult balances become much harder when the muscles tire. There is one great advantage of figure skating as a sport, and that is age is not a potent factor of success, as past history shows that many of our best-known experts were men well on to middle life.

It certainly is an enemy of dyspepsia and kindred troubles, and is the most exhilarating though not the most violent sport known to this country.

WINTER WORK OF THE HARVARD CREW.

BY W. A. BROOKS, JUN.

ON February 13th the candidates for the Harvard crew went into what is called strict training. Previous to that date, while not permitted to indulge in the excesses of college life, they were, nevertheless, given comparatively free license in regard to the disposal of their time. Since then, however, they have become subject to the strict rules of training which have been in vogue at Cambridge for many years. With the exception of Saturday evening, they are expected to be in bed by ten o'clock. Rising at seven in the morning, they assemble in the college yard at half past, take a short walk, and separate for breakfast, the training-table not being organized as yet. At 4.30 in the afternoon they are expected to be at the Carey building, where from half to three-quarters of an hour they row in the tank. After the row they are put through a form of exercise with the dumb-bells, and then given a run of two or three miles in the open air. A bath and a rub-down finishes the day's work. At present the coaching is being done by ex-Captain Perkins and Captain Vail, who as yet has not been able to take his place in the boat on account of an old injury received while playing football a year ago. The candidates are about eighteen in number, mostly new men. For of last year's crew Cummings is the only man who has returned to try for his old place in the boat. Winthrop, Kelton, and Rantoul graduated last June. Lynam and Acton are busy with their medical studies. Waters, as captain, is devoting his time to the football team. Why Newell is not rowing I do not know. But in spite of the fact that the candidates are new and untried, they present a decidedly favorable appearance. They take hold of their work well and put lots of dash into it.

In point of physique and general characteristics they represent an entirely different type from the class of men who for the past four or five years have gone to make up the Harvard crews. They are of the long, stringy type of athlete, with plenty of chest-room and any amount of driving power. They may become lazy, but never loggy. Take, for instance, Fearing; his long training and well-earned success in track athletics has eminently fitted him for taking up rowing, and his presence has infused life into the other candidates. He is not, what you would call stocky, but rather slightly built, and of more than average height, with long stringy muscles. To look at him you can see that he is built for endurance. Stearns is another man of about the same type. Cummings is still another example. And so they run, some a little heavier, some a little lighter; but those among them who are most likely to "make" the crew are of this type. So much for the candidates themselves. But one has only to watch them at work to discover the chief reason of Harvard's lack of success. It is not because she has poor material; it is not because she has poor coaching, or that the men are not *taught* the proper stroke; but it is because that material is not properly selected and arranged. Every year it happens that five or six places in the boat can be easily and correctly filled. Then comes the question, to whom shall be given the remaining ones? And just here is the weakest point in Harvard's system: first, that the selection of the doubtful men is put off until too late in the season; and second, that the selection is not properly made.

The choice being left as it is to the captain and whoever may be coaching, strict justice is not done to every man. The captain is busy. The coach is worried by the faults in the rowing. They both put off the decision, from day to day, until they are forced by the shortness of the remaining time to do in haste what by good rights should have been done early in the season, and done under cool judgment. It would be far better for Harvard, instead of relying upon the judgment of captain or coach—who have already more than enough work to attend to, to select her crew—if the matter were placed in the hands of several old oarsmen called to Cambridge for that purpose. Let them watch the candidates for a week, pass judgment upon them, and give to the captain their opinion. He could then act as he saw fit. But he would be less liable to make mistakes than he is now. A month or six weeks later the same men could assemble for a final selection. Acting on this plan, the late changes, that are always unfortunate, would be avoided, and the good men less liable to be overlooked. As matters now stand at Cambridge I can see no good reason for supposing that Harvard will have a fast crew this year. The men are not properly arranged. The right men are not in the right places. Too much time is wasted over details which might better be attended to after the crew is formed. While it is not possible to *absolutely* select the crew at this early day, still a better attempt to do so might be made, and it is for that reason that I so openly criticise the system. It is the weakest man who has got to row in the crew who ought to be selected with the greatest care. Precious time ought not to be wasted upon men who are comparatively sure of position until the weakest man is found and brought more nearly by good coaching up to the standard of the others. It is only in this way that a well-finished crew can be formed.

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DE FOREST VAN VLEET.

DE FOREST VAN VLEET, who has been appointed by Governor Flower to succeed Alexander C. Eustace as State Civil Service Commissioner, is a native of New York, having been born in Broome County August 10, 1855. He was graduated from Cornell College in 1877, and taking up the study of law, was admitted to the bar four years later. He settled in Ithaca, where he now resides, and succeeded in building up a large and active practice. Mr. Van Vleet has been Recorder and also Corporation Counsel of Ithaca, and since the establishment of the Ithaca Street Railway Company, in 1885, a prominent official of the company.

Notwithstanding the cares and duties of his profession, Mr. Van Vleet has found opportunity to interest himself in politics. Since 1880 he has spoken in every campaign, and last summer was chosen chairman of the Democratic County Committee. In addition he has been an active worker in many ways, and a firm supporter of Mr. Hill for the Presidential nomination. In 1889 Mr. Van Vleet was a delegate to the State Convention, and Democratic candidate for Member of Assembly in 1890, so his qualifications for his new position are well known to the State officials at Albany. He is a member of the Chi Psi college fraternity and of the Holland Society.

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NEW YORK has received another addition to its list of "served while you wait" establishments, in the shape of a cigar store where a customer can have his favorite weed made quickly and deftly while he lingers for a few moments and watches the proceedings. Establishments of this kind are of a recent creation, but they are increasing at a rapid rate. The first one of the list was a shoe shop, which built up a large but transient trade by means of this sign: "Shoes soled and heeled while you wait."

To have his foot-wear promptly repaired while he waited was an advantage to the visitor to Gotham which he was not slow in appreciating and taking advantage of, and the idea was adopted by many imitators, all of whom were not in the boot and shoe trade, however. Hatters, tailors, watch-makers, and other artisans were not slow in falling into line, with the result that their trade was considerably increased, and people whose time was limited were greatly accommodated.

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THE inland fresh-water sea, Lake Michigan, which is now chiefly famous because the great city of Chicago stretches along its shore for a considerable distance, and because the World's Columbian Exposition is to be held on land washed by its waters, is always interesting as a great lake, but it is never so picturesque as in the middle of a long, hard winter, when the waves washed in by the winds have solidified along the shore into ice, which at a distance looks like a ledge of rocks, and sometimes even like a line of ocean breakers fixed and solidified at the combing. The picture of the lake front at Chicago printed in this number of the WEEKLY gives a very faithful idea of a short section of this ice-bound front. But it is like this, and has been so for several months, for many miles of the lake shore. Between the land and this wall of ice there has generally been smooth ice, on which those in no fear of fierce cold winds have skated. This enclosed ice has also afforded a capital place for ice yachting, and many of these swiftly moving contrivances were to be seen on fair days racing over the ice with the actual speed of the wind.

The ice at Chicago this winter has, however, done other things than afford material for pictures and give opportunity for sport. It has interfered with navigation, and it has made the work of the water department of Chicago quite difficult. The water for the city is obtained through tunnels which project far into the lake. At the cribs where these tunnels end, the floating ice has gathered in great masses, and men have had to be kept at work out at the cribs to fight this ice and keep the tunnel openings free. Those whose business it was to visit the cribs every day saw nothing either pleasant or picturesque in the ice-bound shore, and to them it was not lovely even when the setting sun lighted up the long white line with prismatic colors and made it look like a rainbow dropped to the earth.

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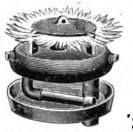


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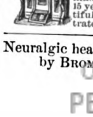
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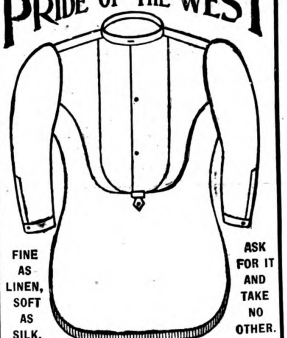
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1890.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 11, 1893.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Owing to the shortness of the interval between the Inauguration and the time of our going to press, we are enabled to present only one feature of the ceremonies this week—a double-page engraving of President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison returning from the Capitol. In the next number of the WEEKLY *our readers may look for an exhaustive treatment of the great event from staff artists sent to Washington for this purpose.*

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S first public utterance in assuming for the second time the duties of the highest office in the republic is eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing flashy or sensational in it. It promulgates no new principles of government; it announces no new theories of administration. It is pitched throughout in the key of the healthiest conservatism. In simple, straightforward, strong language it points out the principal evils to be remedied, and then defines in general outline the direction in which the required remedies can be found. These evils it shows to consist mainly in a departure from the original spirit and design of our government. A wise return to those principles and that design suggests itself as the appropriate remedy. Nothing could be more timely than the words of warning President CLEVELAND addresses to those Americans who have become so inflated with the material development and progress of the country as to imagine that we have risen above the experiences of the rest of mankind, and that the laws of the universe stop where the boundaries of this republic begin. The first practical application of this warning President CLEVELAND makes with regard to the currency question in pointing out that we cannot depart from sound financial principles without punishment, and that the laboring-man will be the first to suffer. The President's declaration that the Executive branch of the government will exert all the powers with which it is invested "to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster," no doubt referring to the selling of government bonds to keep up the gold reserve, is certainly calculated to have a reassuring effect with the business community. But what the Executive can do is only in the nature of a palliative. Legislative action stopping the silver purchases is the thing really required, and it is to be hoped that the President will soon give Congress a chance to do its duty.

The President's arraignment of "Paternalism" as the political theory according to which, instead of the people, for certain definite purposes, supporting the government, the government should include among its functions the support of the people, is most appropriate and striking. It furnishes in a nutshell the most important and conclusive argument against protective tariffs, bounties, subsidies, and all kindred devices. It was by no means improper or far-fetched to mention our absurdly extravagant pension policy under the same head, for in a very large number of cases we pay pensions not in discharge of a debt of honor, but as a mere gratuity, the money for which is, by means of taxation, taken out of the pocket of one man to be put into the pocket of another. That such policies promote among us the tendency to "regard frugality and economy as virtues which we can safely outgrow," and that this tendency, in its turn, "results in the waste of the people's money by their chosen servants," is a truth which we have been made painfully to feel. The President tells us further that "public expenditures should be limited by public necessity," and that this "should be measured by the rules of strict economy"; and that "frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a contented and strong support of free institutions." These are old, well-worn maxims to which no turn of phrase could add a charm of originality. But they have been so persistently disregarded in our day and generation, the theory and practice of government followed by the party now going out of power have been so pointedly against them, and the systematic neglect of them has created habits of thought and action so pernicious to our political as well as private morals, that it is a meritorious act to press them upon the attention of the people by emphatic repetition; and the President deserves grateful commendation for despising the charge of uttering commonplaces in giving to such a repetition the prestige of his name and of a solemn public ceremony.

What the President says of trusts and monopolies, and of the justice and care due to the Indians, will be generally accepted as eminently proper and sensible. What he says of the rights of all citizens, irrespective of race or color, "appealing for recognition to American manliness and fairness," his opponents will call hypocrisy. But we have no doubt he spoke with genuine sincerity. If he does not find the means to enforce that equality before the law in all places, he will simply fail no more than the Republicans failed when in power; for the methods and means they devised for protecting the rights of the colored voter would, if put into practice, only have resulted in imperilling them still more.

Nothing is more striking in this inaugural address than the entire absence of any display of partisan spirit. When the President mentions his party at all, he does so to remind it of the pledges it has made and of its duty to redeem them. He solemnly warns and admonishes it that "even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault and neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability." No warning could be more impressive, and none could be more necessary; for the Democratic party should never lose sight of the fact that the greatness of the triumph it achieved last November was in a large measure owing to the extraordinary confidence the American people reposed in the principles and character of its candidate, that three years hence its title to a continuation in power will have to stand exclusively upon the character it will have won and the claim to public confidence it will have established for itself, and that every unredeemed pledge will fall against it in the balance with tremendous weight.

It has especially to take care not to give reason for the suspicion that it values its victory mainly for the plunder. Even the greediest and most infatuated politician will have to admit that the spirit of civil service reform is vigorously alive when an incoming President pleads in its behalf as powerfully as Mr. CLEVELAND does in his inaugural address; and the experience of his first administration gives double strength to his utterance. "One mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided," says he, "when appointments to office, instead of being the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality, and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, and who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods." Thus he places the practical as well as the moral significance of the matter firmly and clearly before the people, and his party will be judged to have sinned against light if it fails to follow his leadership.

The whole inaugural address foreshadows a patriotic, wise, conservative, and at the same time progressive policy, and if the Executive acts firmly and vigorously upon the principles there laid down, and is intelligently and faithfully supported by Congress, we risk nothing in predicting that President CLEVELAND'S second administration will be memorable for its beneficent results.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE MACHINE.

THE HILL-MURPHY machine is in dire distress. The supremacy of the brigands is threatened. All good citizens will rejoice at the prospect of the overthrow of the men who not only have usurped the control of their party, but by their prominence disgrace and discredit the State. Good citizens of both parties are against machine control. Party organization is necessary, but it ought to be simply the instrument through which the voters freely speak their will and desires. When it becomes more than this, it is an odious tyranny which, so far as the party is successful, reflects upon the intelligence and character of the State. Every patriotic Republican as well as every patriotic Democrat will therefore rejoice when the power of the present New York Democratic machine is finally broken.

The leaders of the machine are desperate, because they recognize that their political prominence, if not their political careers, will be ended if they are unable to remain in command. The Democratic machine of this State does not represent the deliberate choice and preference of the Democratic voters. It is thoroughly well known that the State Committee has come to be not only a tyrannical oligarchy, but a close corporation. This committee has almost absolute power over the State Conventions, which are theoretically deliberative bodies. The oligarchy determines all questions of organization and appoints the committees on credentials, thus insuring the seating of those who are loyal to it. In the "snap Convention" of 1892, Senator HILL himself is understood to have named the members of this committee. The majority of the country and town committees are also under the control of the bosses, and remain in power by frauds upon the voters at the primaries.

The majority of the Democratic voters have been powerless before these autocratic usurpers; but now the personality of Mr. CLEVELAND, which enabled the "anti-snappers" to win their success, has inspired the victims of machine rule with confidence in their own powers, and it is their intention to wrest the organization from HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN, and to restore it to its proper functions and to the control of the voters of the party. Realizing this, the leaders of the machine have endeavored to make their position impregnable, but apparently they have overreached themselves. Their forces in the Legislature are going to pieces. Seven Senators and twenty-four Assemblymen who voted for MURPHY for Senator have announced that their period of servitude is over. The Kings County contingent is in revolt, and even the Governor, who has heretofore been obedient to the will of his masters, expresses a determination to be independent.

The story of the machine's conspiracy is the tale of a foolhardy and reckless attempt of a set of bandits to escape their just fate. Instead of waiting until the memory of its offences against the national ticket and its insolent insistence in making Mr. MURPHY Senator had faded, the machine has inaugurated war against Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends in the State government. It is trying to weaken the Democratic organization in Albany by discharging men from the State employment because they have been friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor FLOWER assents to this, at least passively. He sustains DELAHANTY, a connection of MURPHY'S by marriage, and Superintendent of Public Works, in filling his department with useless employés for the alleged and probable purpose of building up an anti-CLEVELAND machine in Albany, but he has rebelled against the attack on the city charters.

The most serious effort proposed by the machine, and one that immediately interests all good citizens in the State, is an attack upon the charters of the smaller cities. Notwithstanding the professions of attachment to the principle of home-rule in local affairs, uttered many times by Mr. HILL while he was Governor, the machine prepared amendments to the charters for several of the cities in which it is provided that the power of appointing certain local officers shall be taken away from the Mayor and granted to the Governor. Another important and well-established principle in municipal government is that the Mayor shall be responsible for the character and capacity of administrative officers. The machine has assailed this doctrine in its Albany charter amendment, providing that the members of the various commissions shall be elected by districts. The reason for this amendment is that Mayor MANNING is a CLEVELAND man. The machine expects that by a combination with the Republicans they can carry a majority of the districts. Mayor BISHOP, of Buffalo, is also a CLEVELAND man, and it is proposed that the Governor shall appoint the police commissioners of the city, who in turn shall appoint the inspectors of elections. The Mayor of Troy is a MURPHY man; therefore a different principle is to be applied in the amendment suggested to the charter of that city. Mayor WHELAN, under that amendment, would be granted an unlimited power of appointing police commissioners, confirmation by the aldermen not being required.

These are not the only cities threatened by the conspiracy. Besides them are Poughkeepsie, Cohoes, Elmira, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Rochester, Utica, and Lansingburg. If the machine leaders could add to their Senators and Assemblymen from New York (the Kings County Democrats are now in revolt) those coming from the Democratic districts in these other cities, they could rest assured that no anti-snapper movement could drive them from the positions they had gained by long-continued and cunning manœuvring. Coupled with this attack upon the city charters is the rural personal registration bill, embodying an excellent theory, but in this instance designed simply to decrease the rural vote of both parties.

In substance, this is the conspiracy of the machine for the purpose of perpetuating its power. Since the springing up of the strong opposition aroused by the attempt of Governor HILL to seize upon the Presidential nomination, its leaders have not dared to make a frank and honest appeal to the voters at the primaries. They know that they cannot remain in power except by fraud, and therefore they set out at the

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beginning of the present session of the Legislature to enact laws that would give them control of the patronage in all the urban communities of the State. If they have failed, as seems probable, it is because their followers are beginning to realize that the strong arm of the President is against criminal politics and criminal politicians. The scurrying of Senator HILL and Senator-elect MURPHY to Albany was a most undignified proceeding, but it was well calculated to gratify all good citizens, who saw in the dread and anxiety of these two master-minds of the conspiracy the promise of an end that will relieve the Democratic party and the State of their ill-gained and disgraceful ascendency.

SOCIETY AND THE CABINET.

THERE are some people who dwell in the happy places of the capital of the country who regard the government as something designed for their pleasure. They have no counterparts in this country. On the other side of the water there is an American colony whose self-expatriated denizens expect their half-forgotten country to keep a minister in France who can give them dinners worthy of their eating, and who shall not offend the sentiments of the shattered remnants of royalty with whom they prefer to associate. These are kin to the butterflies of Washington who insist that a cabinet officer shall have social qualifications.

Apparently Mr. CLEVELAND does not concur. So far as the gossiping world of fashion is aware, there are no social possibilities in the new cabinet. Mr. CARLISLE they know, and Mr. GRESHAM they know. Some of them know Mr. LAMONT by name, though they had business at the White House if they caught sight of him during the first CLEVELAND administration. But who are the rest? Mr. GRESHAM was in a previous cabinet, and not only was he never an entertainer, but when he was seen at official receptions it was evident that he was there to be dutifully bored. Mr. CARLISLE'S house is occasionally opened to great crushes that have a wholesome air of Kentucky Democratic hospitality about them. Mrs. LAMONT has had social experience, and she will doubtless make up as much as possible for her husband's persistent attachment to his official duties. If any one, however, is to take the place of the TRACYS or the WANAMAKERS they are to be developed from the new material which Mr. CLEVELAND has introduced into Washington life.

The gossips of the capital who like an administration for the pleasure there is in it for them have doubtless been wondering why social considerations have been so much ignored. Why are there to be no big cabinet banquets? Well, perhaps there are, but it must be confessed that on the surface there is no sign of one. Nevertheless, fashion must not frown on Mr. CLEVELAND as if he were its enemy. It should recall the first cabinet, and remember with deep gratitude the gracious and abundant hospitality of the BAYARDS, the ENDICOTTS, the WHITNEYS, and the FAIRCHILDS. Mr. CLEVELAND is not unwilling that his cabinet should give feasts and dances, but he chooses his associates for their capacity for carrying on the business of the administration. Society will flourish whether or not the cabinet helps along the enjoyment, but there is no reason, under our Constitution and with our republican view, why poor men should be debarred from the cabinet, or why the country should not enjoy the services of an able man whose polite education had been unfortunately neglected.

The graces of life are good, and Washington will have them notwithstanding the cabinet, but it is not essential to the transaction of the public business that the Secretary of State should be able to furnish sumptuous entertainments for the idlers of the capital, or that he should add to his diplomacy a nice taste for terrapin and Burgundy.

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE.

TARRYTOWN on the Hudson has a quiet reputation. In fact, there are facetious persons who say that the last time anything happened in the neighborhood was when the famous Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow chased Mr. Ichabod Crane. These same persons insist that the peaceful denizens of Tarrytown still gather in the taverns and gravely discuss this occurrence, prudently going home before dark, that there may be no danger of their having to play a game of cranial football with the headless gentleman. But it seems that such pleasantries are gross slanders on our pretty and fashionable suburb, as an incident of a stirring nature took place there last week.

The occurrence, echoes of which are now reverberating around the Tappan Zee, was, like the earlier happening, of an equestrian nature. There lives at Tarrytown a young man named ARTHUR L. OXFORD. He is a good deal interested in amateur sports, and holds the best record in the Gentlemen's Suburban for catching the 9.58 train—or something of this sort. Lately Mr. OXFORD has conceived a fancy for horseback riding, and a month ago bought a fine saddle animal from a Sing Sing man. The man recommended the horse in language which in its intensity bordered on blank verse. Mr. OXFORD now says publicly that the Sing Sing man ought to be shut up in the best-known institution of his town for the term of his natural life, the first woman writing a letter to the newspapers demanding his release to be subjected to solitary confinement, with mice in the cell.

One day last week Mr. OXFORD determined to try his new horse, which was named Achilles. The stable-man saddled the beast, and Mr. OXFORD found no difficulty in mounting and starting off. The horse seemed slightly irritated about something, and had a tendency to throw his weight on either his forward or rear pair of legs, and then describe the arc of a circle with his other end; but though the young man was not accustomed to riding, he felt no alarm. He galloped out past the ANDRÉ monument and the cemetery, and then started back. While returning it occurred to him that it would be a clever idea to ride around and make a short call on Major PENHOLLOW'S daughter, a young lady whom he hopes some day to make his wife. He dashed up in front of the house with considerable éclat, both to impress the young lady with the idea of danger and to show the major that though he might be a civilian, he knew how to handle a paltry horse. He drew the animal up shortly, and started to dismount with an easy swing, when Achilles leaped violently sidewise and snorted fiercely.

The young man was somewhat surprised, and patted the horse on the neck while he glanced furtively about. The major and his daughter were looking out of a front window. He also noticed an ash-cart man and two boys observing him with interest. It struck him that he had perhaps attempted to dismount on the wrong side. He tried the other side, but the horse leaped in the opposite direction as fiercely as before, and reached around and tried to nip his rider's leg with his teeth. Mr. OXFORD struck the animal with his spurs, but he refused to budge an inch. The only thing that started him was when the young man tried to get off, at which he would instantly begin to jump about, snort, champ the bit, switch his tail, and otherwise show a vicious temper. A considerable crowd soon gathered, and Mr. OXFORD observed the PENHOLLOW family servants at the basement windows. Several attempted to assist him, but after one man had been bitten, and two others kicked, the unruly beast was avoided. One old veteran, wearing his trousers in his boots, approached, and announced that he knew what was the difficulty. "What is it?" asked Mr. OXFORD, somewhat curtly. "Why, you've got on one o' those 'ere hosses that ye can't get off of. I seen lots of 'em on the plains in '48." "Well, what did you use to do?" inquired the young man. "Stay on," returned the patriarch, solemnly, as he sat down on the curb-stone and awaited developments.

For two hours Mr. OXFORD remained stationary on the horse, occasional attempts to dismount being fruitless. The major and his daughter looked out now and then, and the servants retained their places at the windows. The crowd gradually increased, and offered advice, comments, and consolation. A grocer's boy proposed to "move 'em up to the Square and use 'em fer a hossback stature of WASHINGTON." The only solution the survivor of '48 could see was a "berloon" to descend from above and take off the rider. A German barber suggested having Major PENHOLLOW come out with his "rifles" and "shoot der tam peast." Another hour passed, and the Chief of Police arrived. This intelligent official announced that he was going to arrest Mr. OXFORD for obstructing the streets, and a moment later was kicked twenty feet by Achilles for his pains. But it was a lucky kick for the rider, as the reaction threw him over the horse's head, where he landed in the lap of the ancient plainsman. The horse took another kick at the efficient chief, and galloped away in the direction of Sing Sing. Mr. OXFORD disentangled himself from the old gentleman, and walked home.

We must crave the indulgence of the reader for referring to this matter at such length, but the approach of the horseback-riding season would seem to justify it. If it shall save any others from the annoyance, not to say danger, of attempting to ride one of this sort of horses "that ye can't get off of," we shall consider the space devoted to Mr. OXFORD'S experience well employed. For that such an animal might be actually dangerous can easily be seen; had it not been for the timely arrival of the self-sacrificing police officer Mr. OXFORD might have been obliged to follow the advice of the small boy, and take up the quite permanent but highly monotonous position of equestrian statue; and a person has only to look at the average work of art of this character, as it appears in our larger cities, to be deeply impressed with the horror of such a fate.

THINGS TALKED OF

IN an article published in the WEEKLY of January 7th the writer confused Mr. Arthur Balfour, the distinguished Conservative leader, with the chairman of the "Liberator Building Association" of London. We are requested by Mr. Balfour to say that he has never had the slightest connection with the Liberator Building Association or with its late chairman.

The gamblers of New Jersey have gained a great victory, and the decent and honest people of the State have suffered a most shameful defeat. The Legislature has passed a series of bills practically giving a monopoly to the race-track ring of that State, licensing gambling on the race-grounds, and giving legality to the selling of pool tickets throughout the State. These bills were passed in a manner that leaves no reasonable explanation for their success except direct or indirect corruption. The moral elements of all the communities of the State are now being organized for the repeal of these laws, and for contesting in the courts the validity of the one legalizing pool-selling. The revolt of decency and honesty against corruption and demoralization must succeed. Either the laws will be repealed by the Legislature that enacted them, or a Legislature will be elected next year to repeal them. It would be an insult to the people of New Jersey to doubt it. It is not possible to suppress all gambling. The desire of human beings to win great gains by incurring great risk of losing small amounts is too deeply seated to be repressed or entirely restrained from gratification. But what every community has a right to do, and can do, is to keep the opportunities for gambling, so far as may be, out of the reach of the young and the weak and the men of small means. The vice of gambling lies essentially in the proportion of the amounts risked to the means of him who risks them, and this proportion is gross and perilous in the case of the classes referred to. Therefore the records of our courts are full of instances of theft and embezzlement by employés who have been exposed to this temptation, while in the weary narrative still darker crimes—murder, suicide—appear with tragic frequency. The commonest and strongest obligation of self-defence demands that every society shall guard sacredly and sternly the safety of the young, the weak, the poor, from this insidious and greedy foe.

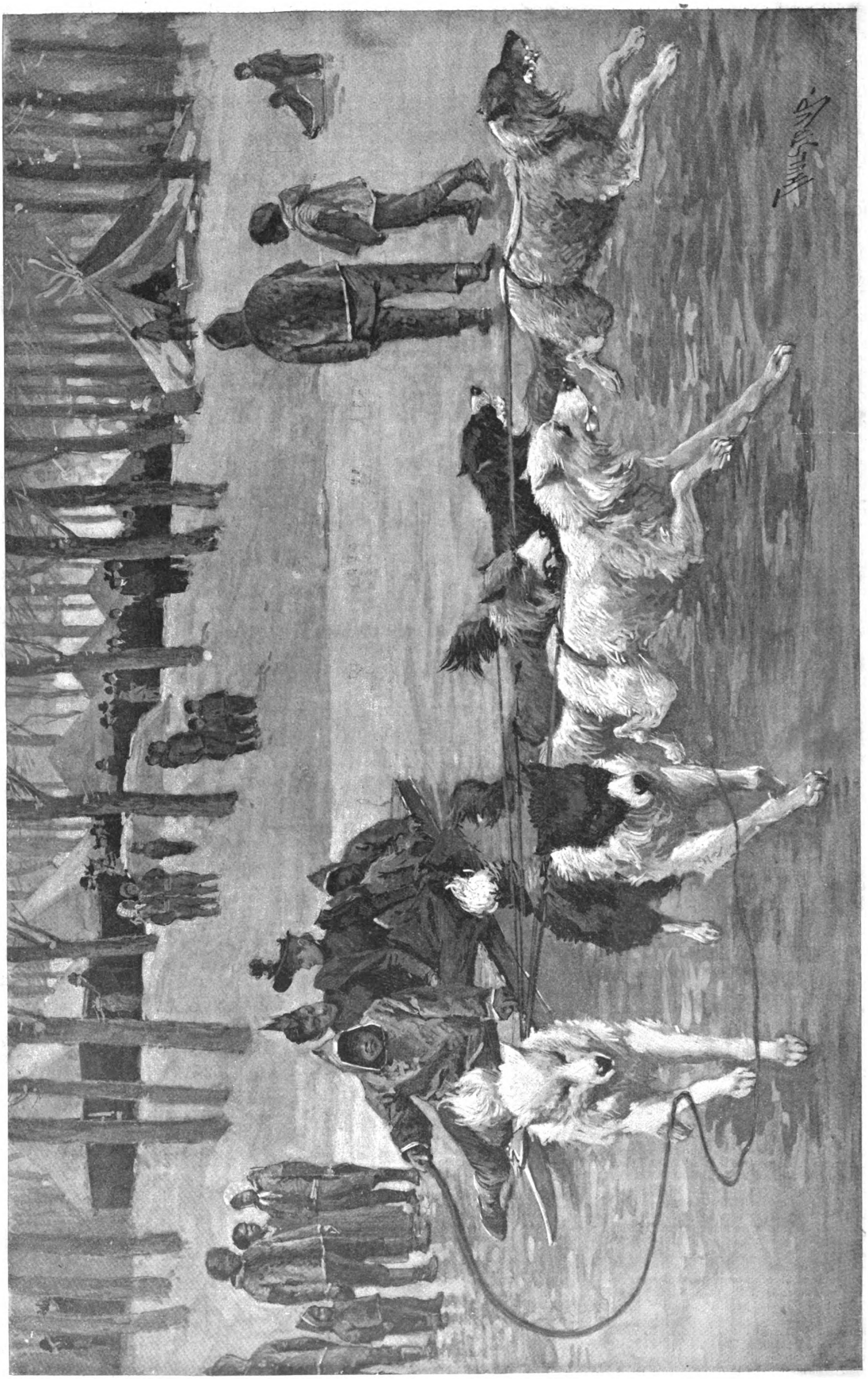
It is not to be regretted that some thousands of the host of Tammany went to Washington to assist at, if not in, the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. If the reports of the New York paper which is more in sympathy with the motives of Tammany than any other are true, they had less bread and more sack on their well-stocked trains than were ever before loaded for a like excursion, while the missing excitement to which they are accustomed at home was supplied by means of "250 packs of playing-cards and 1,000,000 poker chips"—whatever they may be. The Tammany contingent were an instructive part of the vast crowd, and were no doubt attentively studied. That of itself is worth while, and there was necessarily a reflex effect on the Tammany men themselves. We doubt if to the brighter ones among them the "Organization" seems quite so overwhelmingly important as it did on March 2, '93, to say nothing of February 22, '92, when the "snap" Convention was held.

There is a very beautiful and entirely decent story by Émile Zola, called *The Siege of the Mill*, a simple and powerful narrative of an incident in the Franco-German war. One is reminded of it by the history of the Siege of the French Academy by M. Zola himself, except that in this case the patience and indomitable heroism are shown in the assault, and victory is more likely to be with the defenders. The famous Academy—which is not altogether an academy of famous men—has forty members, but at the late elections only thirty-two votes were cast. Three chairs being vacant and to be filled, M. Zola presented his name for each. The highest vote he received was six, the smallest two. At the last previous election he had ten, which is the most that he has been able to command. Nothing daunted, on the evening of the election he notified the secretary that he was still a candidate for the chair of Renan, which was not filled, and for that of John Lemoinne, for which there has been no election. "I cannot, I ought not to, abandon the struggle," he says. "So long as there is a French Academy, I should belong to it." This is an adequate explanation of Zola's course. You cannot argue with a man who assumes that he is an indivisible part of the national glory. But plainly, in taking this position he challenges the Academy to decide, not his own distinction, but the nature of the distinction of which its membership is the crowning attestation. It may not be so much a question of how much the Academy respects M. Zola's talents, as of how much it respects itself and the people of whose highest product it is held to be the type. Many gifted men in France have ridiculed the Academy, and sought to bring it into contempt, and not without some reason. Has any one—even Daudet—dealt it quite such a blow as M. Zola's declaration that he is an inevitable and indispensable member of it?

Are changes in the fashion of woman's garb due to the subtle influence of democracy? That is a question the affirmative of which may be plausibly sustained. In a country under democratic influences there is a marked tendency among the members of each class to assert their equality with those who, by one advantage or another, seem to be above them, by imitating their ways, and the *modes* prevailing in the more costly fabrics of the rich or the "fashionable" are promptly copied in those worn by the less rich and less fashionable. On the other hand, this drives those whose dress is an important sign of their differentiation from the many to new devices, and there you have the *q. e. d.* so far as you can hope to have it in the treatment of so complex and delicate a question. It is at least certain that rapid and often grotesque changes of fashion do not occur so frequently in lands where classes are distinctly divided, and where the passage of a man or a woman—especially a woman—from one to another is rare and difficult, while in a country like France, where democracy is a passion, and in our own favored land, where it is an "institution," the variations are unceasing and bewildering. This reflection is suggested by the threatened re-establishment of the reign of crinoline, which has undoubtedly excited more interest within the last month than the silver question or the collapse of Reading. We hasten to say, however, that our consideration of the question is purely academic. We are not weak enough to think that any protest from any source will stay the course of events of this character. We may be, and all our readers, their wives and their daughters, may be convinced that crinoline is ugly and absurd and expensive, and not exactly refined, but we shall all of us, nevertheless, surrender when summoned, as the Mussulman, who accepts what is as the decree of Allah. We merely suggested the connection of democracy with our fate, because it may be a slight consolation in our ridiculous servitude to trace our helplessness to the working of a principle that every patriotic American is supposed to regard as at once noble and invincible.

There is no aid in convalescence and no comfort in long or even hopeless sickness like reading, and this is the fact at the basis of the work of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. Again, the society recognizes that Satan finds some mischief still for idle minds to do; hence it distributes reading matter of every kind not only to the sick in public and private hospitals where it is not otherwise to be had, but in prisons and work-houses and reformatories and missions. It is a good work. During the year 1892 the society sent out some 8000 books, 16,000 magazines, 54,000 weekly and illustrated papers, and nearly 160,000 copies of newspapers. They went first to New York city; second, to New York State; and, third, to all parts of the United States. They went as far South as Texas and Florida, as far West as Utah, among all classes and nationalities—to the soldier on the lonely frontier post, to the inmates of the military prison at Leavenworth, to the young in the reformatories, to the children in the schools, and to all sorts of people in the hospitals. The work is carefully and intelligently done, and pains are taken to prevent waste. The cost is kept down as low as may be, and most of the labor is purely voluntary. We commend the society to the generous attention of our readers. Reading matter of all good sorts is useful, and French and German publications are particularly desired. Gifts of this kind may be sent to the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, office 21 University Place, Room 28, and gifts of money to Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 242.]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STOCK-BROKER'S CLERK.

SHORTLY after my marriage I had bought a connection in the Paddington district. Old Mr. Farquhar, from whom I purchased it, had at one time an excellent general practice, but his age, and an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus's dance from which he suffered, had very much thinned it. The public not unnaturally goes on the principle that he who would heal others must himself be whole, and looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs. Thus as my predecessor weakened his practice declined, until when I purchased it from him it had sunk from twelve hundred to little more than three hundred a year. I had confidence, however, in my own youth and energy, and was convinced that in a very few years the concern would be as flourishing as ever.

For three months after taking over the practice I was kept very closely at work, and saw little of my friend Sherlock Holmes, for I was too busy to visit Baker Street, and he seldom went anywhere himself save upon professional business. I was surprised, therefore, when, one morning in June, as I sat reading the *British Medical Journal* after breakfast, I heard a ring at the bell, followed by the high, somewhat strident tones of my old companion's voice.

"Ah, my dear Watson," said he, striding into the room, "I am very delighted to see you! I trust that Mrs. Watson has entirely recovered from all the little excitements connected with our adventure of the Sign of Four."

"Thank you, we are both very well," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"And I hope, also," he continued, sitting down in the rocking-chair, "that the cares of medical practice have not entirely obliterated the interest which you used to take in our little deductive problems."

"On the contrary," I answered, "it was only last night that I was looking over my old notes, and classifying some of our past results."

"I trust that you don't consider your collection closed."

"Not at all. I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences."

"To-day, for example?"

"Yes, to-day if you like."

"And as far off as Birmingham?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"And the practice?"

"I do my neighbor's when he goes. He is always ready to work off the debt."

"Ha! nothing could be better," said Holmes, leaning back in his chair and looking keenly at me from under his half-closed lids. "I perceive that you have been unwell lately. Summer colds are always a little trying."

"I was confined to the house by a severe chill for three days last week. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it."

"So you have. You look remarkably robust."

"How, then, did you know of it?"

"My dear fellow, you know my methods."

"You deduced it, then?"

"Certainly."

"And from what?"

"From your slippers."

I glanced down at the new patent-leathers which I was wearing. "How on earth—" I began, but Holmes answered my question before it was asked.

"Your slippers are new," he said. "You could not have had them more than a few weeks. The soles which you are at this moment presenting to me are slightly scorched. For a moment I thought they might have got wet and been burned in the drying. But near the instep there is a small circular wafer of paper with the shopman's hieroglyphics upon it. Damp would of course have removed this. You had, then, been sitting with your feet outstretched to the fire, which a man would hardly do even in so wet a June as this if he were in his full health."

Like all Holmes's reasoning the thing seemed simplicity itself when it was once explained. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness.

"I am afraid that I rather give myself away when I explain," said he. "Results without causes are much more impressive. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then?"

"Certainly. What is the case?"

"You shall hear it all in the train. My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once?"

"In an instant." I scribbled a note to my neighbor, rushed up stairs to explain the matter to my wife, and joined Holmes upon the door-step.

"Your neighbor is a doctor," said he, nodding at the brass plate.

"Yes; he bought a practice as I did."

"An old established one?"

"Just the same as mine. Both have been ever since the houses were built."

"Ah! then you got hold of the best of the two."

"I think I did. But how do you know?"

"By the steps, my boy. Yours are worn three inches deeper than his. But this gentleman in the cab is my client, Mr. Hall Pycroft. Allow me to introduce you to him. Whip your horse up, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train."

The man whom I found myself facing was a well-built, fresh-complexioned young fellow, with a frank honest face and a slight crisp yellow mustache. He wore a very shiny top hat and a neat suit of sober black, which made him look what he was—a smart young City man, of the class who have been labelled cockneys, but who give us our crack volunteer regiments, and who turn out more fine athletes and sportsmen than any body of men in these islands. His round ruddy face was naturally full of cheeriness, but the corners of his mouth seemed to me to be pulled down in a half-comical distress. It was not, however, until we were all in a first-class carriage and well started upon our journey to Birmingham that I was able to learn what the trouble was which had driven him to Sherlock Holmes.

"We have a clear run here of seventy minutes," Holmes remarked. "I want you, Mr. Hall Pycroft, to tell my friend your very interesting experience exactly as you have told it to me, or with more detail if possible. It will be of use to me to hear the succession of events again. It is a case, Watson, which may prove to have something in it, or may prove to have nothing, but which, at least, presents those unusual and *outré* features which are as dear to you as they are to me. Now, Mr. Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again."

Our young companion looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.



IN WALKED A MIDDLE-SIZED, DARK-HAIRED, DARK-EYED, BLACK-BEARDED MAN.

The worst of the story is, said he, that I show myself up as such a confounded fool. Of course it may work out all right, and I don't see that I could have done otherwise; but if I have lost my crib and get nothing in exchange I shall feel what a soft Johnnie I have been. I'm not very good at telling a story, Dr. Watson, but it is like this with me:

I used to have a billet at Coxon & Woodhouse's, of Draper's Gardens, but they were let in early in the spring through the Venezuelan loan, as no doubt you remember, and came a nasty cropper. I had been with them five years, and old Coxon gave me a ripping good testimonial when the smash came, but of course we clerks were all turned adrift, the twenty-seven of us. I tried here and tried there, but there were lots of other chaps on the same lay as myself, and it was a perfect frost for a long time. I had been taking three pounds a week at Coxon's, and I had saved about seventy of them, but I soon worked my way through that and out at the other end. I was fairly at the end of my tether at last, and could hardly find the stamps to answer the advertisements or the envelopes to stick them to. I had worn out my boots paddling up office stairs, and I seemed just as far from getting a billet as ever.

At last I saw a vacancy at Mawson & Williams's, the great stock-broking firm in Lombard Street. I dare say E. C. is not much in your line, but I can tell you that this is about the richest house in London. The advertisement was to be answered by letter only. I sent in my testimonial and application, but without the least hope of getting it. Back came an answer by return, saying that if I would appear next Monday I might take over my new duties at once, provided that my appearance was satisfactory. No one knows how these things are worked. Some people say that the manager just plunges his hand into the heap and takes the first that comes. Anyhow it was my innings that time, and I don't ever wish to feel better pleased. The screw was a pound a week rise, and the duties just about the same as at Coxon's.

And now I come to the queer part of the business. I was in diggings out Hampstead way, 17 Potter's Terrace. Well, I was sitting doing a smoke that very evening after I had been promised the appointment when up came my landlady with a card which had "Arthur Pinner, Financial Agent," printed upon it. I had never heard the name before and could not imagine what he wanted with me; but of course, I asked her to show him up. In he walked, a middle-sized, dark-haired, dark-eyed, black-bearded man, with a touch of the Sheeny about his nose. He had a brisk kind of way with him, and spoke sharply like a man who knew the value of time.

"Mr. Hall Pycroft, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I answered, pushing a chair towards him.

"Lately engaged at Coxon & Woodhouse's?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now on the staff of Mawson's."

"Quite so."

"Well," said he, "the fact is that I have heard some really extraordinary stories about your financial ability. You remember Parker, who used to be Coxon's manager? He can never say enough about it."

Of course I was pleased to hear this. I had always been pretty sharp in the office, but I had never dreamed that I was talked about in the City in this fashion.

"You have a good memory?" said he.

"Pretty fair," I answered, modestly.

"Have you kept in touch with the market while you have been out of work?" he asked.

"Yes. I read the stock exchange list every morning."

"Now that shows real application!" he cried. "That is the way to prosper! You won't mind my testing you, will you? Let me see. How are Ayrshires?"

"A hundred and six and a quarter to a hundred and five and seven-eighths."

"And New Zealand consolidated?"

"A hundred and four."

"And British Broken Hills?"

"Seven to seven-and-six."

"Wonderful!" he cried, with his hands up. "This quite fits in with all that I had heard. My boy, my boy, you are very much too good to be a clerk at Mawson's!"

This outburst rather astonished me, as you can think. "Well," said I, "other people don't think quite so much of me as you seem to do, Mr. Pinner. I had a hard enough fight to get this birth, and I am very glad to have it."

"Pooh, man; you should soar above it. You are not in your true sphere. Now I'll tell you how it stands with me. What I have to offer is little enough when measured by your ability, but when compared with Mawson's, it's light to dark. Let me see. When do you go to Mawson's?"

"On Monday."

"Ha, ha! I think I would risk a little sporting flutter that you don't go there at all."

"Not go to Mawson's?"

"No, sir. By that day you will be the business manager of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, with a hundred and thirty-four branches in the towns and villages of France, not counting one in Brussels and one in San Remo."

This took my breath away. "I never heard of it," said I.

"Very likely not. It has been kept very quiet, for the capital was all privately subscribed, and it's too good a thing to let the public into. My brother, Harry Pinner, is promoter, and joins the board after allotment as managing director. He knew I was in the swim down here, and asked me to pick up a good man cheap. A young pushing man with plenty of snap about him. Parker spoke of you, and that brought me here to-night. We can only offer you a beggarly five hundred to start with."

"Five hundred a year!" I shouted.

"Only that at the beginning; but you are to have an overriding commission of one per cent. on all business done by your agents, and you may take my word for it that this will come to more than your salary."

"But I know nothing about hardware."

"Tut, my boy; you know about figures."

My head buzzed, and I could hardly sit still in my chair. But suddenly a little chill of doubt came upon me.

"I must be frank with you," said I. "Mawson only gives me two hundred, but Mawson is safe. Now, really, I know so little about your company that—"

"Ah, smart, smart!" he cried, in a kind of ecstasy of delight. "You are the very man for us. You are not to be talked over, and quite right, too. Now here's a note for a

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hundred pounds, and if you think that we can do business you may just slip it into your pocket as an advance upon your salary."

"That is very handsome," said I. "When should I take over my new duties?"

"Be in Birmingham to-morrow at one," said he. "I have a note in my pocket here which you will take to my brother. You will find him at 126b Corporation Street, where the temporary offices of the company are situated. Of course he must confirm your engagement, but between ourselves it will be all right."

"Really, I hardly know how to express my gratitude, Mr. Pinner," said I.

"Not at all, my boy. You have only got your deserts. There are one or two small things—mere formalities—which I must arrange with you. You have a bit of paper beside you there. Kindly write upon it 'I am perfectly willing to act as business manager to the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, at a minimum salary of £500.'"

I did as he asked, and he put the paper in his pocket.

"There is one other detail," said he. "What do you intend to do about Mawson's?"

I had forgotten all about Mawson's in my joy. "I'll write and resign," said I.

"Precisely what I don't want you to do. I had a row over you with Mawson's manager. I had gone up to ask him about you, and he was very offensive; accused me of coaxing you away from the service of the firm, and that sort of thing. At last I fairly lost my temper. 'If you want good men you should pay them a good price,' said I.

"'He would rather have our small price than your big one,' said he.

"'I'll lay you a fiver,' said I, 'that when he has my offer you'll never so much as hear from him again.'

"'Done!' said he. 'We picked him out of the gutter, and he won't leave us so easily.' Those were his very words."

"The impudent scoundrel!" I cried. "I've never so much as seen him in my life. Why should I consider him in any way? I shall certainly not write if you would rather I didn't."

"Good! That's a promise," said he, rising from his chair. "Well, I'm delighted to have got so good a man for my brother. Here's your advance of a hundred pounds, and here is the letter. Make a note of the address, 126b Corporation Street, and remember that one o'clock to-morrow is your appointment. Good-night; and may you have all the fortune that you deserve!"

That's just about all that passed between us, as near as I can remember. You can imagine, Dr. Watson, how pleased I was at such an extraordinary bit of good fortune. I sat up half the night hugging myself over it, and next day I was off to Birmingham in a train that would take me in plenty time for my appointment. I took my things to a hotel in New Street, and then I made my way to the address which had been given me.

It was a quarter of an hour before my time, but I thought that would make no difference. 126b was a passage between two large shops, which led to a winding stone stair, from which there were many flats, let as offices to companies or professional men. The names of the occupants were painted at the bottom on the wall, but there was no such name as the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited. I stood for a few minutes with my heart in my boots, wondering whether the whole thing was an elaborate hoax or not, when up came a man and addressed me. He was very like the chap I had seen the night before, the same figure and voice, but he was clean-shaven and his hair was lighter.

"Are you Mr. Hall Pycroft?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh! I was expecting you, but you are a trifle before your time. I had a note from my brother this morning in which he sang your praises very loudly."

"I was just looking for the offices when you came."

"We have not got our name up yet, for we only secured these temporary premises last week. Come up with me, and we will talk the matter over."

I followed him to the top of a very lofty stair, and there, right under the slates, were a couple of empty dusty little rooms, uncarpeted and uncurtained, into which he led me. I had thought of a great office with shining tables and rows of clerks, such as I was used to, and I dare say I stared rather straight at the two deal chairs and one little table, which, with a ledger and a waste-paper basket, made up the whole furniture.

"Don't be disheartened, Mr. Pycroft," said my new acquaintance, seeing the length of my face. "Rome was not built in a day, and we have lots of money at our backs, though we don't cut much dash yet in offices. Pray sit down, and let me have your letter."

I gave it to him, and he read it over very carefully.

"You seem to have made a vast impression upon my brother Arthur," said he; "and I know that he is a pretty shrewd judge. He swears by London, you know; and I by Birmingham; but this time I shall follow his advice. Pray consider yourself definitely engaged."

"What are my duties?" I asked.

"You will eventually manage the great depot in Paris, which will pour a flood of English crockery into the shops of a hundred and thirty-four agents in France. The purchase will be completed in a week, and meanwhile you will remain in Birmingham and make yourself useful."

"How?"

For answer, he took a big red book out of a drawer.

"This is a directory of Paris," said he, "with the trades after the names of the people. I want you to take it home with you, and to mark off all the hardware-sellers, with their addresses. It would be of the greatest use to me to have them."

"Surely there are classified lists?" I suggested.

"Not reliable ones. Their system is different from ours. Stick at it, and let me have the lists by Monday, at twelve. Good-day, Mr. Pycroft. If you continue to show zeal and intelligence you will find the company a good master."

I went back to the hotel with the big book under my arm and with very conflicting feelings in my breast. On the one hand, I was definitely engaged and had a hundred pounds in my pocket; on the other, the look of the offices, the absence of name on the wall, and other of the points which would strike a business man had left a bad impression as to the position of my employers. However, come what might, I had my money, so I settled down to my task. All Sunday I was kept hard at work, and yet by Monday I had only got as far as H. I went round to my employer, found him in the same dismantled kind of room, and was told to keep at it until Wednesday, and then come again. On Wednesday it was still unfinished; so I hammered away until Friday—that is, yesterday. Then I brought it round to Mr. Harry Pinner.

"Thank you very much," said he; "I fear that I underrated the difficulty of the task. This list will be of very material assistance to me."

"It took some time," said I.

"And now," said he, "I want you to make a list of the furniture shops, for they all sell crockery."

"Very good."

"And you can come up to-morrow evening, at seven, and let me know how you are getting on. Don't overwork yourself. A couple of hours at Day's Music Hall in the evening would do you no harm after your labors." He laughed as he spoke, and I saw with a thrill that his second tooth upon the left-hand side had been very badly stuffed with gold.

Sherlock Holmes rubbed his hands with delight, and I stared with astonishment at our client.

"You may well look surprised, Dr. Watson; but it is this way," said he: "When I was speaking to the other chap in London, at the time that he laughed at my not going to Mawson's, I happened to notice that his tooth was stuffed in this very identical fashion. The glint of the gold in each case caught my eye, you see. When I put that with the voice and figure being the same, and only those things altered which might be changed by a razor or a wig, I could not doubt that it was the same man. Of course you expect two brothers to be alike, but not that they should have the same tooth stuffed in the same way. He bowed me out, and I found myself in the street, hardly knowing whether I was on my head or my heels. Back I went to my hotel, put my head in a basin of cold water, and tried to think it out. Why had he sent me from London to Birmingham? Why had he got there before me? And why had he written a letter from himself to himself? It was altogether too much for me, and I could make no sense of it. And then suddenly it struck me that what was dark to me might be very light to Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I had just time to get up to town by the night train to see him this morning, and to bring you both back with me to Birmingham."

There was a pause after the stock-broker's clerk had concluded his surprising experience. Then Sherlock Holmes cocked his eye at me, leaning back on the cushions with a pleased and yet critical face, like a connoisseur who has just taken his first sip of a comet vintage.

"Rather fine, Watson, is it not?" said he. "There are points in it which please me. I think that you will agree with me that an interview with Mr. Arthur Harry Pinner in the temporary offices of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, would be a rather interesting experience for both of us."

"But how can we do it?" I asked.

"Oh, easily enough," said Hall Pycroft, cheerily. "You are two friends of mine who are in want of a billet, and what could be more natural than that I should bring you both round to the managing director?"

"Quite so, of course," said Holmes. "I should like to have a look at the gentleman, and see if I can make anything of his little game. What qualities have you, my friend, which would make your services so valuable? or is it possible that—" He began biting his nails and staring blankly out of the window, and we hardly drew another word from him until we were in New Street.

At seven o'clock that evening we were walking, the three of us, down Corporation Street to the company's offices.

"It is no use our being at all before our time," said our client. "He only comes there to see me, apparently, for the place is deserted up to the very hour he names."

"That is suggestive," remarked Holmes.

"By Jove, I told you so!" cried the clerk. "That's he walking ahead of us there."

He pointed to a smallish, dark, well-dressed man who was bustling along the other side of the road. As we watched him he looked across at a boy who was bawling out the latest edition of the evening paper, and running over among the cabs and busses, he bought one from him. Then, clutching it in his hand, he vanished through a doorway.

"There he goes!" cried Hall Pycroft. "These are the company's offices into which he has gone. Come with me, and I'll fix it up as easily as possible."

Following his lead, we ascended five stories, until we found ourselves outside a half-opened door, at which our client tapped. A voice within bade us *enter*, and we *entered* a bare unfurnished room such as Hall Pycroft had described. At the single table sat the man whom we had seen in the street, with his evening paper spread out in front of him, and as he looked up at us it seemed to me that I had never looked upon a face which bore such marks of grief, and of something beyond grief—of a horror such as comes to few men in a lifetime. His brow glistened with perspiration, his cheeks were of the dull dead white of a fish's belly, and his eyes were wild and staring. He looked at his clerk as though he failed to recognize him, and I could see by the astonishment depicted upon our conductor's face that this was by no means the usual appearance of his employer.

"You look ill, Mr. Pinner!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am not very well," answered the other, making obvious efforts to pull himself together, and licking his dry lips before he spoke. "Who are these gentlemen whom you have brought with you?"

"One is Mr. Harris, of Bermondsey, and the other is Mr. Price, of this town," said our clerk, glibly. "They are friends of mine and gentlemen of experience, but they have been out of a place for some little time, and they hoped that perhaps you might find an opening for them in the company's employment."

"Very possibly! very possibly!" cried Mr. Pinner with a ghastly smile. "Yes, I have no doubt that we shall be able to do something for you. What is your particular line, Mr. Harris?"

"I am an accountant," said Holmes.

"Ah yes, we shall want something of the sort. And you, Mr. Price?"

"A clerk," said I.

"I have every hope that the company may accommodate you. I will let you know about it as soon as we come to any conclusion. And now I beg that you will go. For God's sake leave me to myself!"

These last words were shot out of him, as though the constraint which he was evidently setting upon himself had suddenly and utterly burst asunder. Holmes and I glanced at each other, and Hall Pycroft took a step towards the table.

"You forget, Mr. Pinner, that I am here by appointment to receive some directions from you," said he.

"Certainly, Mr. Pycroft, certainly," the other resumed in a calmer tone. "You may wait here a moment; and there is no reason why your friends should not wait with you. I will be entirely at your service in three minutes, if I might trespass upon your patience so far." He rose with a very courteous air, and bowing to us, he passed out through a door at the further end of the room which he closed behind him.

"What now?" whispered Holmes. "Is he giving us the slip?"

"Impossible," answered Pycroft.

"Why so?"

"That door leads into an inner room."

"There is no exit?"

"None."

"Is it furnished?"

"It was empty yesterday."

"Then what on earth can he be doing? There is something which I don't understand in this matter. If ever a man was three parts mad with terror, that man's name is Pinner. What can have put the shivers on him?"

"He suspects that we are detectives," I suggested.

"That's it," cried Pycroft.

Holmes shook his head. "He did not turn pale. He was pale when we entered the room," said he. "It is just possible that—"

His words were interrupted by a sharp rat-tat from the direction of the inner door.

"What the deuce is he knocking at his own door for?" cried the clerk.

Again and much louder came the rat-tat-tat. We all gazed expectantly at the closed door. Glancing at Holmes, I saw his face turn rigid, and he leaned forward in intense excitement. Then suddenly came a low guggling, gargling sound, and a brisk drumming upon wood-work. Holmes sprang frantically across the room and pushed at the door. It was fastened on the inner side. Following his example, we threw ourselves upon it with all our weight. One hinge snapped, then the other, and down came the door with a crash. Rushing over it we found ourselves in the inner room. It was empty.

But it was only for a moment that we were at fault. At one corner, the corner nearest the room which we had left, there was a second door. Holmes sprang to it and pulled it open. A coat and waistcoat were lying on the floor, and from a hook behind the door, with his own braces round his neck, was hanging the managing director of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company. His knees were drawn up, his head hung at a dreadful angle to his body, and the clatter of his heels against the door made the noise which had broken in upon our conversation. In an instant I had caught him round the waist, and held him up while Holmes and Pycroft untied the elastic bands which had disappeared between the livid creases of skin. Then we carried him into the other room, where he lay with a clay-colored face, puffing his purple lips in and out with every breath—a dreadful wreck of all that he had been but five minutes before.

"What do you think of him, Watson?" asked Holmes.

I stooped over him and examined him. His pulse was feeble and intermittent, but his breathing grew longer, and there was a little shivering of his eyelids, which showed a thin slate slit of ball beneath.

"It has been touch and go with him," said I, "but he'll live now. Just open that window, and hand me the water carafe." I undid his collar, poured the cold water over his face, and raised and sank his arms until he drew a long natural breath. "It's only a question of time now," said I, as I turned away from him.

Holmes stood by the table, with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets and his chin upon his breast.

"I suppose we ought to call the police in now," said he. "And yet I confess that I like to give them a complete case when they come."

"It's a blessed mystery to me," cried Pycroft, scratching his head. "Whatever they wanted to bring me all the way up here for, and then—"

"Pooh! All that is clear enough," said Holmes, impatiently. "It is this last sudden move."

"You understand the rest, then?"

"I think that it is fairly obvious. What do you say, Watson?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I must confess that I am out of my depths," said I.

"Oh, surely if you consider the events at first they can only point to one conclusion."

"What do you make of them?"

"Well, the whole thing hinges upon two points. The first is the making of Pycroft write a declaration by which he entered the service of this preposterous company. Do you not see how very suggestive that is?"

"I am afraid I miss the point."

"Well, why did they want him to do it? Not as a business matter, for these arrangements are usually verbal, and there was no earthly business reason why this should be an exception. Don't you see, my young friend, that they were very anxious to obtain a specimen of your handwriting, and had no other way of doing it?"

"And why?"

"Quite so. Why? When we answer that we have made some progress with our little problem. Why? There can be only one adequate reason. Some one wanted to learn to imitate your writing, and had to procure a specimen of it first. And now if we pass on to the second point we find that each throws light upon the other. That point is the request made by Pinner that you should not resign your place, but should leave the manager of this important business in the full expectation that a Mr. Hall Pycroft, whom he had never seen, was about to enter the office upon the Monday morning."

"My God," cried our client, "what a blind beetle I have been!"

"Now you see the point about the handwriting. Suppose that some one turned up in your place who wrote a completely different hand from that in which you had applied for the vacancy, of course the game would have been up. But in the interval the rogue had learned to imitate you, and his position was therefore secure, as I presume that nobody in the office had ever set eyes upon you."

"Not a soul," groaned Hall Pycroft.

"Very good. Of course it was of the utmost importance to prevent you from thinking better of it, and also to keep you from coming into contact with any one who might tell you that your double was at work in Mawson's office. Therefore they gave you a handsome advance on your salary, and ran you off to the Midlands, where they gave you enough work to do to prevent your going to London, where you might have burst their little game up. That is all plain enough."

"But why should this man pretend to be his own brother?"

"Well, that is pretty clear also. There are evidently only two of them in it. The other is personating you at the office. This one acted as your engager, and then found that

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he could not find you an employer without admitting a third person into his plot. That he was most unwilling to do. He changed his appearance as far as he could, and trusted that the likeness, which you could not fail to observe, would be put down to a family resemblance. But for the happy chance of the gold stuffing, your suspicions would probably never have been aroused."

Hall Pycroft shook his clinched hands in the air. "Good Lord!" he cried, "while I have been fooled in this way, what has this other Hall Pycroft been doing at Mawson's? What should we do, Mr. Holmes? Tell me what to do."

"We must wire to Mawson's."

"They shut at twelve on Saturdays."

"Never mind. There may be some door-keeper or attendant—"

"Ah yes, they keep a permanent guard there on account of the value of the securities that they hold. I remember hearing it talked of in the City."

"Very good; we shall wire to him, and see if all is well, and if a clerk of your name is working there. That is clear enough; but what is not so clear is why at sight of us one of the rogues should instantly walk out of the room and hang himself."

"The paper!" croaked a voice behind us. The man was sitting up, blanched and ghastly, with returning reason in his eyes, and hands which rubbed nervously at the broad red band which still encircled his throat.

"The paper! Of course!" yelled Holmes, in a paroxysm of excitement. "Idiot that I was! I thought so much of our visit that the paper never entered my head for an instant. To be sure, the secret must lie there." He flattened it out upon the table, and a cry of triumph burst from his lips. "Look at this, Watson," he cried. "It is a London paper, an early edition of the *Evening Standard*. Here is what we want. Look at the head-lines: 'Crime in the City. Murder at Mawson & Williams's. Gigantic attempted Robbery. Capture of the Criminal.' Here, Watson, we are all equally anxious to hear it, so kindly read it aloud to us."

It appeared from its position in the paper to have been the one event of importance in town, and the account of it ran in this way:

"A desperate attempt at robbery, culminating in the death of one man and the capture of the criminal, occurred this afternoon in the City. For some time back Mawson & Williams, the famous financial house, have been the guardians of securities which amount in the aggregate to a sum of considerably over a million sterling. So conscious was the manager of the responsibility which devolved upon him in consequence of the great interests at stake that safes of the very latest construction have been employed, and an armed watchman has been left day and night in the building. It appears that last week a new clerk named Hall Pycroft was engaged by the firm. This person appears to have been none other than Beddington, the famous forger and cracksman, who, with his brother, has only recently emerged from a five years' spell of penal servitude. By some means, which are not yet clear, he succeeded in winning, under a false name, this official position in the office, which he utilized in order to obtain mouldings of various locks, and a thorough knowledge of the position of the strong-room and the safes.

"It is customary at Mawson's for the clerks to leave at midday on Saturday. Sergeant Tuson, of the City Police, was somewhat surprised, therefore, to see a gentleman with a carpet-bag come down the steps at twenty minutes past one. His suspicions being aroused, the sergeant followed the man, and with the aid of Constable Pollock succeeded, after a most desperate resistance, in arresting him. It was at once clear that a daring and gigantic robbery had been committed. Nearly a hundred thousand pounds' worth of American railway bonds, with a large amount of scrip in mines and other companies, was discovered in the bag. On examining the premises the body of the unfortunate watchman was found doubled up and thrust into the largest of the safes, where it would not have been discovered until Monday morning had it not been for the prompt action of Sergeant Tuson. The man's skull had been shattered by a blow from a poker delivered from behind. There could be no doubt that Beddington had obtained entrance by pretending that he had left something behind him, and having murdered the watchman, rapidly rifled the large safe, and then made off with his booty. His brother, who usually works with him, has not appeared in this job as far as can at present be ascertained, although the police are making energetic inquiries as to his whereabouts."

"Well, we may save the police some little trouble in that direction," said Holmes, glancing at the haggard figure huddled up by the window. "Human nature is a strange mixture, Watson. You see that even a villain and murderer can inspire such affection that his brother turns to suicide when he learns that his neck is forfeited. However, we have no choice as to our action. The doctor and I will remain on guard, Mr. Pycroft, if you will have the kindness to step out for the police."

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE *Critic* "does not think it too much to say that the three masters of English prose in fiction to-day are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Crawford." It is rather odd and rather interesting that the *Critic's* choice should have fallen on three men to neither of whom exclusive claims can be maintained either by England or America. Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman who emigrated to the United States, and lived here as long as he dared, and then went to Samoa; Mr. James is an American tempered by a preference for foreign parts and persistent residence in London; Mr. Crawford is an American who was born in Italy, and has never been more than a visitor, albeit an honored one, to this country. Three more cosmopolitan authors it would be hard to find. Yet if the *Critic* doubled its list it would have to consider the claims of at least two more cosmopolitans, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Bret Harte; while if its "masters of English prose in fiction" are intended to include the mistresses also, it must have bestowed serious consideration on the achievements of Mrs. Burnett. All of which suggests, though it doesn't prove, that the coming writer of English prose fiction who permits himself to be exclusively British or exclusively American must reckon with a disposition among the critics to regard him as provincial. Nevertheless, even such a blighting thought as that should not operate to hinder the great American novelist from rising up and getting in his work.

It is not known that heresy trials serve any very useful purpose, except to provide matter to put into newspapers, and even in that particular their usefulness to the secular press ranks below prize-fighting, and even baseball. There seems to be wisdom, therefore, as well as great popularity, in the recent plea signed by an imposing list of honored Presbyterian divines for an abatement of "theological controversy and strife" in the Presbyterian Church over "doctrines which are not essential," and a renewed concentration of her ministerial forces upon "the task of preaching and practising plain Christianity."

It is true that it is alleged that almost all the signers of this plea are ministers favorable to Dr. Briggs, who differ from the majority of their brethren as to what doctrines are essential and what are not. For this reason the plea may not prevail, but if not it will be a pity; for if so large a share of the time and energy of the Presbyterian ministers is taken up with pointing out the doctrinal motes that they can see in one another's eyes, how will it be possible for them to devote due consideration to the extraction of the beams that obstruct the vision of the laity? An occasional bout at single-stick with their crooks may make for the enlivenment of the shepherds, but their real business is to take care of the sheep.

The fact that the Lowell house at Elmwood, in Cambridge, is not for sale, and will not be during the lifetime of Mr. Lowell's daughter, Mrs. Burnett, has not deterred the movement which originated in Cambridge to buy as much of the Elmwood estate as is for sale, and make a public park of it. Two hundred and fifty thousand square feet of the Elmwood property can be bought, and the people who want to save it as it is are still trying to raise $60,000 for that purpose. It is to be held as it is until May, when, if not sold, it will be cut up into city lots.

Mr. Allerton, of Chicago, described in the Chicago papers as "the millionaire packer," has resigned from the Chicago Club. He did not resign from any embarrassment connected with his dues, but solely from conscientious motives. He said there was too much drinking in the Chicago Club for him, and that while a club must have liquor, the Chicago Club seemed to put its liquor department too much in the foreground. Another Chicago club that he belonged to, the Union League, had four times as many members, he said, as the Chicago, but only drank up half as much rum. That sort of club, he averred, was more to his taste. He didn't like to go into the Chicago Club, because of the difficulty he found in getting out again without bringing one or two drinks with him.

One must respect both Mr. Allerton's scruples and his candor; yet it is a pity that he resigned from an organization that seems to offer so fine a field for such an example as he might have set. The art of dodging stimulants at a club is capable of being developed into a very pretty accomplishment. The rules of it are never to decline a drink unless you have one already before you, and never to drink anything alcoholic unless you have an affirmative thirst for it. Nine-tenths of club drinking is purely social. What the average man takes makes very little difference to him or any one else, so long as he takes something with somebody that gives him an excuse to talk or to listen. If Mr. Allerton had adopted the practice of simply drinking Vichy in small glasses at the Chicago Club, he would have found it a helpful device for the evasion of hard liquor. A perfect protection against all the obligations of club cafés is a tall glass filled with ice and festooned on the inside with a long coil of lemon peel. What else goes into the glass, whether ginger ale, soda, or Apollinaris water, makes very little difference, so long as there is an attractive gurgle to it. Behind such a fortification an earnest clubman can gossip away the whole cocktail hour without once being penetrated by an ardent beverage. It may be said that a simpler remedy is to keep away from clubs altogether, but that misses the point. A man doesn't go to a club for drink, but for society. If he doesn't think drinks are good for him, the problem in his case is to eliminate the alcoholic element and leave the social element in.

The example of the man who drinks innocuous beverages is more reformatory in a club than that of a man who drinks nothing. The latter is apt to be simply set down as unclubbable, while the former is esteemed as a person who appreciates the opportunities of social thirst, but has reasons for slaking his leniently. I never knew an out-and-out abstainer to have much effect on the habits of a club, but cases have been reported where a significant falling off in the consumption of liquors in a club café has been traced by a house committee to the contagion of the persistent use, by a person of strong social instincts, of the beverage known as the soda cocktail.

So it looks as if Mr. Allerton had gone somewhat too fast; but if, as seems possible, he is the man that the horse of his name was named after, he must be a person in whom fast going is excusable.

In the newspapers last week there were two particularly worthy tales of contemporary conduct. One concerned the fate of Willie Tomplin, aged six, of the State of Pennsylvania, who went skating on thin ice over a small deep pond. Presently the ice let him through. As he came up for the first time, around the corner with a snort and a hobbled roar charged Engineer Torpey's freight train on the North Pennsylvania road. The engineer was looking out, as 'tis his nature to, and saw Willie's head emerge and gasp. Slam went the—the throttle, isn't it?—the whistle screamed, the brakes shrieked; but long before the train could slacken speed Torpey had jumped, and was down the bank and in the water, breaking his way toward the hole where Willie disappeared. By the time he had dived and brought the child up the train had stopped, and he managed barely to keep the urchin and himself afloat until the train men came running back with a ladder and got them out. Both he and the child were brought to, and are alive to-day, so that tale had a good ending. And what a fine story it is, endowed with what an admirable aggregation of desperate straits, courage, tumult, and the dashing irruption of the *homo ex machina* in the very nick of time. Engineer Torpey lost two or three days' work, and possibly had his pay docked; nevertheless, he must still feel sufficiently pleased with himself to make up for those discomforts.

The other story has no fun in it at all. It is about the six life-savers of Cuttyhunk who went out in a life-boat to rescue the crew of the brig *Sagus*, ashore on the Sow and Pigs. They reached the ship, but in the very moment of boarding her their boat was upset. Joseph Tilton caught a rope, and was hauled aboard the brig, but Timothy Aiken, Isaiah Tilton, Hiram Jackson, William Brightman, and Frederick Aiken were drowned. All of them but one were Cuttyhunk men, and all, judging from their names, of the old New England stock. There are three widows and twelve fatherless children as one result of that night's work, so vainly disastrous, and yet so striking in its testimony of the deliberate eagerness of men to venture life for humanity's sake and at duty's call.

It is to be hoped that Cornell's promised race with the Cambridge (England) crew will not fail. For some years Cornell has been annually in the traditional predicament of Alexander, and has wailed vociferously for lack of satisfactory crews to wallop. She ought to have a chance to win a victory that will be a permanent satisfaction to her, or else to get a thoroughly sound and durable drubbing. One or the other she will be bound to achieve if she rows the men from Cambridge.

Speaking recently of the proposed institution for epileptics in the Genesee Valley in this State, HARPER'S WEEKLY alluded to it as "the first of its sort, we believe, in this country." But if the institution is to make good that surmise it must get under way very promptly. Information comes from Gallipolis, Ohio, that the State of Ohio has a hospital for epileptics already in the course of erection in that place, which will receive patients within the present year. Four buildings are finished now and over twenty more are to be built. So it seems that the Buckeye State has got the start of us in this matter, though if New York State buys the ready-made plant that is recommended to it, our institution also may receive patients within the present year and fairly catch up with Ohio. Another and later claim comes from Massachusetts, where certain hospital cottages for epileptics, reported to have been built five years ago in the western part of the State, are thought to be the first in use in America.

E. S. MARTIN.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

THE selection of a private secretary was made by President Cleveland shortly before inauguration, and Mr. Henry Thurber, of Detroit, was asked to fill the position. Mr. Thurber is a man under forty, and a native of Michigan, having been born in the town of Monroe. His father was at one time Speaker of the Michigan House, and well known to all Democrats of the State. Shortly after graduating from the University of Michigan, Henry T. Thurber entered the law-office of Don M. Dickinson, and to-day is a member of a well-known law firm and an able lawyer. He is a man of force and tact, and enjoys a wide acquaintance, although little known in political circles. He has travelled extensively, and is known to Mr. Cleveland personally. The President, it is said, desires a man who possesses knowledge of the law, and has had the advantage of active practice, in order to assist him in matters of legislation, and in the consideration of bills which will come before him. Mr. Thurber's partners are loath to lose him for the time being; but the demands of Mr. Cleveland have persuaded Mr. Thurber to accept the position. The Rev. Dr. Thurber, of Paris, France, is a brother of the new private secretary.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CHICKEN-SHOW REFLECTION.

THE air was filled with cackling as I walked the
garden through,
And gazed upon the roosters with their cockadoodledoo,
And listened to the Wyandottes and all the poultry crew.

I saw the bird the Frenchman loves as *pâté de foie gras*,
I saw the festive fighting-cock delighting in his scar,
And little birds that when they're broiled extremely juicy are.

I had the bliss of gazing on the bantam small and
proud;
Before a pouter-pigeon with the populace I bowed;
In singing praise to turkeys, too, I joined the madding crowd.

I raved o'er many a bird that wore great spurs upon
his legs;
I went in raptures over fluffy chicks in slat-barred
kegs;
I viewed with joy the Cochin and her Cochin China
eggs;

But not a bird in all the show, of all there were
to see,
Not one was quite so pleasing, or so useful unto me,
As is an eagle that I own, an eagle oh so wee!

It is an eagle circular, no feathers has it got,
But it can fly with speed that's sure to distance all
the lot.
It is an eagle made of gold fresh from the minting-
pot.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NEW AND OLD NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

EVEN down in the densely built region between what used to be Lispenard's Meadows and what used to be Love Lane—that is to say, between the present Canal Street and the present Twenty-first Street—there still may be found many ancient wooden houses which survive from the time when all this region was open country, broken only by a few dwellings scattered along the central Highway, and along the half-dozen minor roads and lanes.

A few of these wooden veterans have been wheeled around on their timber toes to the lines of the City Plan, and face boldly upon the existing streets—as in the case of the little houses on the southeast corner of the Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street. But, as a rule, land fronting on any street is too valuable to be encumbered by such poverty-stricken remnants of an earlier time, and the wooden buildings are

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tucked away modestly in the centres of the blocks—where they are to be come at only by adventuring into the twilight depths of tunnel-like alleyways or up narrow courts. On Thirteenth Street, east of the Sixth Avenue, for instance, where a scrap remains of the old Union Road, there is in use as a dwelling a house which was built not less than sixty years ago, when all about it was open fields; and between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, west of the Sixth Avenue, there survives in the centre of the block a whole row of wooden houses—on the line of the old Southampton Road, and once known as Paisley Place—which date from the yellow-fever summer of 1822.

Certain mild-mannered elderly people, folk of kindly natures and gentle antiquarian tastes, have a feeling of warm friendliness for these remnants of what hereabouts (where all is so very new) we are pleased to style antiquity. For such there is pleasure in speculating upon how each little house came into being in the open country years ago; and upon how the city grew out toward them all, and then around them, until at last they fairly were buried in its heart. For the whole process seems remote and curious, and therefore is permeated by a delicately agreeable flavor of romance.

II.

And yet, in point of fact, one has only to take a train on the elevated railway, and so jog northward (if so bustling a word as jog may be applied to the elevated railway service) for three or four miles, and one finds to-day precisely the conditions of open country and wooden houses and an advancing city which obtained between Lispenard's Meadows and Love Lane a long lifetime ago. In other words, just as comparative ethnologists study primitive types in existing races of a low order (such as the Maoris and other savages who lack intellectuality and dress mainly in bad smells), so may comparative sociologists study very accurately in the upper half of this island at the present day what has been going on in the lower half of it for the past two hundred and fifty years. Constantly the line of substantial buildings is advancing northward, and along the whole length of this line, from river to river, the old constantly is displaced by or is obscured by the new. Did the mass of brick and stone move forward with a uniform front, the new simply would overwhelm the old, and that would be the end of it. But the advance is made precisely as an army marches into an enemy's country—with a light skirmish-line thrown out far ahead to feel the way; with substantial columns of reconnoissance supporting the skirmishers; and in the rear of all the solid masses of the main force—with the coming of which last the country definitely is subdued.

It is the beginning of the conquest that is interesting—the period between the arrival of the skirmishers and the coming of the supporting force; that is to say (to drop the metaphor), the period during which the houses of brick and stone are coming into a straggling existence on the lines of the City Plan, but while yet many of the little wooden houses still stand at hopeless odds with the new thoroughfares, to testify to the lines of country roads which have disappeared beneath a gridironing of city streets, and while still remain wide stretches of open country, across which are far outlooks to the wooded heights beyond the North River, and away eastward to the Long Island hills.

III.

Nowhere on the whole northern front of the advancing city is the imminently impending ploughing under of the old by the new accented with such dramatic intensity as in the vicinity of Ninety-seventh Street and Park Avenue, where a score or more of little houses, surviving from a primitive rural time, stand close under the shadow of the stately armory of the Eighth Regiment, and are pressed upon closely by solidly built blocks of handsome dwellings of almost literally the present day.

None of these little houses is entitled to much respect on the score either of age or of personal dignity. When the Commissioner's map was completed, eighty years ago, the only building in this immediate vicinity was the Rhinelander farm-house, on the line of the present Ninety-first Street between the Second and Third avenues. From that point northward to 104th Street, on the borders of the Harlem marsh, and between the line of the present Fifth Avenue and the East River, there were only three other houses all told. None of these wooden buildings, therefore, is more than eighty years old, and probably none of them is much turned of forty. As for their personality, for the most part they are no more than shanties. Yet, as the city grows around them, they perfectly illustrate the process by which houses of a nobler sort in the lower part of the island have been surrounded, and so, for a longer or shorter period, have been preserved. Half a century from now such of them as then may chance to remain extant will put on, no doubt, vastly important airs (as do also certain vulgar humans under like circumstances), for no better reason than that they have attained to unusual years. Yet will they then to some extent deserve respectful consideration, because—even as a personally unimportant trilobite throws light upon an unknown epoch—they then will serve to illustrate a vanished age.

In the mean time these shanties of low degree give a touch of the picturesque to a neighborhood that otherwise—save for the redeeming glory of the armory—would be an ill-made compromise between the unkempt refuse of the country and the dull newness of the advancing town. Once they must have occupied a very picturesque site, but that point in their favor long since was lost. They are clustered together on what anciently was a hill-side sloping down to the East River directly above Hell Gate. But now the streets brought to grade above them have left them in a hollow, and half a mile of houses standing in solid platoons cut off the old outlook eastward—across the wild whirl of the Hell Gate waters swirling about the Frying-pan and the Gridiron and seething in the Pot. Around these shabby, down-at-heel dwellings, and even over some of them, go frisking wise-looking bearded goats in the gravely grotesque fashion peculiar to their kind. In one of the doorways a very bandy-legged bull-dog sometimes may be seen. Quite the most respectable of all their inhabitants is a staid gray cat.

Presently the whole of this queer little congregation will have disappeared, being hidden by enclosing lines of brick dwellings—as is the old house off from Thirteenth Street on the remnant of the Union Road; or, what is more probable, being uprooted completely—as was the similar group of small houses which stood, not much more than half a century ago, on what now is the block between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets just east of Union Square.

As for the Eighth Regiment Armory—standing commandingly on a brave crest of rock between the East River and the valley in which anciently were the head-waters of Harlem Creek, and dominating all this portion of the town—it is so noble a structure that only its accessibility saves it from becoming a place of pilgrimage and from acquiring an honorable renown. After the Palace of the Popes, the chief building in Avignon is the Castle of Saint André, over in the Ville Neuve. That they may see this castle travellers journey far, and its fame is spread over the world. But here at our very doors is almost an exact reproduction of it on a far grander scale—the New York castle is fully twice as big as the castle at Ville Neuve d'Avignon—and there are thousands of New-Yorkers who do not even know that it exists!

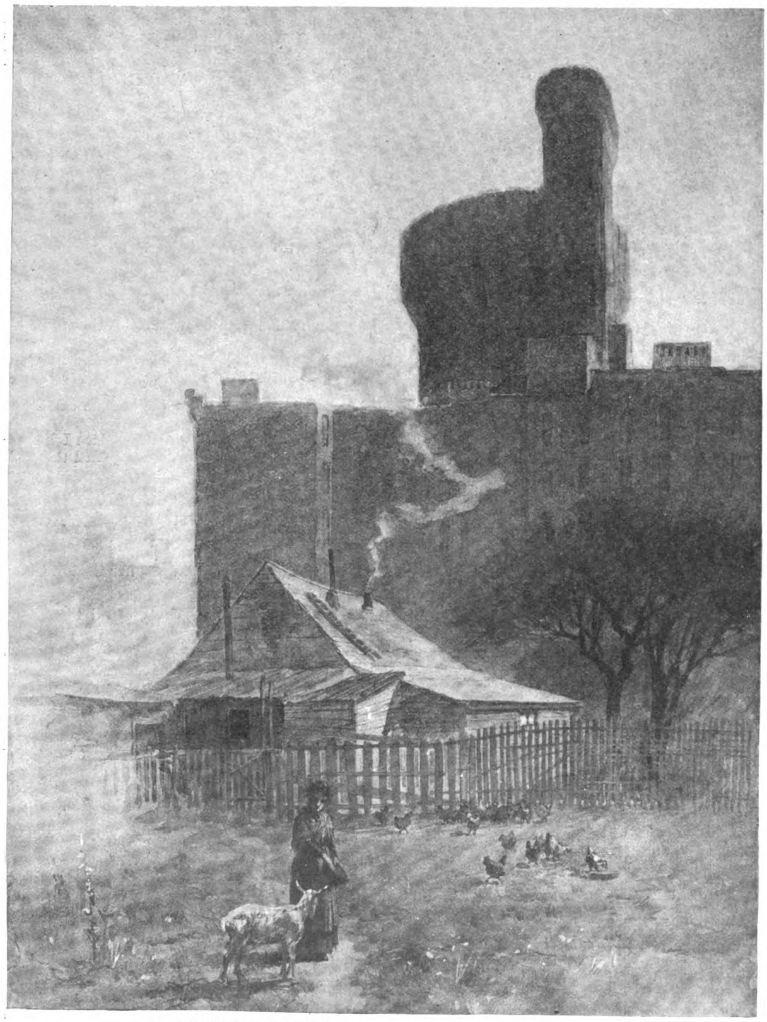
IV.

In the same latitude as the Park Avenue shanties, but in longitude about one minute farther west—that is to say, near the intersection of the Bloomingdale Road with Ninety-eighth Street—the process of burying a whole row of wooden houses in the heart of a city block now is in progress,—the same process that was completed when the erection of the brick dwellings on Seventeenth Street shut in Paisley Place, forty or more years ago.

Nowadays the Bloomingdale Road is called the Boulevard—an exquisitely absurd name for a street which has no more to do with fortifications, actual or extinct, than it has to do with the moon. On its western side, between the lines of the present Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth streets, there was a hamlet of a dozen houses in the early years of the present century; and near by, on the actual line of the present Ninety-ninth Street, stood St. Michael's Church. Some of these buildings still survive. Within the same limits many similar buildings—modest framed structures of two stories, with a gabled attic; and here and there a more pretentious dwelling of the villa type—have been erected in later times, and, as yet, the modern brick houses are few. Thus are reproduced in this region conditions almost identical with the conditions which obtained sixty years ago in the open, rolling country south of Greenwich Village—between, say, the present Leroy and Spring streets—before the chain of hills known as the Zandtberg was levelled, and while all that beautiful country-side was dotted with trig little houses, over which dominated such grand country-seats as Tusculum and Richmond Hill.

It is a part of this scattered settlement that now is in process of hiding: the row of wooden houses standing in a narrow court extending south from Ninety-eighth Street just west of the Tenth Avenue—which court is a remnant of what once was a lane running parallel with the Bloomingdale Road. Already the enclosing wall to the eastward has been erected, the solid line of houses on the Tenth Avenue; and to the south the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, now building on Ninety-seventh street, soon will cut off another side. When Ninety-eighth street and the absurd "Boulevard" shall have been built upon, the cordon will be complete. And then, if the little houses in the mean time live on—and, as they appear to be owned in severalty, this very well may happen—the buried Paisley Place at Seventeenth Street and the Sixth Avenue will have an exact antitype four miles away to the north.

Each of the localities to which attention here has been drawn has individual features, but all of them are typical. They are representative in the present of processes which we are disposed to associate in our thoughts, but very erroneously, wholly with the past. Actually, to describe how New York grew is only another way of describing how New York grows, as may be proved to the satisfaction of any person possessing serviceable legs who will go a-walking in the upper portions of the island with open eyes.



COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols
Under the Shadow of the Eighth Regiment Armory, Ninety-fifth Street and Park Avenue.

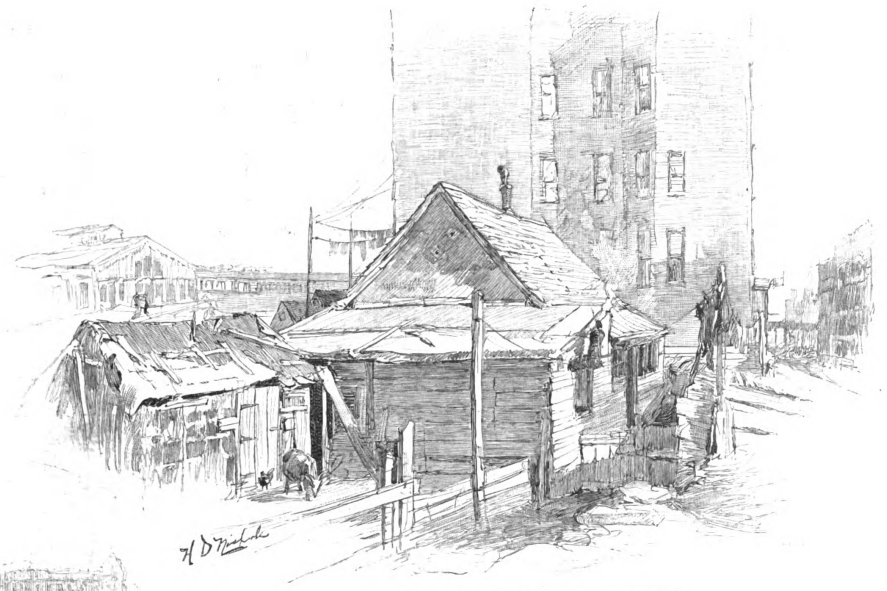


HENRY T. THURBER.
President Cleveland's Private Secretary.—[See Page 227.]

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CORNER EIGHTIETH STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.



NINETY-SEVENTH STREET NEAR PARK AVENUE.



A BIT ON THE BOULEVARD.



WEST OF CENTRAL PARK.



PARK AVENUE AND NINETY-SEVENTH STREET.

COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 228.]

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BRIDGET O'SHAMUS.

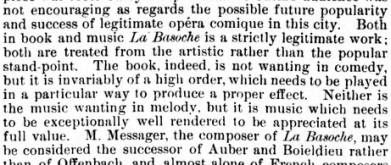
BY WILL CARLETON.

BRIDGET O'SHAMUS, of Shantytown,
Stood on her stoop as the sun went down,
Shooting a glance at the mansions nigh,
Several elegant stories high.
"Look at these come!" she was heard to say.
"Crowdin' ould risidents out o' the way;
Callin' us squatters, an' more things bad;
Treatin' us worse than the geese, bedad.
Mary McFarlan an' Barney O'Quinn,
Jimmy an' Johnny an' Patsey McGlynn,
Had their estates right on to the land
Where the inhabited brick-yards stand.
But I will niver give up *my* groun',"
Said Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.

Bridget despatched, at sharp sunrise,
Lightning out of her tongue and eyes.
"What are ye meanin', ye men," said she,
"Pointin' your shovels an' picks at me?
Who are you, this wid the buttermilk hands,
Tryin' to bugle me out o' my lands?
Sure I have owned thim many a year—
Purchasin' iverything that's here.
Paid five dollars in cash, I did,
Three fat ducks, an' a goat an' kid;
While the proprietor, wid a grin,
Offered to throw his own silf in.
But I'd not marry wid Paddy Brown,"
Said Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.

Bridget, as first-class evils, shied
Household goods at the men outside;
Flung with thorougher hate than heed
Things that she did and did not need;
Threw her table, and threw her chairs,
Also most of her earthen wares;
Sent outside, to increase the fun,
Griddles and stove-legs, one by one.
"Shame!" she shouted, again and again,
"Shame on ye all, ye great big men!
Skirmish around as long as ye please,
I'll niver move out for the likes of yez!"
"Ye've moved already!" moaned Paddy Brown.
"Look at the duds here lyin' roun'."

Bridget O'Shamus, as if on wings,
Flew to regain her household things.
And as she came she was heard to cry,
"Niver go out o' this house will I!"
"Ye've gone already!" moaned Paddy Brown.
"Look at 'em tearin' yer shanty down.
See the policemen standin' here,
Biddin' ye niver more go near!"
Femininelike, she turned to rend
With his own love her warmest friend.
"Oh, ye can stand an' see it done!
But I'll be payin' ye ten to one,
For now I must marry ye, Paddy Brown!"
Yelled Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.



THE production of Messager's charming opera *La Basoche* by the Duff Opera Company at the Casino last week was suggestive—and not altogether pleasantly suggestive—in several ways. In the first place, the production went to show how far a piece good in itself may be robbed of its legitimate effect by an inadequate presentation; more than this, how useless it is to expect English or American actors to reproduce to any extent the finish, finesse, and subtlety of Gallic dramatic conditions. Beyond this, the way in which the piece was received by a representative Casino audience was not encouraging as regards the possible future popularity and success of legitimate opéra comique in this city. Both in book and music *La Basoche* is a strictly legitimate work; both are treated from the artistic rather than the popular stand-point. The book, indeed, is not wanting in comedy, but it is invariably of a high order, which needs to be played in a particular way to produce a proper effect. Neither is the music wanting in melody, but it is music which needs to be exceptionally well rendered to be appreciated at its full value. M. Messager, the composer of *La Basoche*, may be considered the successor of Auber and Boieldieu rather than of Offenbach, and, almost alone of French composers of the present day, upholds the standard of legitimate light opera. It is because so few pieces of its particular type have been written within recent years that *La Basoche*, perhaps, strikes one as somewhat unaccustomed in style, and seems to occupy a position which at first sight appears to be neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. As a matter of fact, *La Basoche* is an opera of exactly the same type as *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *Jean de Paris*, and the other *chefs-d'œuvre* of the founders of the school of French opéra comique. As presented in Paris by the artists for whom it was originally written, *La Basoche* was, from a dramatic stand-point, most humorous and interesting, and from a musical stand-point both melodious and effective; in the hands of the Duff Opera Company it was not only ineffective, but also dull. The requirements of the piece call for artists who can act as well as sing, and as it does not seem possible for the Anglo-Saxon race to supply artists of this type, it would appear almost useless to attempt to give pieces of this character in the English language—at any rate, under existing conditions. Even in French this opera must be credited with an artistic rather than a popular success. This is due to the fact that while the book is inherently humorous, the music is not. While admirable in itself, and of a high order of artistic excellence, well written, melodious, and well scored, the music generally fails to reproduce and illustrate the situations, and so fails to carry conviction, and hence to entertain. As given at the Casino, the real humor and spirit of the book of *La Basoche* was lost, because no single one of Mr. Duff's artists seemed to realize the necessities of the dramatic conditions under which they were working, and naturally no music, however beautiful, can produce its proper effect when inadequately rendered.

With one exception, that of Miss Juliette Corden, late of the Bostonians, who took the part of Colette, no one of the artists engaged gave anything like a satisfactory interpretation of the music of their rôles; they were not relatively poor, but positively bad. Mr. Bassett as the King of the Students' Guild ("La Basoche") sang some of its music with moderate effect, but was so absolutely incompetent as an actor that his rôle, one of the most important in the piece, sank into utter insignificance. It is, indeed, hardly fair to judge of the piece at all when presented under such conditions. There is at the Opéra Comique one artist who, in his way, is unique in the artistic world; we refer to M. Fougère, for whom the part of the King's proxy, the Duc de Longueville, was originally written, who is equally great both as a singer and as a comedian; this rôle in the hands of Mr. J. H. Ryley was absolutely unrecognizable. Almost all of the beautiful music of the part had to be omitted, as Mr. Ryley, as is well known, is no singer, and one could hardly expect any piece to produce its intended effect when one of its principal rôles, from a musical stand-point, was thus mutilated. The attempt to bring down the piece to the level of an ordinary Casino production by the interpolation of some so-called popular tunes was not only an insult to M. Messager's score, but from an artistic stand-point must strongly be deprecated. The conditions under which a dramatic piece is produced have everything to do with its success or failure, and the conditions under which "La Basoche" was presented to us at the Casino were such as to make its success from an artistic stand-point an impossibility; from no other stand-point could such a piece as "La Basoche" be expected to attain success. It is all the more to be regretted that the conditions necessary to enable one to form a correct judgment of this opera and to appreciate its beauties were not present at the Casino production, for it is a piece which might well serve as a model to all who are interested in the success of legitimate musical work in lighter vein on our stage.

Later reports only tend to emphasize the success scored by Verdi's *Falstaff*. The music of Verdi's latest work is so refined, so beautifully clear, there is, it is said, such an abundance of flowing melody and such a flow of vivacity and spirit, that there seems no reason to doubt that *Falstaff* will attain general popular success; still, fears are expressed here and there that the new opera will be found almost too good for the great mass of amateurs. Although in *Falstaff* Verdi has adopted the now usual plan of fitting his music to the situations of the libretto, disregarding set forms, *Falstaff*, apart from this, seems to show few features that belong to advanced lyric drama. A few of the themes recur once or twice, but this device is seldom used, and the composer seeks his inspiration in the text, expressing what he finds there, instead of restricting himself to a few representative themes which would necessarily limit his liberty of action. The orchestra, it is said, is employed much less in the modern style than in that characteristic of the classic age; it is the orchestra of Mozart rather than that of Wagner, and sets off the vocal music rather than takes equal rank therewith. There are, it seems, many passages in *Falstaff* which might have been signed by the composer of *Così fan Tutti* or *Le Nozze di Figaro*, but this resemblance is not always maintained. The orchestration presents by turns traits of the broadest humor and of the most delicate fun; of the most tender sentiment; at times of the most massive effect. It is at all times delightful, all the more perhaps because it is not at any time allowed to distract attention from the music on the stage. Verdi is said to have been particularly successful, too, in his musical characterization. The *Falstaff* music in particular is spoken of as undeniably individual, though containing no suggestion of burlesque; while the music of the women is absolutely typical of the merry matrons whom Falstaff found too much for him. Altogether, *Falstaff* is a remarkable work; regarded as the creation of any musician, it is admirable; while looked upon as positively a new departure by a man who has reached extreme old age, it might almost be called miraculous. In the libretto, Signor Boito is said to have expressed the ideas of the English dramatist in the most felicitous manner, though his alterations of the original are called somewhat arbitrary, and at times such as to complicate the situations to a greater degree than seems altogether desirable. Boito, however, in this work, had many difficulties to contend with, and he seems to have overcome them most satisfactorily. It is to be hoped that Mr. Abbey will include *Falstaff* in his repertory another season.

The example set by Mascagni in *Cavalleria Rusticana* seems to have been followed by composers all over the world. One hears of nothing but one act music dramas or operas being written and produced all over Germany and Italy; but none of these works seem to have attained the success of their prototype. In addition to his own work, we have to thank M. Mascagni for the introduction to the musical world of a composer, Signor Leon Cavallo, who, in the opinion of many, is likely to be his most formidable rival. The now famous composer of *I Pagliacci* had to wait for middle age for the coming of a great reputation. No longer young, solidly built, with full dark face and decided bearing, he typifies in a physical as well as artistic sense the full powers of maturity. Signor Leon Cavallo was first brought under the notice of the publisher and manager Signor Souzogno, who has been and is doing so much for the resuscitation of opera in Italy, by Mascagni himself. The music of this composer is essentially virile and dramatic, even more so than that of Mascagni, and is also marked by greater strength and maturity. His music is as yet almost completely unknown in this country, and the first experience of it will be looked forward to with the deepest interest. Puccini, Giordano, and Franchetti are other composers of the younger Italian school who have succeeded in catching the public ear, at least in their own country, and from whom we may expect to hear later on.

The dramatic productions of last week included *A Mad Bargain*, at the Bijou, an impossible play intended to display Mr. Powers's varied accomplishments and attainments; *A Nutmeg Match*, a play grouped around a pile driver, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; and *Yesterday* and *Our Club*, two plays in which Mr. E. J. Henley figures at Hermann's—none of which call for special comment or remark except *Yesterday*, which is a decidedly clever one-act sketch, in which Mr. Henley does some excellent work. Mr. George Riddle, the reader, began a series of five readings at the Madison Square Garden Concert-Hall. Mr. Riddle is one of the few really capable readers that we have. His work is refined, intelligent, and full of individuality and charm. It is perhaps to be regretted that none of these readings are given with music, as in this field of a musically accompanied recitation Mr. Riddle stands alone in power and capacity, and the field itself is one but little exploited, and which contains greater possibilities of effect and development perhaps than we are at present aware of.

From a musical stand-point the past week has been of rather more than usual interest. The hold that Wagner still has on our musical amateurs has been evidenced by the success attending the Wagner Concerts given at Music Hall under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, a fourth having been given on Thursday. Mr. Plunket Greene and M. Henri Marteau gave their second recital on Saturday afternoon, with marked success, while the concerts of the Philharmonic Society on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening were rendered of special interest by the performance of a new violin concerto by Lassen, and a new symphony, "Sintram," by Mr. Templeton Strong, an American composer. This work, while perhaps too episodical in treatment to be considered strictly symphonic, proved, however, to possess no little merit, and gave evidence of marked musicianly qualities on the part of the composer. A very magnificent revival of Lecocq's favorite operetta, *Giroflé-Girofla*, at the Garden Theatre, with Miss Russell in the title rôle, will be referred to later.

A posthumous opera, *The Golden Web*, by that charming composer Goring Thomas, has been recently produced with much success at Liverpool by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. An opera by another English composer, Mr. Cowen, called *Signa*, has been bought by Souzogno, the Milanese publisher, and will shortly be produced in Milan. Dr. Dvorak has just been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Arts. According to reports from Turin, Puccini's *Manon* has been most enthusiastically received there; the composer was called twenty-five times. In consequence of the success of *Falstaff*, the King of Italy intended to confer the title of Marquis upon Verdi, but the old maestro, on hearing the report, took steps to relieve himself from the disagreeable necessity of refusing the intended honor by sending a telegram to the Minister of Public Instruction declining it. Rubinstein's sacred opera *Moses*, the performance of which will occupy two evenings, is to be given in Brünn for the first time in March, under the direction of the composer. Wagner's *Die Walküre* is now in rehearsal at the Grand Opera in Paris, and it is said that Jean de Rezké will appear in Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, at Covent Garden, this season. We note the recent death of Mr. John Boosey, the head of the well-known firm of Boosey & Co., musical publishers, London.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

ALFRED PARSONS'S PICTURES OF JAPAN.

A NEW idea of Japan is gained by a study of Mr. Alfred Parsons's work now on exhibition at the galleries of the American Art Association, New York. The formal opening was made on March 4th, and the pictures can be seen until the 13th of the month. "Landscape and Flowers in Japan" is what Mr. Parsons calls the exhibition, which consists of ninety-three pictures in water-colors, and an altogether new Japan is opened to us through these careful studies of the country. The readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are familiar with Mr. Parsons's work, and his ability to represent all the phases of nature with a charm and grace peculiarly his own. His illustrations to the sonnets of Wordsworth showed us what the poet saw when he wrote the lines in his beautiful English country, and through the same means we know the Warwickshire Avon better than ever before. So Mr. Parsons has illustrated Japan, and described to us through his pictures that wonderful country of color. He arrived in Japan last March, and remained until December, devoting his time to the study of the flowers and vegetation of the entire season. The plum blossoms, which mark the beginning of spring, were making their appearance upon his arrival, and he staid until the latest flowers of the year had begun to fade. The wealth of color exhibited by all forms of vegetation in Japan is truly remarkable, and Mr. Parsons wandered through field and forest and caught all the beauties of nature in that strange far-away land. The flowers are particularly striking, and the artist has pictured them in the order of their growth. There is the plum blossom of good luck, and the cherry bloom, so favored by the Japanese. The wisteria, in its spring-time abundance, and the purple iris growing in great fields for use in decoration. Then the lotus, by the side of the Buddhist temple, and the chrysanthemum—all these have been pictured by Mr. Parsons in a delightful way. He also braved Japanese superstition by reproducing the scarlet autumn lily, a flower of bad luck, which native artists never care to paint. Besides this, Mr. Parsons has drawn the forest and the meadow-lands that hold the little houses of the patient farmers, and he has shown us the gardens of the Japanese folk, which are singularly interesting. In fact, Mr. Parsons has found something new in the land of the Mikado, and gives to us the impressions. He is preparing a series of articles on Japan for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, to be illustrated by him, and through these the people and the country will be still better understood. Mr. Parsons returns to England in April, and will exhibit his pictures during the season in London.



ALFRED PARSONS.

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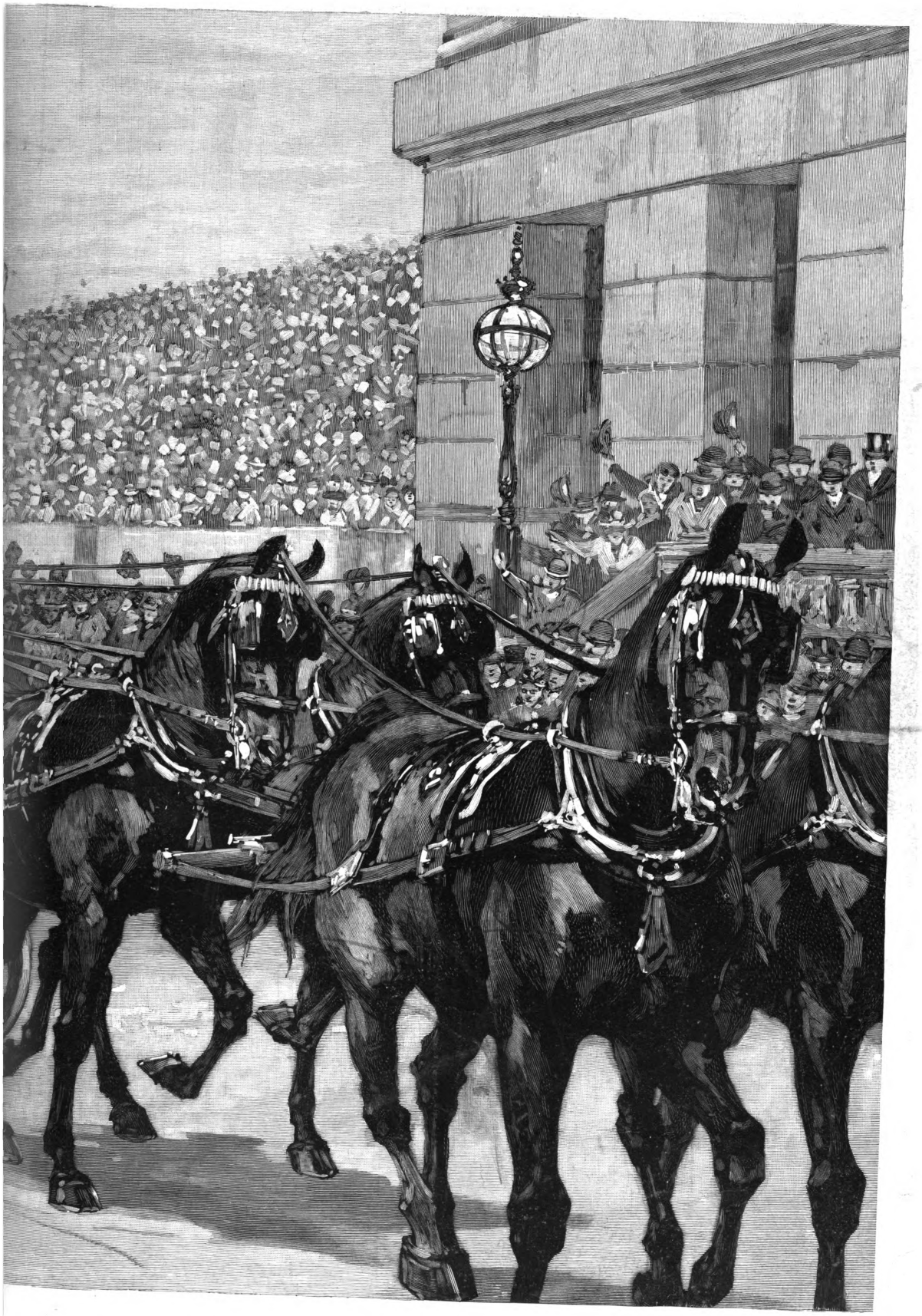
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THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND EX-PR

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T HARRISON RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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MADRID.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

ALTHOUGH the town I am about to describe has 500,000 inhabitants, it is called a *villa*, or borough, the name of *ciudad*, or town, being reserved for centres which enjoy an importance of first rank, on account of the number of their residents, their history, or their thrilling memories. All the rest are *villas*, or even *aldeas* and *pueblos*, which may be translated villages and hamlets. By a strange persistency of tradition, Madrid, capital though she certainly is of the nation, the official residence of the government, and the natural political leader of all other Spanish towns, yet retains her humble title of *villa*, which would seem to place her in altogether second rank. And there is no doubt that Madrid is surrounded by other historic and art centres before the glory of which her own must necessarily pale. Shall I quote, for instance, Toledo, the Rome of Spain, where, as in some vast museums are collected masterpieces of every age, from relics of Roman and Romanesque times, the unique value of which is known to all the world, to masterpieces of the Renaissance, and where may be studied the three chief phases of Gothic architecture in Spain, side by side with the Byzantine, with its pure yet floral ornamentation, and the Arab, which was developed simultaneously with it from the Syrian to the Cordovan and from the Cordovan to the Granadan styles, all alike enriched by the brilliant, the fantastic, the apparently inexhaustible imagination of the Moors, who, thanks to altogether exceptional circumstances, left to the land of their adoption, the poetic country of Spain, a series of grandly beautiful buildings, the ornamentation of which is justly acknowledged to excel anything known elsewhere? Or setting aside Toledo, there are Alcalá, with its Gothic cathedral, its fine university, with walls enriched with bacchic decorations, its *patios*, in which Moorish ornamentation runs riot; Avila, with its Roman temples and its feudal ramparts; Segovia, with an aqueduct worthy of the Eternal City, before each and all of which the capital may well lower her haughty crest and veil her escutcheon, all worthy of honor though she be. In a word, Madrid is like a queen humbled before the more fortunate rivals, who have stripped her of all her ornaments.

In a country where the monuments of antiquity resemble in their solemn grandeur the geological strata of the soil, Madrid owns but a few relics of ancient architecture, such as the San Pedro Tower, at the entrance to the town, the little chapel known as that of l'Obispo, celebrated for its tombs and tapestries, the Church of San Geronimo, which resembles, with its restorations, some old woman who tries to make herself look young with paint and furbelows, the humble gateway of the unpretending Latina, unworthy of the glorious time recalled by that illustrious name, contemporary with the golden age of art and the discovery of America.

Madrid has had two misfortunes; it was not of sufficient importance in the Middle Ages for the erection of a palace like that of the Infantado at Guadalajara, and when its time of grandeur began the art of architecture was already in rapid decadence, unlike that of painting or of sculpture, then both in the height of their beauty and splendor. The Royal Alcazar, or Castle of Madrid, is big, but it has little artistic merit; of great dimensions, too, is the Church of San Francisco, but it is in a thoroughly bombastic style; and other important buildings, such as the Casa de los Ministerios, are but copies of the Versailles Palace, with absolutely no Spanish character about them. In the Prado Museum alone do we find beauty of design combined with vast proportions, and a general artistic appearance worthy of the masterpieces enshrined within its walls.

Very different and probably far more artistic would have been the appearance of the capital of Spain if, after the welding into one great kingdom of the whole peninsula, the great monarchs of the sixteenth century had not chosen it as a residence, but had preferred the outlying Lisbon, Barcelona, or Seville, with their grand monuments of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance; the more central Toledo, Valladolid, or Burgos, or even Leon, so rich in glorious memories, and so full of magnificent buildings.

But the pure mountain air of Madrid, the grand span of the wide-stretching horizons it commanded, the number of the sheets of water, the excellence of the breeds of dogs—all Spanish monarchs are eager lovers of sport—the solitude of the forests in the neighborhood, and perhaps, above all, its position in the very middle of his kingdom, equidistant from each of the four corners of his dominions, led Philip II. to set up his court in it. At Madrid he felt himself a monarch indeed, and nowhere was he so thoroughly his own master as when he lost himself in the silence and seclusion of the thick forests of Guadarrama and Mançanares. Here, far away from the noise and bustle of great towns, he could maintain his semi-regal, semi-monastic state, and without fear that some other monument would ever be erected beside it, build, at the deserted base of a lonely and lofty cordillera, a pharaonic pantheon, a funereal monument, of dimensions as colossal as those of the pyramids, by which his dynasty might be distinguished from the common herd of men, even after it had passed into the realm of all-levelling and implacable death.*

Neither Philip II., Philip III., nor even Charles V., who each lived so long in Madrid, and liked it better than any other city, ever dreamed of making it a town, or, indeed, anything more than a royal residence. All monarchs have the feeling of which this was an example. Not being sufficiently alone and free from interruption on the heights they alone can occupy, they imitate the Balthazars and Sardanapali of Asia, building palaces like those of Babylon, in which, behind the walls of far-stretching gardens, they can gather about them an army of courtiers and of soldiers, who protect them from the intrusion of their other subjects, whose near approach they dread, probably because the sight of them would bring too vividly before their eyes the misery and the social evils on which the thrones of kings are built. The petty kings of German principalities transform nearly the whole of their dominions into plots for flowers and vegetable gardens; the monarchs of Great Britain, though they had a palace in London in the very heart of their capital, erected a regular town for their own private use in Windsor Castle. Louis XIV. shut himself up at Versailles like some Oriental monarch of old to get away from the mighty teeming populace of Paris, who seemed to dwarf the importance of the King; and in our own day the czars of Russia, strangers to St. Petersburg and Moscow, where they appear but at rare intervals, live in the greatest retirement at Gatchina. All this explains the preference of the monarch of days gone by for some beautiful solitude where the boundless landscape was his kingdom, where the very birds of heaven seemed to belong to him and to him alone, rather than for towns infected with the double fever of action and of thought, in which the people, what with their native independence and their instinctive pride, were constantly tempted to demand of the King an account of how he administered public affairs and looked after the interests of the masses. It was certainly very much more agreeable to live in some gilded sanctuary, hedged about with all the accumulated traditions of the past, amongst the ever-rising incense of flattery and adulation.

Madrid, then, was a court, not a capital, and dreary as are its surroundings at the present day, it was at one time a charming retreat. Without going very far back we find it, as recently as 1868, surrounded by a kind of wood, which was the Royal Park, dotted here and there with pretty little gardens and parterres of flowers belonging to the crown. The Casa de Campo, which, if cultivated in allotments, could have fed a whole people; the orchards of la Moncloa, parallel with the Casa de Campo, so beautifully laid out in terraces and with a vegetation so rich; the incomparable hunting-grounds formed by the oak groves of the Prado, extending league beyond league between the entrance to the oasis just mentioned and the base of the violet-hued sierras; the Casino, opposite the tobacco manufactory, a kind of kiosk facing due south, to which members of the royal family, hidden from the vulgar gaze, and shrouded in stately seclusion, retired in the winter for the sake of the sunshine; the Zarzuela, shut in by groves of yew-trees, evergreen oaks, and thorn bushes, a country box which would be considered a palace in any other country; the woods extending from Vacia to Madrid on both sides of the Jarama, in which graze the fierce bulls who figure in the celebrated contests in the bull-rings of Spain, the *enceinte* of the Retiro, set aside for the exclusive use of the King—in a word, all these woods, gardens, promenades, etc., the inalienable property of the crown, bring forcibly before us how it is that Madrid cannot extend in any direction, and explain the absence of industrial enterprise—an enterprise which would be checked at every turn, as is agricultural progress, by the royal prerogative.

Hence the two dominant characteristics cropping up again and again in the history of Madrid. It is merely a court with a fringe of employés, or, as it would be called in the common parlance of France, a bureaucracy. The first thing you notice when you enter it is the Royal Palace towering over everything, a peculiarity you never see elsewhere, whether in London, where nothing is equal to the Houses of Parliament; in Paris, which so justly prides itself on having dedicated to art and æstheticism the palace built by Henri II., and enlarged by Louis XIV., for their own private use; at Lisbon, where the royal residences are quite insignificant; or at Brussels, where the magnificent art galleries, the huge law courts, and the legislative chambers are all far more important-looking than the King's palace. To find a parallel case to that of Madrid, we must go to the Rome of the popes, with its Quirinal and Vatican, its metropolitan basilicas, its galleries belonging to the princes and the families of the popes, when all museums and art collections were but offshoots of the palace of the papal court. In fact, before it became imbued with the spirit of modern times, which transformed it into a constitutional government, the semi-theocratic and inquisitorial monarchy of Spain converted Madrid into a kind of huge Versailles for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The Museo, or picture-gallery, which is richer in masterpieces than any other European collection, Madrid owes to the munificence of Queen Isabella II. alone. The palace chapel resembled a cathedral in the splendor of its services and the number of its chaplains, the chief of whom was always an Eminence in cardinals' purple. The coach-houses and stables belonging to the royal family occupied whole streets, and formed quite a quarter of the town. The barracks reserved to the royal body-guard were of vast proportions, and covered an immense area. The public library was known as the Royal Library; the opera, supported as it is by the state, is still called the Royal Opera; and the academies, too, which the kings chiefly distinguish by their absence, are Royal.

Every part of Madrid was invaded by houses for the pages, orphanages, and colleges for the children of the palace officials. The frequent levees, the weekly visits to the Church of Atocha, the gala processions on the occasion of some royal baptism or wedding, the palace balls and concerts, occupied such a considerable place in the general life of the people that the monarchy became everything, absorbing into itself all social life, and reducing to absolute insignificance everything outside the court circle.

Now and then, when the court of Madrid is compelled by the laws of etiquette to perform in full state some public ceremony, such as the opening of the democratic—I had almost said republican—Parliament, we feel, hostile as are present institutions to the spirit of the past, as if we were assisting at a function of the old absolute monarchy. Here are timbal-players on ambling white nags, brilliant-looking trumpeters giving forth sweet sounds; pages in brocaded tunics and velvet caps; a whole army of lackeys in laced jackets; halberdiers with helmets gleaming in the sunshine, golden crowns resting on two balls representing the two worlds over which the Spanish monarch ruled as in the time of Charles V.; trappings embroidered in Oriental style, many-colored plumes waving here and there; chariots with windows made of painted mother-of pearl or steel, drawn by superb horses with magnificent harness, and in the carriages officers in brilliant uniforms, and ladies of honor in silks and laces, succeeded at last by the nucleus of the whole, like the host in the procession of the *Fête Dieu*, the monarch and his family, who, sheltered beneath delicate awnings and in a cloud of fine dust, the scintillation of the precious stones they wear making them look like idols, pass between two files of troops, before balconies draped with flags and crowded with spectators in gala dresses. The people cheer the royal party as they go by, not because of any enthusiasm for their monarchy, for the attachment to that form of government is much weakened at the present day, but just because they are enjoying themselves—the people of Madrid are always ready for amusement—and cheering is a good way of expressing their pleasure. By a fortunate combination of tastes and instincts naturally opposed to each other, this love of amusement is quite compatible with the unalterable gravity, the solemn, time-honored gravity, of the Castilian, which, on occasion, gives way to a fresh and buoyant light-hearted gayety.

But in the midst of what we may call the magic resurrection of things gone by, carefully preserved beneath a layer of ancient beliefs, as Herculaneum and Pompeii were beneath a mass of lava, we find, contrasting strangely with these relics of the past, a suggestion of liberty, the germs of ideas to be compared only with those entertained in cities long since enfranchised, and altogether republican in their institutions and in the manners of their inhabitants.

Imagine a semi-Asiatic court of the Germanic Empire in feudal times set down in the midst of the United States of America, and you have an idea of Madrid as it is at the present time. In its thoroughfares the Monarchy and the Republic jostle each other at every step, the two forces balancing each other exactly; the former is enshrined in customs which have been handed down through many generations; the latter is the outcome of the earnest aspirations of a people thoroughly imbued with liberal ideas. This contrast between this strange admixture of two principles so hostile to each other, this retention of the institutions of a former age, this culture of the most retrograde absolutism in the presence of the ever-rising tide of the fullest republican liberty, and in the midst of a democracy exceeding every other in its eagerness for absolute equality, make up the most striking social characteristic of the modern capital of Spain.

Paris, in spite of its relics of the old monarchy, its many royal palaces, its girdle of princely residences, such as stately Versailles and artistic Fontainebleau, is the capital of a republic altogether out of sympathy with the principles and the representatives of the *ancien régime*, and no trace of these principles or of belief in these representatives is found, except in the hearts of a few disheartened men who still dream of a Messiah, or in all but effaced memories of a history already ancient. In England the sorrows of the widowed Queen have withdrawn her from public life, and saved us by a miracle from the shock of revolution, she leads a life of retirement in historic Windsor, in her ocean home at Osborne, or amongst the wild hills and mountains of Scotland at Balmoral. Twenty years of Parliamentary government have not sufficed to efface from Rome the imprint of the papacy left by twenty centuries of Cæsarism and theocracy.

Berlin and Vienna, as well as Constantinople and St. Petersburg, have the style and air of great imperial cities, whilst Brussels and Antwerp, Amsterdam and Ghent, although modern diplomatic buildings have converted them into something like royal capitals, remain as thoroughly municipal and republican as any Hanseatic or Swiss town. In fact, Europe has its imperial, its republican, and its parliamentary cities. But there is but one town in the world in which the extremes of monarchical and republican principles exist side by side, which in one part resembles Weimar or Munich, and in another Geneva or Boston, which has a dynasty of long descent, yet enjoys complete liberty of thought and speech, and that town is Madrid. Truly astonishing is the mental activity, the fertility of ideas, in this hivelike capital, the intellectual life of which must not be judged by the books issued in it, still less by those its people read. The Spanish never care much for reading; but they love to listen, and the thinkers of Spain do not put their thoughts into print, but give them out in lectures and in conversation.

Born orators, the sons of this Southern land, in their institutes, their academies, their athenæums, their numerous educational societies, their high-schools, their elementary science schools, have professorships and classes for so many subjects, discuss every question with such eager interest, and follow the general progress of scientific discovery so closely, that the atmosphere of Madrid is ever, so to speak, teeming with ideas—now as serene and luminous as pure science, now charged with revolutionary electricity.

The most remarkable thing about Madrid is not so much its intellectual activity as the absolute liberty with which scientific inquiry is carried on. This liberty is not merely the result of the vigorous democratic laws which insure it, but also of the deeply rooted customs of every grade of Spanish society. There are free nations, such as the English, amongst whom belief in the ancient liturgy and respect for time-honored social conventions exercise so great a restraint that any new ideas are altogether inadmissible, especially if they trench at all either on the Anglican faith or on the constitutional monarchy, and no one can give expression to them without losing caste. It is really piteous to note all the precautions with which the worthy Max Müller has to hedge himself about in order to develop his notions on the philosophy of religions without wounding the religious susceptibilities of the English. And yet greater is the disfavor with which an able orator and statesman, such as Sir Charles Dilke, has had to contend, on account of his brilliant speeches with regard to the British Civil List, and his advanced opinions as to the best and most suitable form of government. Whereas in Spain, in the classic land of the Inquisition, no one is thought the worse of whatever his new and progressive ideas, whether on the subject of religious dogma, philosophy, or politics.

Even more than for its wide tolerance in intellectual matters is Madrid distinguished for the natural, sincere, and constant respect shown amongst its citizens for the principle of equality. Never could an inhabitant of Madrid be induced to entertain for a moment the notion prevalent amongst so many other people of a privileged class, enjoying a lofty and solitary social position, or of aristocratic quarters, resembling cemeteries in their dreary seclusion, set apart for the exclusive use of what may be characterized as the mere ghosts of ancient royal chimeras. At Madrid there are no distinctions of class, or, if there are, every one meets on equal terms. When the Duchess of Medinaceli, or the Duke of Fernan himself, holds a reception, the first person to be invited is the Alcalde of their quarter, and he is always an artisan. Beneath gilded ceilings, and amongst the portraits of kings and viceroys related to the illustrious owners of the house, and blazoned coat of arms surmounted by crowns of gleaming gold, on the soft carpets of splendid salons and galleries, you meet the noble and the plebeian, the Catholic and the materialist, the actor and the general, the nuncio and the archbishop besprinkled with holy water, and the atheist whose lips are vibrating with the assertion that infinite space, void of intelligence, is abandoned to the forces of Nature. Nothing, in fact, can exceed the political, religious, and social tolerance or the absolute social equality of Spain. This does not mean that the Spanish are strangers to religious exaltation, that they cannot be moved to a noble zeal for goodness and truth, or roused energetically to defend what they consider their just rights. One thing is certain, in the strange city of Madrid, side by side with a court petrified in the traditions of its ancient history, dwells a democracy thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit.

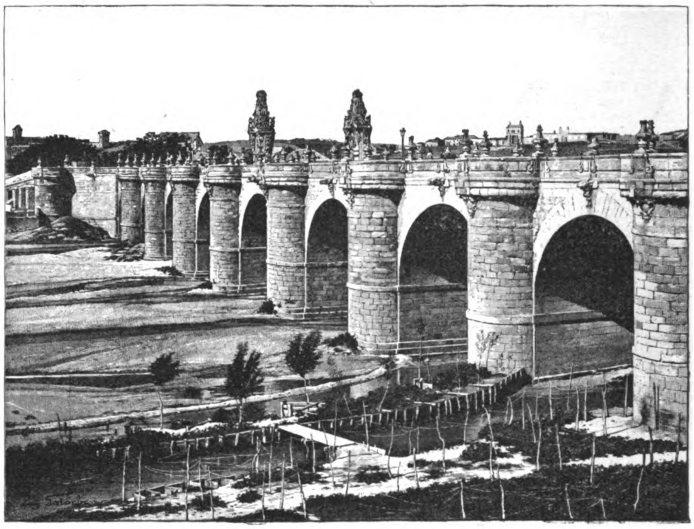
To learn to know all that is most worthy of honor and

* This, of course, refers to the Escorial—begun in 1563 and completed in 1584—built by Philip II. to serve as palace, monastery, and mausoleum. Once one of the eight wonders of the world, it is now in ruins, though some idea can still be obtained of the original magnificence of the solitary pile of granite.—TRANS.

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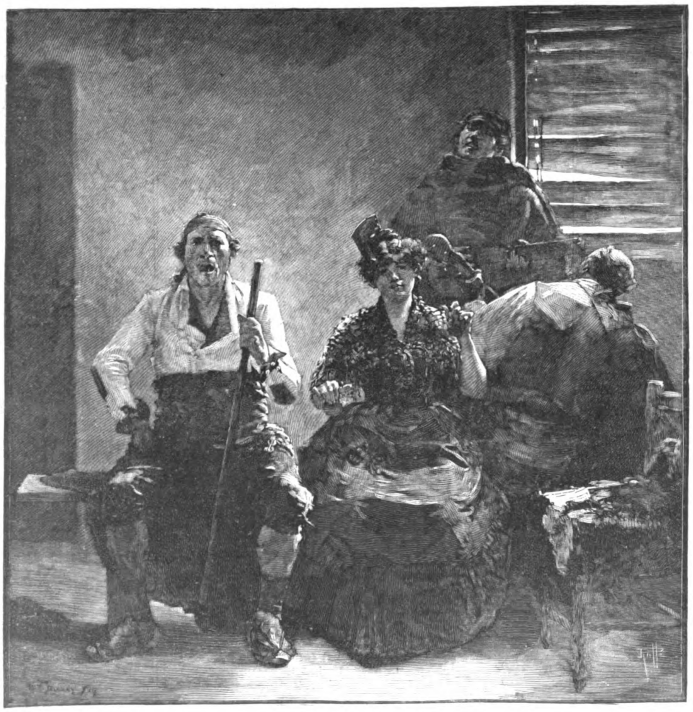
THE CYBELE FOUNTAIN.



THE TOLEDO BRIDGE.



EL JALEO (A SPANISH DANCE).



AT THE FLAMENCO CAFÉ.

admiration in Madrid, we must go to the Museo, or picture-gallery. We consider the Escorial of Philip II. a marvellous structure, and rank it with the great buildings designated in olden times as wonders; but the true wonder is in the unrivalled collection of masterpieces on the Prado. Place the Museo of Madrid beside the vast courts of the huge Louvre, and, although it is finely proportioned, it cannot bear comparison, in size or material grandeur, with that titanic building. Compare it with the British Museum, or the Uffizi Gallery of Florence, and we find it inferior to the former in the rich variety of its art treasures, and to the latter in its series of historical paintings. Nor has it many such masterpieces of sculpture as the Capitol or the Vatican; such relics of ancient painting as the galleries of Rome, Vienna, or Perugia. I even prefer the arrangement of the Brussels and Antwerp museums, and the richness of ornamentation of the Pinacotecas of Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. But the Madrid Museum carries off the palm from all of these, and its good fortune can never be too highly estimated, in that it owns, housed



A LADY OF MADRID.

beneath one roof as by a miracle, an absolutely unique collection of masterpieces such as can nowhere else be seen together or in so short a time.

The passages, the garrets, and the cellars of the Madrid Museo contain canvases which in other museums would be reserved for the chief rooms. Sixty Titians, nearly a hundred of Teniers's, Rubens's, and Vandyck's best works; the "Madonna dello Spasimo," the "Virgin with the Pearl," known as the "Perla," and the "Virgin with the Fish," by the divine Raphael; numerous Pantojas, Riberas, and Coellos scattered about the walls; fine Zurbarans, Canos, and Murillos, dazzling and charming us with their resplendent beauty; Moros in which the characters seem actually alive; such Dürers as are to be seen nowhere else but in Germany; the grand series representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Juan de Juanes; as many examples of Holbein as at Bâle; gems by Andrea del Sarto, equal to those at Florence; several Flemish masterpieces, which the very Belgians covet; three scenes of the time of Luther, by Cranach; Veroneses and Tintorettos equal to those at Venice; many admirable

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AT THE WINE SHOP.

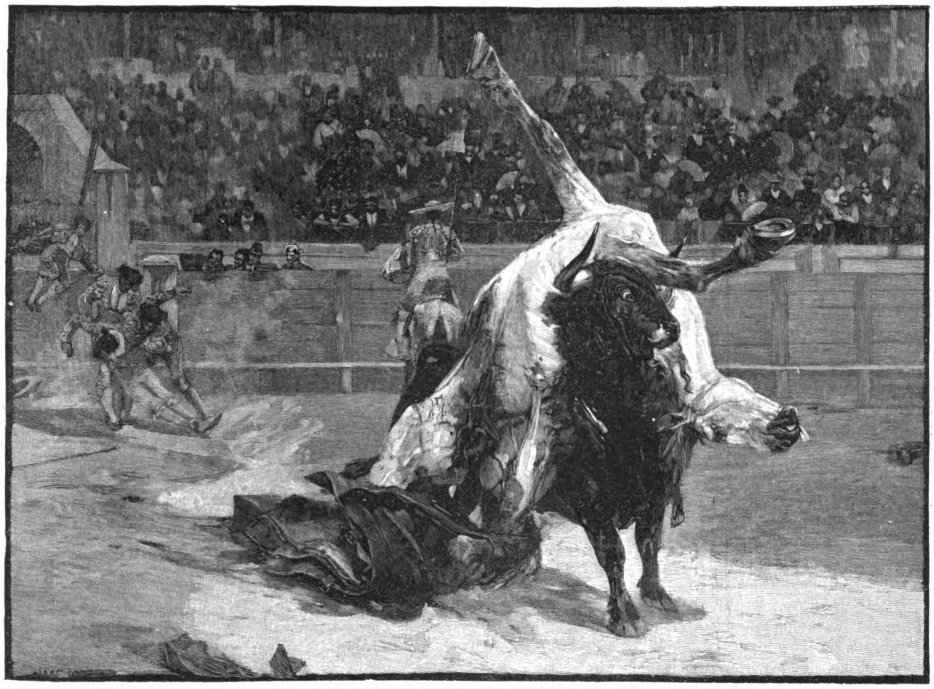


THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

gas, and near-everything Velquez produced combine to m a whole so utiful, so enacing, so altoner unprecedted, we might ost say so possible, that resembles noag so much as magic scene lized for a mont in a dream fairyland.

What journeys artist or the -lover would e to take, at weary miles would have raverse, before could see elsewhere such a alth of exquis masterpieces have been ught together Madrid by a mbination of tunate circumces such as never likely ccur again in world!

t is here that asquez, the nter *par excel*e of life, who er had and er can have equal, he who ew how to ch the ideal ression in h a manner t his models



SCENE AT A BULL-FIGHT.

are to us actual living characters, who was able to separate the specific from the general, in whose hands the individual became a prototype, who brought into vivid relief the physiological and the psychic characteristics of every man or woman he painted, who seem to breathe from his canvases, who are positively instinct with life, apparently actually moving in the environment in which the artist has placed them, and looking out upon us with eyes full of thought—true windows of their souls.

When, therefore, we have gazed our fill upon religious subjects, such as Murillo's "Ecstasies," his "Ecce Homo" and "Immaculate Conception," which resemble in their delicate harmony the music of the heavenly spheres, and when, with eye and ear duly trained in accordance with the



A WINE SHOP AT MADRID.



THE PLAZA MAYOR.

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teaching of contemporary science, we have recognized the correlation of their scale of color with musical notation, we turn to the works of Velasquez, flooded as they are with actual daylight, full of atmosphere and with true horizons, in which real men and women live and move and have their being, it is as if we had come back from the delusions of a hypnotic sleep to revel in the scents, the sounds, the life, the glory of a May morning, with all its dew-besprinkled wealth of tender tones of color.

A Russian who should transport to St. Petersburg the portrait of Philip IV. on horseback, on that steed in whose eyes are reflected the blue of the sky of Madrid, and whose nostrils are quivering as they inhale the air of Guadarrama, would take with that world-famous picture the Moncloa and the Prado, the blue distances, the mountains with their lapis-lazuli tints, and the fresh yet warm transparent mists, touched now with violet and silvery reflections from the virgin snow, gleaming now with almost metallic green from the young grass, the whole bathed in light so clear, so vivid, that we are reminded at once of the reverberating effects of strong sunshine on the desert and the ocean.

So true to life is Velasquez that at the first forge you recognize the blacksmiths; those weavers belong to the carpet manufactory, which was transferred from the old Saladero to the Atocha promenade; you know those old topers in the wine shops, that comedian on the boards, that sculptor in his studio, those soldiers in camp, those kings at court, even those dogs in the kennel. You are constantly tempted to look behind the canvas, to make sure that the models themselves are not there; you fancy that by some optical illusion you can see them actually posing to be drawn or painted.

You can see Rembrandt at Amsterdam, Ghent, Brussels, and Paris; Michael Angelo at Rome and Florence; Correggio at Parma and Dresden; Rubens at Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and St. Petersburg; Murillo at Seville, Cadiz, and Madrid; Raphael in every important collection—but Velasquez at Madrid only.*

Velasquez occupies the very highest rank amongst artists, and rich as it is in masterpieces from other hands, it is the fine collection of his immortal works which constitutes the chief glory of the Madrid Museum. To the historian yet another delight is added to the æsthetic enjoyment of the contemplation of works of art, and that is the opportunity they afford him of being brought face to face with the great characters of the past in the Prado galleries. Any one with a good memory and a little imagination can call up scene after scene from days gone by. It would not do to liken the museum, with all its wealth of costly stuffs, its jewels, brocades, plumes, and lace, to a Valley of Jehoshaphat, but the brush of the master really does spread out before us a kind of resurrection feast, such as that the holy influence of which, with the ringing of church bells, the pealing of organs, and the music of alleluias, dashed from the lips of Faust the cup of deadly poison he had mixed for himself.

Here is Queen Isabella I. in prayer, surrounded by the stately sons she loved so well, little dreaming, as she gazed on them in all their apparent health and strength, of the doom which was so soon to overtake them. A little further on is the Elector of Saxony, with the promoters of the League of Schmalkald, on their way to seek Luther and snatch him from the Emperor and his hired assassins, to transport him to the Patmos, where, in spite of all the machinations of the evil one, the great reformer was to write his new gospel. That handsome young fellow in the blue velvet doublet embroidered with gold, with a damascened sword in his belt, caressing a spaniel with his dainty hand, and seeming to look out at you with an inquiry in his black eyes, is the fourth husband of Lucrezia Borgia, immortalized by Hugo and Donizetti, the Duke Alfonso, whose lifelike portrait by Titian you will now seek in vain in the feudal castle of Ferrara; and here is Don Carlos, whom we cannot but condemn, in spite of the immortal apologies of Schiller and Quintana, when we look at the portrait in which Sanchez Coelho has represented him, with the livid complexion and dull eyes of a man who has never felt within him the promptings of a soul.

Or if you care to see the sun of Spanish prosperity setting amidst clouds of gloom, look at Charles V. when his misfortunes had begun; accompany him in his flight from Innsbruck to the Monastery of Yuste; study him when he is brooding over the treason of his pupil Maurice of Saxony, on whose arm he leant when he entered Bologna on the day of his coronation, and when he foresees the desertion of his other pupil, William of Orange; his face full of the bitterness of disenchantment, thinking neither of the verdict of posterity nor of the eternity before him; about to disappear from the world in lightnings and thunderings, in convulsions of nature such as are described in the sinister prophecies of the Apocalypse.

Near to Charles V. is the portrait of his son Philip, painted by the melancholy artist Pantoja, that Philip who tasted of the bitterness of death in his own palace of the Escorial, that son with the false and insolent face, fit index of his treacherous, hypocritical soul, with the sallow complexion of the debauchee, robed in black as in a shroud, and holding a rosary in his spiderlike fingers.

And here, illustrating still further the endless tragedies of history, is Bloody Mary of England, the unhappy wife of Philip, looking like some sorceress of old, and holding in her hand a blood-red carnation; here is Don Sebastien, dreaming of the sands of the African desert, in which he was eventually to be engulfed; here is Doña Juana, ruler of Castille, who received the ambassadors at Valladolid wearing a mask; here is Charles Stuart, defeated but resigned, gazing sadly at the coast of France, where his wife is watching for him, and oppressed with presentiments of the death on the scaffold awaiting him; and here is the unchaste Maria Louisa of Bourbon, who, absorbed in her intrigues with her favorite godson, was ready, in exchange for a throne in Portugal for him, to cede the country of her forefathers to the foreign invader, and, as a result, filled Spain with fire and sword, covering its soil with corpses, and poisoning its air with the smell of blood.

And if all this saddens and oppresses you too much, you can turn for rest and refreshment to the Flemish families of Pourbus, with their plump fresh-colored faces; the laughing maids of honor, surrounded by jesters playing tricks in the salons of Buen Retiro to amuse the pretty, happy little Infanta; the Flemish kirmess, with its clash of instruments of different kinds; the Garden of Love, in which Rubens, with attendant pink-fleshed Cupids, dances with his beloved wife; the happy, healthy children of Murillo hugging sheep in the meadows, and drinking water from the stream in oyster-shells; Vandyck, bright, charming, and mischievous, peeping at the Duchess of Oxford over the shoulder of her accommodating husband; the Venetian houses and gondolas of Canaletto; the cattle, the inns, the forges, the castanet-players, the sausage-eaters, the gallants and country wenches, the fairs and fêtes of Goya, in which are combined with a grace thoroughly Aragonese the freshness, the truth to life, and the humor of a farce by Don Ramon de la Cruz, with the boldness and originality of an ode by Quintana.

But we shall never leave the museum if we indulge our love of art any further, so we must tear ourselves away and see something of the rest of Madrid. We are now in the middle of the Prado, and behind us is the Botanical Garden, once a beautiful but now desolate place, a cyclone having laid low the cedars of Lebanon as if they had been but a field of grass. On the right are the Buen Retiro Gardens, the favorite resort of the people of Madrid, who flock to them in the spring to enjoy the scent of the lilies and the song of the nightingales, in the summer for the sake of the shade, in the winter for the sunshine, and at every time of year for the delight of seeing and being seen, of exchanging hearty greetings with friends, rejoicing with them in their happiness, and weeping with them in their woes. On the left, where the San Geronimo Avenue abuts on the Prado, are two historic palaces, that belonging to the Medinacelli, who are descended in a direct line from King Alfonso X., the other the property of the Dukes of Villa Hermosa, who are the indirect descendants of John II. of Aragon. Both are at present tenanted by noble and beautiful ladies worthy of their illustrious lineage.

We must not leave the Prado without a glance at the fountains, which are very good examples of architecture as applied to hydraulic science in Spain, or without noting the stream of passers-by where meet the ancient street of Alcala and the modern thoroughfares known as los Recoletos. Here are the National Bank, the Ministry of War, and, standing out conspicuously, the Fountain, noted for the purity of its water, with the magnificent groups of sculpture, representing Cybele in her chariot drawn by lions. Let us pass on to the Paseo de Castellana, and, however indifferent to beauty we may be, we cannot fail to be struck with the grandeur of its avenues of trees, and the brightness and



A SPANISH PEASANT.

gayety of the crowds passing to and fro in their many-colored garments, nodding to each other with happy smiling faces, or pausing for a chat as they perform their daily promenade.

On either side of the Castellana now stretch the new quarters of Madrid, divided by dreary tracts of arid sand, once part of a parched, treeless plain. Whatever street we elect to follow in the Chamberi quarter we soon come to the Plaza San Gil, and if we go a few steps farther before turning up by the Palace Stables, we shall find ourselves opposite to the Hermitage of Padre San Antonio de la Florida, decorated with paintings by Goya. Do not expect to find in these works of art a scrap of religious sentiment; the encyclopedist painter was a Liberal born in a century of revolutions, of struggles between old and new institutions and beliefs. Obliged to paint religious scenes for which he had no sympathy, he chose the most beautiful and abandoned women of the day, treating them in his usual bold and nervous style, and converting them into angels by the simple addition of many-colored wings. But if we can get over the irreverence of the thing, what life, what truth, what color, what go there is in his revolutionary blacksmiths, eager to take up arms in defence of liberty; in his monks, ready to leave their cells, expelled and dispersed by the storm of new ideas! The characters to whom we are introduced at San Francisco and San Antonio really represent the first popular manifestation of the tendencies of the day; they were, so to speak, the first democratic club of the Liberal revolution in Spain.

From San Antonio de la Florida, with its revolutionary frescoes, let us go up to the Royal Palace, that huge and lofty structure, which has a certain beauty, the beauty of all vast, well-proportioned buildings, but is altogether wanting in character. It is neither Spanish nor anything else, but there is something imposing about it in spite of the meretricious statues with which the exterior is adorned, and there is no doubt as to the great value of its contents even without the recent art additions of the Royal Armory.

We must also glance at the Casa de los Ministeros, the Casa de los Consejos, the Congreso de los Deputades (the Madrid House of Commons), in which are delivered so many eloquent speeches by Spanish orators, the Academy of History, with its fine collections of MSS., missals, etc., the Spanish Academy, the Academy of Natural and Moral Science, and other educational establishments, in which literature and science are eagerly studied; at the churches of San Francisco, converted by the contemporary artists Amerigo, Contreras, and others into a regular museum of modern art; San Andrea, with its costly little chapel of San Isidro, in the most pronounced Rococo style, and the church known as San Isidro el Real, which has been converted into a cathedral, but still retains the stamp of the decadence into which ecclesiastical architecture fell under the Jesuits.

The three chief plazas of Madrid, known as del Oriente, Mayor, and Puerta del Sol, are worthy of examination for the historical memories connected with them. The first owns, with numerous colossal but inartistic stone statues of kings and queens, a grand equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast in Florence from the wooden model by Montanes, and a noteworthy example of the influence of Italian art in Spain, even in the time of Velasquez. The Plaza Mayor, with its quaint old houses, with narrow porches, projecting balconies, and fresco decorations, is a survival of mediæval Madrid, and was long the scene of *autos-da-fé* and bull-fights, the residents being compelled by law to give up the front portion of their houses to spectators of these horrible tragedies; and the Plaza Puerta del Sol, where, though this plaza is now in the very heart of the capital, the beautiful entrance gateway once stood which caught the first rays of the morning sun. All traces of the gate are now gone, and the plaza teems with life, the main thoroughfares meeting in it; it is the rendezvous alike of the busy and the idle, the brain from which radiate all the throbbing nerves of the mighty restless city.

The noise in the Puerta del Sol must be heard to be appreciated. Every Sunday—or every other Sunday—until far on in the summer, the bull-fights, which are the time-honored national fêtes of Spain, are held in it. I loathe these bull-fights, and loathing them, of course I very seldom go to them, so that I am not just the right person to describe them. But not to mention these *fiestas reales*, as they are called, would be to leave out the most characteristic feature not only of Madrid, but of the whole of Spain, for from time immemorial they have been held on every grand occasion, whether for the delight of the natives themselves or for the entertainment of foreign visitors in it. As has been ably pointed out by Richard Ford:* "The past is linked with the present, and Spanish nationality is revealed. . . . The principle was the exhibition of horsemanship, courage, and dexterity with the lance, for in the early bull-fight the animal was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *rejon*, a short spear about four feet long. . . . To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *caballero*. . . . This original form of bull-fight . . . . is called a *fiesta reale*, and such an one Philip IV. exhibited on the Plaza Mayor of Madrid before our Charles I."

There are few more romantic and curious episodes in the history of Spain than the unexpected and mysterious visit to Spain of Charles, then only Prince of Wales, in the early part of the reign of Philip IV. He came as suitor for the hand of the Infanta Henrietta Maria, who was to share with him the tottering throne he was to inherit from his father, James I., son of the ill-fated Mary Stuart. Charles had crossed France secretly, disguised by a mask and with his hair dyed, accompanied by his friend and the sharer of his misfortunes—the Duke of Buckingham. They were not recognized, and were present as spectators at a dinner and masked ball at the Louvre. At midnight, in the middle of March, when it was as dark as pitch at Madrid, there was a loud knocking at the door of the British Embassy, and on its being opened, two unknown knights were discovered, who demanded to see the English ambassador. His Excellency sent word that they were to come up to him, but they replied that he must come down to them, for their legs would carry them no further. Down came the ambassador then, and his surprise may be imagined when he found his visitors to be the Prince of Wales, and Buckingham, acting as equerry to his royal master.

No imagination could conjure up, no pen could do justice to, the fêtes held by the people of Madrid to do honor to their guest. The Count of Gondomar gave him a banquet of Babylonian magnificence. The Brotherhood of San Geronimo erected in his honor a dais covered with cloth of silver, with a throne and table covered with ruby-colored velvet, such as had never before been seen in Madrid. The municipality gave his attendants a tent of white damask fringed with gold, with supports of solid silver. The Queen sent him costly Dutch stuffs in coffers of amber, with locks and keys of massive gold. In his honor religious processions through the streets were multiplied, the regular clergy redoubled their penances and scourged themselves till the blood flowed in streams; to amuse the Prince high-born nobles paraded the streets at night in masquerade costumes, recalling the saturnalia of olden times, crowds of ladies in gala dresses rushed to the Jotillo to organize *fêtes champêtres* as a relief from court festivals, city banquets, and church ceremonies. Charles was escorted here and there in procession like the host in the *Fête Dieu*, with a guard of Castillians and Burgundians, who wore in his honor their most gleaming armor. In movable two-storied theatres, with costly decorations and properties, were performed beneath his windows the saintliest religious mysteries, full of the loftiest theological conceptions. When the Prince at last took leave, the King presented him with two chariots, two hundred buttons made of precious stones, twelve Spanish and two Arab horses, twelve colts in crimson trappings braided with gold, twenty-five muskets, twenty-five swords, 50,000 ducats' worth of jewelry, a silver fountain suitable for a garden, twenty-four mules, and one hundred and fifty goat skins prepared with amber; whilst the town of Santander—for use on his return journey—presented him with two thousand chickens, three thousand pullets, two thousand pairs of pigeons, five hundred capons, one hundred sheep, two hundred kids, twenty cows, fifty pots of preserves, one hundred bottles of wine, and one thousand loaves of bread fresh from the oven.

The most wonderful, most magnificent, most imposing of all the spectacles witnessed by Charles on this visit to Spain was the bull-fight, in which the picadores, etc., were all high-born gentlemen, who went through the whole struggle in the presence of fifty thousand spectators. The gilded balcony of the Panaderia, containing the royal family and their guests, was draped with cloth of gold, and protected from the sun by an awning of satin from Florence and velvet from Milan. The platform of the representatives of Castille was draped with blue enriched with silver shields and embroidery; that of the representatives of Aragon with red and gold; that of those from Italy and America with costly symbols of every variety of vessel; whilst the stands of the Grand Inquisitors, the knights of high and low degree, the great legal functionaries, the deputies to the Cortes, the ambassadors, courtiers, grandees, bishops, etc., vied with each other in the richness, variety, and brilliancy of their many-colored trappings, their banners, their garlands, and their weapons.

All these people, and the crowds beneath whose weight

* This is not quite correct; the National Gallery of London owns several admirable works by Velasquez; and the private collections of England have also many masterpieces from his hand, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, in his *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, vol. iv., mentioning more than sixty.—TRANS.

* *Murray's Hand-Book for Spain*, p. 67 of Introduction to vol. i.

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some of the roofs nearly gave way, witnessed the arrival of the Queen and Infanta, wearing costumes of dark gray and gold, plentifully strewn with jewels; the infant Don Carlos in black, the Cardinal in purple robes and scarlet hat; the King in walnut-brown velvet and plumed helmet; the English Prince distinguished by his white feathers. When the whole court had taken their places, the Duke of Cea, mounted on a gray horse, appeared in the arena, preceded by fifty lackeys in German uniforms, and accompanied by two famous *toreadores* wearing fawn-colored cloaks, followed by the Duke of Maqueda, escorted by a squadron of knights, and surrounded by pages with spears decked with ribbon streamers; the Marquis of Velada, whose suite resembled an army in their gleaming black armor; the Count of Villamar, surrounded by followers, who, with their feather head-dresses, looked like a battalion of Indians; the two celebrated *espadas*, Cristobal Bonifaz with six attendants in purple, and Cristobal Gavina with six attendants whose dresses were covered with steel ornaments. All advanced with light hearts, and plied the *rejon* so skilfully that the hides of the bulls were riddled with darts. Much blood was shed and many bulls were killed, with a ceaseless accompaniment of applause from the audience; for the Spanish can never control their delight in their favorite pastime.

I have dwelt thus long on this bull-fight of the seventeenth century with a view to showing how hereditary is the love of the people for these horrible spectacles. They really are not responsible for their apparent cruelty, for atavism is a well-recognized scientific law; or if their responsibility cannot be altogether done away with, it is considerably lessened, for it is spread over some hundred generations. When we mark the gradual piling up of mountains by the agglomeration of infinitesimal molecules, we realize how natural is the acquisition of fixed habits when the tendency to them is passed on century after century, till these habits become part and parcel of a national character. There is no doubt that if we restored absolutism, founding a dynasty of all-powerful kings, with innumerable armies to support their authority, and supplemented that authority by the most inquisitorial of Inquisitions, with a view to the suppression of the bull-fight in Spain, we should inevitably fail, for love of the *fiesta real* is ingrain in the Spanish nature.

This is why, as rivulets and mountain torrents rush to the main stream of some mighty watercourse, the whole population of Madrid flocks to the Alcala, laying aside, as they settle themselves down in the tiers of seats in the circus, the gravity for which the Castilians are noted elsewhere, to give themselves up, as the spectacle begins, to noisy and boisterous delight. Above are the gayly decorated private boxes, in which sway to and fro the white cloaks and red fans of the richly dressed occupants, whilst below are the masses of citizens, who, though generally sober enough, are now intoxicated, so to speak, with the smell of blood and the sight of the *alguazils*, or police, in their old-fashioned costumes; the *chulos*, or foot attendants, in their many-colored *capas de durancillo*, or silk cloaks; the *picadores*, or mounted spearmen; the *banderilleros*, or dart-throwers; the *espadas*, or slayers, and the mule team, or *el tiro*. The spectators gloat on the skill with which the picadores fling their spears, and the banderilleros their darts; the agile *suertes*, or tricks of the *chulos* and *toreros* as they goad the bull to madness; and the excitement and tension are immense in the final act of the drama, when death is dealt by the *espada* to the bull, who has strewn the arena with the corpses of horses. Then, no doubt, the people of Madrid lose their heads; their self-control is gone, and they really seem cruel and inhuman.

For all this, however, he who condemns them does them injustice, for there are no better-hearted folk in the world than these same people of Madrid. Set against their conduct at the bull fights their behavior in times of revolution or when some epidemic is raging, and no one can help admiring as I admire and loving as I love them. Never can I forget their noble charity during the visitation of cholera in 1865, when I saw poor work-people carrying the stricken in their arms, pressing to their hearts those all but dead, reviving them with their own breath, never thinking that in so doing they were risking their own lives. Truly a people who could act in a manner so heroic, so sublime, must have a grand reserve of vital force, a generous nature which radiates forth goodness as the sun radiates forth heat.

I need not dwell more on what Madrid has been in times of revolution or of war, for every one remembers her behavior on the 2d of May; her firmness in the insurrection led by Don Carlos, her unwavering fidelity to Liberal ideas in every convulsion, her patriotism in the stormy days of the Spanish republic, her cultivation of liberty without anarchy, her self-control in every popular demonstration, the wisdom and moderation of her club orators, the innate dignity which never forsakes her, her calm and prudent attitude in the midst of revolutions, which have combined to win for her the respect of an emancipated people, a people worthy to wear the noblest of all crowns, the full enjoyment of their inalienable rights.

There are but three blots upon the character of Madrid, and these three are bull-fights, lotteries, and beggars; and the number of the last-named can scarcely be quoted against the people of the capital, for it is really merely the result of the carelessness of the authorities in allowing vagrants of every nationality to flock to Madrid, instead of enforcing the regulations of the civil and penal code against vagabondage.

The town in which Lope de Vega and Calderon were born, in which Cervantes and Quevedo wrote, and Gongora and Quintana sang, and in which Velasquez and Goya wielded the brush; which gave to so many previously unknown nations the knowledge of the gospel, and dictated laws to two hemispheres; which has produced a drama scarcely surpassed by that of any other nation; which has founded academies alike of art and of literature, and, thanks to her poets and prose-writers, long led the way in intellectual culture; which did much for the prosperity of Naples, Sicily, and America, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries owned a school of painting worthy to rank with that of Italy in its golden age—may without vanity claim to have made its mark in history, and to have added lustre to the planet to which it belongs.

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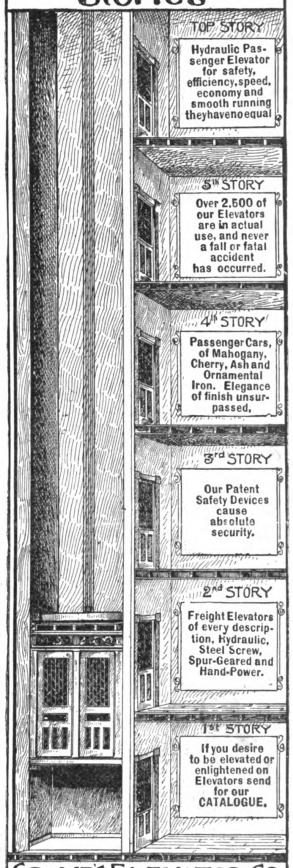
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A YEAR OF ENTERPRISE.

From the "Providence Journal," Feb. 19, 1898.

It will be a queer revolution if the strong news sense which was once considered wholly journalistic should pass over to the magazines, and if they should alone retain the far-seeing knowledge and business judgment which considers money spent for exclusive news matter to be money well invested. It is certainly a fact that the so-called periodical literature yet remains free from syndicated weakness and courageous and fertile in the creation of exclusive special features. Within ten days I have bid good-bye to two men bound for far distant corners of the world in quest of adventure for public entertainment, but neither is a journalist. They were both sent out by the editor of one of the magazines. Let me take that magazine (HARPER'S) to illustrate how true it is that such publications are now displaying the enterprise which once distinguished the most powerful daily journals, and was peculiar to them. I think the story will prove interesting as well as illustrative:

Within a year the Messrs. Harper & Brothers commissioned Theodore Child to go to India in order to study the country, without prejudice for or against the English, and with a view to determining the relations between the natives and the English in the country and between the English and the Russians in Central Asia. Mr. E. L. Weeks, a well-known English artist, was to go with him to make illustrations for his text.

It was wonderful that Theodore Child would go, for no man loved civilization and art and luxury more than he; it was tragically sad that he should persist in going overland as he did, to meet a horrible death from disease. But he wanted to see Persia, and so stalked into the cholera that was raging there, and, escaping that, died of another malady when he might have taken ship at Liverpool and gone safely. He died, and now Richard Harding Davis has started to make an extended tour of the countriell of the Mediterranean and the East, and, in as likelihood, to take up Mr. Child's task in India and Central Asia. Thor de Thulstrup, who is a Swedish army officer at home and an artist here, was at the same time studying the armies of Europe. Frederic Remington, who, with Mr. Poultney Bigelow, was expelled from Russia, and whose adventures in Poland and on the Czar's western frontier are now being published, has just started for the interior of Mexico, where he expects to find picturesque conditions that we neighborly people have been unaware of.

His "range," as he would express it, since he has been employed on the magazine, has taken him to the Hudson Bay country and to Vancouver's Island with me, to Russia, and now to Mexico, and since we have travelled apart I have been in every State of the Union except Maine, Texas, and Arizona, going west to study the new States, and to the Gulf States with Mr. W. T. Smedley to note the changing condition of the South, Richard Harding Davis having gone into the South-west at the same time for the making of his book on "The West from a Car-Window."

Within the year F. D. Millet completed the canoe voyage down the Danube, which he and Alfred Parsons illustrated so cleverly, and Mr. Parsons went on to Japan and spent seven months there to do Japanese scenery and outdoor subjects for the magazine. I saw him the other day, by-the-way, surrounded by his work in Millet's house, flinging upon his canvases the gayest, almost aromatic, orchards of wild-cherry trees in bloom, and fields of flowering plants and beds of monster lily blooms. Quite different work is that of Mr. C. A. Platt. I have not seen any of it yet, but he has returned from Italy, where he was sent for the magazine to study Italian gardens—especially those of Rome and Florence, with particular reference to their application in the improvement of American landscape-gardening. To conclude, then, excepting the purely artistic features (and not all of them), these enterprises are such as used to be within the field of active journalism. They have comprised half the globe in their scope, and have included a consideration of expense only as enterprise begets profit in the service of the public.

JULIAN RALPH.

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THE ALL-HEARING.

THE wind is rising, and the trees
Sob their heartfelt sympathies,
While my cry is caught and tossed
By the tempest—then is lost.

But the Master, who has wrought
Music of his sweetest thought,
Hears the least discordant tone—
So my cry is heard by One.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.

IN the extreme northwest corner of Jackson Park, near the intersection of Fifty-seventh Street with Stoney Island Avenue, which is the west boundary of the fair grounds, is the Esquimaux village. This village is in a grove of trees, and on the banks of a pond, on which during the winter the Esquimaux have exercised their dogs, and the young people have skated. This village, though a little out of the way and inaccessible during the winter, has been very generally visited by those bold enough to brave the wind and weather. Mr. De Thulstrup has made a sketch of this village with the ice-covered pond in the foreground, and an Esquimaux driving a sledge upon which two adventuresome Chicago ladies are taking a taste of the most approved method of travel in those high latitudes where these children of the North are at home. The groups on the ice show both men and women. Some of these far Northern people have become more than half civilized, and some of the women, therefore, have adopted petticoats and skirts, and their sex may be distinguished by these articles of feminine apparel. But some of the women in the village cling to their native costume without any modifications. In this native costume men and women can only be distinguished from one another by a short skirt that the women wear, which is very like the tail to the civilized man's conventional dress-coat. At least one of these women so dressed is to be seen in Mr. De Thulstrup's picture.

The tents which are the dwelling-places of the people in the village, as at home, are erected in genuine Esquimaux style, but the necessity for warmth has at no time this winter been so great that they needed to be closed to the almost total exclusion of air, and the retention of all possible heat, even when that heat was laden with stenches sickening to the olfactory nerves of ordinary Americans. Nor do they live in their Illinois stopping-place on the flesh and blood of seals. The change in diet is rather great, and many of them miss the draughts of hot seal blood, which Dr. Hall tells us is a very good soup indeed. The writer, in his two or three visits to the village, saw nothing to confirm the stories that Arctic travellers tell of the peculiar cleansing methods that the Esquimaux employ, and though there are those in the village who speak English, it somehow seemed impolite to question them about peculiarities which did not seem nice. In the summer-time the sledges will be on exhibition, but not in use. Then the drivers will become boatmen, and will paddle passengers about the pond in their peculiar canoes. The workmanship of the Esquimaux in making their sledges and boats and their tents is not nearly so crude as might be imagined, but is at once tolerably neat and very strong.

A POET'S LAST BOOK.

THE garnered words are sweet upon the page:
The ripened thought is bound in sheaf of song;
Of springtide sowing this the golden gage,
A harvest where each gathered blade is strong.

O husbandman of dear and happy dreams,
Thy summer ends beneath the reaper's knife;
But every grain in all these yellow gleams
Enshrines a germ of beauty and of life.

W. J. HENDERSON.

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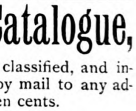
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LETHE.

(ON COMING ACROSS AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.
Isabel had golden hair
(But then Sue's was full as fair).
Here's a lock she gave to me,
With a sprig of rosemary.
Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.

Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.
These are Bess's eyes of blue
(Isabel's were azure too).
How could I those eyes forget,
They are looking at me yet.
Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.

Bess or Isabel or Sue?
Hang it all, I wish I knew!
Sue had lips of cherry red
(Bess had kissed a rose that bled).
Listen! there's a whisper low
From those lips of long ago.
It is— Ah! the curtain falls—
Amy from the garden calls.

W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

THE POULTRY EXHIBITION.

HAD any experienced purveyor of amusements been consulted as to the feasibility of holding, year after year, successful and popular shows of poultry and pigeons in a place so large as Madison Square Garden, that experienced person would have declared that such a venture was sure to be disastrous. And so it would have been a generation ago, and before New York had become anywhere near the kind of place it now is. New York is all kinds of a place, and in it all kinds of people live. It is not a very great venture to assert that more farmers live in the city of New York than in any other purely agricultural county. This being so, and there can be little doubt of it, it is not so wonderful that very many people in the winter-time in this crowded metropolis should be glad to spend an afternoon or evening with the chickens and pigeons, ducks, geese, turkeys, and pheasants, that were on exhibition within the ample amphitheatre of Madison Square Garden. These New York farmers do not, to be sure, follow the plough, and do the manual labor of hoeing, but they are farmers nevertheless, and belong to that class which in England would be called "gentlemen farmers." They are not distinguished with such a title in this democratic country, where every farmer who is honest and self-respecting is a gentleman in the eyes of his fellows, as he has every right to be. Probably the best designation for the city gentlemen who indulge a taste for agriculture would be "fancy farmers." And as such they do a great deal of good. The farmer whose sole business it is to sow and reap and sell crops so that he may support his family and reduce his mortgage, has very little time to risk in making experiments. He must count on a sure result, else he will have interviews with the money-lenders, and then with the sheriff.

But the "fancy farmers," who have strong-boxes in the safe deposit companies, and whose hands are more familiar with coupon shears than with plough-handles, can make experiments with crops, with live-stock, and with poultry. And very fortunately these farmers of ample means choose to make such experiments, and these experiments are of vast value to those who can adopt the improved methods after the costly experiments have shown what these are. A visitor to the Poultry Shows in New York will find from the catalogue that among the exhibitors are men and women whose names are well known in the exclusive circles of fashion; he will find that men controlling great properties, and conducting financial affairs as large as those of independent principalities, yet find time to rear fowls of various kinds, which they hope will prove better than their neighbors' birds when exhibited in Madison Square Garden. The president of the association, Mr. Robert Colgate, is a wealthy banker, and among the other officers who take an active part in arranging and conducting the shows will be found the names of distinguished lawyers and merchants, while among the stockholders are to be found such names as Belmont, Bronson, Colgate, Crawford, Gunther, Havemeyer, Hecksher, Hill, Ladenburg, Lawrence, Peters, Reynaud, Ripley, Rutherford, Stanton, Stuyvesant, Terry, Underhill, Wetmore, and Winthrop. And many of these are also exhibitors. There is nothing exclusive about farmers, whether fancy or plain, and therefore when one of them succeeds in growing a better crop, in breeding a better horse or cow, or in rearing finer turkeys, ducks, or chickens, he does not try to protect himself with letters patent, but goes forthwith and tells his neighbors and all the world how he managed to do it. Therefore these city farmers are doing a great work, not only in breeding better chickens themselves, but in encouraging others to do the same thing. A blue ribbon and a prize of twenty-five or fifty dollars are no small things to take home with the barnyard chanticleer.

A generation ago the chickens to be seen around the average farm-house were of a mixed and haphazard breed. There are farmers still who keep such poultry; there are also farmers who do not believe that the world is round and revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours. But farmers so careless as to their poultry are almost as scarce as the latter ignorant class. You may meet a farmer whose ideas are a little mixed about the rotation of crops and the value of silage, but you have to go far indeed to find one who has not his preference as between Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Langshans, Cochins, and Brahmas. Chickens on a farm are a kind of savings-bank, and those which lay the most eggs and fetch the highest prices as broilers are very naturally more highly esteemed. Now the fancy farmers were the first to attempt to breed better chickens in this country, and they continue to lead in the experiments looking towards the further betterment of domestic fowls. There is one thing that has been insisted on in vain, so far as ordinary farmers are concerned. That is the value of cleanliness—cleanliness in the chicken-houses and cleanliness in the food and water given to the fowls. Unclean houses are productive of all kinds of disease, and unclean food and water also. There is an old-fashioned notion that chickens are good scavengers, and that if allowed the freedom of the barnyard they will forage for themselves. This is true, but it is very unlikely that any cock or hen from such a range would ever take a prize in a poultry show. The way to get prize chickens is to mate the best with the best, and rear the broods with care. As the reward, both in profit and satisfaction, is well worth the trouble, it seems strange that any country people should be content with any but the best.

There were other things than chickens in the show. There were turkeys so large that to roast one of them it would have to be cooked out-of-doors—barbecued like an ox—for no stove or oven would hold the carcass. There were geese, too, almost as large as the turkeys, and quacking ducks of many sorts. The golden and Reeve pheasants are beautiful of plumage, and always attract attention in a poultry show, as they also do in an aviary. The pigeons—the pouters and the fantails—dignified of carriage and solemn of strut, are always a source of delight to children, and at this show the children saw the best varieties. But probably the young folks liked better than anything else in the show the game bantams, those graceful toy chickens not much larger than quail, but with a courage that would put that of the king of beasts to shame. The principal exhibitor of these game bantams this year was Mr. A. W. Smith, of Whitesboro, New York. He had about twenty-five cocks, hens, cockerels, and pullets in the show, and he certainly took home with him twenty-five first prizes. He is a lad of eighteen, and this is his first season at the chicken shows. He is pleased with his success, but not unduly elated, for he is wise enough to know that his success is due only to the perfect types from which he has bred. A very handsome fowl was the Indian game bantam, a recent importation from England. The class of Indian games was not as large as last year, but probably it was quite as select. This variety is likely to prove a very valuable fowl to cross with other breeds, and it may be, when they are more generally bred, that some cross with them will make a distinctive type.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

BY W. R. PRYOR.

ONE should keep ever in mind the great difference between the revolver and the pistol. There is no perfect definition of the revolver possible without being explanatory to too great a length. I may venture to define the modern revolver as being a small repeating fire-arm, the magazine being between the barrel and breech, and the discharge taking place in the magazine. As the cylinder or magazine revolves, it will be observed that there is a very appreciable space between that and the barrel. When the discharge



THE "PAINE GRIP"—INSIDE VIEW.

takes place, the great pressure causes a portion of the gases to escape through this space. This feature of a practical break in the barrel, and its repeating quality, distinguish the revolver from the pistol, the latter being merely a small rifle.

The American and his revolver have become as much a national association as the Mexican and his machete. That it is purchased by a large percentage of our male population is demonstrated by the enormous sales of the weapon. I believe at least three-fourths of the men in the United States own some form of revolver. They also occasionally use it. From the vast numbers owning revolvers, some hundreds have come forward as being experts in its use.

The scores made by Americans have never been approached by any other nation. They are not only first, but they occupy every position between that and twentieth. The revolvers in use are of two kinds, quick-firing or self-cockers and single-action. What the self-cocker gains in rapidity of action is more than lost by lack of accuracy. Still, several men have been able to put five shots in a space one foot square at a distance of thirty-six feet in four-fifths of one second. Such work is exceptional.

The efficient use of the self-cocker must be limited to close range and personal encounter. The man who is fond of revolver shooting, and appreciates the capabilities and beauties of this weapon, always selects a single-action of fairly large calibre. Almost any man with good eyes, steady muscles, and average self-control can become a good revolver shot. There is a certain small class of individuals who cannot put three bricks in line on a table. Such, of course, can never learn to shoot.

The accuracy of revolvers is dependent upon the make, dimensions, and charge. I prefer the .38-.44 revolver. This is a large weapon and heavy, and is the one used for illustration. I like it because the ratio between calibre, powder, and weight of ball makes it the best. The recoil is least with a full charge; the accuracy is greatest, and it is effective at a longer range than any other calibre. The front sight should be *beaded* but serviceable; the rear sight open, but adjustable to elevation and wind. Only so much powder should be used as will give the best results.

For target use up to fifteen yards, six grains of fine powder and a round ball; up to fifty yards, fifteen grains and a conical ball. Beyond fifty yards, I use in my .38-.44 twenty grains of powder and a conical bullet weighing 146 grains. The range of such a revolver with serviceable accuracy is 200 yards, but I have reached the target at 500 yards. This is a degree of efficiency greater than that of many rifles used in our civil war.

Having chosen his weapon and ammunition, the beginner should learn how to stand and hold the revolver. Both are best shown by illustrations, in all of which the revolver is cocked ready to fire.

The body should be balanced equally on each foot, slightly facing the target, and the arm held perfectly straight out. The arm should never be bent. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight, and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver wholly on the three



THE "PAINE GRIP"—OUTSIDE VIEW.

outer fingers. The object of this position of the hand is to get the barrel in an exact line with the arm when extended, thus bringing the target, the sights, and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm. The weapon being properly aimed, it should be held there, and the trigger very gently and steadily *pressed*. The mind should forget the possibility of an explosion, and the whole attention devoted to holding the sights of the revolver in exactly the proper position on the target.

Above all things should the shooter keep up a steady pressure with the trigger finger, and on no account should he yield to the temptation to add just a little more force suddenly. The technical terms expressing these qualifications are "good holder," and "good trigger pull."

There is no fire-arm requiring a more delicate co-ordination of eyesight, muscular action, and nerve than the revolver. Proficiency in slow firing should be obtained before attempting shooting at glass balls, splitting cards, driving tacks, duelling, etc. The most difficult fancy shot is snuffing a burning candle. But the greatest strain is felt from putting bullet after bullet into one small black spot.

Shooting at the word can be brought to great perfection. There are in New York many men who at ten paces can fire before the word "two," and in a hundred shots never miss a man. Your quarrelling French Deputies would find even their twenty-five paces unsafe with such. Shooting off turtles' heads, killing squirrels and large birds, are common feats with the expert. One trigger pull should always be used, and a pull of two and a half pounds is a good average.

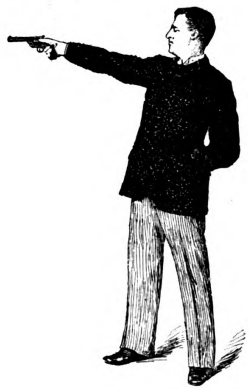
If the revolver is carried for defensive purposes, it should be stuck under the waistband of the trousers, and not put into a hip pocket. Failure to do this cost the green-goods man Tom Davis his life.

In shooting on the "drop," as in military service, the feat is apparently done without a moment's hesitancy of the aim; but there is a pause of only a fraction of a second, during which a rough aim is taken. At close range such work may be effective, but utterly useless at any great distance.

Men should be taught to use the revolver at its greatest effective range. It will then be a very useful supplement to the rifle. The history of France might be different had the Prince Imperial understood his revolver.

With the advent of the small-bore rifle and smokeless powder, I expect to see devised a cartridge which may be used in both rifle and revolver, be effective in both, and not too severe in the latter.

Much romance is written about the cowboy's prowess with the revolver. They are very poor shots. The best shots in the world are here in New York. They are men who have carefully studied the revolver and its charges from a technical and practical stand-point. It is a matter of regret that there has been no provision made for a championship contest at the coming Columbian Exposition. It would surely be attractive, and productive of good. I



POSITION OF BODY.

might write columns of "don'ts" in connection with the handling of the revolver. Never point one at yourself or any one else. Never blow or look down the barrel. Always *break* the revolver when you pick it up, to make sure it is not loaded. Always hold it with the barrel pointing down to the ground away from your feet. If it be true of a gun that it is "dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel," doubly so is it of the revolver.

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PARENTAL JOYS.

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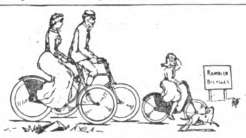
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STATEMENT OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1892

Assets - $175,084,156 61

Reserve for Policies (American Table 4 Per Cent.) -	$159,181,067 00
Miscellaneous Liabilities -	784,855 67
Surplus - - - -	15,168,233 94

Income

Premiums - - - -	$32,047,765 34
Interest, Rents, &c. - -	8,191,099 90
	$40,238,865 24

Disbursements

To Policy-Holders - -	$19,386,532 46
For Expenses and Taxes -	7,419,611 08
	$26,806,143 54

The Assets are Invested as follows:

United States Bonds and other Securities - - -	$65,820,434 89
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, first lien - - - -	69,348,092 54
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	10,394,597 50
Real Estate - - - -	15,638,884 26
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - -	7,806,672 55
Accrued Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c. - - - -	6,075,474 87
	$175,084,156 61

Insurance and Annuities

Insurance Assumed and Renewed - - - -	$654,909,566 00
Insurance in Force - -	745,780,083 00
Annuities in Force - -	352,036 01
Increase in Annuities - -	$82,732 98
Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders - - -	630,820 60
Increase in Receipts - -	2,604,130 71
Increase in Surplus -	3,137,266 78
Increase in Assets - -	15,577,017 93
Increase in Insurance Assumed and Renewed - - -	47,787,765 00
Increase in Insurance in Force	50,295,925 00

NOTE—In accordance with the intention of the Management as announced in November, 1891, to limit the amount of new insurance actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year 1892, to One Hundred Million Dollars, the amount of insurance in force as above stated includes the amount of such voluntary limit with but a slight increase unavoidable in closing the December accounts

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE - General Manager
FREDERIC CROMWELL - - - Treasurer
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No Southern writer has given us so large or so valuable a store of historical matter and interpretative criticism.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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A singularly vivid and picturesque presentation of some of the leading events of the war. . . . Merely as a mine of materials for historical investigation, the book is one to be glad of. It sets at rest a good many questions of fact which have hitherto been unsolved and seemingly insoluble. It corrects a good many errors by means which leave no occasion for doubt or question.—*N. Y. Times.*

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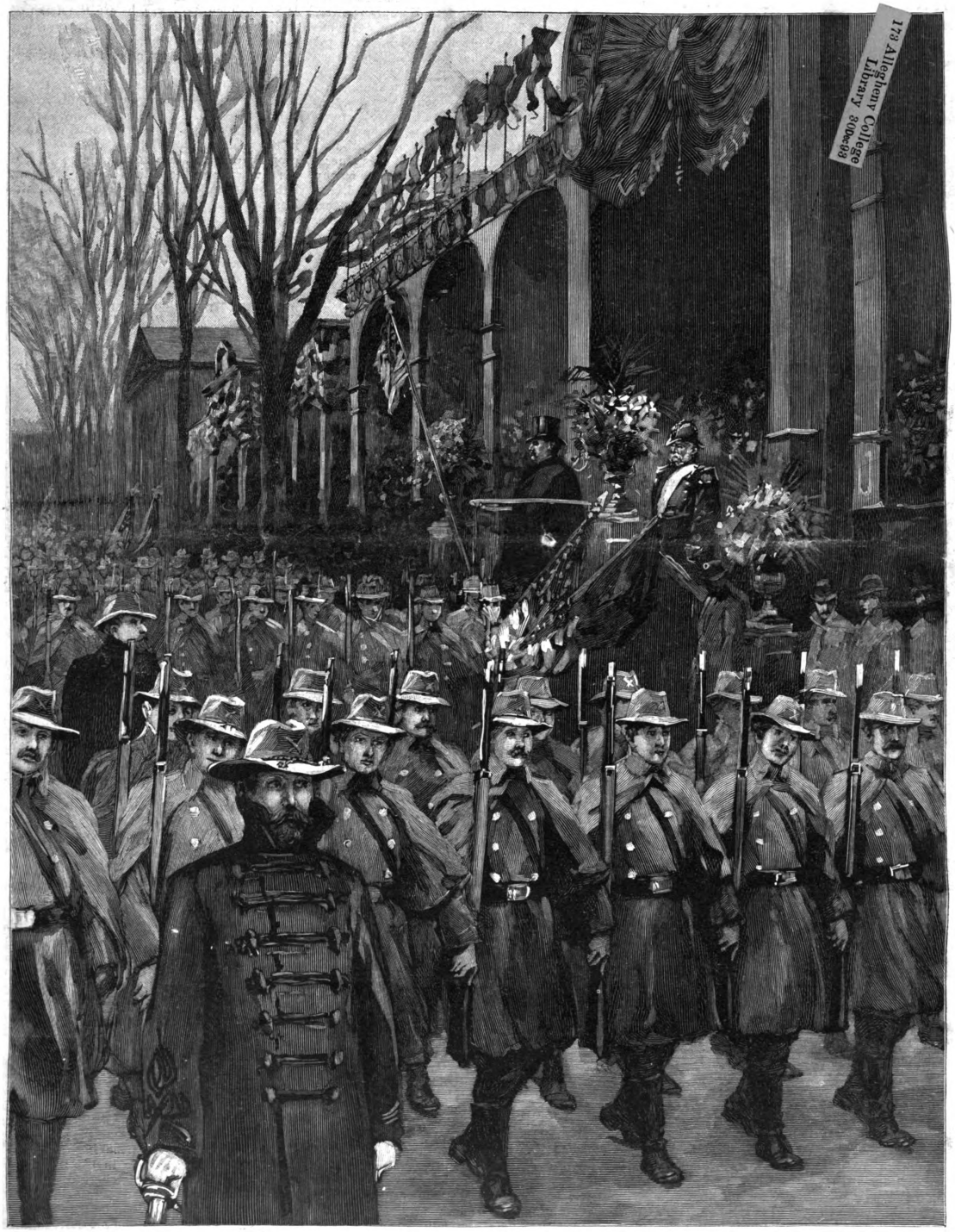
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1891. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1893. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

EASTER NUMBER.

In the line of Fashion this Number is very striking, giving many beautiful and artistic designs from Paris, with full details of Spring visiting toilettes, walking dresses, and house gowns. A special article is devoted to suitable costumes to be worn at the Columbian Exposition. It contains Illustrated Stories by MARY E. WILKINS *and* ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON, *and an animated sketch of Holy Week in Malta by* ISA CARRINGTON CABELL. *A decorative cover adds value to this notable Number. Published March 18th.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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THE ANNEXATION POLICY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND deserves the thanks of the country for the prompt withdrawal of the Hawaiian treaty from the Senate. It will now become apparent that all the commercial advantages which, according to the advocates of the scheme, annexation was to secure to us can be had without cost to ourselves, and especially without burdening this republic with the grave responsibilities which the annexation of the islands would involve. And it is not difficult to demonstrate the folly of the charge now made by his opponents, that President CLEVELAND, by blocking the annexation scheme, has thrown away a great opportunity for adding to our national power by acquiring for us a position of great strength in the Pacific Ocean. What he has really done is to protect the republic against the injection into its system of a dangerous element of weakness.

The position of the United States among the nations of the world is singularly fortunate. We have no formidable neighbors obliging us to keep strong armaments on foot for the defence of our territory. We have a population approaching seventy millions, and steadily growing. This population is wholly given to peaceful and productive pursuits, rapidly increasing our national wealth. The Americans are not a military, but, when put to it, a warlike people, furnishing in case of public danger an almost unlimited supply of not only brave and enduring, but remarkably ingenious soldiers. They are also an uncommonly patriotic people, capable of any exertion and any sacrifice for the safety and the honor of their country. Our national resources are, compared with those of other nations, practically inexhaustible. We occupy a large extent of continental territory, but our means of interior communication are such as to make it compact. No foreign power, and no imaginable combination of foreign powers, can bring any force against us which, even if it temporarily effected a lodgment on our soil, would not soon be overwhelmed by a concentration of immensely superior forces. We need not hold ourselves in constant readiness for great warlike emergencies, for the defensive situation of the country is so advantageous as to give us sufficient time for preparation when necessity arises. A hostile naval power might sweep what we have of maritime commerce from the seas, but by means of a comparatively small fleet of swift cruisers we would make ourselves to it equally disagreeable, or even more so if its maritime commerce exceeded our own. A great naval power might blockade some of our ports, and perhaps, if our coasts were not well protected, molest some of our maritime cities with their long-range guns. But even if they could, which is not likely, bombard New York, Boston, and San Francisco, they would thereby annoy but not seriously cripple us. No decisive effects could be produced by such means. On the contrary, such things would rather be calculated more to inflame than to end a war with us. No enemy could win from us a foot of ground that he could hold. We have, practically, no seriously vulnerable or really weak point. We are in our continental position, and with our enormous resources, substantially unassailable.

A war with the United States would therefore be to any European power, however strong, an extremely discouraging problem. Our European enemy would probably be well prepared, which we are not; but even from the completest preparation he would not be able to derive that essential advantage which consists in a sudden and overwhelming attack upon some point of decisive importance, for we present no such point. Besides, the European enemy has consumed a large part of his resources by a preparation kept up during long periods of time when it was unused and practically a waste of means, while this country has its great resources at its disposal unimpaired and available for the emergency—the European power growing weaker as its prepared means of warfare are consumed, and this country growing constantly stronger as its unimpaired means for preparation are transformed into means of warfare. And as war is now, more than it ever was, a matter of material endurance, of resources, of money, the United States would have the inestimable advantage not only of an unassailable territorial position, but of a comparatively inexhaustible purse. To a European power a war with the United States would therefore under present circumstances be a war without visible end. Nor could a European enemy calculate upon allies on this continent to threaten our frontiers; for there is nobody here strong enough for a serious threat; while we could always, in case of need, find natural allies on the other side. In fact, no European power, and no imaginable European combination, could engage in a war with the United States under present conditions without presenting to its rivals in Europe a welcome opportunity for advantageous attack, thus most seriously imperilling its position among the powers of the world. It is evident, therefore, that every European power would go to the utmost verge of possibility to avoid a conflict with the United States so long as the present conditions exist—that is, so long as the United States present no vulnerable point of attack, by threatening which the enemy would force us to fight on his chosen ground, and by seizing which he might gain a tenable advantage, enabling him to exact favorable conditions of peace.

Such a point of attack the Hawaiian Islands, if we annexed them, or any far-away possession of importance, would present. It is indeed said that such annexations might also secure to us important facilities for naval warfare—for instance, coaling stations. These coaling stations, as everybody knows, we can have without annexing any foreign country. But upon the advantages offered by such coaling stations we can count only in time of peace. In time of war with a strong naval power, that power will certainly make it one of its first objects to seize all our coaling stations it can lay its hands upon, and we shall have accumulated our coal merely for the benefit of the enemy. We can prevent this only by erecting strong fortifications to protect our property; but even then our ships will not be able to get at our coal unless we have a naval armament strong enough to drive and keep the hostile fleet away. We shall have coaling stations for our fleet in time of war only if we build a fleet large enough to keep our coaling stations open for us. It is so with all we may possess far away from our continental shores. If the Hawaiian Islands formed part of our national territory, we should need a very large navy, a navy able to cope with the great navies of the world, to protect that one vulnerable point—the only point in our possession really inviting attack by presenting to the enemy a chance sensibly to hurt us. We should no longer be able to carry on our defensive war on our own ground where we are substantially unassailable, and to make our offensive sallies from our impregnable stronghold at our own convenience; but we should find ourselves forced to defend a part of our national territory two thousand miles away from our impregnable stronghold, where the advantage would be greatly in favor of the enemy, if that enemy be Great Britain, or a combination of the lesser naval powers. The possession of the Hawaiian Islands as part of our national domain, or of any similar distant possession, with all the responsibilities this involves, would, therefore, in our present condition, not be an element of strength, but an element of weakness.

The question is whether, in order to have and hold such possessions, we are willing to change these conditions. Are we ready to alter the whole character of the government, with its beneficent traditional policies, to impose upon the people the burdens entailed by the building up and maintaining of immense armaments, and to expose this republic to all the political and economic consequences which such a policy would bring in its train here as elsewhere, and for which we have been in the habit of pitying the nations of the Old World? It will be an evil day when the American people show themselves willing to do this.

ANXIETY OF THE TAMMANY MACHINE.

THE anxiety of the machine increases. The punishment for its offences against the party to which it professes loyalty, the President who was the candidate of the party, the people of the State, and good government generally, is evidently near at hand. Its leaders have based their hopes of recognition on the "regularity" of their organization. They have supposed that a Democratic administration would not dare to overlook them, and have comforted their hungry followers with the promise that the President would finally be forced into filling the offices with machine politicians.

They have yet a good deal to learn about Mr. CLEVELAND. Of all the recent Presidents of the country he is least dependent on mere organization. It is true, of course, that he could not have been nominated or elected without some concerted action, or without that kind of work which must be planned and carried on by committees, but the organization that is essential to Mr. CLEVELAND, and to the triumph of the political principles and policies that he represents, is an organization through which popular opinion and popular desires find effective expression. The machine which now dominates the Democratic party of the State of New York cannot possibly have anything in common with Mr. CLEVELAND. In 1884 the State organization was for Mr. CLEVELAND because it was intelligent enough to understand and obey the demands of the people. In that year Tammany Hall was obstructive, and apparently stood in the way of the success of the CLEVELAND movement. It went down, however, before the force of public sentiment, just as it and the State machine went down in the convention and election of 1892. There is no reason, even from a practical politician's point of view, why Mr. CLEVELAND should do anything to upbuild or uphold such a machine. On the contrary, there is every reason why he should be glad to see it broken down. The good citizen of either party, as the WEEKLY observed in its last issue, must rejoice in the promised downfall of the men who treat the property of the State as so much plunder, and regard the tax-payers as the victims of their greedy cunning; but aside from considerations of a moral kind, there is no practical reason why Mr. CLEVELAND should do anything to strengthen the hold of the machine on the State. It is a wretched failure. It is doomed to defeat. So long as its leaders remain in control of the Democratic party, that party will never again carry a State election, except under extraordinary circumstances. The people are cognizant of the vileness of the HILL-MURPHY-FLOWER combination, and will not endure it.

The brigands were brave enough when they insisted on electing Mr. MURPHY United States Senator against the protest of Mr. CLEVELAND and the indignant opposition of all good citizens. They scorned all warnings, for they expected to force the President to do their bidding. They have learned something since then. They have found out, what previous experience ought to have taught them, that Mr. CLEVELAND is a difficult man to force. Now they are trying to cajole the President, and are also preparing to charge him with bad faith if he does not grant their wishes. They are assuring him of peaceful and harmonious intentions. They are asserting that there is to be no war on the administration, while Governor FLOWER and MURPHY'S father-in-law at Albany are punishing Democrats because they are the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. They expect to disarm Mr. CLEVELAND'S dislike of them, although they have demonstrated their absolute unfitness for the duties of government both in point of character and point of ability. They are not capable of recognizing the fact that even if they should convince Mr. CLEVELAND that they are his friends, he could not promote their designs upon the State government; that he would be compelled to do all in his power to save the State from their depredations.

The situation is most interesting and instructive. The bandits have been found out, and they know it. Their swagger has disappeared, and their attitude has changed to that of despair and pleading. Mr. MURPHY has intimated that he will vote for every nomination that Mr. CLEVELAND makes, no matter what Mr. HILL may do. Mr. CROKER professes not to know that the bad men at Albany are doing anything wrong. They and Governor FLOWER express the hope that the President's Democracy will be "broad enough" to take in all factions of the party, forgetting that a few weeks ago they were doing their utmost to shut out from the party most of its brains and all of its character. While they have all along insisted that they do not want any Federal patronage, they are now changing their tune, and assert that the President would be resentful and ungenerous if he did not turn over the Collectorship to the men who are misgoverning the city and the State, and who did their utmost, both openly and treacherously, to defeat the candidates of the national Democracy. They have selected Mr. JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE for their candidate, and have promised not only that they will not ask for any more offices if he should be appointed, but that he will appoint as his subordinates none but those whom the administration named. They are willing to promise anything if they can have their little office. They point to the fact that Mr. O'DONOHUE is not closely identified with Tammany, overlooking or concealing the most conspicuous episode in his recent career, his participation in the passage by the Presidential electors of the resolutions eulogizing EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., a demonstration that he would be entirely at the service of Tammany and the State machine whenever they wanted him.

Such an appointment would naturally discourage all friends of good government throughout the State,

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and would put new life and vigor into the demoralized machine. This is the reason for the machine's present anxiety. They are begging Mr. CLEVELAND to save them to the end that they may continue in their political careers of profit to themselves, of hostility to all Democrats who have conscience, ability, and honorable ambition, and of crimes against the public. They know that they have not been able to drive Mr. CLEVELAND, and they fear that they will not succeed in cajoling him.

A DANGEROUS COMPETITION.

NOTHING among the characteristics of our forceful Western communities is more admirable than the heartiness with which the people of almost all their cities combine, each community for itself, to attract wealth and population. This spirit, operating through the various boards of trade, secures manufacturing establishments, fine hotels and theatres, and street railways in places which otherwise might not have enjoyed such improvements for years to come. This is the hothousing of cities, but it is so shrewdly practised, in the main, that the desired population and wealth almost invariably flow in to justify and maintain what has been provided in advance. But in the present conflict over the location of the projected institutions for higher education in Montana this spirit of enterprise will cause a blunder difficult to repair, and harder yet to excuse if what should be a noble university is dismembered and scattered, as was done with such lamentable consequences in Colorado and elsewhere in the West.

The fight in Montana is between the advocates of higher education and the greedy and blind selfishness of the different counties of the State over the location of the State University, the Agricultural College, and the School of Mines. Each of these institutions has a national endowment, and there is a scandalous competition among a number of towns for the separate location of each foundation. The scramble is caused by the unreasonable belief that because a consolidated and complete university would give importance and a certain income to a town, the same results will follow the establishment of a weak, struggling, forever incomplete institution—a fraction of a college.

Bills are before the Montana Legislature for the separate location of each branch of the university, and so also is a bill prepared by the advocates of consolidation. Believing that the outcome of the struggle is a matter of national concern, the friends of the project to combine the schools have aroused the leaders in the work of higher education all over the land. They have received letters advocating the formation of one strong complete State University from the presidents of Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and the Western Reserve universities, and of the universities of Chicago, Iowa, Nashville, Colorado, and Minnesota, as well as from the Hon. ANDREW D. WHITE and many others. Mr. WHITE points out that "nothing could be more uneconomical" than such a scattering of Montana's resources for advanced education as is proposed by those who would separate the three institutions. Each, as he says, must have its own laboratories, its own library, its own buildings, and, to a certain extent, its own professorships, which will duplicate those in the two other institutions.

As is truly urged by others, the three institutions are of co-ordinate rank, and each can be developed in its highest efficiency only by close contact with the others. The cost of equipping a modern institution like any of these is enormous, and yet the efficiency of such establishments in these days is graded according to the completeness of its equipment. Moreover, as President ELIOT says, "From a pecuniary point of view, the establishment in a town of a small and struggling State school is of doubtful benefit." We sincerely hope that Montana will profit by the examples set her by Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, and the other States where the popular establishments for higher education are concentrated in one, and where each has enjoyed rapid and enviable development and success.

A POETS' TRADES-UNION.

IT is announced that the "minor poets of Great Britain" are now making efforts to form a trades-union—or "brotherhood," as they prefer to call it—avowedly "for purposes of defence and protection." The newspaper paragraph embodying the statement adds that they seek "to bring about a better appreciation of minor poets, and to secure for them a status in the community."

This announcement is far more entertaining than some of the published works of the gentlemen who may be included under the general title of minor poets. In the first place, everybody will want to know the names of those persons who have identified themselves with this scheme for a minor poets' trust. The Minor British Poets' Consolidated Exchange (Limited) would be a sort of clearing-house through which all the property, metrical and symmetrical, of minor British poets, including the reserve stock now accumulated in desks, note-books, barrels, and old bureau drawers, should be marketed and diffused throughout the world for the sweetening and enlightenment of the nations. The names of the promoters of such a work should never be allowed to die. The qualifications for membership in the brotherhood are also matters of interest. It is evident that persons who are major poets should not be allowed to sneak into the union for the sake of the loaves and fishes. The committee on admissions must be composed of men who are unquestioned authorities upon minor poets and poetry. Nobody has so intimate a knowledge of minor poetry as minor poets themselves, therefore a body of distinctly minor poets should be constituted a jury of peers in minority, as the phrase might go in law. The names of this jury, too, will be looked for with a very lively interest, for the public always likes to know how poets classify themselves.

It is a curious fact that in the market rating of poetry, as of whiskey, there is no grade which is called "poor" by the manufacturers. There is "high-class" poetry, which includes certain fancy grades, called "gilt-edged lyric," "extra epic," etc., and there is the "minor" poetry which covers all poetry not above third proof. Of the exquisite fifth and sixth proof poetry the output has become so limited in recent years that most fastidious consumers prefer to stick by the old classic brands, rather than to run the risk of injuring their systems by imbibing poetry of an inferior grade merely "labelled up" to sell by unscrupulous dealers.

Thus it happens that the market for minor poetry has become very bad, and the manufacturers have been reduced to straits; yet they unanimously refuse to curtail their production. These minor poets, of whom there is a large and constantly increasing number in the British Islands and dependencies, say that the situation in the minor poetry trade is anomalous and wrong. They claim that there is a distinct field for minor poetry in a world where there are so many minor men. It is sometimes charged against minor poetry that it is commonplace. The minor poets assert that this very quality is its sufficient apology, because the commonplace, being easily understood by the people, is popular; and while they admit that minor poets cannot write Shakespearian poetry, they claim that SHAKESPEARE'S genius was rooted and grounded in the fact that he did not write over the head of anybody.

It must be admitted that there is need in America, as well as in England, of a stout, serviceable grade of poetry for the use of the millions in this happy generation, which bestows machine-made education upon everybody, guaranteeing a "general culture in twelve lessons for ten dollars," or words to that effect. This poetry should be made upon classic models, with all modern improvements, and its manufacturers should be protected against the unfair competition of the makers of advertising poetry, which is now turned out in great quantities. The minor poets' union should keep a sharp lookout for these contract laborers, who have undoubted rights, which, however, they are apt to transgress. It will also probably be necessary for the union to look into the charge made by certain minor poets that magazine editors have got into the habit themselves of writing all the minor poetry they need to fill up the little holes at the bottoms of pages, thereby taking the bread out of the mouths of regular workmen. All such matters will come within the jurisdiction of the walking delegates of the minor poets' union, whose work is bound to be laborious, and should be well paid.

THINGS TALKED OF

IN October last the city of Brooklyn indulged in a "Columbian Celebration," for which bills were presented to the amount of some $60,000. They were duly certified by the officials, including the Mayor, whose duty it was to pass upon them, and they were paid. But some inquisitive citizens looked into the matter. They found the bills extravagant as to things really furnished, embracing things that should not have been paid for, such as wine, cigars, etc., for the committees, and that no items were given. The case was laid before the Grand Jury. Some of the officials were indicted; suits against others to recover the money unlawfully expended were recommended. The officials were frightened. A bill was sent to the Legislature legalizing the expenditures, and was passed. The Governor was expected to sign it; he has refused to do so, and he has given his reasons at length and plainly. These are entirely conclusive, and they leave the officials, especially Mayor Boody, in a very bad situation. The Mayor is rich; he has always had a high reputation; he was expected to be a careful, upright, efficient Mayor. He has been very disappointing, and his fall has been so sharp and sudden as to be pathetic. Had he but served the city with half the zeal he served the boss, he would have had the thanks and not the pity of those who have trusted him. To be honest from policy is not very noble, but, with Mayor Chapin's record before him, Mr. Boody ought to have seen that there is no worse policy than the one he has followed.

Among our older readers the visit of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe to England will be remembered as the occasion of a great demonstration of sympathy between the women of the mother-country and those of our own. But the reception recently given to Miss Frances E. Willard is, in some regards, even more interesting and extraordinary. Miss Willard went as the representative of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to whose modest but mighty work she has given years of unselfish labor, sacrificing to it all that makes life most happy to a woman's soul—home, security, and seclusion. Her reputation had preceded her, and in all the various ranks of life, in all the religious and reformatory organizations where the Temperance Union had made its purpose known, there arose a strong desire at once to honor her and promote the cause in which she had been long and nobly employed. A reception was offered her at Exeter Hall, London, the famous battle-ground of some of the most exciting oratorical contests of the last half-century. Over fifty separate religious and philanthropic societies were represented. Distinguished leaders of the Church of England, of all the evangelical denominations, of the Society of Friends, and of the Catholic Church took part in the proceedings, while the address of welcome was signed by the chief Jewish Rabbi. Canon Wilberforce and Sir Wilfrid Lawson were the chairmen of a meeting in Manchester, and like meetings were held in Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Nottingham, and Sunderland. In Scotland the demonstrations were equally enthusiastic, and even more significant when we remember the Scotch reputation as to drinking and the orthodox aversion to women taking part in work of a public character. Throughout Miss Willard bore herself with dignity and simplicity, and strengthened the deep feeling her cause had enlisted. It was a notable triumph of a strong, pure, and devoted woman in a work of infinite value, and we cannot easily overestimate its influence in strengthening the best of bonds between the two countries—the bond of sympathy in the cause of humanity.

It will probably be generally conceded that General Lew Wallace is the most popular writer of historical romance of our generation. His *Ben-Hur* has reached a circle of readers wider than that of any like work in the same period in the English language. In his new novel, *The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell*, he has chosen the most exciting period of the history of the old Byzantine capital. The hero, who gives the title to the book, is the Wandering Jew, conceived in an original form, while the heroine, Irene, Constantine the Emperor, and Mohammed the Conqueror, are historical characters. In his former and best-known book General Wallace dealt with a subject of the extremest difficulty with the greatest skill; in the present one he has freer scope for his rich imaginative power, and equal opportunity for the charm of narrative which he has shown that he possesses.

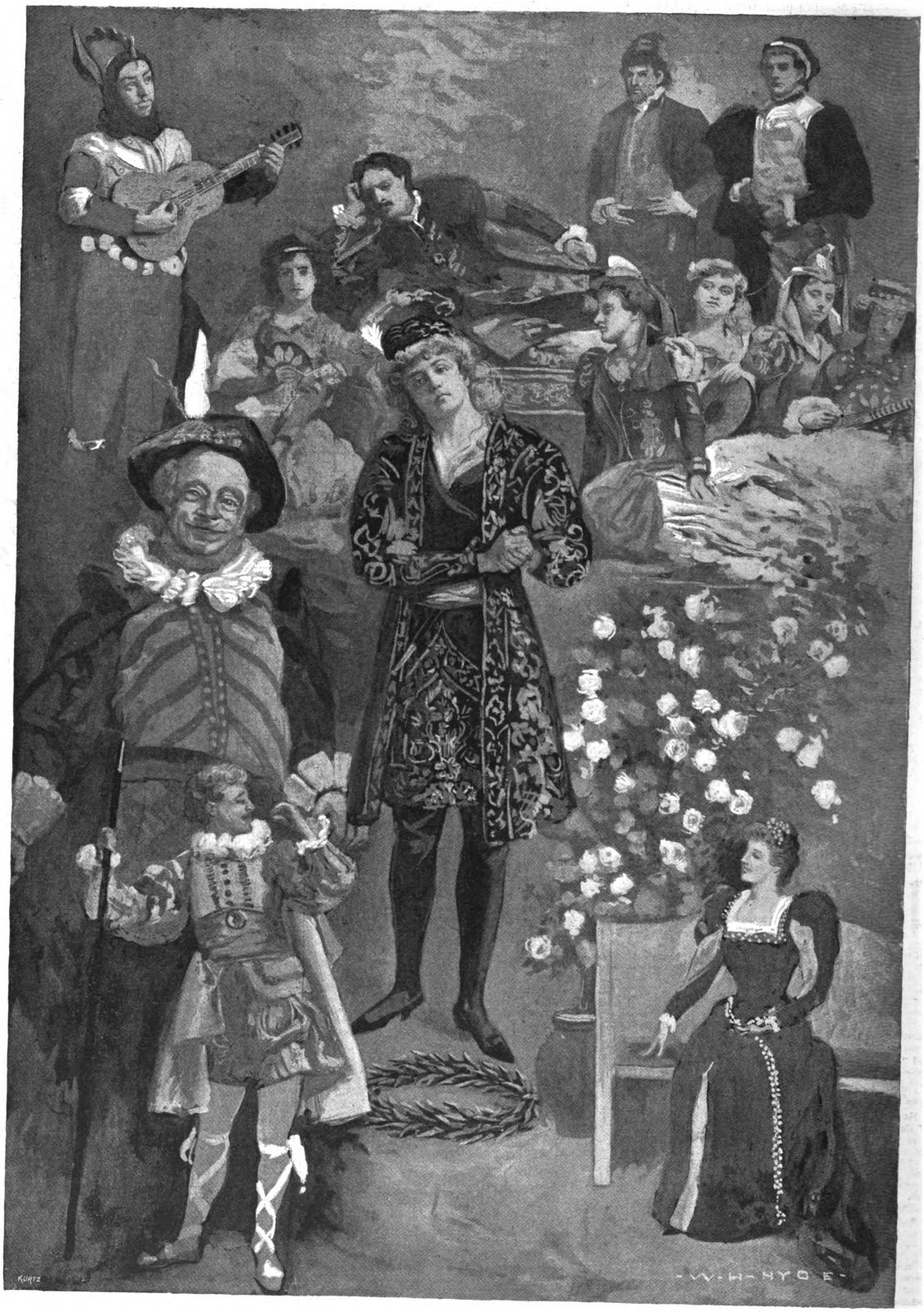
Germany is to have its Populist or Farmers' Alliance trial, and it bids fair to be possibly more serious than ours, because the ferment can have no such free vent. The peasants, the small farmers, and many of the larger land-proprietors are organizing against Caprivi, and against some of the most vital principles of the imperial policy that he represents. Their two main ideas now appear to be, high protection for agriculture, and the relief of agriculture from taxation. The former includes the abrogation of all commercial treaties with food or wine producing nations, and opposition to the treaty now being negotiated with Russia, and it also includes higher duties on imported agricultural products. This of itself is a blow to the Central European League, by which France was to be excluded, while lower duties were to be fixed between the members. The farmers' idea is, of course, the baldest and most thoroughly discredited form of protectionism, and, if enforced, would be fatal to the manufacturing and commercial growth of the empire. It is the more difficult to deal with because it is the logical extension of the protective policy of the empire, by which the great manufacturing interests were won to its support, and again because the agricultural class have always been loyal to the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, forming something like the "brute vote" that Disraeli boasted of in his prime. The new party is seeking a coalition with the anti-Semitic faction and the bimetallists, very much as our Populists have taken up the notion of "cheap" money and hatred of the "gold-bugs."

The union between Sweden and Norway is threatened with serious disturbance, if not with rupture. For a long time the Norwegians have been restless and irritable and suspicious toward the Swedes, and have been increasingly eager for practical independence. The particular phase of the quarrel which is now impending arises from the demand of the Norwegian radicals for a separate ministry of foreign affairs and separate diplomatic representatives, and this demand is enforced by a threat of refusal to pay taxes if it be not complied with. To comply with it, however, would be practically to invite foreign interference as between the two races, for the Norwegians would necessarily be not friendly but hostile to the Swedes at foreign capitals. Underlying the situation is the strong republican tendency in Norway. It is to be hoped that if separation is to come, it may not bring with it an open conflict; but the present union appears to grow steadily more unworkable.

One of the most significant and one of the most melancholy features of the exposures in France of the scandalous Panama Company's affairs is the conduct of the newspapers. During the dozen years in which the millions of the shareholders and bondholders of the company have been squandered or stolen, the daily press of Paris has either been silent or has openly supported the swindlers. The support, it is now known, was simply bought, the fruit of direct and shameful bribery; and so, in part, was the silence, but not in all cases. This is not so strange. Papers have been bribed in New York by Tweed, in Philadelphia by Bardsley. But they were exposed, and in great part by other papers. Why did this not happen in Paris? The general facts were not unknown. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in the *Économiste Français*, week by week, for years, from the published accounts of the company, showed beyond all doubt that it was rotten, and any daily paper could have done the same. It was the will, not the way, that was wanting. In this country professional rivalry — what we know as "enterprise" — would have furnished an ample motive. Why was it so weak in the newspapers of Paris? One reason is that the French are not readers of news in the sense that Americans and Englishmen are. They seek in their journals amusement and a certain excitement, for the most part political; but the detailed reports of happenings, great and small, from any and all sources, such as our papers furnish, do not please them—would, in fact, be left unread. This has made it easier for the papers to make of financial news a matter of business wholly, very rarely discussed or reported in detail. To this add the fact that there are no journals of importance in France outside of Paris, and the "conspiracy of silence," as M. Cavaignac termed it, becomes less unaccountable.

A committee of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association has sent to a number of leading Democrats in that State a copy of remarks made by Mr. Cleveland shortly after his election, and asking these gentlemen if they endorse the views expressed, and will support their author in his effort to carry them out. The substance of the quoted remarks is in these two sentences: "If we see nothing in our victory but a license to revel in partisan spoils, we shall fail at every point." "In the present mood of the people neither our party nor any other can hold the confidence of the people by merely promising and distributing the spoils of party supremacy." The answers received show that the younger, more progressive Democrats who have built up the party in the old Bay State—men like Governor Russell, Sherman Hoar, Congressman George Fred Williams, John E. Russell—are deeply in sympathy with these views of Mr. Cleveland's, and will zealously support him in all efforts to carry them out. On the other hand, many of the older Democrats have not answered at all. These facts show the difficulties with which Mr. Cleveland must contend. It must not be forgotten that civil service reform, essentially important as it is, is not the only object of the Democratic party or of Mr. Cleveland, and men who do not understand and do not like that reform may be highly useful in promoting the other objects. In working with these Mr. Cleveland will not compromise his own principles, but neither will he regard as enemies those who do not accept his principles on that subject.

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SOME OF THE CHARACTERS IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT DALY'S.—Drawn by W. H. Hyde.—[See Page 262.]

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LEN CHUEN YEE'S REVENGE.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

He goes into a partnership with a gambler to rob another; he is himself fleeced; and he prays the god of thunder to avenge him.—The result.

LEN CHUEN YEE, the literary one, who knew all about Confucius, and who had graduated at Pekin, had been robbed. That rascally Chew Chung, who always had a smile on his face, and whose queue was oiled every day, because he was prosperous, was the one who took the money of the literary one. Now Len Chuen Yee, writer of books, sat in his room, back of Oh Moi's yat bunlow in Mott Street, and with his head in his hands, cursed the unlucky day which had brought him to this heathen city. He was ruined now, and had not so much as would buy a lichee nut, or even a betel leaf, on the vender's stand outside the door.

He had been up in the temple for two hours, praying Looi-Kwang, the god of thunder, to strike Chew Chung dead before he could enjoy the money, but even as he came out of the temple he saw the robbing one standing in the sunshine on the other side of the street smoking a cigarette, and Chew had shouted, in derision,

"Ha, poor one, shall I lend some of that which was once your own?"

He had scorned to notice this thrust, but he remembered, as he clattered along to his room, that he had not poured wine on the floor before the thunder god, and that he had placed no offering at the shrine. No wonder Chew Chung was still alive! Gods do not work for nothing, and he hurried along to the shop of his friend the grocery man, and begged him to trust him for a measure of samshu and some t'im. The grocery man had not heard of his trouble yet, and so he trusted him.

A few minutes later a bareheaded and excited Chinese ran up the street to the temple. It was the literary one. In one hand he held the wine; in the other he held the offering of sweet things. The friends of Chew Chung shouted at him from across the street, but he paid no attention to them. He went up the stairs leading to the temple like a wind from the north. He prostrated himself before the thunder god, and pouring out his treasures, prayed, as he cast the prayer-sticks, that Chew Chung, the wicked one, the gambling, robbing one, might be ground to dust as fine as grain, that he might be singed, scorched, burned, and tormented. All of this he, the literary one, prayed and begged, because he was also a good and virtuous one who harmed nobody.

He walked down the stairs with a stately tread, like one who has performed a pleasant duty. He brushed the dust from his knees, and stepped into the street.

"Only the poor and the laborers pray," yelled Chew Chung at him. But he looked pityingly at the man who was to die so soon. The god of thunder had an evil eye, and had never been known to fail. He walked to his room hatless, but with his head straight up like a man who feels proud. He entered, sat down upon a stool, looked around until his eye fell upon the sandal-wood chest in the corner, the cover of which was still raised. From a corner of that chest had come all the cash he had saved in four years, 1500 taels. Ten hours ago it was there in a little blue bag in the corner, and now—even the blue bag was gone. He felt like crying; and as he sat there, with his head resting in his hands, the tears came, and splashing upon the floor, made dark spots in the dirt.

Outside, the story of how Chew Chung the gambler had won from the innocent literary one all his cash was passing from mouth to mouth, and before the dusky tangs were lighted in the shops, long before the gamblers thought of setting out their tables, everything was known, and a hundred hands had patted the back of Chew Chung's brocaded blouse. The sun always smiles on the fortunate. So, while Chew Chung smoked cigarettes and drank the costly no-mi-t'san with his friends, the unfortunate one was sitting in the dusk of his lonely room, waiting for the thunder to grind the robber into a million pieces.

Here is the story they were telling and laughing over:

For six months the police had been watching the gambling ones as a cat watches a mouse. They had to pay rent, and they had not the privilege of making any money. Such a country as this was enough to make them wish they were all back home the other side of the water. Besides, there were mysterious ones of the Americans going about asking the Chinese to be photographed. It was a scheme, a government plot, intended to work ruin to them all. They did not come here to be slaves.

The gamblers were getting so poor that they no longer had wine when they ate, and instead of eating four and five times a day, they had to be satisfied with two meals. They who had been used to picking chicken out of their teeth could never be satisfied with pork. The poorest one of them all was Chew Chung. The wise ones said he would always be poor, because even when the stranger ones were crowding around his table he acted like a man half asleep. But the wise ones never noticed there was a strange twinkle in the eye of Chew Chung, and they forgot that whoever played at his table left everything behind. When Chew Chung sat in the sun on fine afternoons with his eyes shut he was not always sleeping, and he always opened his eyes and went in his shop when the policeman who came marching down the street was twenty feet away. It was the ones who had dealings with him who called him toh-hai—the cunning one.

He was sitting in front of his shop one afternoon when Len Chuen Yee, the literary one, came walking along with the air of one who has plenty to eat and is satisfied with himself.

"Ha, friend," said Chung, suddenly unclosing his eyes and standing up. "You are the one I want." It was like the hungry fox saying to the dove, "I want you."

Len Chuen Yee stopped.

"I want you to write a letter to my old mother in Foo-Chow," said the gambler; and he led the way down the eleven stone steps to the place where he lived, and where his fa'an-ta'an tables stood. He pulled two high stools up to the table, opened a drawer and pulled out a lot of paper, pushed it in front of the writer, and made a motion for him to begin. "Write, 'My beloved and respected mother,'" began Chew; and then he dictated as fast as the other could write: "'Your devoted son grieves because he cannot send you money, and golden chances are flying by my door at the setting of every sun. I could make enough money to take me home if I were fortunate enough to possess a like amount. There is a wealthy Quang-Tung merchant here who has learned a great American game called fly-loo. I know a trick of the game, and I can win his money. The hungry man is not particular at whose table he eats, and—'"

The sharp-pointed brush of the literary one ceased moving, and he made a pretence of fixing it. "Could you win much cash, Chew Chung?" he asked, never raising his eyes.

"If I had a thousand taels, I could win as much as that," said the gambler; "but finish my letter. When one has not the cash, one must let the cash run somewhere else."

"But suppose," said Len Chuen Yee, still arranging the point of his brush—"suppose you had some good trusting friend who would lend you the money—what then?"

"Then my friend would be the richer for trusting me. I would work that he might be wealthy, and of every ten taels I earned I would give him one. If with his money I won a like amount, I would only ask a small part of the winnings for my skill."

"I will lend you the money, then," said the literary one, gladly, for he was proud to be on good terms with a gambler.

"What, my good friend!" said Chew Chung, expressing great surprise. "Have you a thousand taels?"

"Yes, and five hundred more."

"Ah, but with that we will make our fat Quang-Tung merchant dance with his shoulders. And in the end you shall have two parts of his money, while I will be content with the other part."

They wrangled awhile, as friends will, each one wanting the other to take more for his share, but in the end it was the same.

The unfinished letter lay on the bamboo cloth of the gambling-table, the point of the costly brush of the literary man was turned up like a pig's snout, and the India-ink was pushed over to one corner. They talked about the money until the face of Len Chuen Yee was like a rising sun, but

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all the while the eyes of the gambler looked heavy, like the eyes of one who has smoked opium all night.

"When will he come?" asked Len Chuen Yee, feeling like a tiger waiting behind a bush for a lamb.

"To night. But first we must encourage him to play, for he is very wary. We must beguile him. At nine o'clock you come to my door and rap loudly three times. I will let you in. The fat one will be there and some of my good friends. I will say, 'Good-evening, friend'; to which you will reply: 'Good-evening. Do you play to-night?'" And in this manner did the gambler tell the literary man just what to say and do in order that he might win a fortune.

At nine o'clock Chew Chung sat at one of his tables. In the corner was the fat Quang-Tung merchant smoking a water-pipe, and in the shadows on the other side of the room were three of the gambler's friends.

"The police are devils," Chew was saying. "They want no one to make money, or even live. We have to give our friends enjoyment like rats in a hole, and I—"

There were three knocks on the door. Chew Chung went and opened it, and Len Chuen Yee stepped in, timidly. He had his best blouse on, as if he were a happy man going to a feast, and in his right hand was a bag made of dark blue cloth.

"Good-evening, friend," he said, bowing like a woman, and pulling the hand that held the bag further up his sleeve. "Do you play to-night?"

"Oh yes," replied Chew, cheerfully. "We are always ready to let our friends become rich at our expense," and he pointed to a sign on the wall over the head of the fat merchant. It read, "He who would become wealthy, must first know Chew Chung."

By this time the literary man began to gain a little courage, so he walked boldly up to the table and threw his bag down. "I will either leave that behind," he said, "or take a fortune with me."

"Here is a true Chinese," said Chew Chung, with a look of admiration at Len. "He will be very wealthy before he dies."

"Come, friend," he went on. "What do you play? The foreign devils of police forbid fa'an-ta'an; but we can lock the door. Or would you like the new game called fly-loo?"

"I will play fly loo," said Len, and he went down deep in the pocket of his t'in-foo, from whence he brought up, wrapped in paper, three lumps of sugar. He laid them at right angles on the table. "Does any one else want to play?" he asked, talking bravely. But as they gathered around they shook their heads.

Then one of the lumps of sugar was taken by Chew Chung. The stakes were ten taels each, to be won by the owner of the lump of sugar upon which the fly first alighted. Flies were as plenty in the room as clouds in the sky in April.

"There is a fortune in such a game as this," said the fat man, as a fly came slowly toward the sugar of the gambler. But it turned, and walked over to the sugar of the literary man, and crawling up the side of the lump, made Len Chuen Yee richer by ten taels. He laughed as a child laughs over his winnings, and when he looked up, the gambler was laughing too.

"We will have this fat one's money before long," thought Len, "because he is very attentive."

More money was put up, and the literary man won again. The fever of gambling was upon him, and even the taels seemed like fortunes to him. Never in all his life had money come to him so easily. Why had he ever toiled with the brush and worked for others, when he might have won so much money that by this time he would have a chestful, instead of only a little blue cloth bag half full?

His eyes grew hot as he watched the flies come down to the table after the sugar. They always seemed to come after the lump near him. He had won five times in succession now. It made no difference to him if that Quang-Tung merchant never played. He would win what money the gambler had. The fever was on him strong now.

Then came a loud rap at the door.

"Put out the light," whispered Chew Chung.

The wick in the lamp was turned so low that the flame showed only faint blue instead of white, and as Len Chuen Yee half turned on his stool he thought he felt a hand glide along the table near him. He reached out in the darkness, but felt nothing.

At the door Chew Chung was talking to the man who had knocked, and who wanted to come in. "Will you play?" he asked.

"After a while, maybe."

Then Chew Chung turned up the light, and like a man upon whom the yen-yen is strong Len Chuen Yee began to play again. His tongue was like that of a man who has breathed through his mouth while he has slept, and he could scarcely talk. But it seemed as if a spell had been cast over him, for although the flies came near his lump, not one touched it. He felt a great sinking in his heart, and a feeling of despair came over him.

"Twenty taels this time," he said, as he doubled the stakes.

So strong was the fever on him that he felt as if he must win, and so, thinking himself wise, he kept on increasing the stakes. The face of the gambler was like the face of a temple god, which never moves, and knows neither joy nor sorrow. His hand steadily drew in the money of the literary man, and his eyes were never once raised. The flies buzzed, the silver chirped, and the bank-notes whispered. It was always the same—what came out of the blue bag went into the drawer of the gambler. Len Chuen Yee forgot about the fat Quang-Tung merchant who was willing to lose so much; he forgot everything but himself, and he wondered how soon the money would turn toward him.

As there is an end to all things, so the end came to this, and the last tael of the literary man was on the table. A fly with a blue body came down on the gambler's sugar; the bag of the literary man was empty, and its sides fell in together. He stretched his hands out on the table while the gambler put the money away. Then he saw a hand creep across the table towards him. He watched it. It came towards the lump of sugar in front of him—the lump which the flies wouldn't touch. Like a man half asleep and half awake he looked.

He reached for the lump, picked it up, and put it to his mouth as the hand retreated. It was not sugar he tasted; it was salt. He threw it from him with a violent motion, and looked at Chew Chung. The gambler was leaning against the table smoking a cigarette.

"Give me back my cash, you robber!" he shrieked. "You have robbed me."

But the gambler only smiled, and blew the smoke of the cigarette so that it made a white wreath around the lamp.

"Do you think I keep my place for nothing?" asked Chew Chung. "Such as you help me. Go out; you are crazy." And he waved his hand toward his three friends. They rushed at the literary one, pushed him up the stairs and out on the street, and then gave him a parting kick. He walked up and down until daylight, and then went into the temple to pray the god of thunder to kill the robber.

This is the story as it was, and as it was told on the streets. And the men laughed at the simple literary one who had allowed himself to be caught so easily.

For three days Len Chuen Yee wept over his loss, and waited for the thunder god to destroy his enemy. On the fourth night he dreamed, and it seemed to him that the thunder god came down from the temple and was trying to grind the gambler to pieces, when a policeman came along, and the god was compelled to hide. When Len woke, he thought that if a foreign devil of a policeman could make a god hide, *he* could crush the robber. So he went to the station-house and told his story, and then went to the room of a friend, from whose window he could see the door of Chew Chung, and he watched. The street was dark long before the gambler had gone down the stairs with some stranger men.

Suddenly three men who were not Chinese rushed down the steps and began to rap on the door. Then they burst it in. With burning face the literary one watched until he saw one of the men dragging Chew Chung up the eleven stone steps. Then he ran down to where the gambler was.

"Ah, robber, so you are caught," he said. "Take good care of my money when you are in prison."

Then another detective came up the steps with the Quang-Tung man.

"Ah, thief," he said, "so you are going too. They have nice stone floors to sleep on there." And then, as the prisoners were taken away, he ran over to the temple, and prayed before the god of justice for three hours, and then walked out on the street with the air of a man who has been avenged.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. R. L. STEVENSON thinks that the Samoan Islands ought to be annexed by some great power. Mr. Stevenson is a great power himself, and has a considerable realm. Why shouldn't he step in and annex the Samoans to *Treasure Island*, have them all edited and put in order by Andrew Lang, and set up in business as The Man Would-be-King? Hawaii is looking around for a government, and might be glad to come in to a good thing if the chance was offered. Under the international copyright law, Mr. Stevenson might arrange for protection to his properties thus collected both from Great Britain and the United States, thereby obviating any jealousy between those countries, and securing what would practically be an Anglo-American protectorate.

Mr. Stevenson, by-the-way, is the subject of more fabulous and conflicting tales than any man of his weight in the world. The other day there came an eye-witness report that he was reluctantly yielding up the last flickers of his vitality, but later and more reliable advices represent him to be active in mind and body, in good health, and very much alive to the affairs of this world. As to his latest story, now in course of publication, the critics are still mute. Mr. Lang speaks of "*Ababata*, which one naturally buys for the sake of 'David Balfour,'" but I have not heard of any one buying the Sunday *Sun* for the sake of it, doubtless because there are so many other reasons for buying the Sunday *Sun* that one more or less doesn't count.

One very good reason for buying it a fortnight ago was to read Mr. Hazeltine's discourse on the newest deliverance of poetry from Mr. James Whitcomb Riley. Mr. Hazeltine takes Mr. Riley solemnly, and at a length of nearly five columns, most of which is taken up with citations of his latest products. He does not deal with him as a clever manipulator of jingles and dialect, though he does remark that had all Riley's compositions been put forth through the medium of the Hoosier dialect they would have had an audience larger than was reached in his lifetime by Robert Burns. He considers him as a singer who, in the extent and variety of his audience, comes nearer than any other contemporary American to being a national poet. Of a score or more of Mr. Riley's latest poems which Mr. Hazeltine copies, only one is in the Hoosier dialect. The others are given in evidence of their author's accomplished capacity for poetical expression in "normal English." The critic holds the Hoosier poet up as a close and successful student of the masters of verse, and speaks respectfully of him on the same page (a large page to be sure) with Moore, Keats, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow, and Hood. "If poetry," he says,

"have any profound and abiding reason for its existence, if it have in this world a mission second to that of religion only, let us not scan too curiously the processes by which the heart is touched. What matters the process so the end is reached? James Whitcomb Riley has reached it. The fact is recognized by all his readers, no matter how high or how inadequate may have been their education."

It will be a great relief to an imposing multitude of American readers to believe that Mr. Hazeltine is right, and that Mr. Riley is really a justifiable and exemplary serious poet. Nevertheless many of his admirers will experience no small surprise at the admission by a critic of conceded gumption that poetry which has legs under it, and is about something, and has a gist which is attainable without the aid of a logarithm-book or a stump-extractor, may still be poetry of real merit, and fit not only to put money in its author's pocket, but festoons of valid laurel upon his brow.

One of the last semi official acts of our ex-Uncle Jeremiah Rusk was to disseminate, in the form of a magazine article, some hopeful views as to the future of American farming. A hundred years from now, in the opinion of the late Secretary of Agriculture, things will be appreciably different with the farmer. His land will be worth more; there will be a home market for everything he can raise; a cultivated frugality will enable his cows to subsist on a quarter of an acre of land apiece, instead of four acres, as at present; he will have a telephone in his house; the postman will bring his mail to his door; there will be a great many more folks in his neighborhood; and a copper wire running past his house will furnish power to his electric motors. Finally, or, more properly, first of all, he will have good roads.

It is to be hoped that it will happen to the farmer just as Uncle Jerry says. The rural brother is under something of a shadow just now, owing to the belief that he doesn't have his share of the fun. It was demonstrated the other day that there were a third more homicides in proportion to the population in the agricultural counties of western Massachusetts than in the eastern manufacturing counties where there is more going on. The reason is believed to be that agricultural life in western Massachusetts is desperately dull. In other parts of the country, where there are fewer stones to the acre, the farmer does better, but almost anywhere it will be found on inquiry that there is a dearth of levity in agriculture, and that a single pair of patent-leather shoes will last a representative farmer for several generations. When Uncle Jerry's millennium comes around the farmer will get new patent-leather shoes every two years, and wear them out in the pursuit of social delights, and then farming will be more popular and more wholesome.

Meanwhile there continue to be indications that that will not happen until everybody who has ever lived on a farm has moved to town and seen the folly of city life. It is the fashion of the hour to believe that there is nothing much the matter with the rural districts except that the roads are bad, but in England, where the country roads are better, there is a more notable disposition citywards than even in the United States. The congested condition of London is well known. The opinion of the city people seems to be that there are not enough people in the country to make life pleasant, so they stay in town. The opinion of the country people seems to be that there are not enough consumers of farm products in the cities to make agriculture profitable, so they move to town. In a hundred years there may be mouths enough in the cities to satisfy the country folks, and people enough in the country to attract the city people, so that it may come out just about as Uncle Jerry anticipates, and we all hope it will.

It has been pleasant to see how the story of the five life-savers of Cuttyhunk, who were drowned in the exercise of their calling, has stirred the sympathies of Boston. A paragraph in this journal last week told about the men who were lost and their destitute families. It is a pleasure to record that the Cuttyhunk Relief Fund in Boston amounts at this writing to nearly $20,000, and seems to be still piling up. It warms the heart to read the *Transcript's* lists of contributors, so many familiar Boston names with sums ranging from $5 to $200 opposite them. Of course these are not great sums, but somehow the lists give the impression that the incident has touched Boston in the spot where she lodges her sensibilities, and whenever Boston is touched there, it is only a question of how much is needed. The same spot was reached only the other day when the call went out for a monument to Phillips Brooks. It is a good spot for a town to have, and you can't help warming to Boston when you think of it. There is red blood in the Puritan City, and nowhere do you find a livelier capacity to appreciate that man was born only a little lower than the angels, and bent on reaching up to their level.

The young German Emperor seems to be a reader of American magazines. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* of February 7th relates that on the occasion of a recent court ball, from which the American Minister was absent, inquiry was made for "the Emperor's friend Mr. Poultney Bigelow," whom the Kaiser had not seen, but who, he knew, had been invited. The account goes on, "As Mr. Bigelow appeared from the lowest rank of diplomats, the Emperor conversed pleasantly with him, especially in reference to the article which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, telling the circumstances of Mr. Bigelow's expulsion from Russia."

Hunters of big game are invited to admire a recent exploit ascribed to Richard D. Mohun, of Washington, commercial agent of the United States in the Congo region. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* quotes one William C. Andrews as saying:

"I met Mr. Mohun one day when we were elephant-hunting. We came across three mammoth fellows, elephants, and, of course, we started in to do battle. One of the giants was injured, and a strapping young negro, thinking he was dead, ventured too near. The brute had him close in his trunk in an instant, and another second would have done for the negro. But Mohun, entirely regardless of the fact that the wounded elephant's two mates were within a few feet of him wild with rage, jumped to the rescue and slashed that elephant with his knife until the trunk was useless to him as a means of dealing death. Mohun had a very close call from a séance with the other brutes, but got off alive and with the young black. The latter was so badly scared that he was almost white."

No doubt a man who really likes to hunt elephants likes it all the better when there is an Ethiopian thrown in; but, Ethiopian or no Ethiopian, it must take a remarkable development of the taste for big game to induce a tame man to attack a wild elephant with a mere domesticated jack-knife. Mr. Andrews, who is quoted as saying he saw Mr. Mohun do it, thought it an act of notable courage; and he says, what is easily credible, that Mr. Mohun has had many adventures, and will have stories to tell when he gets home.

The hardy Briton is gradually succumbing to the comforts of contemporary civilization. The London *Times* records with actual satisfaction that two British railways have arranged to have their carriages warmed by steam from the locomotive. "The system," says the *Times*,

"is entirely new to this country, although it has been in use for several years in the United States, where train-heating has been carried to a high degree of perfection, and where some thousands of cars are fitted with this arrangement."

If our cousin can stand such an innovation as warmth in his railway carriage, he may come, in time, to rise superior to carriages altogether and have cars. Arguments in favor of that change continue to present themselves at irregular intervals. The latest one bears date February 13th, when George Warrell was sentenced to two years at hard labor for violent maltreatment of a young woman in a railway carriage on the 24th of January. Not the least edifying it would seem, of the experiences that await the Europeans that come to the Chicago Fair will be the journey from New York to Chicago. If there is any contrivance which is more effectual to minimize the risks and discomforts of travel than the contemporary American vestibule train, it should by all means be brought to the fair that we may see it.

And it is interesting to learn that a great show in another form of transportation awaits all visitors to Chicago. The Chicago journals report such expenditures for quadrupeds and conveyances by the local swells as promise to make the boulevard between the city and the fair grounds much livelier all the time than any other road is on circus day. We are told that Mr. Potter Palmer's preparations include the purchase of sixteen new coach-horses, three new coachmen with concomitant grooms, and seven brand-new vehicles, including two breaks and a mail-coach, while General Torrence is credited with the distinction of possessing "more fine vehicles, all new, than any other man in the United States."

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WASHINGTON has seen so many inaugurations that one would think that there would have grown up at least that familiarity which breeds indifference. But Washington is always eager for the pageant. It is so big and strange, so full of excitement, so alluring to the curious, so replete with profit to the hotel-keepers, to the livery-stables, to everybody who has rooms to let or houses to dispose of. For four or five days Washington is a crazy city, its negroes derive whole years of ecstasy, and its whites obtain the meed of long months of patient waiting and longing through the trials and littlenesses of retail trade.

Every boarding-house keeper hopes to make enough from the incoming throngs to pay up the butcher and baker, and to get a month or so of country air during the impending heats of summer. They deserve it, poor souls! And it is only once in four years, perhaps not even then, that they can exchange the asphaltic smells of the hot city for the dusty roads and burned-up foliage of the neighboring county of Montgomery. During these happy pecunious days families that are well-to-do in friends and social position, but not so fortunate in purse, rent their houses, if they are lucky, to the rich who wish to see the inauguration comfortably. And there will be many a fresh gown in the mountains or at the sea-side this summer purchased with the hundred-dollar bills of the stranger.

Far away usually is the busy world from the innermost circles of Washington, but the men from the great cities break in once in four years. They ride through its pleasant streets and over its smooth pavements in open barouches if they are from Northern cities, or they wait about the sidewalks and other public places for a chance to talk politics if they are from the South, or they plunge desperately into sight-seeing if they are from the nimble-minded West.

Everything they see not owned by the government is for sale or to let; not only houses to live in, but windows to look out from as the troops and the clubs and the President and the ex-President go by. All the darkies in the town go into trade. Some of them sell political badges. This year the prevailing decoration for the coats of men was little buttons in the form of diminutive red roses. But mostly the negro loves to sell something to eat, and as there is a tradition of his race that his wife can make better waffles and better corn-bread than anybody in the world, he tries to vindicate the tradition by transforming salt codfish into pretended deviled crabs.

For weeks Washington prepares for its great quadrennial festivity. It builds stands wherever it can find a space—stands that bring fabulous prices to those who obtain the privilege of erecting them, and that look as though they are capable of going to pieces as easily as the conscience of the traditional heeler. It covers its façades all over with cheap bunting. It brings its thriftiest taste to bear, and gets as much color and as little beauty for its money as it can. Washington has not much taste in decoration, and it has the most impossible avenue in all the world for decorative purposes. Arches cannot be sprung over this vast asphalt pavement, which looks to be five hundred feet wide to a stranger coming from a town that is compelled to be economical of its land. The houses along its borders are of the most incongruous and discordant kind. Sometimes they are warehouses, sometimes they are marble shops of a pattern inspired by the edifices of real business towns. Sometimes they are old-fashioned two storied houses with the first floor transformed into a shop. They do not lend themselves to the purposes of the decorator; and the decorator, the real, professional, skilful decorator, has nothing to do with the transaction. Washington has not yet conjectured that there is any reason why there should be such professional aid to the taste of the individual citizen. The idea, indeed, has only just begun to glimmer in New York and Chicago, and perhaps Washington will learn the lesson before the present four years roll round.

As it was on all other occasions, so it has been at this second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland, and it is a subject for profound meditation and reflection, the appearance of this great prairie of a street, with its distant houses, so low that there is nothing that can be called a sky-line. Up and down the fronts were sparsely hung banners, flags, and streamers. There was no system or harmony. There was no mass of color. There was no intelligence manifested in the effort. All that the people seem to have thought of was to hang out the flag, with the hospitable purpose of making the day as pleasant as possible for the incoming administration, or with the desire to beat a neighbor, or with the sordid spirit of advertising. The public buildings were a little worse than the private dwellings and shops. On the enormous front of the State, War, and Navy Department Building there were a few specks of red, white, and blue, while the great columns of the Treasury were swathed in flags, the stripes running up and down, so that the shafts looked like the legs of a gigantic "Uncle Sam." The grand stand from which the President was to review the procession glowed with the discordant richness of a highly colored booth of a race meeting or an agricultural show.

The reflection suggested by it is clear: Is it necessary that there should be this absolutely saddening democracy in taste just because we are a republic? Cannot this country employ the one-man power for a few days when it comes to the decoration of the capital city on the occasion of the inauguration of the President? Are republican institutions inconsistent with pageantry? If all this is true, the sooner we recognize the deplorable fact the better, and the sooner we return to the simplicity of Thomas Jefferson in our inaugurations the better still. If Washington cannot turn over the task of decoration to the American artist, who is abundantly capable of dealing intelligently with the problem, then the color ought to be left out of the show; for where color is poverty-stricken and straggles, and is out of humor with its background and its neighbors, it is not only a painful thing to look at, but is undignified, and reflects on the taste and intelligence of the whole country. And all this applies to the stand at the east side of the Capitol on which the President takes the oath of office and delivers his address to his fellow-citizens. Nothing is more crude and unpleasant than this performance as a work of art; but in other respects, in the spirit that dominates it, and in its fine republican symbolism, it is very noble.

There is no need to dwell on the artistic failure of the decorations. This strikes one most forcibly during the week before the inauguration, when the skeleton stands are disfiguring and concealing the reservations, when the workmen are littering the usually clean streets with their chips and sawdust, when one notes the damage that the rain has done to the dyes of the muslin streamers, when one is jostled by the arriving strangers, when all the discomforts of preparation make life a burden. The material aspect of the town during these few days is bad; but the people are splendid.

What life there is everywhere! The strangers tramp up and down the Avenue. Some of them have never been at the national capital before. Most of them are from the rural districts, and are strongly interested in whatever they see that is connected with the work of governing them. Some of them stand around the doors of the Senate and the House of Representatives and stare with awed vision into the sacred precincts where laws are made. Some of them tramp through the White House, and point out to one another, with more or less inaccuracy, the places where ceremonies are performed, and timidly ask the impossible favor of penetrating into the rooms where the next President and his family will spend the few hours of domestic ease and pleasure that are permitted by the arduous duties of the office. Some of them are hopeful or anxious seekers after place, and wonder if they can get their appointments within a few days after the inauguration. There is no man among all these people who want to be employed by the government who does not believe in his innermost soul that his particular case is irresistible, and that his business will be satisfactorily settled after a single interview with the President or the head of the department whose service he desires to illuminate. How weary these poor people will be when the heats of August come, and find them here still in a state of uncertainty!

But now they are happy enough. Every one in the streets is happy. The air is filled with the pleasant laughter of the negro children, old and young; for negroes rarely grow up to the sedateness of manhood and womanhood. There is hope in the expectant breast, and there are meetings of old friends. There is joy in the air. For days before this inauguration Washington put on its best and most entrancing weather. There was warmth in the rich sunshine, and the people said—alas! they were disappointed—that it was "Cleveland's luck" once more. He was going to have just such another 4th of March as that of eight years before, when golden sunshine flooded the streets from morning until evening, and the songs of birds made music sweeter than that of Cappa or Sousa or any master of brass who did his very uttermost in the presence of the elect of all the nation.

During these warm days the population of Washington grew and multiplied. The visitors jammed the hotels to their full capacity and beyond any comfort. The clubs were thronged with strangers, until the regular habitués did not know their own generally quiet and homelike quarters. The air pulsated with the notes of the bands that marched at the head of arriving organizations, military and civic. The streets were blocked. The visiting clubs saw all they could, and then paraded; then looked again, and again paraded. If all of Tammany Hall could not be found, a detachment was organized, but so long as a band was to be had there was a parade. A parade meant something to do, and the boys and men who had come down for a good time soon found that parading was quite as pleasant as anything they could do. Besides, the citizens of Washington appreciated the effort, and felt that the music and the banners and the marching visitors were all for them.

And now came the fateful day. When the streets were emptying of their noisy crowds on Thursday night the moon was shining on the houses of Washington, and the air was soft and full of promise. But on Friday there was a haze over the face of the sky, and clouds had gathered that threatened the "Cleveland luck." The Weather Bureau, like Tammany Hall, was also full of promise. There was to be a little flurry of snow in the morning, and then the day was to be clear and a little colder. There was, however, a good deal of snow on the fateful Saturday morning on which the nation was to say farewell to Mr. Harrison and to welcome Mr. Cleveland to a second term in the White House. The snow came down in drops that were as large as car tickets and as wet as a swamp. For a moment now and then the gray sky would shine like a burnished pan, and "Cleveland's luck" had come again. It was insisted that the marching would take place in clear weather, and this prediction came true; but it was so cold that the spirit of pneumonia was seen by many fearful eyes that looked out from the shelter of the stands for eight weary hours. In the history of inaugurations there has been one colder day, and that was Grant's second inaugural, in 1872, when the thermometer went so low that the whiskey froze.

There was a spatter of snow as the President and the next President went up the Avenue from the White House to the Capitol; there was a shining sun and a wind that blew chills into the marrow of the hardiest soldier as the President and the last President rode from the Capitol to the White House. Of course the streets along the line of the processions—the procession to the oath-taking at the Capitol and that to the review at the White House—were thronged; but although the town had seemed so full when one applied for a room at the hotel, the streets were not so crowded as they were eight years ago, or four years ago.

The oath was administered first to the Vice-President within the dignified precincts of the Senate-Chamber, and then the distinguished company went out upon the beautiful eastern portico—debased for the moment by cotton decorations—into the presence of the republic. And there, in that presence, with all the solemnity of his responsibilities and duties evidently resting upon him, Mr. Cleveland took the oath of office on his mother's Bible, on whose fly-leaf there was already the certificate of his first inauguration as Chief Magistrate of the nation, signed by Chief Justice Waite. His simple, direct, manly inaugural speech, which was delivered, not read, was pronounced in a cold, blustering northwest wind, and the President stood bareheaded through the ordeal, and was unnecessarily sympathized with for the hardships that he endured; for on the next day he announced to a friend that if he had no harder day during the coming four years, he would consider himself happy at the close of his term of office.

This simple ceremony over, there began the great procession for which Washington had waited for many weeks, to see which people had come from a distance, and for which every colored man and woman in near Virginia had squandered the savings of the year. Every one has read about inaugural processions, and many have seen them. They are most of them alike, although this one's distinction was the presence of Governors. Inauguration after inauguration, the Executives of the States are coming more and more to consider it the fitting thing to be present at the inauguration of the Executive of the nation. And here were the Governors of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, and Maryland—a brave array of Democratic talent, reminding the spectators, by the absence of Republican Governors, that the custom had not become so firmly fixed as to be rid of a certain taint of partisanship.

The bands played and the crowds cheered, and for five hours the new President stood on the reviewing stand and received the salutes of passing regiments and loyal Democratic associations. The procession was very long; some of it was very tiresome. The stands that were occupied by human beings—some of them were filled with snow—had been packed since half past ten. There the people sat, chattered, and shivered. They suffered and were good-natured. They ate peanuts and cracked jokes. The wise were bundled up with rugs and blankets, and when luncheon hour came they opened and consumed piles of sandwiches. The still wiser kept out the influences of the cold with coffee, or the more invigorating contents of flasks. There was many a cold caught that day, but whether any fatal cases the doctors have not yet reported. The crowd in the streets moved about industriously, and were cheery and patient. No sense of cold could make the negroes forget that it was a gala day, and they added to the prevailing good-humor of the American mob the joyous and mellow laughter of their race. The people who clung to the fireside, and enjoyed the fancied sufferings of the misguided creatures who sat on the stands or who stood in the streets, were very much mistaken in supposing that any one who shivered through the parade without catching cold regretted the experience. They simply convinced themselves that they could be both cold and happy.

At last, towards half past two, there was a sound of music from the Capitol, and the long-expected event was launched. The new President had finished his speech, and the pageant was in motion. He was driven slowly down the long Avenue, up Fifteenth Street, to the stand in front of the White House. First came the regulars. There were troopers, black and white, brilliant in their yellow trimmings. Cheers went up for them all along the line, for there were few in the on-looking multitude who did not know that these men had won their detail in Washington by gallant conduct on distant battle-fields warring with savages. The Marines and their excellent drill and their pampered band are known to all the land. The Washington newspapers regard these musicians as the very best in the world, and who shall say that they are not, so long as he is dwelling within the borders of the District of Columbia? The militia of the District, by the same token, is also the best in the world. The commands are both black and white, and to the former the event is always the most momentous in their lives. The negro's life is crammed full of momentous events, from the moment he first learns the meaning of the word until he becomes too old and decrepit to care very much for it. The solid mass of Pennsylvania National Guard is here, as usual. As usual, it is 8000 strong, precisely. As usual, too, it is clad for war. Its heads are topped with the drab felt soft field hat of the regular service. Its bodies are covered with overcoats. Haversacks, knapsacks, and canteens are strapped to it. It is said to look like business, and it does. One can fancy it on its way to put down riot or insurrection, or to destroy foreign enemies. One may be proud of it as an effective-looking body of citizen soldiery, but no one can rejoice in its beauty, or regard it as an addition to what aims to be a pageant. The New York Seventh and the Maryland Fifth will probably fight as well, no better, when the unlucky time comes when fighting must be done, but they add to the splendor of the occasion by their trappings; and that is right, as is proved by the practice of the fighting armies of Europe. The long lines of blue grow monotonous, but the crowd continues in good-humor, and is amused by its own general incidents—by the arrest of that crestfallen pickpocket or the disorderly drunkard, by the dancing and stamping of the soldiers when a halt is ordered and the men take advantage of the respite to get their blood in circulation. So cold is it! And yet the women and children sit on the stands, and the President keeps his place, while the stalwart troops in heavy uniforms march by and suffer.

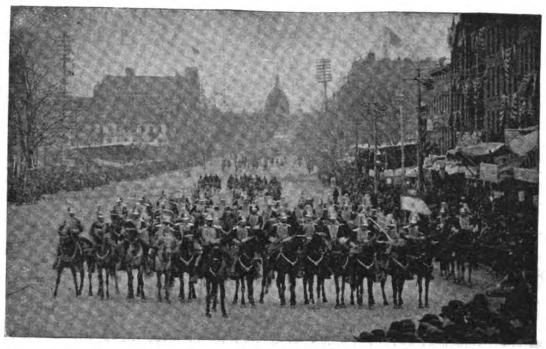
But the Governors are the objects of the keenest interest and the awakeners of the loudest cheers. There is Governor Flower, who rides in a barouche, because he is sensible enough not to ride a horse when he knows that he cannot. His staff do not like it, because they are in uniform, and think that they look unnecessarily like Knights Templar. Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is mounted, and being a fine horseman, is cheered as he rides down the Avenue. But the mighty cheers are for Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and William E. Russell, of Massachusetts. They, too, are mounted on mettlesome steeds, and they and their staffs demonstrate a power to command their horses which pleases the populace. Other fine bodies of horsemen are the Marylanders and Georgians, headed by Governors Brown and Northen, and Troop A, of our own city, whose equestrian prowess has been more than once celebrated in the WEEKLY.

After the soldiers came the political clubs—Tammany, the Samuel J. Randall Club of Philadelphia, the Duckworth Club of Cincinnati, the Bushwick Club of Brooklyn, and others—made interesting because they too had uniforms—overcoats, tall hats, canes, and umbrellas. The Duckworth Club's silk hats were interesting and curious, silver-toned, and with a most extraordinary shine.

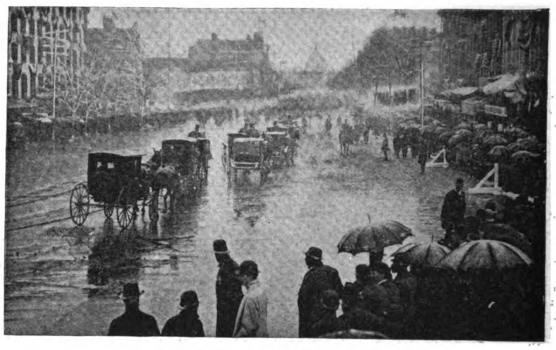
The hours that passed were filled with music, the fife and drum, and marching men, and there was enough of all to keep the spectators happy and contented, and enough also to satisfy the most greedy. The sun was low in the west when the last civilian went by the reviewing stand and Mr. Cleveland went into the warmth of the White House.

In the evening came the ball, and it was doubtless the handsomest inauguration ball that Washington has ever seen. Here the decorations had been in the hands of a real artist, and the enormous room in the Pension Bureau Building had been made beautiful. The great columns were covered with ivy, the fountain was hidden in a bower of green, and the plashing water was lighted up by colored electric lights. The crowd of course was immense. Everything was big, from the hall down to the souvenir cards graced with the portraits of President Cleveland and Vice-President Stevenson. There was not much dancing, but there was a little promenading, and a good deal of eager curiosity to see the beautiful lady of the White House. At twelve o'clock the ball was over, and those who remained until the last discovered as they came out into the night that the sharpness was departing from the atmosphere, and that Sunday was likely to be the kind of a day that they had hoped for for the inauguration.

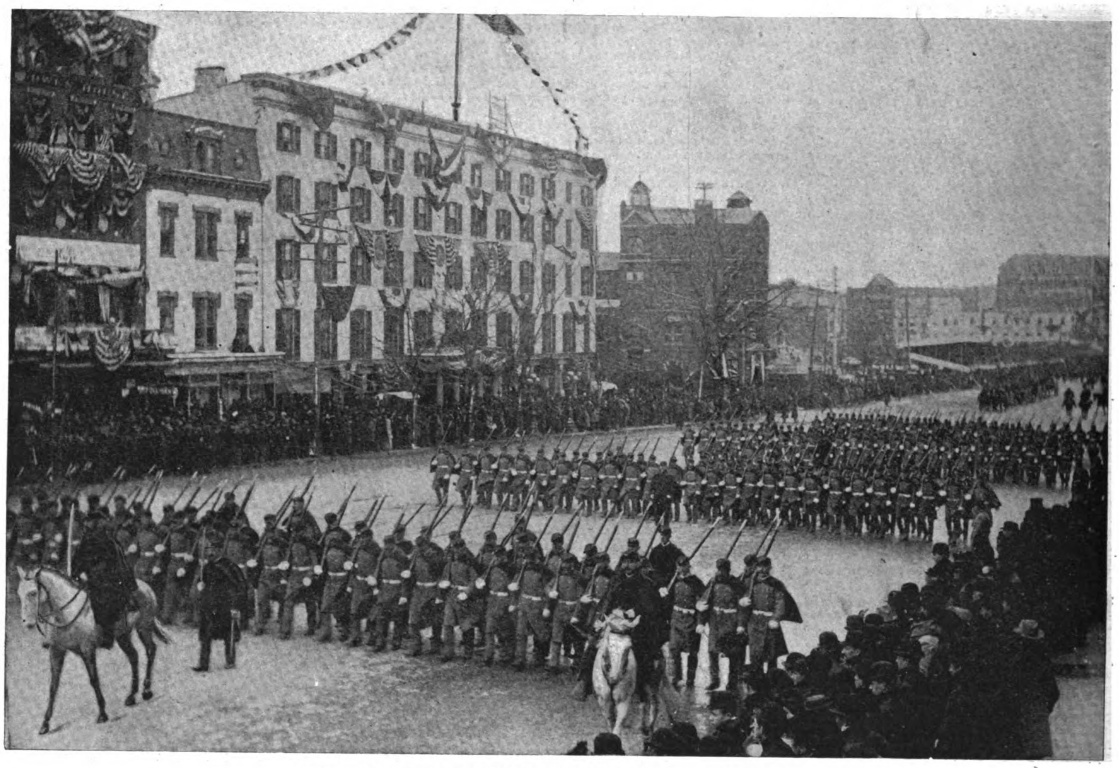
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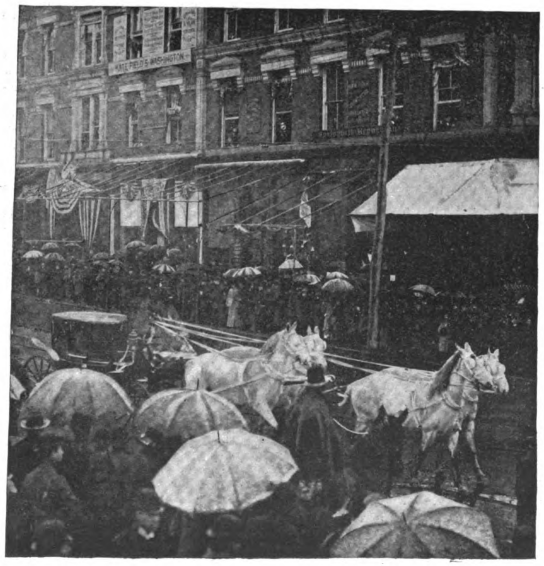
THE GEORGIA HUSSARS.



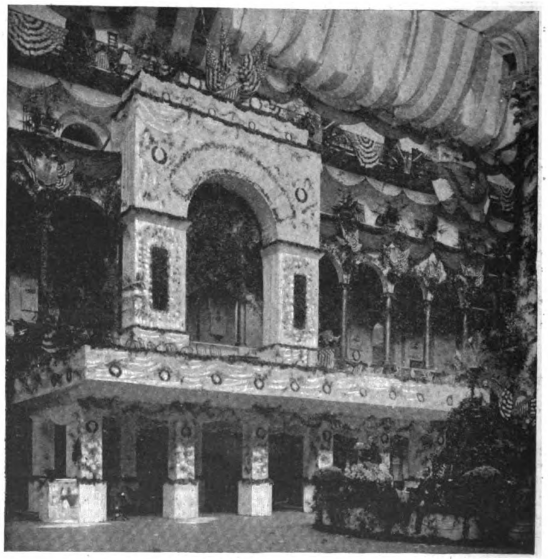
UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE CAPITOL.



MARCHING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE TO THE REVIEWING STAND.



VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON AND EX-VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON RETURNING.



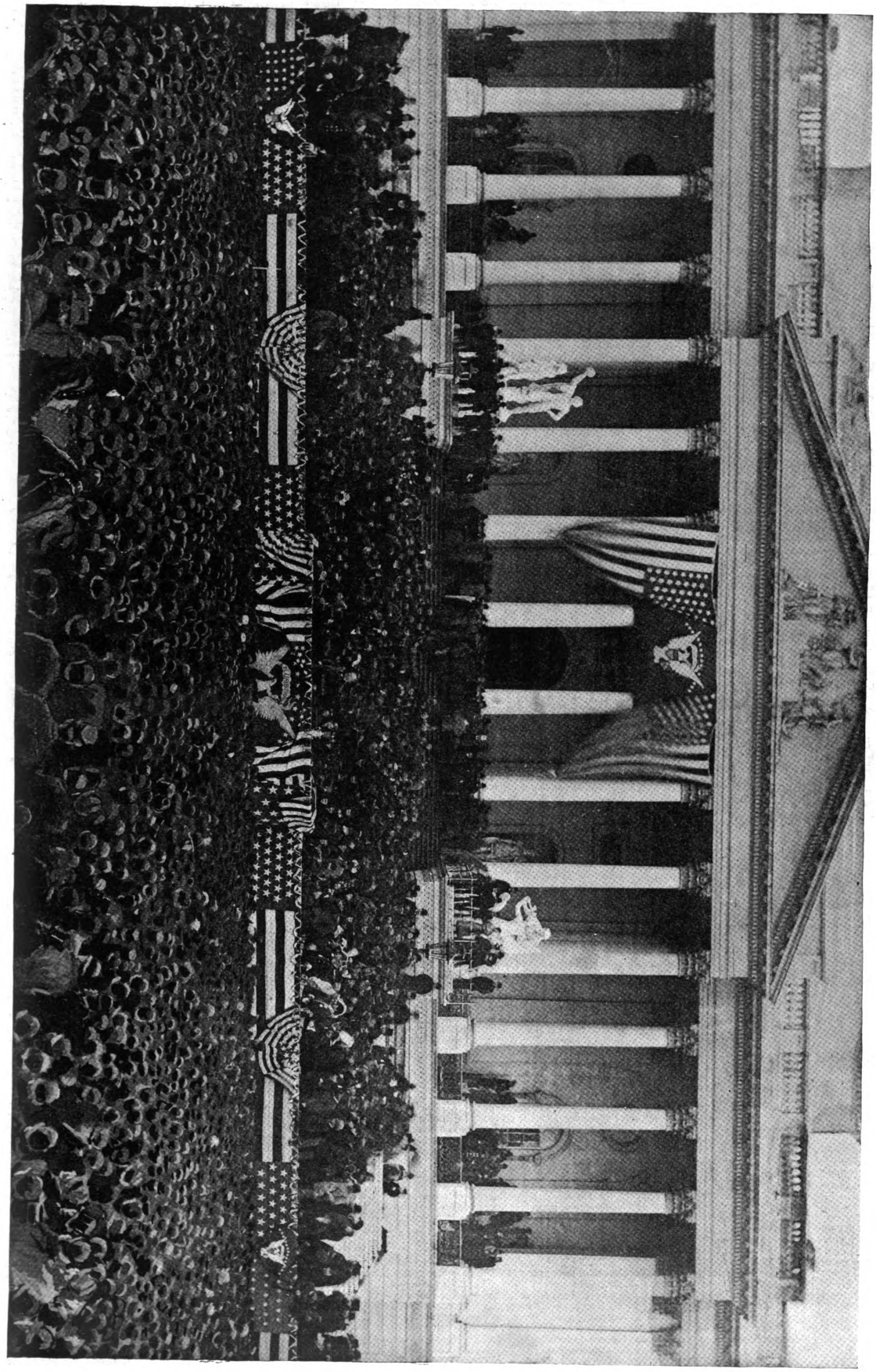
THE CLEVELAND ARCH IN THE PENSION BUILDING WHERE THE INAUGURAL BALL WAS HELD.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.—From Photographs by Bell (Washington), and Langill.—[See Page 251.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, GOES TO THE INAUGURATION.

I WENT to Washin'ton last week to see G. C. go in,
And I must say the treatment that I got was wuss 'n sin.
They shoved me here, they shoved me there, in most unchristian way,
No matter where I tried to go on 'Nauguration day.

I tried to see the White House grounds, 'bout which I'd often read;
First thing I knew 'bout sixty p'leece was jumpin' on my head.
I sneaked behind the mansion then, an' tried to look inside,
When forty-'leven constables came out an' tanned my hide.

I wandered to the Capitol, an' ambled up the stoop,
And there I got a shakin' down wuss 'n a spell o' croup
By 'bout six hundred deputies, as had the place in charge,
Who seemed to think nobody else had right to be at large.

And when I tried to cross the street before the soldiers came,
The way the guardians of the peace behaved was just a shame.
They yanked me back into the crowd and shoved me to the rear,
For all the world as though I'd led a criminal career.

And when G. C. got through his speech I tried to grab his hand,
'Nd tell him I was just as proud as any in the land;
And then a feller dressed in blue connected with my coat,
And dragged here and yon as though I'd never had a vote.

Now what I want to know is this, are these officials here
Our masters or our servants—they behave so cavalier?
If they're our masters then I bows with all the grace I've got,
But if they're servants then I vote to bounce the whole darned lot.

Don't talk to me 'bout freedom—'tain't known in Washin'ton,
And with inaugurations I'm perpetually done,
For when I sought the Capitol to see G. C. go in,
The way the gov'ment treated me was really wuss 'n sin.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Music and Drama

A MORE beautiful production from a pictorial and spectacular stand-point than that of *Girofle-Girofla*, now running with much success at the Garden Theatre, has not been seen in New York for many a long day. As a succession of stage pictures and groupings, almost kaleidoscopic in variety of color and design, one can hardly imagine anything more artistically complete and charming. A more beautiful set in its way than that of the second act, a Moorish apartment in Bolero's palace, has hardly ever been put upon the New York stage. One cannot too strongly commend that careful attention to detail of every kind which makes this revival almost unique in picturesque completeness. In the matter of stage-management, too, Mr. Baker has fairly outdone himself, and the value of his work as a factor in the success obtained by this revival can hardly be overestimated. The successful revival of a work of the class of *Girofle-Girofla*, which was in the zenith of its popularity twenty years ago, is interesting and suggestive in more ways than one. Even the wit and cleverness of Mr. Gilbert's book and the remarkably beautiful production could not carry *The Mountebanks* to success, which fact would tend to show that the music, after all, has something to do with the success of a comic opera. Rumors have been current for some time past that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have buried the hatchet and are once more reunited, and Mr. Gilbert himself has publicly denied the rumor that he was to collaborate with Dr. Hubert Parry in a comic opera. Not a few longings for Gilbert and Sullivan, and the class of work which Mr. Gilbert's wit and Sir Arthur Sullivan's delightful musical fancy have made popular, have found expression of late. "O for Gilbert and Sullivan!" has been the cry, which is one which every lover of good light opera could re-echo with sincerity if the reuniting of the whilom successful collaborators could mean another *Pinafore*, *Patience*, or *Mikado*. People seem, however, to forget that since the *Mikado* Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have written three pieces, to wit, *Ruddigore*, *The Yeomen of the Guard*, and *The Gondoliers*, which the American public would not have at any price; and yet in two at least of these pieces Sir Arthur Sullivan was in no degree responsible for their lack of success, as the music of both *Ruddigore* and *The Yeomen of the Guard* was altogether charming.

Variations of popular taste count for much in all these matters, and in this respect again the success of the revival of Lecocq's once popular opera-bouffe is significant. For what it sets out to be, a musical trifle as light as popular airs and jingles will make it, written with obvious intent to catch the popular ear, *Girofle-Girofla* is a good work, and fulfills its purpose of providing easy amusement admirably. Lecocq's music, though light, is never vulgar, and its melodies, though eminently tuneful in a popular sense, never descend to cheap jingle. It is essentially opera-bouffe music, but it is at the same time sufficiently well written not to offend an artistic ear. One would venture, however, to express the opinion that the admirable *mise en scène* which Mr. French has provided for the piece has more to do with its success than either the music, the book, or the way both are presented. The attempt to localize, and in a way modernize, the witty French original has not been in any way successful. Messrs. Woodward and Goodwin could not destroy the admirable story, but they have succeeded in eliminating the wit, spirit, and go of the original version to an extent that is to be deplored. Surely it is possible to write dialogue which can be funny without local allusions and gags; although were such dialogue to be written, have we the artists who could give it its proper effect?

It is rather curious that in Paris operettas of the Offenbach type will not revive. About two years ago the attempt was made to give a series of revivals of the most successful Offenbach pieces, like *Orpheus*, the *Grande-Duchesse*, and *La Belle Hélène*, but it was soon evident that popular taste had changed, and the pieces no longer possessed the vitality to make them popularly attractive. *La Fille de Madame Angot*, Lecocq's most successful piece, when revived a short time back, went better, but even this did not seem able to secure a new lease of life. One is therefore tempted to think that without its present surroundings, which are certainly exceptionally attractive, *Girofle-Girofla* would not meet with popular approval, or satisfy present popular demands for any considerable length of time; this, however, remains to be seen.

Though from a dramatic stand-point the fun and humor of *Girofle-Girofla*, as now presented at the Garden Theatre, seem somewhat forced, and the spirit and gayety decidedly cumbersome, heavy-footed, and lacking in the dash, finesse, and lightness of touch which French artists alone seem capable of giving to this class of piece, from a musical stand-point the performance is very fairly adequate and satisfactory. The music, it is true, is not of the kind to make any heavy demands upon the artists interpreting it, but the soloists are capable, the chorus large and efficient, and the orchestra quite equal to the requirements of Lecocq's rather sketchy score. In the title rôle Miss Russell looked a picture, or rather several pictures, sang charmingly, acted with much more spirit and vivacity than is her wont, and must be accredited with a hit. Those who remember Mr. Carleton's capital characterization of the Mikado were not surprised to find that he made Mourzouk almost the central figure of the production. As Marasquin, Mr. Coffin was, as usual, Mr. Coffin, but was picturesque in appearance, and sang with his usual artistic finish whenever he kept within the natural limits of his voice. As most comedians have an inward, if generally unexpressed, conviction that they are really tragedians in disguise, it would seem that the ambition of most barytones is to be considered tenors, and the result is not always wholly admirable. As Bolero, Mr. Harrison was decidedly unfunny; Miss Rose Leighton was most acceptable as the massive and imposing Aurore, and the Frasquita of Miss Laura Clement was also good. The *raison d'être* of Mr. Hallam as Pedro was a trifle difficult to discover. All in all, *Girofle-Girofla* forms a very agreeable evening's entertainment, and as such will doubtless be popular during the time of its run at the Garden Theatre, which is limited to March 25th.

The past week has not furnished anything of especial novelty or interest in matters dramatic. Mr. Thomas W. Keene, at the Union Square Theatre, has apparently pleased those who consider that Colley Cibber could improve upon Shakespeare, and who admire a bombastic, melodramatic, and decidedly noisy Richard III. Mr. Keene, though a player of long experience and decided intelligence, is generally too theatrical in his methods, and in his conception hardly realizes the poor remnant of the original Richard that Cibber has left us. His support was in keeping with his individual methods; even more noisy and equally melodramatic. Large audiences witnessed the farewell performances of Miss Duse at the Fifth Avenue. This great actress may not be a Bernhardt or a Ristori; it is sufficient for the admirers of truth, refinement, and artistic methods in dramatic art that she is herself. During her all too brief stay she has aroused unwonted enthusiasm, and given pleasure in a rare degree. The pain felt at her departure is somewhat mitigated by the announcement that she will return next season. In music the only events of marked importance were the two concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which were rendered of notable interest by the appearance of M. Paderewski, who played the Schumann Concerto as only Paderewski can play Schumann. The programme, including as it did an overture by Smettana, two numbers, a serenade, and theme with variations, by Lalo, heard for the first time, and Tschaikowski's Fourth Symphony, was of unusual merit and interest.

Not the least notable feature in the present musical season has been the operatic selections each Sunday given by both Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Seidl at their popular concerts. These concerts have thus in some degree supplied the lack of regular opera this season, and the fact that they have been as popular as they have been goes to show that operatic music still continues to be attractive to the general public. In spite of rumors current in regard to a managerial *concurrence* for the Metropolitan Opera-house another season, there is, one would think, but little doubt that Mr. Abbey will again hold the reins of management there, as under the circumstances is certainly his right. There can be no question as to his competency, and his record in the past has amply proven that he will adequately redeem his promises and punctually fulfil all his obligations. A return to the Maplesonian *régime* of opera, in view of past experience, could hardly be thought desirable or beneficial under any circumstances.

A number of French composers, presided over by M. Gounod, after an exhaustive series of experiments, have decided to include two new instruments in the orchestra, the pedal clarionet and the tuba-horn. The tuba-horn is quite a novelty; it possesses a sweet and velvety tone which somewhat resembles that of the horn, and is easy to play. This is the instrument so much desired by Wagner, and its beauty of tone is such that it is expected to be of great use to modern composers. Signor Leon Cavallo, the Italian composer, is said to be engaged on an operatic trilogy of the period of the Renaissance, the titles of the three parts being *The Conspiracy of the Paggi*, *Savonarola*, and *Cæsar Borgia*. In his new comic opera, *Princess Ninetta*, Strauss seems to have gone back to his most popular methods, and the piece is now being played in Vienna with the most pronounced success. It is said that Master Joseph Hoffman, the erstwhile prodigy, will make his reappearance as an adult player next year. A new opera, *The Witch*, by a young Danish composer, A. Enna, was recently performed for the first time in Berlin, and met with the most favorable reception. A new string quartet by Tschaikowski has just been performed for the first time in St. Petersburg, and it is considered one of the most mature works by the Russian master. A new one-act opera, *Iolanthe*, by the same composer, did not score a success when recently produced at Hamburg. So much for success. *The Magic Opal*, an opera, the music by Señor Albeniz, a Spanish pianist, which has been announced as a bewildering success, has been suddenly withdrawn from the Lyric Theatre, London, at a week's notice, and its place supplied by *The Golden Web*, the posthumous opera by Goring Thomas, recently produced with much success in Liverpool.

All theatrical London is talking of Ibsen's latest play, *The Master-Builder*, recently produced there, in which an American actress, Miss Robbins, has made a striking success. Like Browning, Ibsen seems to be acceptable to his admirers and devotees in that in his writings he provides them with a series of cryptograms or acrostics upon which they may exercise their ingenuity. That there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what *The Master-Builder* really means may be judged from the following explanations as to its real significance which have been lately offered:

1. It is an allegory of the evolutions of Ibsen's dramatic art, from poetical dramas, through social plays, to the drama of the theatre.

2. It is an allegory of the artistic life of every artist in devoting himself to his ideal, though it survive domestic happiness, and the way he forms that ideal.

3. It is an impeachment of the married estate, and a dramatic treatment of the problem as to whether marriage is or is not a failure.

4. It is a parable of the eternal contest which conscience and a sense of duty wages with the artistic impulse and artistic irresponsibility.

To these may be added a fifth and very prevalent opinion, as says an eminent critic, that the play is mere midsummer madness. Still, when any dramatist succeeds in exciting popular interest to the extent of discussing what his work may or may not mean, he must in so far be accredited with a certain degree of success. In this connection it may be remarked that it was a disappointment that Miss Duse did not, as promised, appear in Ibsen's *Doll-House* during her engagement just completed.

The question of the possibility of performing *Parsifal* elsewhere than at Baireuth, which has been mooted for some time past, seems now definitely settled, as Madame Wagner, in reply to an expressed desire for the production of *Parsifal* in Munich during the present year, has declined to entertain the proposal under any circumstances. She declares *Parsifal* to be her husband's legacy to Baireuth, and expresses her intention to carry out his wish that it should never be given elsewhere as long as it is in her power to do so. There can be no question that her decision in this respect is an entirely justifiable and wise one. Imagine *Parsifal* at Covent Garden, or at the Metropolitan Opera-house!

It appears that the new opera, *King Lear*, upon which Verdi has been reported to be engaged, is really in a very forward state, and will probably be produced at the Scala early next year. At the age of fifty Verdi is reported to have said to Auber, who was then over eighty, that his life as a composer was finished, and that he would never write any more. As since that time he has produced *Aida*, *The Requiem*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, what may we not still expect? Apropos of *Falstaff*, it is reported that Ricordi paid Verdi 160,000 francs for the work, and allows him in addition to this forty per cent. of the net receipts. The receipts for the first performance of *Falstaff* amounted to 86,000 francs. This sum is all the more remarkable as almost all the boxes at the Scala are the private property of Milanese families, who only pay the ordinary admission fee for each performance.

One of the interesting novelties of the season will be the first production this week, by the Oratorio Society, of *St. Francis of Assisi*, a sacred dramatic legend or oratorio by Tinel, a young Belgian composer, which will be given its first production in this country. The work is said to be of great beauty and originality. Occasion will be taken to refer to it at some length later.

The Bureau of Music of the World's Columbian Exposition makes the announcement—none the less gratifying because long delayed—that the following compositions by American composers will be publicly performed during the exposition:

By Professor John K. Paine: music to *Œdipus Tyrannus*; *Tempest* music for orchestra; *An Island Fantasy* for orchestra; Symphony No. 1, *Spring*. By George W. Chadwick: Symphony No. 2, in B Flat; overture, *Melpomene*; cantata, *Phœnix Expirans*. By Arthur Foote: overture *Francesca di Rimini*; serenade for string orchestra; quartet for pianoforte and strings. By George F. Bristow: oratorio, *The Great Republic*; overture, *Jibbewainoske*. By Arthur Bird: suite for orchestra. By Harry Rowe Shelly: suite for orchestra. By Ad. M. Foerster: festival march for orchestra. Compositions by E. A. McDowell, Templeton Strong, and Frank Van der Stucken will also be performed.

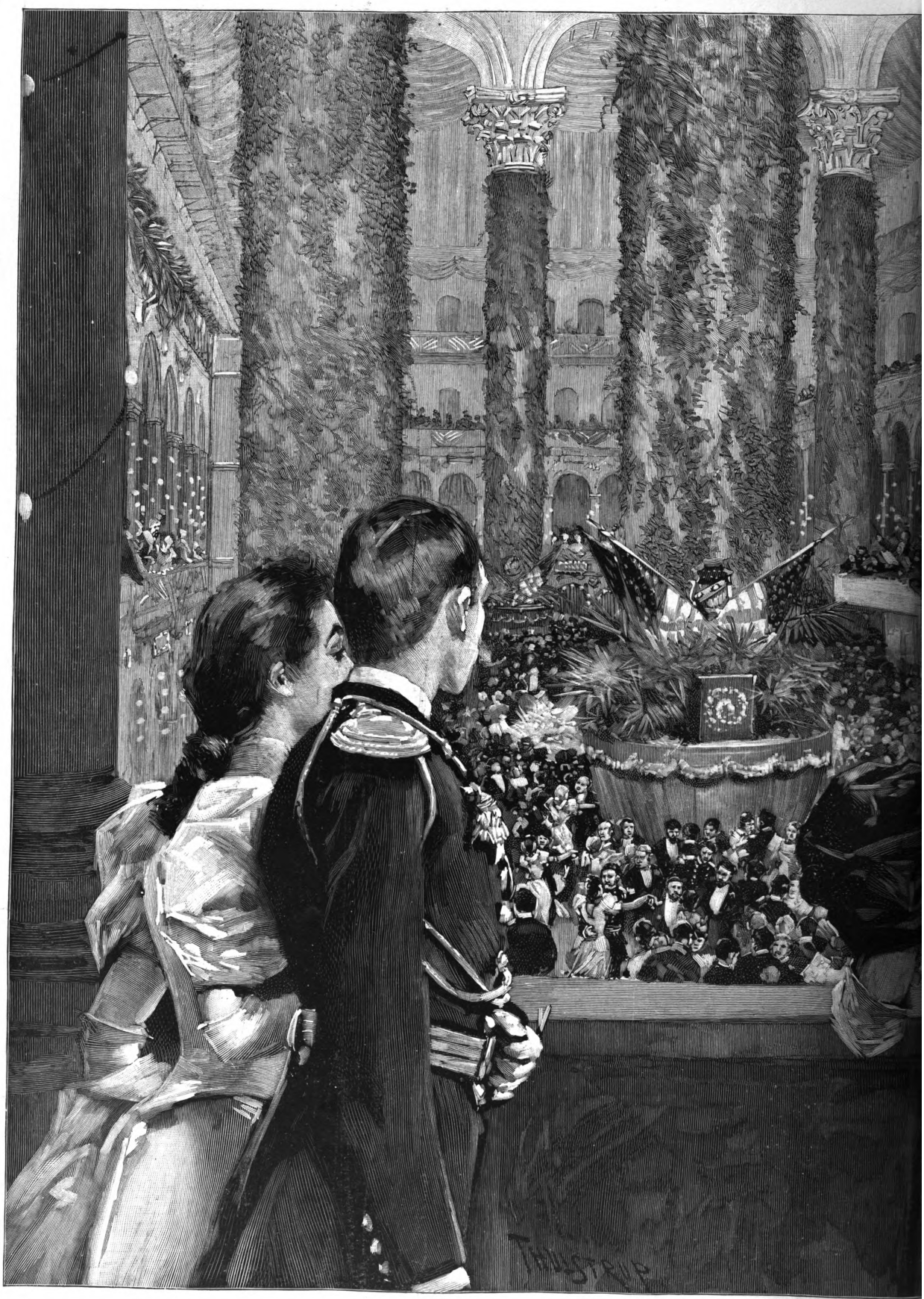
REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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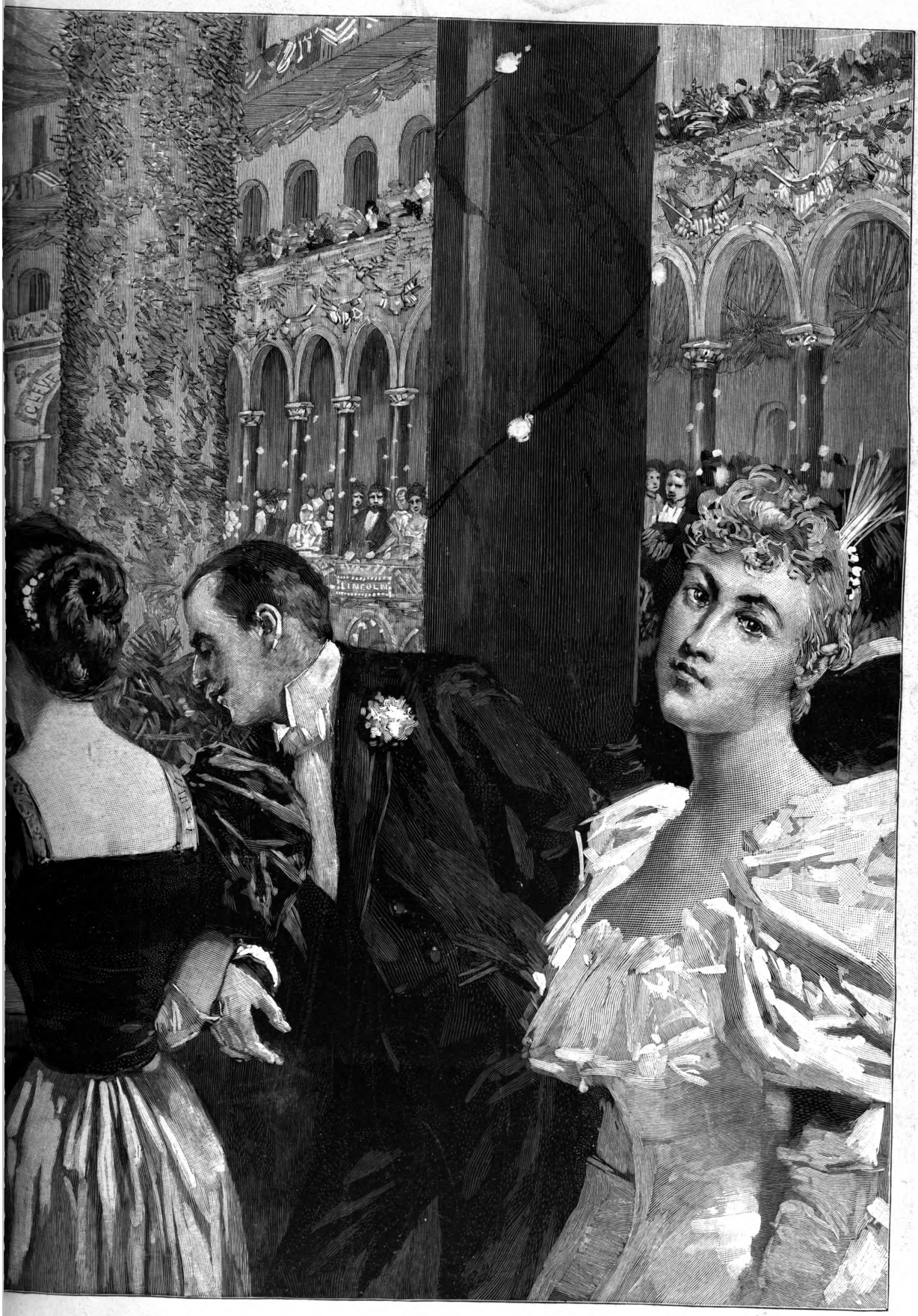
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SION BUILDING, WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

[SEE PAGE 851.]

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M. TAINE.

If length of days be truly reckoned by labors done, then Hippolyte Taine, scholar, philosopher, critic, historian, lived more than the allotted span of men. Yet he was less than sixty-five when he died, in Paris, on the 5th of March, in the full vigor of his splendid powers. Outside of France he was perhaps the best known of contemporary French writers. Indeed, his brilliant *History of English Literature* seemed to expand the limits of his nationality, and make him a citizen of the English-speaking world, so that his death brings a sense of personal loss to American readers. He was so tremendous a force, he believed in his theories so devoutly, and advanced them with imagination so glowing and rhetoric so resistless, that to read his books was to be in the company of the most ardent, conscientious, persuasive, eloquent of companions. And one of his greatest charms was that in all the rush and ardor of his own convictions he never sought to subvert his hearers' judgment or impose on them his conclusions. By the very method acquired from him, the student learned to differ with the great master, and to differ intelligently. His thoughtfulness taught his readers to think, and to think on their own lines. To this doctrine one might assent. To that conclusion one must demur. But in either case one was put upon one's mettle to see the reason why.

Hippolyte Taine was born of good though not of noble stock, on the 21st of April, 1828. His father, an attorney, was an accomplished scholar. From him the boy learned his classics. From an uncle, a merchant, who had lived long in the United States, he learned English, beginning as a lad his marvellous acquisition of English literature. He was but thirteen when his father died, and his wise mother took him to Paris to be educated. At nineteen he won the first prize for his Latin essay at the Collége de Bourbon. At twenty he took the two second prizes of philosophy. His scholarship won him a government appointment. But finding the independence of his opinions and the frankness of his philosophical heresies incompatible with "smug routine and things allowed," he gave up his position to earn a scanty living by private lessons and by his pen. At the age of twenty-seven illness sent him, poor and harassed, to the Pyrenees. But on his return to Paris he published his *Voyage aux Pyrénées*, which at once made his literary reputation. It was the most charming collection of unfamiliar things, geology, botany, scenery, legend, chronicle, folk-lore, survivals, all tributary to the story of Henry IV. and the history of Navarre and Gascony. Now, his period of productiveness set in. *Critical and Historical Essays, French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century, La Fontaine and his Fables, Notes on England*, and finally, after years of the closest study, the *History of English Literature*, all appeared before he was thirty-six. Though the committee of the French Academy unanimously voted the *English Literature* a special prize, the full Academy refused it on the complaint of Monseigneur Dupanloup that the sentence "Virtue and vice are products, like sugar and vitriol," was a denial of the freedom of the will, and an advocacy of fatalism. Moreover, the worthy bishop declared that the author had spoken derisively of the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, had defended the English Puritans, and eulogized the prayer-book. These were offences not to be overlooked, and not until 1878 was Taine elected a member of the Academy.

Following the *English Literature* came *English Positivism, English Idealism*, and *Contemporary English Writers*. A professorship of Æsthetics in the Paris School of Fine Arts led to the publication of his famous books on art—*The Philosophy of Art, The Ideal in Art, Philosophy of Art in Italy, Philosophy of Art in Greece, Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands*. He was still under forty when he completed the first volume of his monumental history of France—*The Ancient Régime*. The second volume, *The Revolution*, the third, *The Triumph of the Jacobins*, and the fourth, *The Modern Régime*, were completed, and on the fifth, *France as a Republic*, the tireless student was working when he came under the strict arrest of that fell sergeant, Death.

To the mind of Taine there could not exist an unrelated fact. His three great factors of production, whether in art or literature, are the race, the environment, and the moment. Given, for example, the nationality, the time, and the climate of a people, he would deduce you their art or their literature as infallibly, to his own mind, as the paleontologist deduces the megatherium from a bone. So far as art is concerned, Taine certainly makes a better showing where he infers Greek art from Greek life than the elder æsthetic philosopher Ruskin does, who would infer Greek character from Greek art. The weakness of the method is that it takes too little account of the individual, his hinderances and helps, his failures and successes, and in life, as in argument, the particular has an awkward way of upsetting the general. But however criticism may demur to M. Taine's theory, or rather to his application of it, there can be only praise for his courage, his honesty, his conscientiousness, his insight, his splendid scholarship, his catholic spirit, his large outlook on life, his industry, which, in its intelligence and fervor, was itself almost genius. The world of thought in which our real lives are lived is incalculably enriched for a great multitude of people because he dwelt and labored in it.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

On the wooden island in the lagoon that separates the Horticultural Building from the ugly structure that will hold the official exhibits of the United States government there will be a cluster of Japanese houses, erected by Japanese artisans for the commissioners of the land of the chrysanthemum. When these very attractive-looking houses are entirely finished they will be viewed with great interest and curiosity by the visitors to the fair, for in many regards they will be very different from anything that the very great majority ever saw before. But the process of building was even more interesting than the finished houses will be. When the snow was over a foot deep this winter, and visitors to the works were very scarce on account of the cold, there was still always something of a crowd about the wire rope that was put up to keep visitors away from the Japanese carpenters and joiners who were erecting the houses in the island village. The wire rope did not keep back the more adventuresome of the sight-seers, nor were those who invaded the forbidden ground ordered out after they had gone where they had no business to go. Even a Japanese artisan, though clothed with authority, is too gentle and kindly and courteous in his nature to resent any friendly encroachment upon his rights. Those who went within the ropes saw unmolested all that was to be seen, and every question that was asked was answered as fully as the limited English vocabulary of the workmen permitted. And what bright and nimble fellows these workmen were! It may be that they were picked men, selected for their skill and intelligence. If they represent the average of Japanese artisans, then the average must be very high indeed. It seems almost a pity that these carpenters could not be kept at work all during the fair; such an exhibit would be as popular as anything within the grounds.

After noting the nimbleness of the workmen and the intelligent expression of their faces, together with the picturesqueness of their dress, which seems to Western eyes something like a uniform, the visitor looks at the work itself, and is at once struck by its neatness. Even the temporary scaffolding is neatly and strongly put up, and the lumber of which it is made is injured as little as possible. Instead of being nailed together, this scaffolding is lashed with cords. This is done with a skill that would make even a sailor-man turn green with envy. But though the Japanese workmen do many things in a way opposite to that employed by Europeans, they do not go so far as to build the roofs of their houses before making the foundations. At least such was not the method employed at Chicago in making the buildings there, for when the houses were very nearly completed the roofs had not yet been put on. But the numerous books on Japan written by recent travellers through that flowery land give all the information that the curious could care for.

TWO BRAVE SAILORS.

Two men composing part of the crew of the U. S. S. *Philadelphia*, James Brennan and H. A. Eilers, have been reported to the Navy Department by the commanding officer of the *Philadelphia*, Captain A. S. Barker, for gallant conduct, and Eilers having been promoted, Brennan has been commended by the department.

Both these men, whose portraits are presented, showed courage and good judgment on board the *Philadelphia*. In



JAMES BRENNAN.

some way, in January of this year, the powder charges for a heavy gun became ignited, when Brennan threw overboard two charges "which were partially out of their cases, and one of the cartridges was said to have been smoking." Eilers was in the magazine, where he remained until he had put out the fire, or stamped out the burning fragments. Both actions of these men showed coolness and presence of mind, and the praise they have received is fully deserved. It was, however, a mistake in the first hasty report of the accident as it was sent to the newspapers to say that the crew was "panic-stricken." No such thing happened, for men-of-war's men are not subject to panic. Some of the men assisted in extinguishing the fire, and then carried the wounded men to the surgeon. Nobody fled from the gun.

In the older time, when cartridges were made up of small-grained powder, the loss of life from ignition would have been terrible. For heavy guns of to-day prisms of brown powder are used which are of comparatively slow ignition. It is possible to touch off a prism while having it in your



H. A. EILERS.

fingers, after applying a match. Whether, however, powder be of rapid or slow ignition by no means diminishes the merit of Brennan and Eilers.

In February last Brennan again showed gallantry. While the ship was coaling at Port Royal, South Carolina, a landsman named Miller fell overboard from a catamaran into the river, in which there was floating ice. It was one of the coldest days of this winter. The man had sunk, when Brennan, who was on deck, jumped overboard, dived, caught the drowning man by the hair, swam with him to the gangway of the ship, when both were hauled out. Captain Barker, U. S. N., states that "Miller, being unable to swim, would have undoubtedly been drowned had it not been for Brennan's assistance." In writing to Brennan, the Secretary of the Navy addressed him as follows: "The courage displayed by you on this occasion, and your forgetfulness of self in your successful effort to save life, merit the hearty commendation of the department."

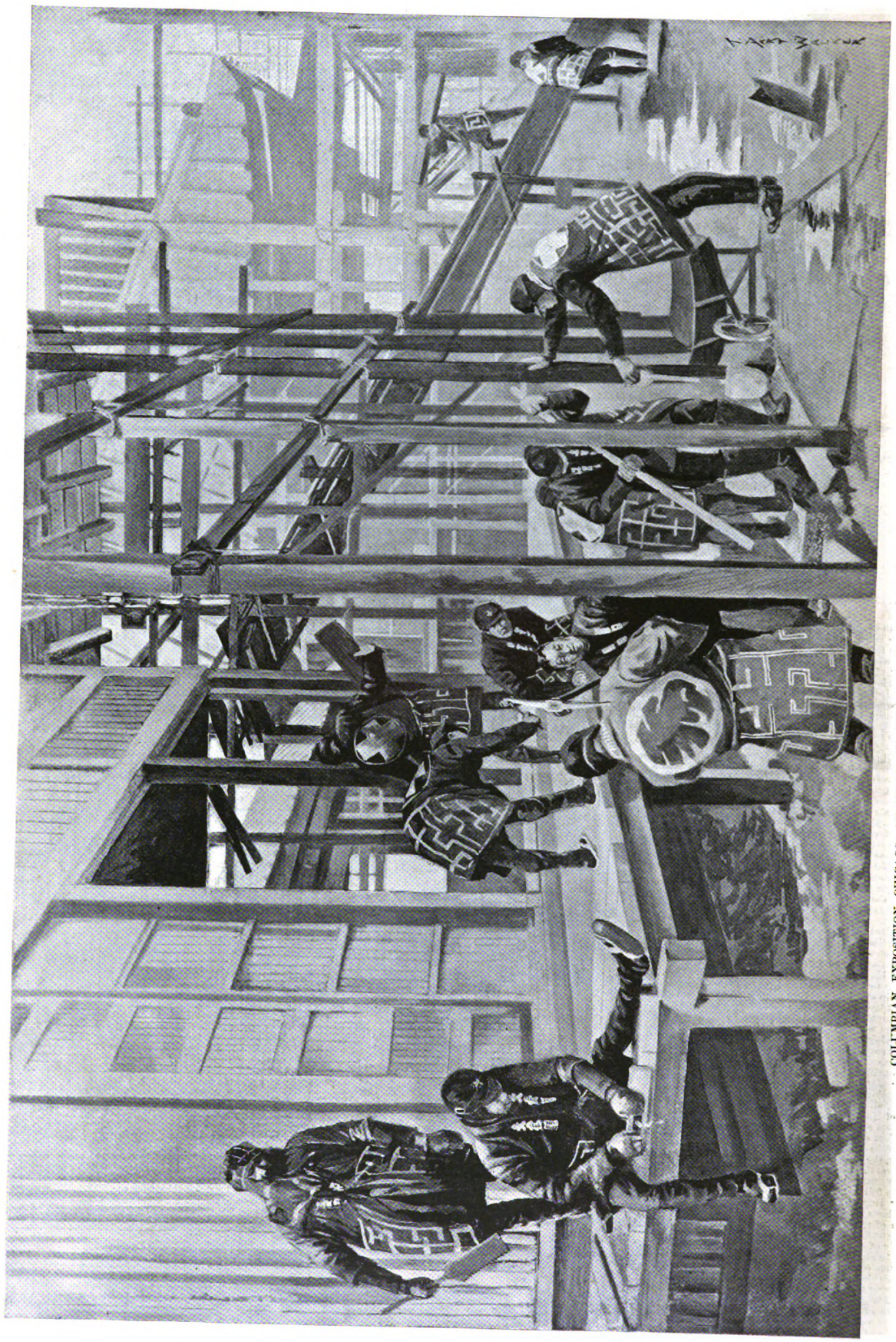
SNOW IN MILAN AND NEW YORK.

The wail over its own incompetence by an inefficient municipal department to meet the needs of a heavy snowfall gives pertinence to a glance at the methods used in Milan, Italy, a full account of which was given in Harper's Weekly of January 10, 1891. So economical is it that the average cost is only a little over two cents per cubic yard; so rapid that it never takes more than twenty-four hours to clean the city both within and without the walls. It is easy as Columbus's egg problem, and shows the magic solvent of a little gumption. The city is divided into districts, and an average rate of pay per inch depth is arranged for the whole area of each district. Each district is allotted to a contractor, who furnishes men, carts, and horses—the city furnishing tools—and is held rigidly responsible. The contracts, which are iron-clad, are made annually, and the contractors are drawn from the classes, such as paviors, masons, quarrymen, etc., who are in the carting business, and are directly affected by snow. Careless work goes for nothing, for it is rigidly supervised by engineers. The depth of fallen snow on which payment is graduated is fixed by stone posts in open places, each being capped by a large flat slab. At every snowfall each contractor goes to work, without further special orders, on his district. The number of men ordinarily engaged in snow removal ranges from 2000 to 3000 in addition to the standard street-cleaning force—an army of volunteers, so to speak, who can be mobilized at once to assist the regulars, according to the needs of the situation. This, then, is the essential value of the Milan method, that it is elastic, and fully armed against any excess of attack on the part of the elements. It responds to each need as quicksilver rises or falls to the weather.

Whether or not we could readily adapt the Milan system is not now in evidence. But a modification of this is lucidly suggested in a recent article in the New York *Tribune*, giving the results of an interview with various merchants on West and Washington streets, where the congestion of business and the annihilation of comfort in walking attain their maximum. According to the testimony of one of these gentlemen, the additional cost of doing business to his firm, owing to the condition of the street, with its unremoved snow and bottomless slush, amounts to $100 per week. Yet he claims that if a co-operative consent of the Mayor, the Street-cleaning Bureau, and of the Department of Docks could be had, the merchants on the line of these streets could easily and quickly make all the highways of business perfectly passable with their large force of carts and cartmen. It is a gleam of light on the darkness which $2,200,000 per year of appropriation leaves as black as the Styx. Says this sagacious man, who has brains in his noddle instead of pudding: Let the powers that be "unite in a proclamation at the time of a big snowfall that the business houses remove the snow from the street in front of their own places, and dump it at various convenient piers that shall have been previously assigned. An inspector at each dumping-place should then give the cartman a ticket calling for the payment of a nominal sum covering the mere cartage. The rate for this service would be less than that usually charged by cartmen to the business houses, and would be a mere patch on the present cost to the city. I would guarantee that every business house, without exception, would welcome such a relief, and that within twenty-four hours after the heaviest fall of snow there would not be a trace of it in the business streets."

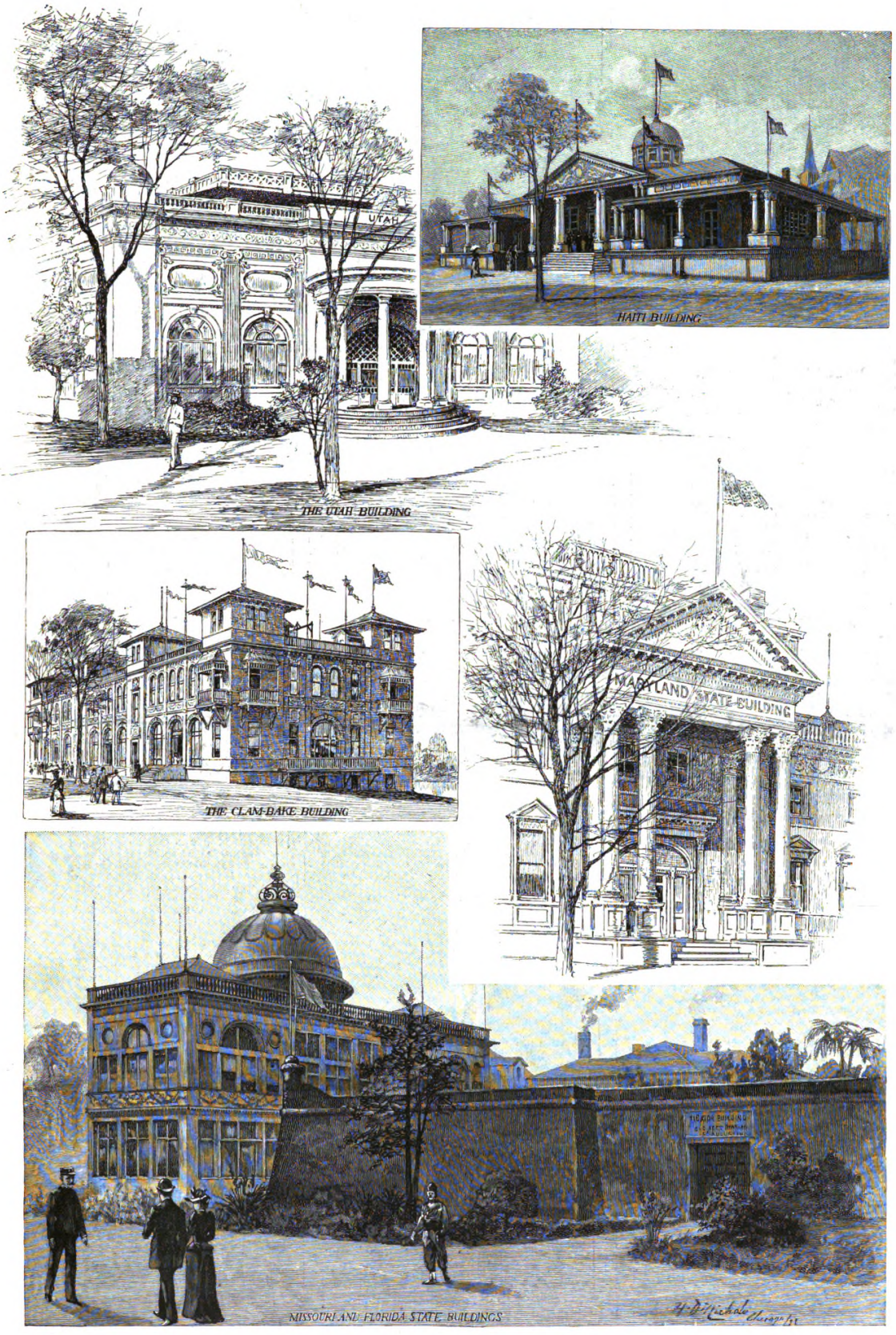
Here is a perfectly easy and simple solution. Let Mayor Gilroy and his Street-cleaning Commissioner take note. If the enormous appropriation allowed will not free the busy sections of the city from barriers of slush and snow which paralyze business, an amount of money which makes the plea of inability either idiotic or criminal, the business men at small expense can and will. This suggestion offers a perfectly elastic method, and one which promises swift and certain results.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—AT WORK ON THE JAPANESE BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 259.]

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BUILDINGS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

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DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

THE death of the author of such a work as *The Puritan in Holland, England, and America* would in any circumstances be a noteworthy event. To those who are aware of the conditions under which the book was conceived and composed the achievement of the author seems as heroic as his death is touchingly tragical.

Born of an excellent family, the son of a jurist who is not yet forgotten, Mr. Campbell was graduated at Union College, in the class of 1860, and like most Americans who reached their manhood at that stirring time, he suspended his professional preparation to bear arms in the war, in which he served with credit, and rose to the rank of Major of Volunteers before ill health compelled his retirement from the field. It was not until 1866, when he was in his twenty-seventh year, that he was able to begin in New York his practice of the law, which he pursued actively until three or four years ago, when the painful and progressive malady, an affection of the spine, from which he had long suffered, compelled him to give up business.

But for this, Mr. Campbell would doubtless have survived for many years, and but for this it is unlikely that the book by which he has become so suddenly and so widely known would ever have been written. The subject matter of it had interested him for years. As he relates in the book itself, and as his friends were well aware, he had been struck, in the course of purely professional investigation, with the number and importance of American institutions for which no counterpart could be found in Great Britain. His incessant intellectual curiosity led him to inquire into the origin of these institutions, and the result of these inquiries was to convince him that the debt of the United States was much less to England and much greater to Holland than was popularly supposed, or than historians had too hastily assumed. But these conclusions would probably have been imparted only to his friends if a physical disability that did not entail any diminution of mental vigor had not compelled his retirement from his work as a lawyer, and left him free for literary labors. When the fruit of these was presented to his publishers, and through them to the public, the result was a sudden and striking success. No recent historical book has been more eagerly discussed, and none more widely read. Whatever abatements there are to be made for the author's vehemence, and perhaps occasionally for his exaggeration, it is not too much to say of his work that it has compelled a change in the point of view from which American history is regarded, and that no historian hereafter can treat that history as all historians have treated it before. In this sense it is an epoch-making book, and its importance has been as promptly recognized and its conclusions as hotly debated in Europe as in the author's own country. An extraordinary book in itself, it is the more extraordinary when it is regarded as the labor of an enforced leisure, begun and carried on in illness and in pain.

Mr. Campbell died March 7th at Schenectady, in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried in the ancestral graveyard at Cherry Valley, March 10th.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT DALY'S.

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will. There is not a more conclusive instance of the royal recklessness that Shakespeare showed toward his fame than this suggestion of a title, addressed, we may infer, to his manager, but certainly not to posterity. Pepys complains, with justice, that the play has nothing to do with its title; but this complaint could not have been made by the famous diarist a generation earlier, when a bencher of the Temple, who also kept a diary, set down therein that he had seen it played under the title of *Malvolio*. There was some reason for this emendation, since Malvolio is undoubtedly the most typical prig that Shakespeare ever drew, but it is wronging him to make Malvolio the central figure, or, as modern managers would say, the "title rôle," since the play also includes in Sir Andrew Ague-cheek the greatest fool that Shakespeare ever drew—a fool so great that the good Dr. Johnson felt bound to protest against the delineation of him, upon the ground that "natural fatuity is not the proper prey of the satirist."

Shakespeare's title, provisional and tentative as it is, expresses the nature of the comedy much better than could any title more specific. *What You Will; As You Like It*—these are titles that leave everything to the imagination, as do the works of which they are the indications. *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, is a fantasy, and a fantasy that leaves a considerable latitude to the actor, a wider latitude to the manager, and absolute liberty to the spectator or the reader. Fancy criticising the setting of "a seaport town in Illyria" upon the ground that it was not authentic Illyrian architecture of "the period," or of any period. The critic would deserve to have his bumps publicly felt! So long as the spectacle is beautiful and illusive the wise spectator will ask it no questions.

This is the fact that makes *Twelfth Night* so eminently eligible as a spectacle, and that justified Mr. Daly in choosing it for one of his revivals. It is eminently available, as the book-collectors say, for "extra illustration." The choice, it need scarcely be said, is still more abundantly justified by the manner in which the production has been carried out—a manner so perfect that the whole is always better and greater than the parts, no matter how important and attractive these may be, and that the delight which the spectator derives from the spectacle is not the work of this or that capable actor or charming actress, but the work of the consummate master of stage-craft, whose art is visible only in its effects.

This is so true of all Mr. Daly's productions that to repeat it is to utter truisms that barely escape being platitudes. The difference between one and another is a difference only in degree. But in degree the judgment of most of those who look forward from one season to another to these productions as the most enjoyable, most memorable, and most instructive events of the contemporary American stage, will probably be that the production of *Twelfth Night* is the most successful and the most complete of all. When and where else have we seen such *tableaux vivants* as the "Bid me discourse" of the first act, or the moonlit picture of Olivia's garden at the end of the third. These pictures are more than mere pictures, since they appeal, as Wagner's music dramas were meant to do, to more than one sense, and in each the "incidental music"—strictly incidental as it is—heightens the effect of the spectacle to an extent scarcely appreciable to the spectator, unless it occur to him to ask himself what would be the effect of the spectacle without the music. The skilful pains that have been taken with every detail of the production are necessary to the result of a delightful and complete illusion.

This is the work of the master of stage-craft, and it is the one indispensable factor in the success of the revival of *Twelfth Night*. We can scarcely imagine the success as being so complete, however, without the contributions of some of the individual players. The charm of Miss Rehan's personality and temperament has very seldom been exhibited to such advantage as in her personation of Viola, which seems to pervade and to perfume the whole production, even in those parts of it where she is off the stage. Mr. Lewis is a surprise as well as a delight in Sir Toby Belch, transposing, as the character demands, the native and usual humor of the variety that is know as "dry" to the very different humor that is equally well known as "unctuous." There is really, little as the admirer of the comedian would have thought it possible, something Falstaffian in his presentation of the other genial and untrustworthy knight. To the personators of the typical fool, Sir Andrew, and the typical prig, Malvolio, great credit is also due, and especially to the personatrix of Maria. But, indeed, the very perfection of the production as a whole makes invidious any comment upon the excellence of the component parts.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

IT is now a good many years since the discovery was made that the charitable people of New York were in great part wasting or misdirecting their benevolence, from the lack of an organization which should supervise the bestowal of alms throughout the whole city, and through which it would be practicable to investigate all claims. The result of that discovery was the formation of the Charity Organization Society, the "clearing-house of charities." The extent and beneficence of the work done by that organization in the relief of distress and the avoidance of misery cannot be computed. Those who were formerly their own almoners, and who could not make personal investigation of every application that was made to them, have now the satisfaction of feeling that they cannot only make their contributions of money through this channel, with a certainty that the money will be put to good use, but that the time they may also be able to give to the investigation of cases of distress can be utilized to far better advantage under the direction of the society than they could possibly use it under their own guidance.

That was the first step towards the organization of charity. Another, not shorter nor less important, has been taken during the past week, when the principal organizations for the relief of suffering took up permanent quarters in the United Charities Building, which they and all New-Yorkers owe to the munificence of Mr. John Stewart Kennedy. It had been discovered shortly after the formation of the Charity Organization Society that that movement in the direction of "the conservation of energy" was not sufficient, and that a more prompt and complete communication even than that it afforded was necessary to prevent, on the one hand, the neglect of cases of real distress, and, on the other, the duplication of relief and the temptation to imposture. The need of a centre from which all the organizations that were intended to relieve human suffering might operate was recognized so long ago as 1885, when Mr. Hewitt deplored the absence of such a centre, which should have the effect of "economizing effort and diffusing charity." Various methods were suggested for supplying the "long-felt want," but it was not supplied until Mr. Kennedy came forward in 1890 with the announcement that he had bought the site of St. Paul's (Methodist) Church, and that he proposed to erect upon it a building in which should be housed and united the charities of New York, upon certain conditions, which were not at all onerous or embarrassing to the directors of the several organizations concerned. It was the result of this humane impulse, carried out under the guidance of the judgment of an astute and experienced man of business that was seen on March 6th, when those New-Yorkers who were interested in the relief of pain and the saving of distress to their less fortunate fellow-creatures assembled to "inaugurate" the United Charities Building.

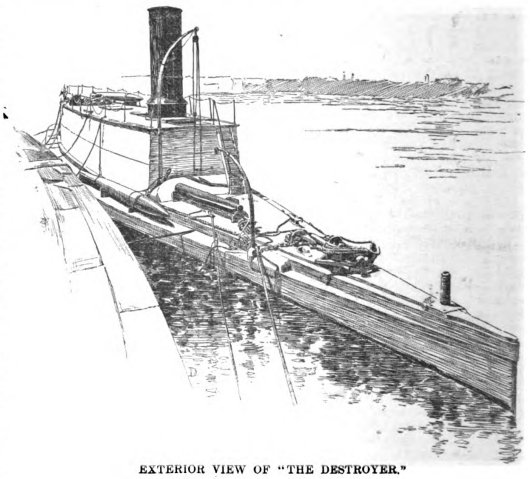
There are four principal societies which the new building was planned to accommodate—the Charity Organization Society, the Children's Aid Society, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the New York City Mission and Tract Society. These are provided with ample, convenient, well-lighted, and well-aired apartments; and a generation ago, or even less, their requirements would have exhausted the accommodations of the building. But, thanks to the elevator, it is now possible to house them in the utmost comfort and convenience, on a plot of 60 feet by 150, and at the same time to provide for a number of other charitable organizations, while yet retaining for rental, on a commercial basis, an area so great that the return from it will go far towards meeting the operating expenses of the building, and possibly of making some slight return for the investment; although of course the return, if it is realized, will not be great enough to diminish at all the honor due to the founder for his munificence—a munificence which in degree is not often equalled, even in this land of generous and public-spirited men, and in kind is quite unique. The rentals to charitable institutions, other than those which the building was primarily intended to accommodate, are less by some 20 per cent. than those charged to ordinary tenants, and for that reason, in addition to the facilities of communication and of directing mistaken applicants, it may confidently be expected that all the unsectarian charitable institutions of New York will ultimately be assembled under its roof.

The building itself is worthy of its purpose, both in the convenience and usefulness of interior arrangements and in its strictly architectural effect. It is built of dark stone and dark brick, the former material being used for the basement, and the latter, with terra-cotta of the same tint, for the superstructure. The "free classic," which is now fashionable in architecture, has not often produced an example more stately and gracious and of a more "gentlemanlike" aspect; and this is high praise when we consider the conditions of an elevator building. Its expression is that of a structure worthy to be the home of so noble an enterprise as that to which it is dedicated.

The ceremonies of the inauguration were deeply impressive. During the afternoon the building was merely opened to the inspection of the thousands of invited persons, of whom a very large proportion availed themselves of the invitation. In the evening, when the formal dedication of the building to its noble uses took place, the audience was restricted by the capacity of the convenient but limited assembly-room upon the first floor. Here Mr. Kennedy explained the history and the purpose of the building, and set forth its mission as "a charitable centre to which the benevolent may refer applicants for relief, and to which all seeking aid may apply with assurance that their needs will be carefully considered and appropriately dealt with." The address of the evening—and a most thoughtful and suggestive address it was—was made by ex-Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Kennedy's declaration that the question to be asked of applicants was not "What is your creed?" but "What is your need?" was borne out by the appearance, in connection with the ceremonies, not only of Bishop Potter and well-known representatives of all the Protestant denominations, but of an officer of the Roman Catholic society of St. Vincent de Paul, and of a Jewish rabbi, Dr. Gottheil. It was evident that the field of the United Charities of New York was as broad as humanity itself.

"THE DESTROYER."

SHORTLY after Captain John Ericsson had built the original *Monitor* and her sister gunboats he conceived the idea of inventing another vessel that would be able to demolish his earlier creations. With this end in view, he spent much time and money over a vessel carrying a submarine battery that finally met with his ideas, but the old man died before he received any favorable response from the government at Washington. The authorities, however, approved of the plan of the boat for the testing of the system, and the work was carried on by the Ericsson Coast Defence Company, under the supervision of Engineer V. F. Lassoe and others, who were closely associated with Captain Ericsson for many years. Improvements in the boat were further made, and the vessel, aptly named *The Destroyer*, now lies at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She is 130 feet in length, with 12-foot beam; draught 10 feet, with a displacement of 250 tons. Her bow and stern lines are exactly the same, being straight and very sharp. The upper deck is low, with no rail, and from amidships rises a long superstructure with no openings, so that the vessel, if required, may run with upper deck submerged. At a distance of 32 feet from the bow a heavy-armored bulkhead, which is inclined at a vertical angle of 45°, crosses the vessel. This is intended as a protection to the engines and boilers, and permits the boat to run toward the enemy bow on. Eight feet under water is the projectile, 27 feet 4 inches in length, and weighing 1525 pounds. It is of steel,



EXTERIOR VIEW OF "THE DESTROYER."

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with a heavy bursting charge in the forward end, which is exploded by percussion cap. This charge is of 300 pounds, and the diameter of the projectile 16 inches. A tube runs the entire length of the vessel just above the keel, and is fixed with water-tight gates at the bow. Only 30 to 40 pounds of powder are required to propel the torpedo, the muzzle velocity of which is 548 feet per second. A series of trials took place near New York recently, and the results were extremely satisfactory. The mechanism of the gun showed no defects during the firing, and the report states that had a vessel 100 feet in length, with a draught of 20 feet, been stationed 600 feet away, 15 out of 20 shots fired would have struck her. *The Destroyer* is more effective than a ram, although the projectile has been termed "the detachable ram," for it is able to achieve similar results at a distance.

COUNTRY LIFE 'ROUND NEW ORLEANS.

WHEN all the country north of the Carolinas was locked in the embrace of winter, it happened that a HARPER party, then at New Orleans, saw the first budding of summer at a quaint near-by watering-place. The *mardi gras* was over, Lent was begun, and the people of the gayest city in the country were eager for rest. In the little steam-yacht *Helen* owned and commanded by Mr. Horace Fletcher and Mr. Thomas Sully this little party made a trip across Lake Pontchartrain and up the Chefuncta and Boguefalaya rivers, streams as odd as their names, and names which only look hard, for they pronounce themselves when seen in print, and spell themselves when sounded. The Chefuncta is the main one, and is a watery pathway through a great region of gum cypress and oak into the beloved "piny woods." There the New Orleans folks go for shade and rest as we of the North seek the sea-beach and the mountains.

The excursionists—remember it was in early March—then saw the first touches of spring in the country, the first sprays of tender green, the first lilies and blossoms of yellow jasmine, and, far on high, great balls of vivid mistletoe providing slow old trees with an appearance of foliage. Since nothing responds to the first heat of the sun with the promptness of the Southern darky, he too was out in force, fishing from bateaux, and greatly liking to be hailed and spoken to by passing voyagers. The fishing was for green trout—a combination of our mountain trout and black bass—caught with live or artificial minnows. Turtles and alligators were there, but hidden and hibernating still.

The soft colors of the scenery were wonderful. Many soft grays were in the reeds and woods and bushes, and here and there were gentle reds and mild pinks, with the new green on the tree limbs, and the deep blue over all. When the piny woods were reached, the ground became white sand, and every background was the deep dark green of the changeless pines. Every evening there sank below the horizon a blazing red sun, and there rose an orange moon that turned into a giant lemon afterwards. This beautiful effect is peculiar to southern Louisiana sunsets, and is almost alone worth going there to see.

The destination of the summer-seekers was Claiborne "cottage" at Covington, on the Boguefalaya. It proved to be a row or chain of pretty white houses, some one-story tall, and some twice as high, but all banded with wide verandas, all revealing bare floors in every room, all fitted with great open fireplaces and heaps of pitch-pine fagots, and all the bedrooms so exactly alike (as to neatness and the wash-stand, bedstead, and bureau each contained) that if the Duke of Westminster and a Georgia "cracker" came there to lodge at the same time one could fare no better than the other. When the excursionist ladies reached their rooms they were paled by the discovery that all the chambers were alike in another respect—each had two windows with sash curtains, but no shades, and were therefore as wide open to the public gaze as a barouche in Fifth Avenue. A council of defence was called, but while it sat the servants closed some out-door shutters, and peace perched triumphant on the ladies' brows. It was nearly bedtime, and the same servants heaped logs in the fireplaces, touched matches to them as if they were gunpowder, and went away, leaving the fire-lights dancing and leaping among the very shadows that they cast.

Morning came, and the visitors walked out into the perfumed air of the balsamic and flower-scented woods. They saw that the houses of Claiborne "cottage" stood in a clearing walled at a distance by pines. The apple and pear trees bloomed like great bouquets in the garden back of the house, and anywhere within a walk of five minutes might be gathered the blossoms of the spiræa, flowering almond, magnolia, swamp or winter magnolia, yellow jasmine, dogwood, or little blue wood violets and blossoms of the bay-tree. The thermometer was 26° above zero in New York, and the news from New England and the West was all of blizzards and snow-storms.

There were many tempting roads in the dry and wholesome woods, and the excursionists travelled far in a carry-all behind four horses. The air was soft and fresh, the ground was blue and white with violets and starry flowers, the Spanish moss was only sufficient to be-whisker the trees and make them look old without saddening the view. Birds in great numbers were there, chattering and warbling in the trees. Mocking-birds, red-birds, doves, and hawks were plenty, and high in air floated the omnipresent buzzards and the clumsy, frightened turkeys.

One stop was at a country house surrounded by 3000 acres of woodland, and in that preserve the excursionists enjoyed a truly Southern experience. A deer hunt was organized, and the colored men of the place were sent out to rouse the deer as dogs do in the North. They yelped and bayed and howled as they crashed through the brush, and the deer came flying toward the sportsmen, one of them to fall before the unerring aim of Mr. Smedley, the artist. Instead of in rooms in the gentleman's house, where the married couples and the ladies slept, the bachelors were assigned to comfortable little cottages, several of which were built close to the mansion. Certain of these cottages contained a single bedroom, and others were divided into two sleeping-rooms, but each room was charmingly appointed with old-style four-post French bedsteads, rugs on the floor, quaint colored prints framed on the wall, curious candlesticks, open fireplaces heated with blazing logs, a toilet-stand, bureau, and chairs. For each guest was a man servant to fetch water, and to take away the boots and polish them. It was only a glimpse that the HARPER party got of country life in the far South, but it was delightful, for the country was beautiful, and the people were hospitable beyond measure. Indeed, theirs was the hospitality of New Orleans, than which there is scarcely anything farther from measurement and limit.

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BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

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33D ANNUAL STATEMENT

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1892.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$21,983,944.02
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	23,912,412.49
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	75,084,749.48
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market value, $7,673,706)	5,913,500.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure	14,122,736.70
Cash in Bank and in transit (since received and invested)	5,554,006.66
Interest and Rents due and accrued, Deferred Premiums and other Securities	6,488,702.66
Total Assets, December 31, 1892	$153,060,052.01

We hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, we find the same to be true and correct as stated.

Thomas D. Jordan, Comptroller.
Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing Policies (4% Standard), and all other liabilities	$121,870,236.52
Total Undivided Surplus (4% Standard), including Special Reserve of $2,500,000 towards establishment of a 3½% valuation	31,189,815.49
	$153,060,052.01

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

Geo. W. Phillips, J. G. Van Cise, } Actuaries.

INCOME.

Premiums	$34,046,568.39
Interest, Rents, etc.	6,239,669.10
	$40,286,237.49

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$10,859,373.04
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments	5,675,074.94
Total Paid Policy-Holders	$16,534,447.98
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	4,083,478.35
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes	3,544,021.01
	$24,161,947.34

New Assurance written in 1892	$200,490,316.00
Total Outstanding Assurance	850,962,245.00

HENRY B. HYDE, President.
J. W. ALEXANDER, Vice-President.

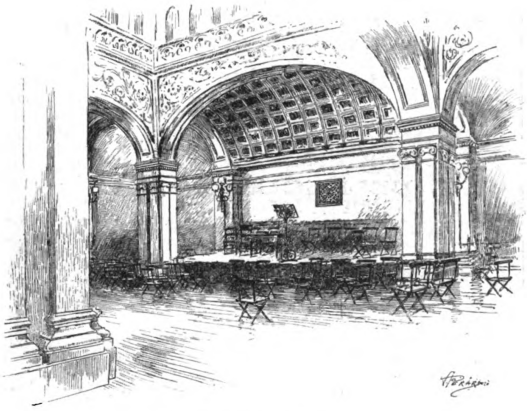
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JOHN S. KENNEDY.



THE GENERAL OFFICE.

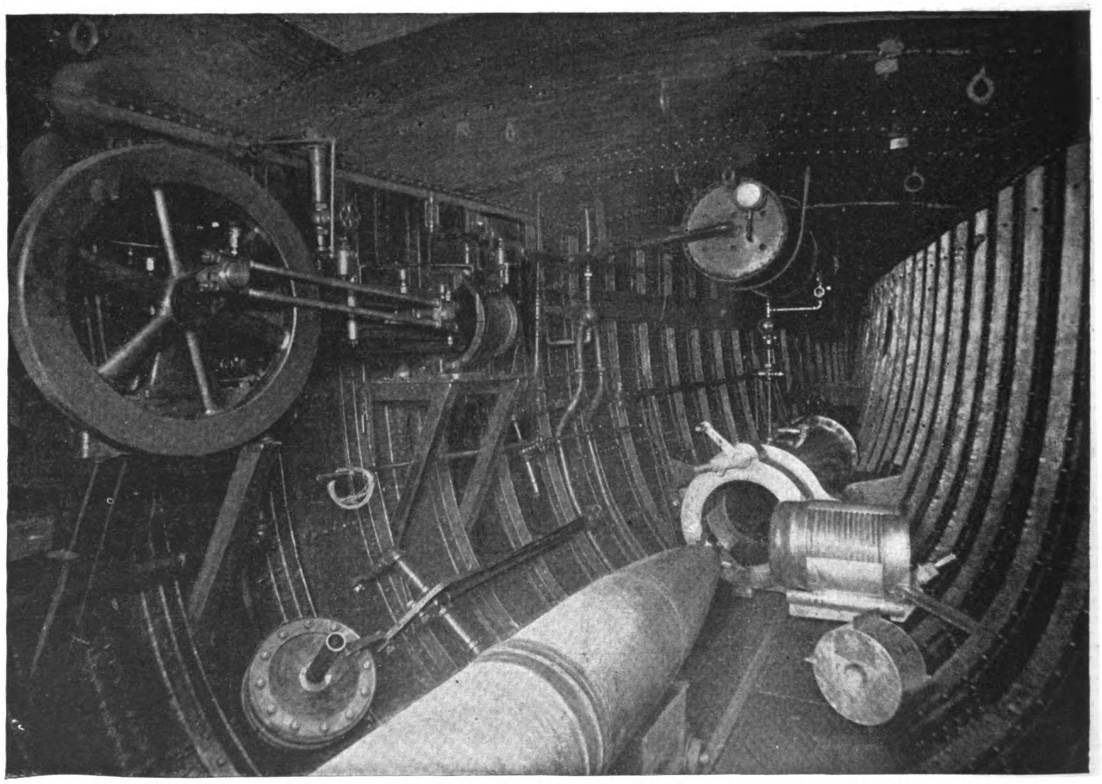


A BIT OF THE LECTURE HALL.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING, FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.

THE NEW UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING AND ITS FOUNDER.—[See Page 262.]



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE COAST-DEFENDER "DESTROYER."—From a Photograph by Hart.—[See Page 262.]
The Projectile Eight Feet under Water.

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TO A COPY OF TENNYSON.

When shadows deepen on the lea,
And Night steals over holt and hill,
Then all the world is hushed and still
By one sweet wood-bird's minstrelsy,
That borne across the fields to me
Makes heart and soul and pulses thrill,
Till deepest rest and quiet fill
My every sense with harmony;
So when Life's misty shadows creep
'Mid cark and care and turmoil rude,
With thee I hear the night-winds sweep
Across the starlit meads bedewed,
Till thou dost lull the world to sleep,
Thou sweet voice of my solitude!

SANBORN GOVE TENNEY.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

CONSTITUTION OF HARVARD ATHLETIC TEAMS.

BY GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

The rules which the Harvard Athletic Committee have recently given out deserve the careful attention and study of all who are interested in the purification of college athletics. These rules are three in number, and while the test given in the first two for deciding the question of *bona fide* students and amateurs has practically been the standard applied at Harvard during the past three years, the provisions relating to students coming from other colleges, and prescribing a time limit of four years, are new, and even if not adopted by other colleges and universities, are likely to have a most important and beneficial effect, from the fact that Harvard has decided to abide by the high standard which she sets, even if other institutions fail to accept it.

The rules are as follows:

Rule 1.—AMATEURS.

No student shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who either before or since entering the university shall have engaged for money in any athletic competition, whether for a stake, or a money prize, or a share of the entrance fees or admission money; or who shall have taught or engaged in any athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; or who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect, with the single exception that he may have received from the college organization, or from any permanent amateur association of which he was at the time a member, the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceeded his ordinary expenses.

Rule 2.—BONA FIDE STUDENTS.

No one shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public athletic contest, either individually or as a member of any team, unless he is, and intends to be throughout the college year, a *bona fide* member of the university, taking a full year's work.

A student who is dropped for neglect of his studies into a lower class shall be debarred from taking part in intercollegiate contests until the end of the next academic year, or until he is permitted by the faculty to rejoin his class.

No one hereafter entering the university, who is not a Freshman in the college or scientific school, and no Freshman in either of these departments who has ever played in an intercollegiate contest upon a class or university team of any other college, shall play upon a Harvard team until he has resided one academic year at the university, and passed the annual examinations upon a full year's work.

Rule 3.—TIME LIMIT.

No student, whether he has represented one or more colleges, shall take part in intercollegiate contests for more than four years, and this period shall begin with the year in which, as a player upon a university team, he first represented any college. In reckoning the four years, the year of probation mentioned in Rule 2 shall be excluded, and also any year lost to a student by illness. But this rule shall not, during the calendar year 1893, disqualify any one who would be eligible under pre-existing rules.

The first of these rules, it will be seen, while not attempting the difficult task of defining an "amateur," prescribes a list of negative limitations, which, by a process of elimination, furnishes what for all practical purposes may be regarded as the definition of what the Cambridge authorities have decided shall be the standard by which the young man who proposes to try for a place upon a Harvard team shall be measured. All, of course, will depend upon the good faith with which so broad and sweeping a rule is enforced. Having adopted so high a standard, the college world and the general public will justly hold the Harvard authorities to a strict and absolute adherence to the principles they have laid down, especially as the Harvard committee have allowed it to be generally understood that the limitations defined by them have been adopted only after careful investigation of the abuses sought to be removed, and practical application of most of the remedies formulated.

The earnest and careful enforcement, in absolute good faith, of the first of these rules promises to wipe out the long-standing abuse by which so called "amateurs" could be attracted to an organization—to which they gave, perhaps, only a temporary fealty—by compensations which meant, practically, their entire support, contributed under the elastic term, "expenses of training, etc." On the other hand, the provision which, under its careful phrasing, allows a student to receive "the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceed his ordinary expenses," is an entirely fair and proper distinction. Though at first reading it might seem to justify an actual payment of such excess to the student himself, the practical working of the rule is as follows:

Certain members of the university are selected to form a team, and join a training table at which the cost of board per man amounts, we will say, to $8 per week. The different individuals may have been paying $4, $5, or $6 apiece for their board elsewhere. The treasurer of the united athletic organizations pays the board for the team as a whole, and collects the respective differences from each individual. Of course, too, there are certain indispensable articles of sporting use and wear, such as sweaters, football and baseball shoes, clothes, etc., which the non-athletic student would not purchase, and which may properly be furnished, as the rule implies, to the members of the various teams. To put it in the words of Harvard's most famous football "guard," the result of this rule, conscientiously and economically applied for the past three years, has been that "athletics have not put a penny into any man's pocket, nor taken a penny out."

The first two of these rules will depend for their effectiveness, as we have said, upon the spirit and good faith with which they are enforced. Public opinion at any college is, after all, what decides the practical working of regulations of this sort. And college public opinion is pretty sure to find its accurate reflection in the tone of the mass of students who influence, if not control, such legislation. Professors and graduates are carried along almost as much as the younger generation by the wish to win, and a careful review of the history of college squabbles and intercollegiate diplomacy during the past ten years will reveal about as strong a tendency among the older men as among the lads to stretch a point in passing on the question of a candidate's eligibility. While the growth and importance of college athletics have made it necessary that the college authorities should have a *voice* in such matters, the active *interference* of the faculties, as such, has come to be regarded as unwise, and has given place to the far more dignified and liberal policy which, after years of trying and vexatious experiment, Harvard has finally adopted, of referring all athletic questions, with full power, to a mixed board of control, made up in equal parts of students, graduate advisers, and faculty associates, with an equal vote to each member. The system has fully justified its adoption. There are no longer complaints of "faculty interference" at Harvard, and every member of the college community feels that every department of the university has a fair chance to make its influence effective in dealing with the various questions which arise in matters athletic; while, best of all, the students are fully convinced that faculty, graduates, and undergraduates are working in harmony for common ends, viz., to put and keep athletics on their proper plane, and to win honest victories by legitimate means alone.

The third paragraph of Rule 2 marks a new departure, and is a milestone in advance. It has been suggested, indeed, that the rule goes almost too far; for apparently its adoption means that Harvard will not allow *any student who enters with advanced standing* to take part in interuniversity events until he has passed a year at college. As I read this paragraph, no young man who enters the Sophomore, Junior, or Senior class can play on a Harvard team until the end of the academic year after his entering. Whether such was the intention of the framers of this rule I do not know. At all events, the enforcement of this regulation—and any failure to apply it will be so easy of detection that its enforcement may be regarded as practically guaranteed—means an end to the crying abuse of the "imported" athlete. A man can hardly be suspected of coming to Harvard solely or mainly for the purpose of joining a Harvard team, if before he takes part in any interuniversity event he first resides a full academic year at Cambridge, and gives earnest of his intentions as a *bona fide* student by passing the annual examinations at the end of that period, upon a full year's work, as the rule requires.

This is an admirable provision, and one in which the question of good faith is not left open to vague construction, but is to be decided by a perfectly practical, open, and visible test. And the reform, too, will be accomplished, as Mr. Caspar Whitney has already suggested in these columns it should be secured, without the surrender of the "University Idea," a principle of high and lasting importance, now that student athletics have outgrown mere college limits in the larger institutions of learning. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania are all made up of something more than the different undergraduate schools that form only a part of each of these universities; and in each and all of them any *bona fide* student in any department has a right to enjoy all the advantages, educational, social, and athletic, which the university affords. While it is eminently just and proper to limit the term during which a young man may take part in these contests to four years, as Rule 3 provides, and to insist that the young man who comes to Harvard from any other college shall show that the influences which bring him are not solely those relating to athletics, by attending a full year as a *bona fide* student prior to playing on a Harvard team, it would be manifestly unfair to debar from any part in intercollegiate events the lad who without the prior advantages of a college course enters the law or the medical school, or any other department of the university, expecting to enjoy all the advantages of university life, including those which come from full participation in college athletics, with the training, the discipline, the opportunities for friendships, and associations which team-work affords.

Fortunately for the future of students' athletics, those who have most influence in athletic affairs at the principal colleges, as well as those whose voice is heard only in counsel and without the sanction of official position, are men whose names have become a guarantee of good faith, and whose co-operation will assure an early accomplishment of the needed reforms. Yale has already given earnest of her good faith in offering to surrender certain positive and present advantages for the sake of securing the necessary agreement; and with men like the two Richards (*par nobile!*), Walter Camp, and George Adee on the one side, and Professors Ames and White and Colonel Winslow for Harvard on the other, all working toward the same general results—the elimination from college teams of all but *bona fide* students, the suppression of the "imported" and the "perpetual" athlete—we may confidently expect that a substantial agreement between at least these two universities will not be long in coming, to show the way to others, and that with the end of the annual squabbles and child-play diplomacy will dawn a new era in college athletics, where all working details as to dates, places, and men will be settled as a matter of course, and when each season opens the college world and the public generally will look forward with eager interest only to actual events, with the certainty that the fight will be fought out fairly, to the credit of victors and vanquished alike.

THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Boone and Crockett Club is an association of men living for the most part in New York, but also in other parts of the country, who are interested in big-game hunting, in big-game and forestry preservation, and generally in manly out-door sports, and in travel and exploration in little-known regions. The objects of the club, as set forth in its constitution, are:

1. To promote manly sport with the rifle.
2. To promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown or but partially known portions of the country.
3. To work for the preservation of the large game of this country, and, so far as possible, to further legislation for that purpose, and to assist in enforcing the existing laws.
4. To promote inquiry into and to record observations on the habits and natural history of the various wild animals.
5. To bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel, and exploration, on the various kinds of hunting-rifles, on the haunts of game, animals, etc.

No one is eligible for membership who has not killed with the rifle in fair chase, by still-hunting or otherwise, at least one individual of one of the various kinds of American large game.

Under the head of American large game the club includes the following animals: bear, buffalo (bison), mountain-sheep, caribou, cougar, musk-ox, white goat, elk (wapiti), wolf (not coyote), prong-horn antelope, moose, and deer.

The club has decided that the term "fair chase" shall not be held to include killing bear, wolf, or cougar in traps, nor "fire-hunting," nor "crusting" moose, elk, or deer in deep snow, nor killing game from a boat while it is swimming in the water.

The club is emphatically an association of men who believe that the hardier and manlier the sport is the more attractive it is, and who do not think that there is any place in the ranks of true sportsmen either for the game-butcher, on the one hand, or, on the other, for the man who wishes to do all his shooting in preserves, and to shirk rough hard work. Most of the members are men who have passed a considerable portion of their lives in wild surroundings, or who have at least made long trips after the big game of the wilderness, whether in the Rocky Mountains, on the great plains, or among the frozen forests of the North. Different members of the club, of course, have had different specialties. One, for instance, has probably done as much grizzly-bear shooting as any living man; another has performed his chief feats in chasing the black bear through the Southern canebrakes with horn and hound, and at one time made a practice of killing the bear, when bayed by his pack, with the knife only; yet another has had more experience than any other living American in breeding and managing big greyhounds and deer-hounds for the pursuit of such formidable game as wolf and elk, besides deer and antelope; another has devoted his attention very largely to different kinds of hunting-rifles, and the effects of their various projectiles upon game; and so on, and so on. The club proposes hereafter to issue an annual volume, consisting of various articles by the members upon big-game hunting, upon the national game and forest preserves, upon travel, exploration, and the like. It has always been the aim of the founders of this club to have it accomplish in the field of American big-game hunting work somewhat akin to that which has been done by the London Alpine Club in mountaineering.

The club takes a particular interest not only in the preservation of game, but in the preservation of forest regions, and of wild tracts of land which serve as nurseries and reservations for the woodland creatures which else would die out before the march of settlement. It has worked hard for the preservation and betterment of the Yellowstone Park, and at its last meeting it was able to express its great gratification at the course pursued by the late Secretary of the Interior, not only with reference to the Yellowstone Park, but with reference to all kindred reservations—first, in making a great timber reserve in Wyoming in the country adjoining the Yellowstone Park; next, in setting aside and protecting from depredators the sequoia groves in California; and finally, in creating on an island on the Alaskan coast a reservation for the protection of seals, salmon, and sea birds, which breed thereon in myriads.

The club has an exhibit at the World's Fair, consisting of a log cabin with all the surroundings proper to the abode of a pioneer hunter-settler. The club felt very strongly that the life of the pioneer settler, the life of the man who struck out into the wilderness as part of the vanguard of civilization, and made his living largely in warfare with the wild game, represented a phase of our history so characteristic and yet so evanescent that it would be a mistake not to have it represented at the Chicago Exposition. There is nothing in the history of any other nation which quite corresponds to it. Accordingly, the club entered into correspondence with the authorities of the World's Fair, and through the courtesy of Mr. W. I. Buchanan and Mr. D. H. Burnham, who had practical control over the matter, they were given a very beautifully placed island in the lake in the fair grounds on which to put up the house of unhewn logs; just such a house as the hunter-settlers of to-day live in or have lived in beside the winding rivers of the great plains, or among the valleys and on the edges of the lakes in the Rockies. There, of course, have been differences of detail in the construction of these houses, but essentially they are the same as they were in the days of those two typical pioneer hunters Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, the men who have served in a certain sense as the tutelary deities of American hunting lore—and after whom, by-the-way, the club is named. Inside, the cabin will be furnished in the rough simple style of its kind, with deer antlers as pegs, and with perhaps one or two game heads. Outside there will be a prairie schooner, probably a smoke-house, a birch-bark canoe and a pirogue drawn up on the shore, with skins nailed against the wall, and pack-saddles, stock-saddles, webbed snow-rackets, long mountain snow-shoes, and camp kit scattered about.

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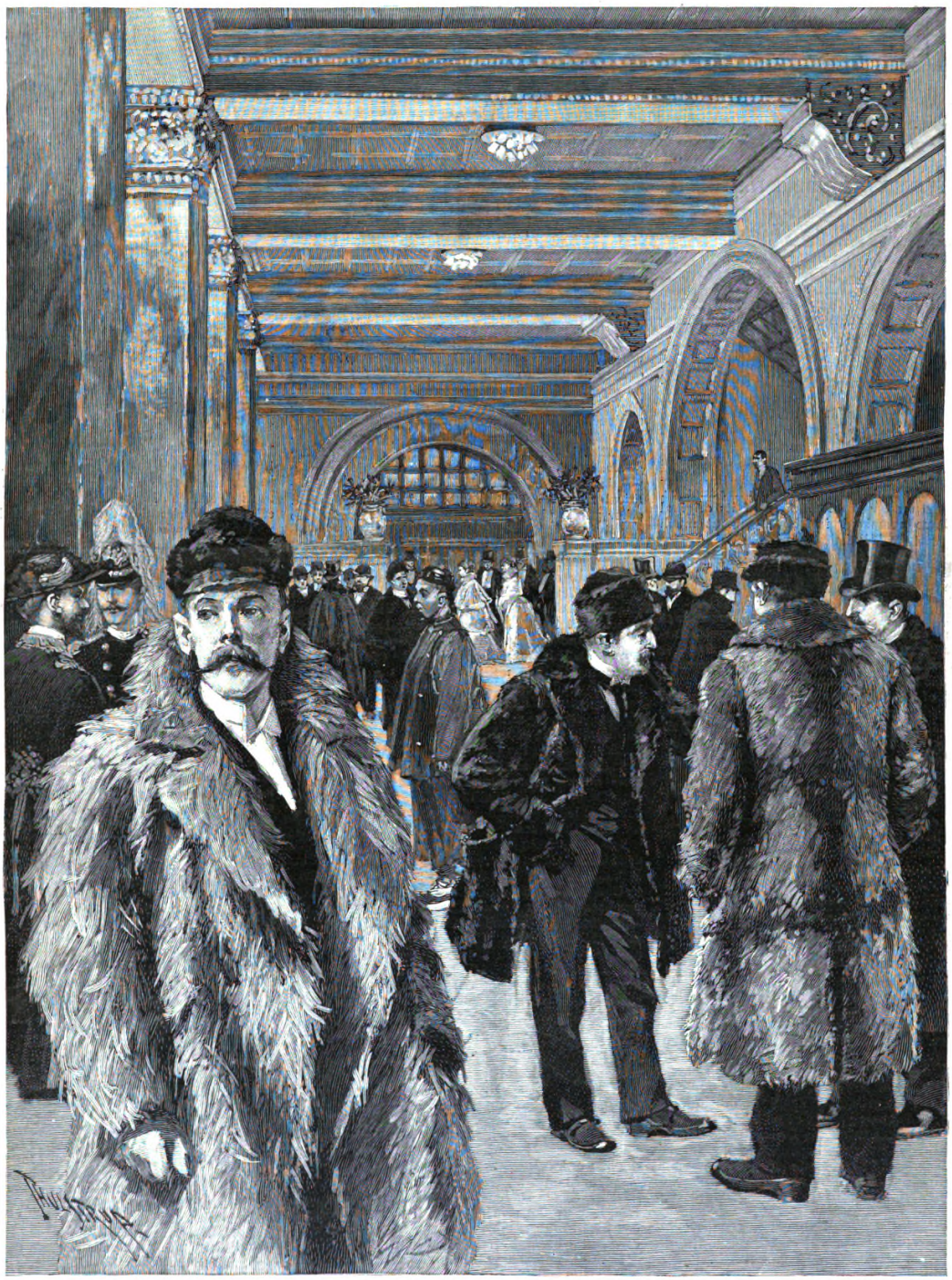
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE LOBBY OF A CHICAGO HOTEL IN WINTER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

A STUDY IN OVERCOATS.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

NO sensible person will ask or expect President CLEVELAND not to be a party man. All that can be asked and expected of him, even by the most exacting independent in politics, is that as a party man he should endeavor to make his party strong by making it in the highest sense useful to the country. This is no doubt what he means to do. The best way of doing it he will easily find by examining his own political career.

The Republican party since the outbreak of the civil war, and long after its close, enjoyed great advantages over its opponent. It conducted the government through a great and perilous crisis. It made itself the embodiment of the highest national aspirations. It won the prestige of having saved the Union and abolished slavery. It inspired large numbers of patriotic people with a sincere belief in the necessity of its predominance. Thus it succeeded in carrying one Presidential election after another. It would, even after the fulfilment of its original mission, have remained in the ascendant much longer had not the belief that the government actually belonged to it, and that a majority of the people would stand by it right or wrong, made it reckless in the use of power, and enabled its selfish and impure elements to gain control over it. So it became arbitrary and corrupt. The consequence was a tendency among a certain class of Republicans, who, after the problems springing from the civil war had been measurably solved, saw in the abuses of power, in the growth of corrupt practices, and in the perversion of the functions of the government for private benefit, the greatest danger at the time to our republican institutions, to cut loose from the Republican party and to unite with the opposition, provided the opposition showed itself capable of effecting the necessary reforms.

The process of disintegration began during the first administration of President GRANT, and ever since a large and constantly increasing number of old Republicans have been ready and even eager to join the Democratic party—as soon as the attitude of the Democracy with regard to the most important questions of the day justified such a step. The first attempt, in 1872, to form a combination of liberal Republicans and Democrats for immediate results failed in consequence of the nomination of HORACE GREELEY; but in spite of this discouragement a large number of old Republicans would then have permanently attached themselves to the Democratic party had not that party repelled them by its advocacy of the inflation of irredeemable paper money in the West and South, and by the predominance of obnoxious elements in its ranks in the East. These circumstances prevented the discontent in the Republican party from resulting in a large migration of forces. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE by the Republicans in 1884 started the process of Republican disintegration again, and it was greatly aided by the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND on the Democratic side; for this seemed to warrant the hope that thenceforward the best men in the Democratic party would obtain and hold the control of the organization. This expectation was not fully justified during Mr. CLEVELAND'S first term.

It is generally assumed that Mr. CLEVELAND'S failure to be re-elected in 1888 was wholly owing to the opposition excited by his famous tariff message. We are not of this opinion. The issue made by the tariff message was, in fact, the only element of buoyancy and inspiration in Mr. CLEVELAND'S campaign. But for this issue the campaign on his side would have been a dead defensive. His defeat in 1888 was owing to the fact that the concessions he had made to the bad tendencies in the Democratic party had not only stopped the migration from the Republican ranks, but driven back more than enough of the independent voters in the State of New York, who had given him a small majority in 1884, to leave him in a considerable minority. The delinquencies of the HARRISON administration, the MCKINLEY tariff, and the uprising of the Democratic masses against the bosses and machines and spoils politicians generally, in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination, gave a new and uncommonly vigorous impulse to the movement of Republican independents toward the Democracy, and thus the triumphant election of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1892 became possible. But it is a well-known fact that the Democratic preponderance in many States was not owing solely to the number of men who voted for the Democratic candidates, but largely also to the number of Republicans who abstained from voting. And a large portion of these will still be found ready to join the Democracy if certain conditions are fulfilled.

To attach permanently to the Democratic party those who voted with it in 1884 and in 1892, and to draw over those who now stand ready to cross the line, and thus to make the Democracy the ruling party for a long time to come, nothing more is necessary than to convince men who strive for good government in the best sense that inside of the Democratic organization they will have a fair chance effectively to aid in making the party the best existing instrumentality to that end. And to produce this conviction no one man can do as much as President CLEVELAND, with his present opportunities before him. We must, of course, not expect the impossible of him. He cannot, for instance, silence in his party all those who preach false financial doctrines, or wish to plunge the country into adventurous enterprises, or clamor for spoils as the principal fruit of party success. A wise and firm use of his power may accomplish much, but not everything. He can, however, as Chief Executive do one thing which, as to its ultimate effects, will be of decisive importance. He can put the administrative machinery of the government upon a sound business basis. He can demonstrate, not only theoretically, but in practice, that the offices of the government are intended for the service of the people, and not for the sustenance of the small political fry, who use them to get into Congress and other public places for which they are not fit. He can thus open a new field for the influence of men who have the qualities and the ambition of real public usefulness. He can thus prepare the way for Congresses embodying the best statesmanship the country affords. He can neutralize the effect of the bugbears, such as Tammany Hall, whose nominal attachment to the Democratic party has kept away from it uncounted thousands of good citizens. He cannot abolish Tammany Hall, but he can prove that Tammany Hall is not a power in the Democratic party beyond the limits of its local haunt. He can render impotent and harmless the machine built up by spoilsmen by refusing to feed them. In filling public places he can draw upon the best of our citizenship, observe the public interest as the supreme consideration in all his acts, sternly exact the same from all his subordinates, and thus infuse a new moral tone into our political life. Thus he can rejuvenate his party, and fully adapt it to the requirements of the times.

The news from Washington indicates that President CLEVELAND is wisely steering in this direction. It is also reported that Senators and Representatives in Congress are beginning to cultivate an ugly temper, because their "prerogatives" do not receive the accustomed respect, and that some of these statesmen meditate "retaliation." The President need not have any fear of the result. He may boldly appeal to the American people. They will certainly sustain him in every effort for the public good, and every sensible and patriotic Democrat will soon recognize the fact that whatever President CLEVELAND does for the regeneration of his party will ultimately redound to its glory and strength.

OFFICE-HOLDING.

THE widely published statement that Mr. CLEVELAND has announced his purpose not to reappoint to Federal office those who held office under him during his first administration is to be accepted with a large grain of salt. It is not probable that the President has made such a wide and sweeping declaration, because the principle laid down would contradict his own experience and his own theory of what constitutes a sound civil service system.

Mr. CLEVELAND appointed to office during his first term many capable and efficient men. A large percentage of them were dismissed from the public service by his successor for partisan reasons, and were replaced in some cases by men less efficient, but whose political views were more in harmony with those of Mr. HARRISON'S administration. Mr. CLEVELAND believes in the retention of faithful public servants. He holds that it is a wrong to the country to turn out of office, merely for partisan reasons, the men who have satisfactorily performed their tasks. If Mr. CLEVELAND had been re-elected in 1888, he would, doubtless, have retained in their places, or promoted, many of the men who suffered at the hands of the headsmen of the HARRISON administration. It is incredible, therefore, that he should have deliberately resolved that he would continue an injustice to the civil service perpetrated by Mr. HARRISON.

Such a resolution on the part of the President would be an assault on the fundamental theory of civil service reform. Those who sustain the presumed declaration of war against former office-holders assert that the President is opposed to the creation of an office-holding class. That can hardly be. Such a contention is merely the restatement, in a somewhat new form, of the old spoils outcry against bureaucrats.

The movement to reform the civil service was undertaken in the interest of efficient administration. The object of the reformers was to secure the adoption of a system under which competent persons might be selected whose tenure of office would be dependent on good behavior. The evil sought to be remedied was the old practice of rotation. There were many glaring wrongs incident to that practice. Among them was the uncertainty of tenure. Government clerks and tide-waiters gained and lost employment on the same great political principles on which candidates for the Presidency were elected and defeated. Under this system the country experienced all the inconveniences arising from the lack of an office-holding class. The country was too frequently engaged in breaking in a new set of servants. An important result of civil service reform must be the establishment of a class of trained and skilled subordinates in public office, whose duties are not affected by their political opinions, who will serve the government as faithfully as first-rate clerks serve private employers, and who, in turn, will retain their places so long as their tasks are satisfactorily performed.

Mr. CLEVELAND has given many evidences that he believes in such a civil service, and consequently it is impossible to suppose that he would do anything to discourage the hope of retention from a conscientious discharge of duties by public employés. The effect of a declaration that former efficiency would not be a recommendation for reappointment, or that Mr. CLEVELAND was opposed to a tenure of office based on merit, would be very discouraging to the friends of civil service reform. If Mr. CLEVELAND really said anything on this subject, he probably meant to convey the idea that the mere fact that an applicant held an office four years ago would not be itself a reason for a second appointment.

THE VALUE OF HORSES.

THE sooner the farmers in the United States realize the fact that the ordinary and commonly bred horse is likely to deteriorate in value year by year, the better it will be for them. The use of cables to drag street cars has already reduced the service performed by horses in the cities, and the extension of the trolley system in the suburbs and the perfection of electric motors will relieve many other thousands of horses from such service. It has not been so very long since nearly all the threshing was done by horses; now only a very small percentage of even the threshing-machines are worked by horse-power. Practically all of the ploughing is now done by horses; but a cheap and practical steam-plough will be shown to visitors to the World's Fair, and it is not improbable that in ten years from now quite a large percentage of ploughing will be done without the aid of horses. The need in the cities and on the farms for fewer horses will tend more and more to reduce their market value. Commonly bred horses will be the first to deteriorate in price; indeed, it is doubtful whether finely bred horses will suffer at all. There is no reason why they should. The purposes for which they are used will not be affected by any inventions revolutionizing methods of tranportation or tillage. Even though we could fly in the air with a balloon entirely under control, a spin on the road behind a pair of trotters or a gallop across country would give just as much pleasure as ever it gave. The horses who get the blue ribbons in the horse shows will continue to be as valuable as ever, while humbler animals—those that drag street cars and ploughs—will be less valuable year by year.

This decrease in value has already been noted, so far as farm animals are concerned, by the statisticians of the United States Department of Agriculture. In 1892 the average value of a farm horse in the United States was $65 01, and of a mule $75 55; in 1893 the average farm horse is worth only $61 22, and the mule $70 68. Here is a depreciation of $3 79 in horses and $4 87 in mules. Notwithstanding the fact that there are 708,662 more horses and 16,429 more mules on the farms this year than last, the total value of the horses and mules has depreciated more than twenty-five million dollars. This is very hard indeed on the farmers. Though they have to feed more than seven hundred thousand more horses and mules than the year before, the stock

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in the market is not worth as much as it was the year before by more than $25,000,000. That sum does not really represent the loss, for the horses are eating all the while, and a source of continuous expense. Had this increase in the number of horses been entirely of those that were well bred, the value of the farm horses would probably have appreciated instead of decreased, and the books would have shown a profit instead of a loss. A well-bred horse costs no more in food and attention than a common one, and he is a very much better investment. A horse of common breeding is sure to be a common and uninteresting horse; but one with a crossing of good strains of blood is apt to be very interesting. In such a horse there are attractive possibilities, similar to those that invest a lottery ticket with charm. Who cares to watch the development of the spindle-legs of a suckling colt when it is well-known that the mature horse will only be fit to draw a cart? But what a difference when you look upon the awkward youngster and recognize no reason why it should not lower the record of Salvator or Nancy Hanks! Failing in such high deeds, either runner or trotter would be just as serviceable in a cart as the cold-bred colt for whom there was never any high ambition.

The facts gathered by the statisticians, and the prospects for changed motive power for transportation and for farming, appear to indicate clearly that in the future there will be less and less profit in breeding other than from good strains of equine blood.

INAUGURATION BARBARITIES.

THERE are physical as well as political and historical grounds for changing the time of the Presidential inauguration. This is especially true if the ceremonies are to take place out-of-doors.

On the 4th of March, Mr. CLEVELAND stood on a platform at the Capitol with bared head and pronounced his inaugural address. It was a cold blustering day. Afterwards he stood on the reviewing-stand in front of the White House for several hours. There were few who witnessed this feat of physical endurance who were not anxious for the President's safety. It seems now to one looking back at the ordeal and remembering the day that his escape from a severe cold and possibly graver complications was little less than marvellous. The victims of the day are numbered by thousands, and many strong men will go to the grave as a result of their exposure.

No ceremony is worth this risk and this human sacrifice. If the inauguration must take place on the 4th of March, or in the fall nearer the day of election, its character should be changed. Warm weather is the time for *al fresco* pageantry, and a decent regard to the life and health not only of the President, but of the multitudes of spectators, must suggest that out-of-door ceremonies should not be indulged in in the inclement season.

There are grave political reasons why the new administration should enter upon the discharge of its functions soon after the people has chosen it. These reasons are potent against the further postponement of inauguration day to the 30th of April; but unless the present system is to be radically changed for the purpose of giving immediate effect to the decision of the people, there should be this postponement. If the President is not to be inaugurated within a few weeks of his election, a postponement of six months instead of four does not matter much. It would be better to save a few lives and much suffering, and the dangerous exposure of the President himself, even if the office-seekers are obliged to wait two months for the gratification or disappointment of their desires.

If this is not practicable or feasible, then inauguration should be a simple oath-taking within doors. Perhaps this would be best in any event, for Washington pageantry is of the crudest.

At present inauguration day is a day of barbarities.

THE GREAT GREEK STRIKE.

THE reader has probably noticed in the daily newspapers the report of the serious strike of the Freshman class of the De Soto University. We had hoped to see this Columbian year pass without strikes, or, indeed, any form of social disturbance worse than the heresy trial; but we find ourselves disappointed even this early in the season. The De Soto Freshmen have gone out, and there does not appear, at this distance, to be any hope of arbitration.

The strike in question is confined to the Freshmen Greek-workers. There does not seem to be any dissatisfaction among the workmen with the Amalgamated Sliding Grecian Scale, but the professor foreman of the Greek shop has made himself unbearable by insisting that the men do more work than they are able. This was brought to the notice of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths, with which the local union is affiliated, and which is a division of the Conglomerated Society of United Dead Language Miners, which promptly ordered a strike. While the National Consolidated Aggregation of Latin Diggers' Unions has passed resolutions upholding the movement, it does not seem probable at this writing that a sympathetic strike will be ordered.

The WEEKLY has always held that a strike is the worst possible remedy for the grievance of a body of workers, and we look to see this conviction strengthened by the present case in the De Soto University. We must admit, however, that this strike has been conducted so far in a quiet and orderly manner. There has been no violence to the professor nor to any of the Regents of the University. The police have not been called upon to protect the buildings or property of the school. When the word was received from the headquarters of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths at the office of the De Soto University Greek-workers' Sappho Union No. 6, Grand Master Youngfellow instantly despatched Walking Delegate Downylip to the shop and mines with instructions to order the tie-up. Delegate Downylip proceeded immediately to the Xenophon rolling-mill, and in a few words in Greek, which the professor foreman could not understand, conveyed the intelligence to the workmen. They instantly laid down their Xenophons and retired. Delegate Downylip then stepped to the mouth of the shaft in the corner of the room and called down to the Greek-root excavators below. They came up without delay, also leaving their tools behind. In fact, the only implements of their trade which any of the men took with them were their cuffs, which were well covered with notes. In half an hour every member of the union was in the Alpha and Omega Delvers' Hall.

The meeting was called to order by Grand Master Youngfellow. The reading of the despatch from the office of the Federated Greeksmiths by Secretary Callowboy was loudly applauded. Walking Delegate Downylip then made his report, which was followed by a statement of the union's financial condition by Treasurer McYouth. Assistant Grand Master Earlylife then rose and presented a general review of the causes which had led to the tie-up. He formally charged the professor foreman with overworking the men, and demanded that the labor be made easier and the hours shorter. He showed that the regular day's work was two new pages of Xenophon, two old ones to review, and two hundred Greek words of the most jagged and unknown character to memorize. He also vigorously arraigned the foreman for asking questions "having no place on the programme," and for which the workmen were utterly unprepared either on their cuffs or thumb nails. Assistant Master Earlylife's remarks were met with deafening applause, and after he sat down, Walking Delegate Downylip offered resolutions, which were passed unanimously, that the strike be carried on to the bitter end. A boycott was also declared against the Public Library, which was suspected of sympathizing secretly with the university; and after Secretary Callowboy had been instructed to report progress to the Most Exalted and Refulgent Fountainhead Master of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths, the meeting adjourned.

As we have said in the first place, we cannot believe that the Grecian workers have been well advised in taking this step. It must result in failure of one kind or another; they will either be obliged to go back under the old arrangements, or their places will be filled and they will find themselves without employment. These men should also remember that they have stern fathers and rigid mothers to whom they will have to explain. Of course, on the other hand, we have no desire to belittle the difficulties surrounding Greek. It is not a language to be mastered by mail in ten weeks, at your own home, without change of diet. It requires patience and a considerable degree of application to learn it thoroughly. Xenophon may not be so difficult as some other Greek authors, but a man who will begin his own name with the wrong letter, and allow two other vagrant members of the alphabet to make a disturbance near the middle of it, cannot be looked to for the simplest of reading matter. Still, the men should not have struck. Arbitration was their remedy. They should at least have tried it first.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE City Club of New York is proving itself a very energetic and efficient organization. Nothing could be better than its plan to bring the Mayor face to face with a large delegation of representative citizens, and let him hear from such a spokesman as Mr. Joseph H. Choate the unvarnished facts in regard to the outrageous condition of the streets and the shameful causes of that condition. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gilroy, able and bright man as he is, and fresh from the administration of the Public Works, does not know that Brennan is inexcusably and wickedly incompetent, that the law governing his work and his duties is openly disobeyed, and that the pleas he puts in for his incompetency would be grotesque if they were not something much worse. With more money than he can spend, with a law definite in its provisions and sweeping in its grants of power, with no political enemies to baffle or delay him, Brennan has pottered in a way that would disgrace a man who was not dead to all disgrace. Nor is it simply feebleness of mind and purpose—though he is feeble enough—that explains this state of things; it is adherence to the corrupt system of partisan spoils, which is but a form of public robbery. Every passing day brings nearer the approach of the dangerous epidemic which all experts agree must come with the summer heats. Men like Croker and Gilroy, with most well-to-do persons, can, with their families, flee from the pestilence which Brennan is hospitably inviting. But the poor, the laborers and their wives and children in the tenement-houses, the hundreds of thousands who cannot escape, these are the helpless victims that Croker and Gilroy and Brennan are threatening with disease and death. It is unspeakably wicked, and if the people of New York could only realize their peril and the causes of it, Mayor Gilroy—in his hands lies complete and unquestioned power—would fly from a fate more certain than that which the cholera menaces.

Do the tax-payers of New York—and there is no one who sleeps or eats in New York who does not contribute his share to the taxes—know how much money the ridiculous Brennan has to spend in cleaning the streets? It is two millions and a quarter of dollars per year. This is an average of $6164 every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays. The expenditure of this amount may be spread over the year practically at Brennan's discretion. Assuming that the work for the four months of December, January, February, and March is three times as hard as for the remainder of the year, he may take for those months one-half of the appropriation, or $1,125,000. This would give him $9375 a day during that period. Allowing one-third of the amount for superintendence and office expenses, he would still have enough to employ 1686 carts, horses, and men with which to collect and remove the snow, mud, and refuse from the principal streets. The money is far more than sufficient. There are a dozen contractors in New York who, if this were private work, would make a handsome profit from it on two-thirds of the pay. It is preposterous to say that the streets of New York cannot be kept clean a year for a sum that would build seventy-five miles of railway.

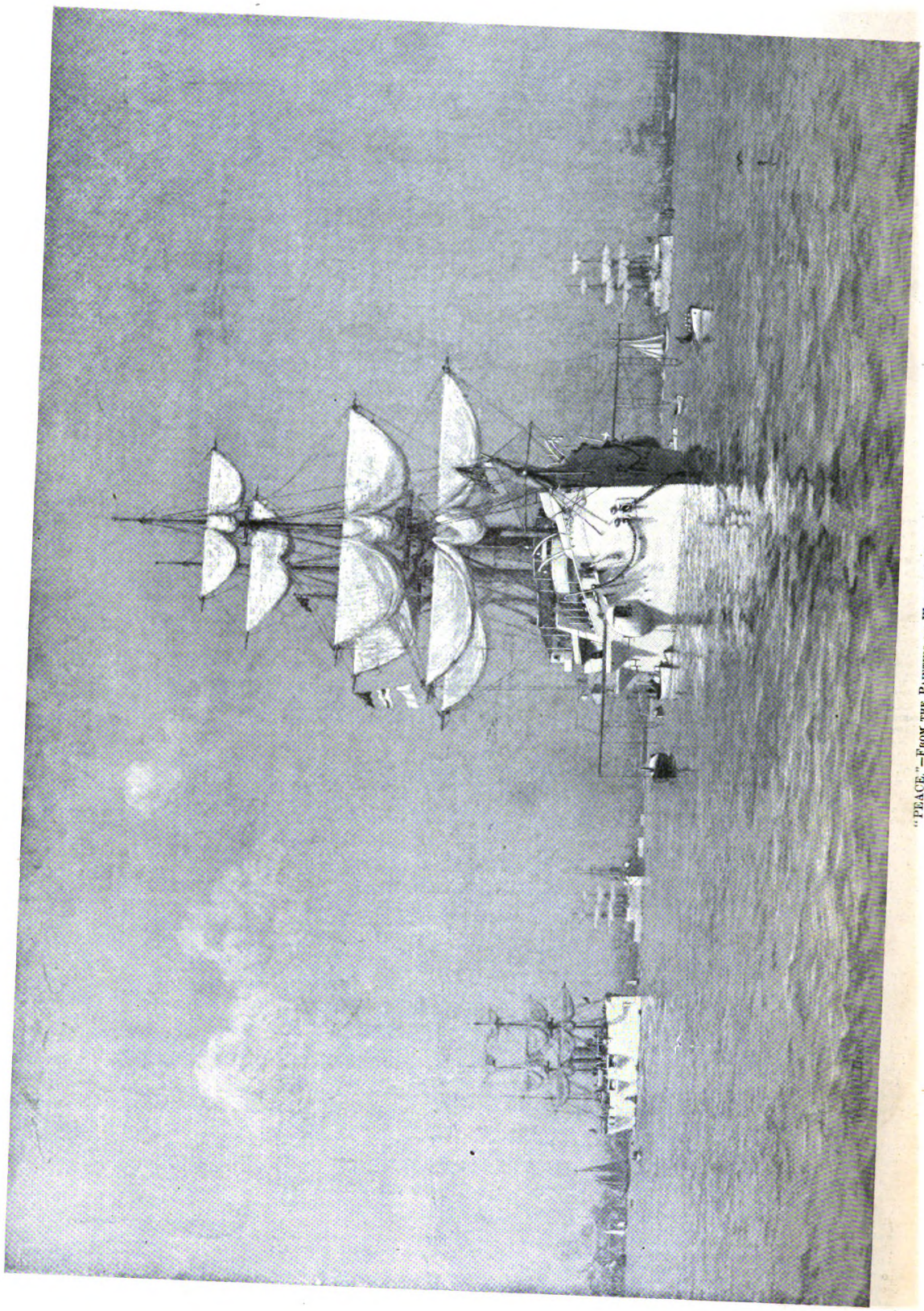
The disreputable machine that governs the "organization" of the Democratic party in this State gives signs of going to pieces, and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But one of the forces that have contributed to its disintegration cannot be regarded with much satisfaction by decent citizens. The Kings County delegation in the Assembly and Senate have joined the opposition, and have made possible every defeat the machine has suffered in the last month. Now the motive of these Kings County men is a very despicable one. It is simply a desire to get revenge on Governor Flower for his veto of the bill to protect the Brooklyn officials who were responsible for the stealing and waste of the Columbian celebration, to which we recently referred. That veto, with the message accompanying it, was a just thing, required by the public interest, and perfectly honorable in the Governor. It has angered the Democratic members from Kings County solely because it was right and their friends were absolutely wrong. There is only this comfort in the situation: the machine may be shattered in time to free Governor Flower from the curious bonds in which he has allowed himself to be held, and to enable him to be steadily and consistently as good a Governor as he has occasionally been. That would be an unmixed blessing for him, and would save the State from much mischief and humiliation.

It seems that in Paris, as in ancient Athens, there is a class specifically known as *amateurs de religion nouvelle*. To this class the irrepressible and irresponsible *Figaro* recently addressed a choice lot of gossip regarding the visit of Madame Charles Loyson, the wife of the noted Père Hyacinthe, to the United States, winding up with the statement that the venerable ex-Carmelite was to emigrate to this country, seduced by the alluring promises of *plusieurs barnums*. To which M. Loyson promptly addresses a denial so far as the coming to America is concerned. True, he says, he could make a fortune here, but he has higher aims. "I feel myself," he declares, "more than ever bound to my native land in the crisis in which she is struggling, the true remedy for which lies in a religion acceptable to the reason and the conscience in order to be efficacious in personal and in social morals." This somewhat vague prescription of M. Loyson for the manifold ills from which France, and indeed humanity, is suffering is quite in the spirit of the man, who is a noble dreamer, *doublé* with a restless and somewhat egotistic popular speaker. He does wisely, we are convinced, to remain in Paris, for though he has exhausted some of the resources of his original vogue there, it is there that he can do more good than anywhere else. It is possible that a highly profitable career might await him in the United States, though not probable; in any case it would be a brief one. He has the gifts that would attract audiences for a certain time, but not those that would hold a congregation. He lacks the consistent and definite moral purpose, and his judgment of life, public or private, is fitful. His last conspicuous attempt to influence public opinion in France was made in the interest of that extremely cheap and vulgar intriguer General Boulanger. That was not a hopeful occupation for an apostle of the religion of reason and conscience as applied to politics.

The daily papers reported last week that a grand excursion to the South Sea, and particularly to the Hawaiian Islands, had been planned by a number of Representatives and Senators. It was all arranged before the late revolution in Honolulu, and the curious part of it is that it was not to be made at public expense. We trust that it will be carried out, chiefly because that accomplished and picturesque statesman, Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is among those inscribed. It would contribute to the gayety of at least one of the nations to read Mr. Reed's account of his impressions. However strong a partisan he may be—and his partisanship is sometimes strong to the verge of rankness—he is an acute observer, and a reporter of most charming freshness and vigor. He knows a humbug when he sees it, and he hates it when he knows it. He might come back convinced that we ought to annex the islands, but he would be prepared to riddle every argument so far advanced in favor of that policy. We can imagine the fine scorn with which he would analyze the commercial patriotism of the sugar-planters, and the proselyting zeal of the business "missionaries." And since the rash and mischievous scheme has passed beyond Republican control, there is every reason to expect from Mr. Reed suggestions that would be well worth having as to an alternative policy.

Most of our readers will remember the state of abject dismay into which a large part of the people of England were plunged by the proposal to pierce the bed of the Channel between that country and France with a tunnel. For a time it seemed as if the century had been turned upside down, and Englishmen were living in dread of "Buonaparte"—they took a silly pleasure then in using the Italian spelling—and expected to see the invincible body-guard charge out of the black hole on the coast and the imperial army follow, to lay waste the land, capture the men, and captivate the women. The fact that a dynamite cartridge which an Englishman could carry in his sack-coat pocket would block a tunnel beyond repair for months was not given a moment's attention. The girdle of the inviolate sea was threatened. The thought was intolerable. But now it is gravely proposed to bridge the Channel; and though this is a project as old as the English railway system, it has been very elaborately developed by French and English engineers, aided by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, designers of the Forth Bridge, and it is evidently to be pressed in good faith and with hope of success. It is intended to be nearly 18 miles in length, resting on 72 piers, alternately 1310 and 1630 feet apart, and constructed on the cantilever principle. But if Englishmen were alarmed at a tunnel, what will they say to a bridge that requires six dozen obstacles of a most formidable kind to the navigation of the Channel? But then English panic is a most uncertain phenomenon, quite as apt to be missing when it would be reasonable as to be very unreasonable when there is no occasion for it.

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"PEACE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER L. DEAN.
Accepted for the Fine Arts Building, Columbian Exposition.—[See Page 286.]

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THE DECISION OF THE COURT.*

A Comedy.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE time is late September, and the scene is the parlor of a cottage at Newport, the broad windows of which overlook the harbor. It is a handsomely furnished room, showing that its occupant is a woman of taste. On one side there is a conservatory bow-window filled with flowers, and having a hanging bird-cage in the centre. On the other side there is a mantel-piece, with a mirror over it and a clock upon it. An open piano stands against the wall near the mantel-piece. There is a sofa near the centre of the room, with an umbrella lamp behind it.

Mrs. Stanyhurst is seen seated at a desk near the sofa engaged in writing.

Mary, the maid, enters through the draped doorway which connects the parlor and the hall of the house. She stands silently behind Mrs. Stanyhurst.

Mrs. S. (*looking up*): "Well, Mary, what is it?"

Mary: "What time is it you want the tea, ma'am?"

Mrs. S.: "At five o'clock always; you will understand your duties in a day or two. And serve it promptly, whether I am here or not."

Mary (*going*): "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "And tell Martha to have the toasted crackers hotter than they were yesterday."

Mary: "Yes, ma'am." [*Exit.*

* This comedy is to be produced in New York by The Theatre of Arts and Letters on Thursday, March 23d, and by the courtesy of Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel and of Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who are to take the characters of Mrs. and Mr. Stanyhurst on that occasion, we are enabled now to illustrate the play with photographs from life.



"HER PHOTO!"

Mrs. S.: "Where was I? [*Taking up letter from desk and reading it aloud.*] 'If you *will* go to Japan and to India, you must not expect to have the latest news. Yes, it is true that I am suing for a divorce. Algernon and I are absolutely incompatible. If baby had lived, perhaps we might have got along together somehow—I don't know. As it was, we quarrelled every week of our second year, and almost every day of the third; yet when I try to remember what we quarrelled about, I simply can't. But we separated twice, and made up again, and then quarrelled worse than ever. At last I could stand it no longer. And Algernon was disagreeable enough to say that I was the most exasperating woman he had ever met! So you see what a bad temper he has! And he was absurdly jealous; and at the same time he was so indifferent and easy-going that he was absolutely impossible! Well, you know what Englishmen are. At last we agreed to disagree once for all, and to be divorced. So I have been living here in Newport for a year now all by myself—it appears that residence is necessary—and I have sued for divorce on the ground of non-support. I suppose you will smile at this, since you know my income is quite as large as Algernon's. But that's the excuse I must give, so my lawyer says. I have an excellent lawyer, Mr. Richard Hitchcock, really a most agreeable man, who has taken charge of my case himself; and he has been just too lovely. I wish Algernon's lawyer had been as considerate; but his name is Bull, and he is a brute.' [*Spoken.*] I remember what I was going to say. [*Writing.*] 'The case came up last week, and I testified that Algernon hadn't given me any money for months, and that he had abandoned me and left the country. You see, he had asked the firm to let him go over and take charge of the Paris house. Algernon's lawyer made a cheap joke about my being a grass-widow now, and being able to make hay while the sun shines. It's just like him to hire such a man! I will say for him that I don't believe he would approve of it. The judge asked me a few questions, and then he took the papers and said he would think about it. Mr. Hitchcock tells me that we must win, of course. He hopes for a decision soon—maybe this week. He is to telegraph me at once. So perhaps before this letter gets to Chicago I shall have been unmarried.' [*She reads over last few lines to herself, and then signs and folds the letter. While she is doing this,* Mr. Stanyhurst *is seen to pass the windows and to stand before door, where he rings bell.* Mrs. Stanyhurst, *intent on folding letter and on addressing envelope, does not hear the bell. The door is opened, and* Mr. S. *disappears from view; the door closes with a bang. Starting.*] Perhaps that's the decision now! Really, it is a great strain on one's nerves not to know whether one is married or not. [Mary *enters with card on salver. Rising.*] Is it a telegram?"

Mary (*handing card*): "No, ma'am; it's a gentleman to see you."

Mrs. S. (*reading card; aside*): "Algernon! [*Surprised.*] What does he want with me?"

Mary: "He didn't say, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "Well, you may show him in."

Mary (*going*): "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "Stop! [*Rushes over to the mirror over the mantel-piece.*] I suppose I must look like a fright. [*Going.*] Show him in here, and say Mrs. Stanyhurst will be down in a minute."

[*Exit through small door opposite the mantel-piece.*

Mary: "Yes, ma'am. [*Going out, and reappearing at once with* Mr. S.] Mrs. Stanyhurst will be down in a minute, sir."

Mr. S. (*constrained and awkward*): "Certainly, certainly; there's no hurry at all. [*Seeing* Mary *waiting, he takes seat on sofa, holding hat in one hand and stick in the other.* Mary *exit.*] Really, you know, this is awkward. A man doesn't really know what to do when he has to call on his own wife, not knowing whether she is his wife or not. It is deuced awkward; that's what I call it—deuced awkward. That American judge may have given his decision to-day, you know, and when I'm talking to my wife perhaps she won't be my wife. And it was quite awkward enough before. Still, it had to be done. Wife or no wife, I wouldn't have her think I could do a thing like that, you know. [*Pause.*] She said she'd be down in a minute; but I know how long her minutes are. I suppose she's prinking before the glass. Fancy her prinking for me now! [*Pause.*] It's here she's been living since I abandoned her, as we agreed when we had our last row. That last row!—it was pretty lively that last row—but then so were most of the others. I doubt if any man and wife ever had more rows than we did in four years. And I don't see why we quarrelled either—I'm sure I'm good-natured enough. [*Pause.*] Snug little crib this. She always had good taste; I will say that for her. [*Rises, and stands by desk.*] There's the inkstand the mater gave her, and that's the writing-case the governor had made for her. [*Crosses to mantel-piece, and adjusts his cravat in mirror.*] Deuced dusty, these roads here in America. [*Moves up, and sees her photograph on mantel-piece.*] Her photo!"

[*As he takes it in his hand,* Mrs. S. *enters, and stands in doorway.*

Mrs. S. (*aside*): "What is he up to now? Oh, my portrait."

Mr. S. (*holding picture*): "I say, she hasn't been mourning for me, you know. She isn't fading away. She's positively improved. That's it—she's positively improved."

Mrs. S. (*aside*): "He's just as handsome as ever; and he looks as though he could be just as irritating."

Mr. S.: "She has filled out a bit, and it suits her. [*Putting back the photograph on mantel-piece, he catches sight of her in mirror, and is instantly confused.*] Oh, I say, she's been watching me. [*He goes up, pretending not to see her.* Mrs. S. *stands in front of sofa.*



MRS. AGNES BOOTH-SCHOEFFEL.

Mr. S. *is back of chair behind desk. He looks up and catches her eye. Moment of embarrassment. Hesitating.*] I have—I—I have called—"

Mrs. S. (*sitting on sofa, calmly*): "Take a chair, Mr. [*looking at card in her hand*]—Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S. (*aside*): "That was one for me. Clever old girl. I thought she'd make it uncomfortable for me. [*Places chair, and sits. Aloud.*] Thank you. Standing makes a fellow feel so awkward."

Mrs. S.: "You have been abroad, I believe, Mr. [*glancing again at card*]—Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S.: "I got back yesterday morning, on the *Etruria*, and so I—so I—" [*Confused.*

Mrs. S. (*after a pause*): "And what gives me the honor of this visit?"

Mr. S.: "That's what I'm coming to—only you—you—Well, last night at the club I heard two fellows talking about our divorce case, you know—" [*Pause.*

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know."



"SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, KITTY—MRS. STANYHURST, I MEAN."

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Mr. S.: "They didn't know I was in New York, and one of them said that Bull—that's my lawyer, you know—"

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know that too."

Mr. S.: "He said my lawyer, Bull, had made some sort of disparaging remarks about you, you know."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know. And what then?"

Mr. S.: "What then? Well, you know, I didn't want you to think that I had anything to do with it—so I ran down here at once to tell you so."

Mrs. S.: "Oh, you need not have taken so much trouble for a little thing like that."

Mr. S.: "Of course I wouldn't let my lawyer say an insulting word to you."

Mrs. S.: "Of course not. That's a privilege you desire to reserve for yourself."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I say—that isn't fair. That's one below the belt. Bull behaved like a brute, I dare say—"

Mrs. S.: "Like master, like man."

Mr. S.: "But I try to behave like a gentleman, I hope."

Mrs. S.: "No doubt you do your best."

Mr. S.: "And I come down here to tell you it's all a mistake, and I hadn't anything to do with it; and then you jump on me, as you Americans say."

Mrs. S.: "I'm by way of being irritated, as you English say. Your Bull lawyer was a brute—such a contrast to Mr. Hitchcock! You ought to have heard Mr. Hitchcock describe your infamous conduct to me. He almost made me cry when he told the judge how you had abandoned me, and refused to contribute to my support. Just as if I would ever ask you for a cent!"

Mr. S.: "Your lawyer seems to have been pitching into me."

Mrs. S.: "That's different."

Mr. S.: "Who is this Hitchcock fellow? I've met him somewhere, haven't I?"

Mrs. S.: "Mr. Hitchcock is my counsel. He has been kindness itself—and sympathy. He has the most exquisite manners, too. Of course he simply despises your little lawyer, but he treated him always with the most disdainful courtesy—except when that Bull insulted me, and then he talked back. It was so like you to hire a man of that sort. I could have smiled if I hadn't been so mad."

Mr. S.: "But I came here to tell you I—"

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I exonerate you, of course; I know you wouldn't have permitted it if you had been here."

Mr. S.: "Thanks, I'm sure."

Mrs. S.: "I was just writing to a friend [*taking note out of pocket*], and I had told her that I didn't believe you were responsible."

Mr. S.: "That's really very good of you, you know. [*Pause.*] Oh, I say, if you've been writing like that, then I needn't have bothered to come down here."

Mrs. S.: "*If* I've been writing? So you are still as suspicious as ever. See for yourself!" [*Holding out the letter.*

Mr. S.: "Really—I—I—really—"

Mrs. S.: "See for yourself!"

Mr. S.: "I don't want to read your letters, you know, but if you insist—" [*Reaching out hand for letter.*

Mrs. S. (*suddenly withdrawing letter*): "Perhaps you had better not read it, after all."

Mr. S.: "Just as you like."

Mrs. S. (*looking over the letter*): "There are other allusions to you, which—which it might be awkward for you to see." [*Pocketing letter.*

Mr. S.: "It's all deuced awkward as it is, don't you know."

Mrs. S.: "It is indeed."

Mr. S.: "You see, until that judge makes up his mind, I don't know whether I'm a married man or not."

Mrs. S.: "Neither do I. I mean, I don't know whether I'm a married woman or not."

Mr. S.: "I'm like that fellow's coffin, you know—"

Mrs. S.: "That fellow's coffin? Oh, Mohammed's."

Mr. S.: "You always knew such a lot! Yes, that's it—I'm like Mohammed's coffin—suspended between heaven and the other place, you know."

Mrs. S.: "The other place? Meaning me? Oh, thank you."

Mr. S. (*confused*): "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "That wasn't delicate, perhaps, but it was direct enough."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I didn't mean that; you know I didn't mean that."

Mrs. S.: "It's no matter what you meant. I can judge of that only by what you say."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "But—I—"

Mrs. S.: "After all, this suspense is ever so much worse for me than for you, for I don't even know what my name is."

Mr. S.: "I don't see that."

Mrs. S.: "You don't suppose that I shall keep your name, do you, when I cease to be your wife?"

Mr. S.: "My name's all right. Nobody's ever done anything to disgrace it yet."

Mrs. S. (*indignantly*): "You need not insinuate that I shall do so."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "You do take one up so sharp!"

Mrs. S.: "I am Mrs. Stanyhurst now, I suppose, if the judge hasn't come to a decision yet. But when he does I shall take my father's name again. I shall be Mrs. Van Kortlandt."

Mr. S.: "You are not going to do that really, are you?"

Mrs. S.: "Why not? You don't think that I'm so proud of having married the younger son of a lord that I'm going to hold to the name after I've cast off the man?"

Mr. S.: "Cast off? I say, you mustn't talk about me as if I was an old dressing-gown."

Mrs. S.: "It's no matter what kind of apparel you are. I'm not wrapped up in you any longer. If I were only a widow, now!"

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "They are making such lovely things in crape this year. But then you never had any consideration for me."

Mr. S.: "You wouldn't have me die just to leave you a widow?"

Mrs. S.: "Why not? When a man really loves a woman he is willing to die for her! Or at least he tells her so. It must be delightful for a woman to be a widow; she can do as she pleases, and make all the men do what she pleases. She is her own husband, and she has no wife."

Mr. S.: "If my widow were to remarry, I'd come back to worry her."

Mrs. S.: "Just as you did your wife? Precisely. As for me, since I can't be a widow, I must be the next best thing—divorced."

Mr. S.: "It is deuced awkward, of course."

Mrs. S.: "It is indeed deuced awkward—I mean, very awkward." [*Pause. Clock on mantel-piece strikes five slowly.*

Mr. S. (*rising*): "Five o'clock. I must be going. I've got to get back to New York to-night."

[Mary *enters with kettle, puts it on stand on tea table before window, lights lamp, and carries table down and sets it before* Mrs. S. Mr. S. *awkwardly gets out of way of table.*

Mrs. S.: "Can't I offer you a cup of tea?"

Mr. S. (*astonished*): "Really you are very good, but—"

Mrs. S. (*lifting sugar-tongs*): "One lump or two?"

Mr. S.: "One, please." [*Exit* Mary.

Mrs. S.: "Do you take cream?"

Mr. S.: "Come, now, you ought to know that—really, you know."

Mrs. S.: "No cream, then. But perhaps you would like a slice of lemon?"

Mr. S.: "No, thanks, no. I don't think I shall need any lemon."

[*Putting hat and cane on chair between piano and fire-place, and sitting on piano-stool.*

Mrs. S. (*passing cup*): "Five-o'clock tea always reminds me of marriage. You need two spoons, of course, and sooner or later they get into hot water."

Mr. S. (*taking cup and stirring it*): "That's very good. That's very good indeed. But then I always said you were clever. [*Sipping tea, and getting scalded.*] The water was hot! [Mary *enters with plate of toasted crackers. She passes them to* Mr. S., *who takes one. Then she puts plate down on tea table, and exit. Watching her off.*] Pretty girl that."

Mrs. S.: "So you noticed it?"

Mr. S.: "I noticed that you never had any pretty girls like that when you and I—"

[Mrs. S. *looks at him.* Mr. S. *hesitates, and then stops, and drinks tea abruptly.*

Mrs. S.: "Don't judge others by yourself. *I'm* not jealous."

Mr. S. (*with mouth full*): "This toasted biscuit is really delicious."

Mrs. S.: "The biscuit? Oh, you mean the crackers? You English really ought to learn our language."

Mr. S.: "Your language? The English language? Well, I like that!"

Mrs. S.: "You would like it if you could only speak it as we do. When I hear our language maltreated by you English, I wish we Americans had kept our native Choctaw."

Mr. S.: "It isn't your native Choctaw, you know; you haven't any red-Indian blood in you."

Mrs. S.: "Haven't I? My grandmother was a Virginian, and I'm a direct descendant of Pocahontas—I'm her great-great-great-great-great-grand-daughter."

Mr. S.: "Dear me!"

Mrs. S.: "Would you like me to do my ancestral scalp-dance for you?"

Mr. S.: "It might be very good fun."

[*Rising and putting teacup on mantelpiece behind him.*

Mrs. S.: "I know that your family goes back to the time of the Black Prince, but I can trace mine back to a red princess."

Mr. S.: "Pocahontas was a nigger, wasn't she?"

Mrs. S.: "She was the daughter of King Powhatan."

Mr. S. (*indifferently*): "I dare say."

Mrs. S.: "That's just like you English; you are abject before royalty in your own country, and yet you turn up your nose at our kings." [*Rising.*

Mr. S. (*standing stiffly behind sofa*): "I didn't know you Americans had any kings."

Mrs. S.: "I've been thinking about these international marriages, as the society reporter calls them, and I've come to this conclusion, that if an American man marries an English woman, it's all right; but if an American woman marries an Englishman, it's all wrong. In the first case they get on splendidly, because the English woman is accustomed to be obedient, and the American man is in the habit of being attentive, and so both sides are satisfied. But in the second case there is slim chance of happiness, because the American woman is used to independence and to deference, and the Englishman is always waited on by all his women—mother, sisters, wife, daughters—just as if he were a Mormon."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "There is not only incompatibility of temper; there is incompatibility of training. You, now, you—"

Mr. S.: "What about me, now?"

Mrs. S.: "You ought to have married some Lady Hildegarde Fitzplantagenet, who would have been happy to fetch your slippers for you and wait on you hand and foot, day and night. Instead you married Kitty Van Kortland—and we have both regretted it ever since."

Mr. S.: "Speak for yourself, Kitty [*she looks up*]—Mrs. Stanyhurst, I mean."

Mrs. S.: "It is too late for you to make me believe that you don't regret it now. No, you were not cut out for a husband, and—"

Mr. S. (*gallantly*): "If I thought any fellow had been cutting me out, I'd—"

Mrs. S. (*calmly*): "Well, what would you do?"

Mr. S. (*hesitating*): "I don't know. I—I—"

Mrs. S.: "What could you do? Nothing; that's what you could do. You see, I've had a good many hours of solitude in the past year, and I've spent some of them in analyzing your character."

Mr. S.: "I say, now, do you think that was fair?"

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I wasn't unjust to you; I gave you credit for your good qualities. You are not clever, for example, but you are not a fool either."

Mr. S.: "Thanks—thanks awfully."

Mrs. S.: "Your education is lamentable, of course, but you know a lot about horses and dogs, and shooting and fishing, and sport of all kinds."

Mr. S.: "What else should I know?"

Mrs. S.: "What else indeed? Well, for one thing, you might know something about women—about the way a wife feels; you might have learned to look at life from her point of view, and to— [*Suddenly changing voice as* Mary *enters.*] It has been unusually warm for so late in September. Don't you think so?"

Mr. S. (*astonished*): "I? Don't I think? [*Seeing* Mary, *who is taking away tea things.*] Oh yes, I think so too. Of course. I agree with you."

[*Going up after* Mrs. S. Mary *exit with tray.*

Mrs. S. (*at window*): "Those dark clouds over there seem to threaten a storm soon. The equinoctial is due now."

[Mary *enters and takes table from before sofa and puts it before window.*

Mr. S.: "Shouldn't wonder if we had rain before night."

[*Looking over shoulder to see if* Mary *has gone.* Mary *looks at him and then at* Mrs. S., *and then exit.* Mrs. S. *looking at birds in conservatory bow-window.*

Mrs. S.: "And my birds are excited, too; that's another sign."

Mr. S. (*looking at cage with single eye-glass*): "What sort of birds?"

Mrs. S.: "Love-birds."

Mr. S.: "Funny little beggars."

Mrs. S. (*dryly*): "Their open affection for each other is rather absurd, isn't it? But they can't get out of the cage, you see; and, like many other couples, perhaps they are merely making the best of it, and pretend to affection while people are looking at them."

Mr. S. (*admiringly*): "You always did have a way of saying things."

Mrs. S.: "I've practised that speech before. The last man I said it to was Mr. Hitchcock."

Mr. S.: "Hitchcock? Oh, he's your lawyer fellow? I remember now—you used to know him before we were married."

Mrs. S.: "He's a charming man. It's a pleasure to talk to him—he's so quick. He said that flirtation was more fun than marriage, just as a novel was more amusing than a history."

Mr. S.: "I don't see that that's so very clever."

Mrs. S.: "No? Then perhaps you won't approve of my retort that I didn't understand why marriage should be a bar to flirtation. The privilege of flirting is guaranteed to every American woman by the Declaration of Independence; it is the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Mr. S.: "You Americans talk a great deal about independence, but I remember you had a chaperon the first time I met you—at the Patriarchs', wasn't it?"

Mrs. S.: "It was at the Assembly. That just shows how much you took notice of me."

Mr. S.: "I did take notice of you. I remember what I said to the fellow who took me to the dance."

Mrs. S.: "And pray what did you say?"

Mr. S.: "I said, 'That's a devilish pretty girl, that Miss Van Kortlandt, and clever too!' That's what I said."

[*Leaning back on desk.*

Mrs. S.: "Thank you. And what did he say to that?"

Mr. S.: "What did he say? I remember that too. He said: 'You just look out. Kitty Van Kortlandt is a terrible flirt.' That's what he said."

Mrs. S.: "The idea! As if I ever flirted!"

Mr. S.: "You didn't flirt with me, I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

Mrs. S.: "You know you dance like a bear."

Mr. S.: "Come, now—"

Mrs. S.: "You English don't begin to know anything about dancing. I can't think what they teach you in your schools. Do you remember the first time you tried 'Dancing in the Barn'? [*Laughing, and crossing to piano, and playing the tune while talking over her shoulder to* Mr. S., *who has followed her across.*] It was here in Newport, at the De Ruyters', five years ago, when they gave their first ball at their new cottage on the Cliffs."

Mr. S.: "You have such queer dances here, you know."

Mrs. S. (*still playing*): "We never had a queerer dancer than you were when I tried to show you 'Dancing in the Barn.' You looked so absurd."

Mr. S.: "Did I, though?"

Mrs. S.: "You did indeed. So at last I took pity on you, and I gave up the dance, and we went out on the piazza."

Mr. S.: "Yes. I liked that better."

Mrs. S. (*still playing*): "So did I."

Mr. S.: "That was the first time you had been polite to me, don't you know. Before that you were always offish. I never knew how to take you."

Mrs. S.: "Perhaps I didn't intend to let you take me at all."

Mr. S.: "I know I didn't think I'd ever let any American girl take me."

Mrs. S. (*still playing, but more slowly, and "Dancing in the Barn" has changed into a waltz of Chopin's*): "You don't suppose I had intended to marry an Englishman, do you? I don't know how I ever came to do it. It must have been the music and the moonlight—I remember there was a heavenly moon that evening."

Mr. S.: "Was there? I don't know. But I remember you looked devilish pretty."

Mrs. S.: "Did I?"

[*Turning on piano-stool and facing him.*

Mr. S.: "You did. And I remember I said to myself: 'I'll risk it. I don't know whether she'll have me, but I'll risk it.' And I asked you to marry me."

Mrs. S.: "And do you remember what I said?"

Mr. S.: "You said you wouldn't. But you looked so charming and so tantalizing— I don't know how it was, but I kissed you."

Mrs. S.: "Don't you think that it was very ungentlemanly to kiss a lady who had just refused to marry you?"

Mr. S.: "I'm not so sure about that, you know. You let me, you know."

Mrs. S.: "There wasn't anything else for me to do. You were a great big hulking man, and I was only a girl."

Mr. S.: "You made me fetch and carry for you that winter; I remember that well enough. You led me a pretty dance, I can tell you."

Mrs. S. (*sadly*): "A girl can be engaged only once, and if she does not have a good time then, when is she to have it?"

Mr. S.: "I dare say you had a good time, as you call it. I know I didn't. I don't like going about to balls and parties night after night, and seeing the girl I'm going to marry dancing with a parcel of fellows who—"

Mrs. S.: "But you know you dance so badly. I simply couldn't dance with you. I shouldn't have had a ball dress to my back."

Mr. S.: "I was glad when the winter was over and we were married."

Mrs. S.: "At Grace Church, by the Bishop, on a beautiful spring morning. [*Facing piano again, and playing the "Wedding March" of "Lohengrin" gently.*] I'm sure it must have been a lovely wedding. The church was crowded, and all my friends were there in their spring bonnets. The music was heavenly—and there are people who say they don't like Wagner!" [*Pause.*

Mr. S. (*watching her; aside*): "She's handsomer than ever. She didn't look better on her wedding-day than she does now. I wonder if— [*Pause.*] By Jove, I will!"

[*Goes to extreme end of piano, so that he faces her.* Mrs. S. *continues playing softly, conscious that he is gazing at her; she changes time of music, plays louder and more brilliantly, and then stops abruptly.*

Mrs. S. (*with a return of her former sharp manner*): "A divorce isn't as romantic as a wedding, is it? Nor as picturesque. There isn't half enough ceremony about a divorce. There's no music, no veil, no flowers, no bridesmaids, no

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Bishop. They'll never make divorce really popular with the women till it is as spectacular as a wedding, with ushers, and best men, and pretty girls, and cake—cake to take home in a box, so that every woman can dream of the man she is some day to be divorced from."

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say, now, that's too bad, really."

Mrs. S.: "And of course there would have to be something to correspond with the honey-moon and the wedding trip. Perhaps the happy pair who had just been divorced would go on a little journey around the world, one east and one west, with an understanding that they should pass each other in the middle of the Pacific Ocean."

Mr. S.: "When we were married we went home, you know."

Mrs. S. "It was home for you, of course, but it was exile for me."

Mr. S. (*stiffly*): "My people were good to you, weren't they? The governor thought you were no end of fun."

Mrs. S.: "Yes; I received the welcome of a professional humorist."

Mr. S.: "The mater liked you. You can't deny that, can you?"

Mrs. S.: "I think she did—in her way. The first time we met she told me she was so glad you had a wife to keep you out of mischief."

Mr. S. (*exultingly*): "She never would have said that if she hadn't cottoned to you from the start, would she?"

Mrs. S.: "And she said she was glad to find I had so little Yankee twang—as if we were Yankees in New York! And she has an English accent of her own as thick as a London fog. You could cut it with a knife [*imitating*], don't you know." [*Rising.*

Mr. S. (*stiffly again*): "I think all my people were very civil to you."

Mrs. S. (*bitterly*): "Yes, as war is sometimes civil, and then the wounds rankle longest."

Mr. S.: "The governor was nice to you—nicer than he is to me half the time. And the mater—"

Mrs. S. (*impatiently*): "No doubt the governor and the mater, as you call them, meant to be nice, as you say. They were as nice as they knew how. [*Sitting on sofa.*] But, oh, how hard it was to be in the same house with such simple folks! I'm complicated, I am, and intricate; I'm modern and nineteenth century. And your father and mother are simple beyond belief, simple with a prehistoric simplicity—so simple that when I saw them go out for a walk together, I was always expecting that the robins would come and cover them up with leaves."

Mr. S.: "You are deuced hard on my people. Now I never say anything about yours."

Mrs. S.: "How can you? You had an unfair advantage when we married. I'm an orphan."

Mr. S.: "There's your brother, you know."

Mrs. S.: "I know what you were going to say. Well, it's true, he does drink, sometimes—but then he is frequently sober."

Mr. S.: "I wasn't going to say it. I don't care if he gets as drunk as a lord. That might happen to any fellow, you know. After the second bottle, wine goes to my head sometimes."

Mrs. S.: "It's no news that nature abhors a vacuum."

Mr. S.: "I don't see anything funny in that."

Mrs. S. (*laughing*): "Don't you? Well, perhaps it was unfair. Don't mind my being sharp with you to-day. There's a storm coming, and my nerves are unstrung."

Mr. S. (*leaning over the back of the sofa*): "Do you remember that storm we had crossing the Channel when we went over to the continent?"

Mrs. S. (*shuddering*): "Shall I ever forget it? I thought I should never see land again. But you—I will say that for you—you were not a bit frightened."

Mr. S. (*laughing lightly*): "Frightened? There was only a capful of wind."

Mrs. S.: "It ruffled the feathers in my cap, I can tell you; and I was glad to get my foot on shore again. I did enjoy my first dinner in Paris: you hadn't any idea where Worth's was, but you knew all the good restaurants."

Mr. S.: "They give you filthy things to eat in Paris, if you don't know where to go."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, we had a good time in Paris then."

Mr. S.: "And in Switzerland."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, we had a good time in Switzerland too."

Mr. S.: "It was very jolly, Paris and Switzerland, and all that. We were happy then, weren't we?"

Mrs. S.: "I suppose so."

Mr. S. (*suddenly*): "That's what I say! Well, now, why shouldn't we be happy again? You know I always loved you."

Mrs. S.: "I used to think so."

Mr. S.: "Think so again, can't you?"

Mrs. S.: "I don't know."

Mr. S.: "And you loved me then, when we were on our honey-moon and wedding trip, and all that, you know. Is all that love gone? Don't you love me at all now? [*Pause.*] You don't hate me, do you? You say sharp things to me, but I don't mind that, you know. I've got a tough hide of my own, and I don't mind it. Besides, I know you don't mean anything by it. Now come, let's have a fresh start, and see if we can't all get off together this time. It's odds we make a better match of it now than we did at the first meeting. We got along first rate in Paris and Switzerland. I've got to go to San Francisco to-morrow. Come with me."

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I can't."

Mr. S.: "Come with me, and we'll have a second wedding trip and honey-moon and all that. It 'll be better than the first time of asking. Come."

Mrs. S.: "I can't, I can't. Oh, what would people say?"

Mr. S.: "D—— people! Who cares what they say? They say too much always. It's all right for husband and wife to go off travelling together, isn't it? And you are my wife, aren't you, Kitty?"

Mrs. S.: "Am I? Am I *now*? Perhaps the judge has made up his mind by this time."

Mr. S.: "The divorce? I forgot about the divorce! We can stop the divorce, can't we?"

Mrs. S. (*thoughtfully*): "I suppose so. [*Rising and facing him.*] So you think you are in love with me still? I doubt it. I don't believe it. It's all a delusion on your part. And I'm a delusion too."

Mr. S. (*coming forward to her*): "I'd like to hug that delusion. [*Putting his arm about her.*] Say you will withdraw the suit."

Mrs. S. (*escaping from him*): "I can't, I can't; but you may, if you insist."

Mr. S. (*following her*): "It isn't my suit, you know. I'm not going to court to compel you to support me, am I?"

Mrs. S.: "Of course that was only an excuse."

Mr. S.: "It isn't a good excuse, now. I'm ready to support you." [*With his arm about her again.*

Mrs. S.: "But if you did take me off to San Francisco, the judge might divorce us while we were on our second honey-moon."

Mr. S.: "That's what I say, don't you know. You must withdraw the suit."

Mrs. S.: "How can I? [*Messenger-boy is seen through windows. He stands before the door, and rings bell. Starting.*] What's that? [*With hand to heart.*] It's a messenger-boy. He has a telegram. Perhaps the judge has made up his mind."

Mr. S.: "Perhaps he has."

Mrs. S.: "I'm certain it's the decision—absolutely certain. And Mr. Hitchcock said he would telegraph me at once. [*Door opens, and messenger-boy disappears in house.*] I know now how a person feels when he is waiting for the verdict."

Mr. S.: "It is awkward, isn't it?—deuced awkward. But I shall be glad to know whether we are man and wife or not." [Mary *enters, with telegram on a salver.*

Mary: "A telegram for you, ma'am."

Mrs. S. (*taking it*): "I don't dare to know my fate."

[Mary *exit.*

Mr. S.: "Don't hesitate. You might as well get it over as soon as you can. Have your tooth out at once if it aches. I always do. [Mrs. S. *tears open envelope, reads telegram, and drops her arm.*] So that is settled."

Mr. S.: "Is there a decision?"

Mrs. S.: "Yes." [*Holding out the telegram to him.*

Mr. S. (*taking it*): "Let's see. Really, I'm a bit nervous myself. [*Reads.*] 'Court granted your application this afternoon. You are again a free woman. [*Stops and looks at* Mrs. S.] I congratulate you on being separated from the brute who has made you so miserable. Will bring down papers to-morrow. Richard Hitchcock.'"

Mrs. S. (*snatching telegram*): "I didn't mean you to read it all."

Mr. S.: "He didn't mean me to read it either. You can let me go, can't you? Now that Hitchcock has done what you wanted him to do. I knew he'd do anything for you!"

Mrs. S. (*turning suddenly, with change of manner*): "What do you mean by that?"

Mr. S. (*shrinking back a little*): "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

Mrs. S. (*insisting, and with rising temper*): "That isn't what you mean. You know it isn't!"

Mr. S.: "Come, now, don't be so sharp on a fellow—don't. I meant what I said, didn't I? He's your lawyer, this Hitchcock, isn't he? And he's got to do what you tell him."

Mrs. S.: "But that isn't all you meant. You forget that I know your ways of old."

Mr. S.: "I say, now, don't let's dig up old bones."

Mrs. S.: "And you said it in time, fortunately. I might have been fool enough to listen to you again. But I'm not going to make myself the victim of your absurd suspicions a second time."

Mr. S.: "Suspicions?"

Mrs. S.: "I'm not going to suffer again from your ridiculous jealousy."

Mr. S.: "Jealousy? I say, now, this isn't a joke!"

Mrs. S. (*coming up close and looking him in the eye*): "Do you dare to tell me that you did not intend to insinuate that I had been flirting with Mr. Hitchcock?"

Mr. S. (*taken aback*): "I? I suggest that? Nothing of the sort, I assure you."

Mrs. S. (*turning away from him*): "Don't be a hypocrite too—don't! Don't try to sneak out of it. To be suspicious and jealous is bad enough, but you might at least be frank about it."

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say, this is really too bad, you know. I didn't say anything about this Hitchcock; I didn't mean to insinuate anything; I wasn't even thinking about his attentions to you. I wasn't indeed. Come to think of it, though, he took your case up eagerly, I'm told, and I know he pitched into me in court. He pitched in pretty strong, too—didn't he?"

Mrs. S.: "He had to tell the truth about you—didn't he?"

Mr. S.: "I suppose the fellow was glad of a chance to get even with me. He knew you before you were married, and I doubt he has ever forgiven me for cutting him out."

Mrs. S.: "There you go again. That's the way you always are. You object now to the friends of my childhood. I wonder what next. I suppose you won't want me to see my own brother next."

Mr. S. (*laughing harshly*): "I don't mind your seeing him, but I shouldn't grieve if I never laid eyes on him again."

Mrs. S.: "That's unworthy of you. Oh, I know what you are going to say."

Mr. S.: "I'm not going to say anything."

Mrs. S.: "You are going to say that my brother has called on you at the office and at the club, perhaps a little flushed with wine."

Mr. S.: "Flushed with wine? He couldn't stand straight. He hung around the neck of the club porter."

Mrs. S.: "I've no doubt it is true, although of course you exaggerate; but it isn't nice of you to say it."

Mr. S.: "I didn't say it, did I?"

Mrs. S.: "I've never accused your father or your mother of drinking."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I say—"

Mrs. S. (*dropping in chair, and wiping eyes with handkerchief*): "Before we had been married a month, I saw you didn't understand me."

Mr. S. (*impatiently walking up and down.*): "I don't understand you now, that's clear."

Mrs. S.: "I had been writing to a friend this very afternoon [*taking letter out of pocket*], and I told her you had always been a brute to me."

Mr. S.: "Oh, you told her that, did you?"

Mrs. S.: "Do you doubt me again? [*Holding out letter.*] See for yourself."

Mr. S.: "Thanks, but I don't care to see for myself."

Mrs. S.: "I told her there was not merely a personal disagreement between us; there was also a total international incompatibility. No Englishman could make an American woman happy; and that I never expected to set eyes on you again, and that I didn't want to. [*Looking over letter.*] I thought I wrote her that. But that must have been in a letter to somebody else." [*Putting letter in pocket.*

Mr. S.: "If there are two women you've been telling you don't want to see me again, there's no use my stopping here any longer."

Mrs. S.: "Certainly not."

Mr. S. (*taking hat and gloves*): "I'm going to San Francisco to-morrow. It's odds I never see you again, you know."

Mrs. S.: "True. You will probably never see me again. Well, I wish you a pleasant journey, Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S.: "And I wish you a good-afternoon, Mrs. Van Kortlandt."

[*He is seen through windows.* Mrs. S., *standing, watches him off. Then she takes letter from her pocket, goes to desk and writes.*

Mrs. S. (*writing*): "'P.S.—The decision has just been rendered, and I'm a single woman again. Congratulate me.'"

[*She puts the letter in the envelope, seals it, leaves it on the desk as she rises, crosses to sofa, turns and looks up at window, and then drops on sofa, burying her face in her handkerchief.* Mary *enters, followed by a messenger-boy.*

Mary: "Is there any answer to that telegram, ma'am? The boy is waiting."

Mrs. S. (*automatically*): "The boy is waiting. [*Suddenly springing to her feet.*] Where is the boy?"

Boy: "I'm here."

Mrs. S. (*rushing to window and throwing it open*): "Boy, do you see that gentleman there? The one walking so fast?"

Boy (*out on piazza*): "The one with the cane and the dicer? I see him."

Mrs. S.: "Then run after him quick and tell him to come back—"

Boy: "All right." [*Exit.*

Mrs. S. (*half out on piazza*): "Tell him I've changed my mind! Tell him there was something I forgot to say to him. Tell him— Oh, he can tell him what he likes, so long as he brings him back. [*Pause.*] The boy has caught him. [*Pause.*] He's coming! [*Pause. Then suddenly she leaves window and goes to sofa, standing behind it, with her back to the window.*] And what shall I say to him when he comes?"

[*Pause.*

Boy (*at window*): "Here he is. I got him easy."

Mr. S. (*at window*): "Kitty! [*Stepping inside.*] Did you send for me?"

Mrs. S.: "No. [*Looking around.*] Oh, is that you?"

Mr. S.: "You sent for me. Did you want to ask me something?"

Mrs. S.: "Did I? Yes; I wanted to ask you how long it will take us to go to San Francisco."

And so the curtain falls, with Mr. Stanyhurst's arm about Mrs. Stanyhurst, and with Mary and the messenger-boy looking at them wonderingly.

TO IMPROVE THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

To meet the now overwhelming rush of passengers between New York and Brooklyn on the great East River bridge, an extensive enlargement of the Brooklyn approach to the bridge has been made, and, in a great measure, what is planned for Brooklyn will be repeated at the New York city end. On another page will be found a picture of the proposed terminal station in Brooklyn. The present bridge railway station in that city is west of Sands Street. The one that is to take its place will be one block further from the river, and will cover the block between Sands and High streets. Farther on, a great extension of the tracks over several blocks of the city carries the bridge structure to Tillary Street, and affords room for the future storage of twice as many cars as are now in use on the great arch that spans the East River.

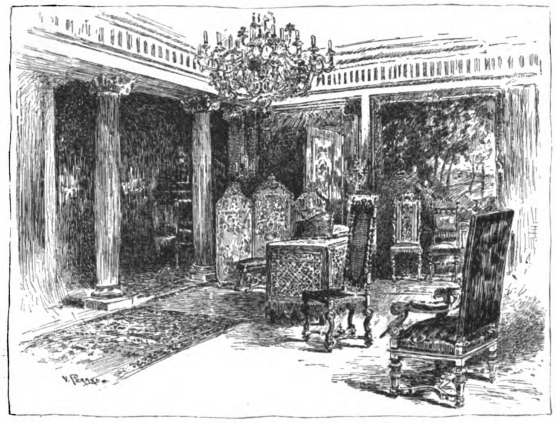
The new terminal station will differ from the present one in having a central landing platform as well as such side platforms as are now used by the crowds which get on and off the bridge cars. The new arrangement will permit the movement of trains on a headway of forty-five instead of ninety seconds, thus making it possible to practically double the capacity of the railroad when similar alterations are completed at the New York terminus. Better yet, instead of platforms eight feet wide, as at present, the new passenger landings will be twenty feet wide. It is to be hoped that when these improvements are made the extraordinary crowding that now accompanies the traffic of this busiest of all American railroads will become a thing of the past.

The great loop of railway tracks shown in the picture is not a part of the Brooklyn Bridge cable railway. It is the terminal of the Brooklyn Elevated Railway. This railway now crosses the bridge tracks at a right angle, one story above those tracks, and the elevated trains now run to the bridge, stop, and are pulled out again. Under the new arrangement they will preserve the present level, and will run through the new bridge depot and back again by means of the great curving tracks that are shown in the illustration. This railway has two routes—one to East New York and the other to the Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. Instead of taking and leaving its passengers by both routes at one platform, as at present, it will under the projected plan load and discharge the Fifth Avenue passengers on one side of the depot, and the East New York passengers on the other side. It is foreseen that this distribution of the traffic of that railway will have a further effect in lessening the daily crowds on the bridge-car landings. Under the curve of the Brooklyn Elevated Railway tracks is seen, in the picture, the roadbed of the other elevated system of Brooklyn, the Kings County Railway.

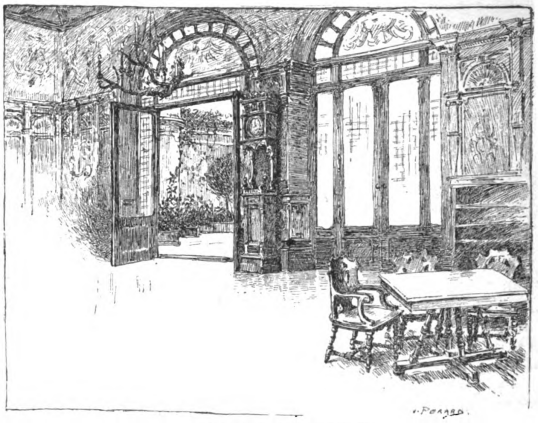
In HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April the conditions that accompany the travel between the cities of New York and Brooklyn are graphically set forth in a brilliant article upon the city of Brooklyn from the pen of Mr. Julian Ralph. Brooklyn now boasts a population of at least 900,000 souls, and not only a great proportion of the men of Brooklyn, but tens of thousands of the women and young girls, obtain their livelihood in the metropolis. This enormous body of workers in the greater city moves across the East River every morning and back again every evening in two great masses, rendered the more notable because of the few means of communication which at present exist between the cities. The great suspension-bridge is the principal one of these avenues of travel, and the improvements that are planned, and are to be hurried forward in order to grant relief to the people, are of the utmost importance. The city of Brooklyn is peculiar in its character among the capitals of America, and Mr. Ralph's article upon it will be found to contain an account of all that makes it unique.

As has been said, the New York city terminus of the great bridge is also to be remodelled. As it cannot be extended, it must be widened; but the result will be that of practically doubling the value and service of the huge span across the river, which severs the two cities only politically and geographically, for to all intents and purposes they form one great metropolis.

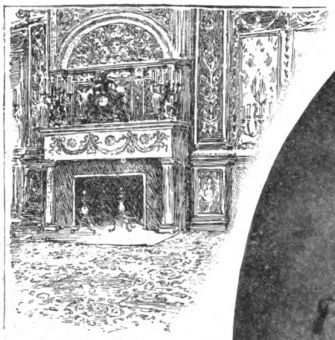
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DRAWING-ROOM IN THE STATE APARTMENTS.



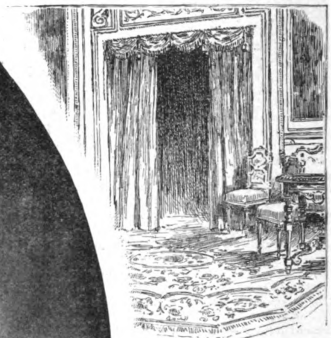
IN THE GERMAN CAFÉ.



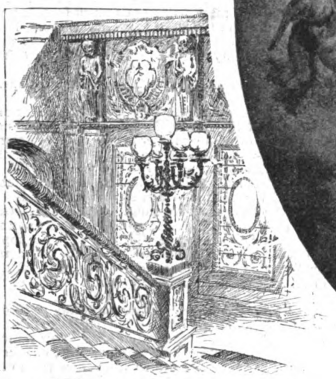
MANTEL IN THE EMPIRE DINING-ROOM.



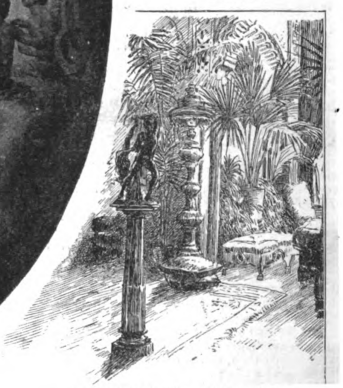
THE PRAISE OF WOMAN.—By Will H. Low.
Ceiling in the Marie Antoinette Salon.



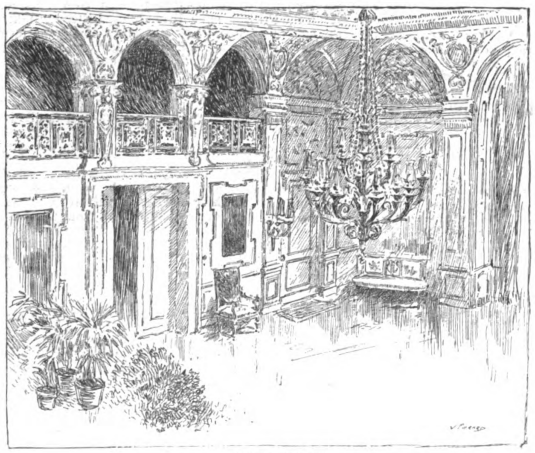
DOORWAY IN THE LADIES' PARLOR.



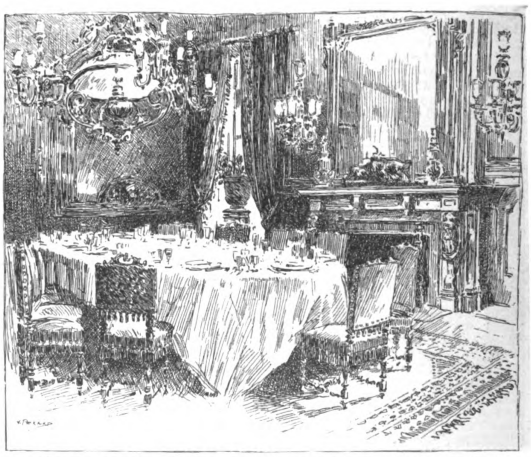
FIRST LANDING OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY.



A CORNER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.



THE BALLROOM.



THE ASTOR DINING-ROOM, A RESTORATION OF THE DINING-ROOM IN THE OLD ASTOR MANSION.

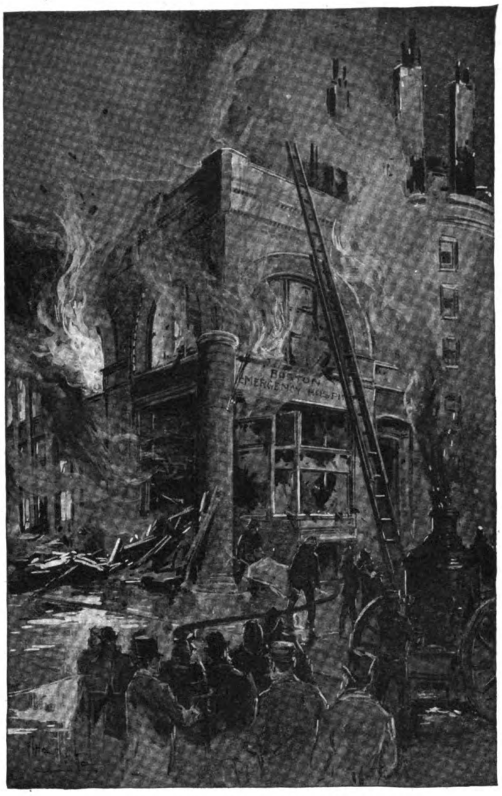
FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW HOTEL WALDORF.—From Drawings by Victor Perard, and a Photograph.—[See Page 283.]

Erected by William Waldorf Astor on the Site of the former Home of his Father, Northwest Corner Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, New York: Cost, $4,000,000.

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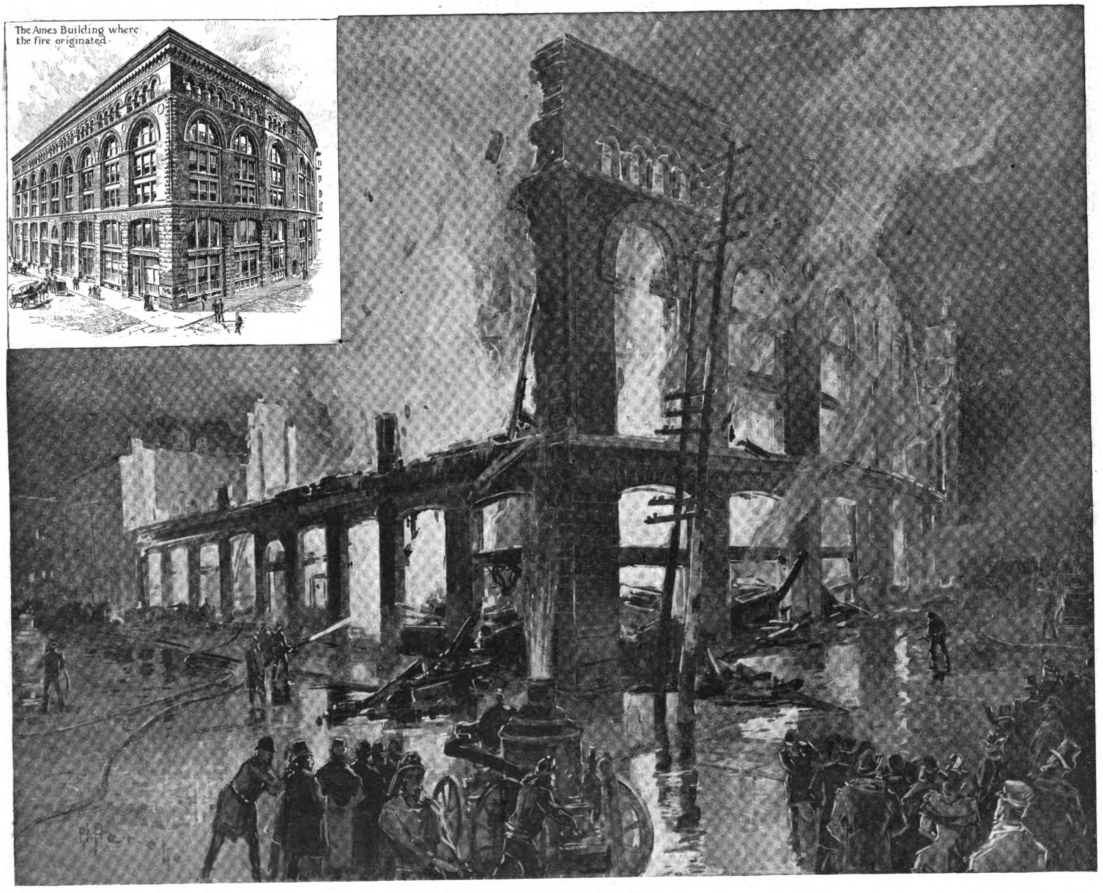
ESCAPE OF A WOMAN BY JUMPING FROM A WINDOW TO A TELEGRAPH POLE.



THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL IN KINGSTON STREET.



CHIEF JOHN F. EGAN ESCAPING BY AN ELECTRIC CABLE.



RUINS OF THE AMES BUILDING.

THE THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR BOSTON FIRE.

Drawn by AL HENCKE and WARREN B. DAVIS, after Sketches made on the Spot by BERT POOLE.—[See Page 286.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

RAPID TRANSIT: UP OR DOWN?

Oh, the question that is agitating now the public mind
Is indeed the most important of the agitating kind,
And is, briefly, how the dickens can the uptown resident
Get to business ere the morning is at least three-quarters spent?

"Rapid transit! rapid transit!" is the slogan of the day.
"Rapid transit!" chirps the cricket; "Rapid transit!" moans the bay.
"Let us have it, let us have it," cries the robin in the park;
"Let us have it, let us have it," e'en the little doggies bark.

"We will give it, we will give it," the commissioners reply,
"If you'll tell us how you'd like it—down below or up on high.
Do you want a stilted railway with connections with the stars?
Do you want to ride down underground in gas-inflated cars?

"Do you want a sixteen-storied iron elevated road?
Shall we run it through your cellar or on top of your abode?
Would you like a tight-rope railway 'twixt two Eiffel-tower props,
Running shuttle trains each minute to the comet without stops?

"Would it please ye, O ye masters, if we dug two little holes
All the way from City Hall Park up to where the Harlem rolls,
And by means of bottled cyclones born and raised in far Dakota
Blow a car from one to t'other without any other motor?

"Would you like a gun Zalinski, with a cartridge for a car,
That would shoot you from your table down to where your clients are?
Would you like a tube pneumatic at your little cottage door
That would take you in a dice-box to your desk behind your store?

"Would it please you if we sent to that far wizardest of men,
Mr. Edison, of Menlo to prepare us in his den
Some new telephone by means of which a man in Tuckahoe
Could project his person to New York as well as his 'Hello!'?

"Solve this problem if ye can, sirs, O ye citizens of York.
Will ye have it *à la* Mammoth Cave, or stilted like a stork?
Come! let every button of your minds upon this point be pressed,
Whereupon your humble servants will right gladly do the rest."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Music and Drama

THE notable event of the week, and one of the important musical events of the present season, was the first production in America of Edgar Tinel's so-called oratorio, *St. Francis of Assisi*, by the Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is seldom that so young a man as the composer of *St. Francis of Assisi* attains so considerable a reputation with a single work as this oratorio has gained for its composer abroad, where it has been performed in the principal capitals of Germany and Belgium with most decided success. Edgar Tinel is a graduate of the Conservatory of Brussels, where he was the pupil of Brassin, Dupont, and Gevaert. He gained honors as a pianist at the early age of nineteen, and four years later won the highest honors at the conservatory by a Flemish cantata which was most favorably received. He is a prolific and versatile composer, his works including compositions of all kinds for various instruments, orchestra, and chorus. *St. Francis of Assisi*, his most important work, was first produced in Brussels in 1888, and has been performed there every year since.

This work, which suggests rather than describes St. Francis's legendary history, is divided into three parts. The first part treats of his life in the world and his renunciation of it. Part two, of his cloister life; and part three, of his death and glorification. *St. Francis of Assisi* is by no means an oratorio in the usually accepted sense of the term. As a work of art it would take place with Saint-Saëns's *Samson and Delilah* and Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, though it possesses neither the entrancing melody of the one, nor the intense dramatic power of the other. For all this it is a great work, and one which stamps its composer as a musician of great talent, if not genius, of wonderful technical resources and knowledge, and a most marked feeling for dramatic contrast and appropriate musical color. The music at all times reflects the characteristics of the sentiment and emotion expressed by the words of the text, which, from a poetic stand-point, is of distinct interest and value. This young Flemish composer is certainly a master of his art, and handles the chorus, upon which he makes excessive demands, the solo voices, and the orchestra in skilful and masterly style.

The work is original, although both in style and manner it contains strong suggestions of both Wagner and Brahms when secular, and is closely modelled after Bach when sacred in style. The church and the world are musically brought into juxtaposition in this work with almost startling contrast. Both in his harmonies and in his treatment of the orchestra Tinel is essentially modern without being eccentric, and he yet gives evidence of an ability to use the contrapuntal style which is very marked. Although undoubtedly an effective and most important work, which in power, imagination, and technical workmanship will compare favorably with any of the great oratorios, a single hearing of it leaves one somewhat in doubt as to its power of lasting attractiveness, in spite of the critical commendation which has been lavished on it abroad, and the enthusiasm with which it has been received there. The music is instinct with the sensuous mysticism of the legendary lore of the Romish Church, and yet seems to be lacking in genuine religious sentiment and fervor. There is, if one may so express it, a suggestion of cynicism and *fin de siècle* pessimism in the music, as if, although the composer had ideals and beliefs, he was not absolutely sincere in them, or absolutely convinced of their innate truth. The work has been praised for its absolute sincerity; this quality one would venture to think was just what it lacked. Repeated hearings may remove this impression, and certainly repeated hearings are necessary to thoroughly appreciate so extended, thorough, and learned a work at its full value. Much of the music has distinct spontaneity and charm, while some of it again strikes one as involved, labored, and even somewhat turgid.

The parts of the work which strike one most at a first hearing are the beautiful soli assigned to Franciscus—the "Ballad of Poverty," the "Hymn of Poverty," and the impassioned "Song of Love." The latter two, together with the "Hymn of the Sun," are almost literal translations of poems ascribed to St. Francis himself. Besides these really beautiful and impressive numbers, one would mention the charming opening orchestral description of a moonlit summer night, the Vision and Renunciation at the close of part first, the charmingly rhythmic dances in the same part, the choral Angelus and the emotional death scene of the third part. Every portion of the work is interesting to the student for its workmanship, if not for its inspiration. In accordance with modern ideas, the orchestra is the principal factor in the scheme of composition rather than either the chorus or the solo voices, and the discretion, sanity, and evident mastership noticeable throughout the entire score are to be commended from every point of view. The work is original because it does not pointedly recall any one in particular, and yet there is no one part, unless it be the Hymn of the Sun, so markedly individual as to strike one forcibly as such. But no work of the scope and magnitude of *St. Francis* can be adequately judged from a single hearing. As has been said, a more intimate acquaintance with the work may change these recorded impressions of the first hearing. The oratorio as a whole was well rendered. The title rôle was sung by Mr. William H. Rieger in good style and with good effect. The other soli were taken by Madame De Vere-Sapio, Mr. Charles Kayser, Signor Galassi, and Mr. Ericson F. Bushnell, who were all satisfactory. The difficult score was well given by the Oratorio Society and the Symphony Orchestra, and ably conducted by Mr. Damrosch, to whom much praise is due for bringing this interesting musical novelty to the attention of New York music-lovers. A complete vocal score, with the English text by Mr. John Fenton, has been published by Breitkopf & Härtel.

Other musical events of the week were the last concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at which, owing to the illness of Mr. Kneisel, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch was the soloist; M. Paderewski's recital, as always, delightful, artistic, and interesting; and the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* at the Casino by the Duff Opera Company, of which more anon.

The calm which seems to have settled down over the dramatic waters has not been broken during the past week by any new production of importance. It seems to be the fashion just at present to revive *Diplomacy*, in some respects Sardou's greatest play. The recent revival at the Fifth Avenue by the excellent company headed by Charles Coghlan and his sister is unquestionably a good one, the presentation having improved very much in point of smoothness and finish since seen here earlier in the season. *Diplomacy*, under present circumstances, is certainly strongly cast and very well acted, yet for some reason or other it moves a little slowly; there is a hardly definable lack of the animation, spirit, and buoyancy which should be the distinguishing characteristics of the play. Miss Coghlan's new gowns by Félix are things to wonder at, but hardly to admire, as, though doubtless harbingers of the coming spring styles, they give to the wearer the appearance and grace of an animated pen-wiper. O Fashion, how many crimes are committed in thy name! At the Union Square Theatre Mr. Keene has continued to please his admirers in a round of legitimate drama, including *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, and *Louis XI.* Critics used to well-established dramatic conventions might, and with very good reason, take exception to many points in Mr. Keene's dramatic conceptions. A well-known politician, whose knowledge of English spelling was very scant and wavering, having had his attention called to a more than usually flagrant case of breach of orthography, remarked that he "didn't think much of the ability of a man who couldn't spell words in more ways than one." The same remark might be aptly made to those critics who hold closely to dramatic conventions. Certainly Mr. Keene follows his own peculiar way in whatever he does, and whatever his shortcomings, must at least be considered original. One need never fear to be bored at seeing Mr. Keene; there is always plenty of excitement to be found in wondering what he will do next, and his performances are followed with much interest and no little enthusiasm by his audiences. Evident originality, even if eccentric, is altogether too rare a quality and attribute in these days to be decried; certainly Mr. Keene is nothing if not original.

It is with unmixed sorrow and regret that one learns that Mr. Nikisch will not renew his contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which terminates at the end of the present season, but will at that time return to Europe, leaving this country probably for good, to accept the important position of director of the opera at Buda-Pesth. During his five years' residence in this country, Mr. Nikisch, both as a man and as a musician, has endeared himself to all those whose good fortune it has been to have been brought into relations with him. As a man, by his geniality, humor, big-heartedness, and the many kindly qualities which go to make the true gentleman, the true friend, and the agreeable companion; as a musician, by his unswerving artistic sincerity and strength of purpose, his marked catholicity of taste and breadth of artistic appreciation, as well as by the many qualities, artistic gifts, and attainments which go to make the great conductor. He has done much for music in America in general, much for music in Boston in particular, and even more for the orchestra, which under his direction has attained a point of artistic perfection rarely equalled and not at the present time excelled. His place will be indeed difficult to fill; and though one infinitely regrets his departure, one can hardly blame him for accepting in his own country a position of the importance and influence of the one to which he has been called.

Mascagni's new opera of *William Ratcliffe*, of which the story is taken from Heine's poem, will probably be presented in Rome during the spring or early summer. In this his latest work Mascagni is said to have abandoned the lyrical style, which, as events have proved, he unfortunately adopted in *Il Amico Fritz* and *I Rantzau*, and has once more returned to his dramatic manner as exemplified in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. As *I Rantzau* appears to have been a flat failure in Vienna, where only a short time since Mascagni was lauded to the skies as the coming composer, this move would seem to be a wise one on the part of the young composer. *William Ratcliffe* is by no means a new operatic subject, the work having been already set by the Russian composer Cæsar Cui, and also by an Italian named Pizzi. Mascagni himself has had the work in mind for some time; the first act having been composed while he was still at school, and much of the rest written during a tour as conductor with a second-rate opera company. The work will be in four acts, and will contain the inevitable intermezzo.

Apropos of the financial difficulties attendant upon the giving of grand opera, it is interesting to note that the deficit on the first thirteen months' season at the Grand Opéra, Paris, under the new management, is close upon £20,000 sterling, and this despite the fact that the opera-house is rent free and that a subsidy of about £32,000 a year is granted to the management. The deficit is said to be due partly to the contributions which all the Paris theatres have to make to the poor-rates, and partly to the loss on the Saturday and Sunday performances, which by law have to be given at a greatly reduced price to the public. It is therefore pretty certain, it is said, that these performances at popular prices will have to be done away with. As regards this deficit, it must not, however, be forgotten that the management is compelled by their contract with the state to make each year a certain number of new productions, which naturally entail a large expenditure. As the difficulties which the Paris opera has to contend with are not present here, these figures need not necessarily alarm Mr. Abbey.

An interesting musical fragment written by Wagner in a lady's album has recently come to light. It consists of eleven bars of a short solo for the Prince de Brabant, who appears in *Lohengrin*, where he is restored to his sister Elsa, in the third act. The solo was abandoned by Wagner because he felt that so small a part would generally be intrusted to a second-rate singer, the result of which would be fatal in so important a situation; consequently the Prince has remained a *persona muta* to this day, and has to be content with a rather ludicrous entry after the lumbering departure of the stage swan.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

JULES FERRY.

On March 17th M. Jules Ferry, lately elected President of the Senate of France, died suddenly of heart-disease, due to a wound inflicted by a crazy assailant six years ago. It was a tragic ending of a remarkable career, which, had his life continued, might easily have brought him to the President's chair. M. Ferry was but in his sixty-first year, and in full possession of intellectual vigor. He began life as an advocate in 1854, but promptly plunged into the political agitation against the empire, in which he formed an intimacy with Gambetta. In 1865, at the age of thirty-three, he became one of the leading writers of *Le Temps*, in which he attacked, with merciless analysis of facts and figures, the administration of Baron Haussmann, who was the Tweed of Paris under the empire. In 1869 he was elected to the Corps Législatif, and took a prominent and effective part in the fight against the empire, which was seeking a tardy reconciliation under Olivier with the Liberals. He was one of the few Deputies who kept their heads when the war with Prussia was precipitated, and he spoke and voted against the disastrous declaration.

When Napoleon III. surrendered at Sedan, and the abolition of the empire was decreed by the Corps Législatif, M. Ferry became a member of the Government of National Defense, organized September 4, 1870, and took charge of the Department of the Seine, in which work he served with great energy during the long siege by the German army. He risked his life in the suppression of the insurrection of October, 1871. From 1871 to 1879, although active in public affairs, he held no conspicuous place; but when M. Grévy succeeded Marshal Macmahon in the latter year, M. Ferry became Minister of Public Instruction, and began a very severe attack upon the Catholic clergy, particularly the Jesuits, in the schools. The fierceness of this campaign, which was waged for more than a year, broke up the cabinet in September, 1880, and M. Ferry formed a new ministry, which continued the same policy until, a year later, it was overthrown on the question of the policy in Tunis.

In February, 1883, he again took office, and then took up still more earnestly his efforts at colonial expansion for France, turning his energies in the direction of Tonquin. The conquest of that remote country used up much treasure and the lives of many French soldiers, and awakened the most bitter hatred for M. Ferry among the peasantry whose sons were sent to die by disease or in battle. His popular title at the time was the "Tonquinois." His ministry again fell in 1884. In 1887 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, and practically retired from public life until his election to the Presidency of the Senate a few days since. He was unquestionably one of the most able of Frenchmen, and his early service to the nation was great and valuable. But he was a very ambitious and a narrow-minded man, who failed to grasp the idea that though a republic may be established by one party, it cannot be maintained by one alone.

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ONE OF THE LARGEST LOADS OF LOGS EVER HAULED.—From a Photograph.
21 FEET HIGH AND 20 FEET WIDE, CONTAINING 31,480 FEET.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

THE snowy death-shroud is folded thick about the cold bosom of the silent earth; the princely pines are standing sentinel watch in the dim gray of the wintry morn; no sound but the intermittent boom of the frozen river near at hand—that preternaturally strange sound which comes from the icy throat of the sullen stream like some grewsome challenge of the captain of the dead.

A faint bluish-black smoke spiral curls gracefully up from the rusty stove-pipe set in the snow-covered roof of a low large log building, and is lost in the dim green of the lofty pines. A belated blue-jay, sauciest of frost-time birds, wakes from his winter night nap and screams out an untuneful note or two by way of matin vocalization. The sun would be several degrees high were it a June day dawn, for it is five by the big-bellied watch of the "bull cook," who has been astir since four, getting up an early breakfast for the first crew. They have sleepily hitched up their sturdy beasts, and are off to the denser woods in the early gloom.

The bull cook has a long day's work before him. He must superintend the preparation of the day's meals for mayhap threescore hunger-haunted lumbermen, whose yawning capacities for baked beans and brown bread and corned-beef and roast bear and fragrant venison and mealy potatoes and prehistoric pies, and all that motley mass of mystery which belongs in the catalogue under the caption "canned goods," are known all too well by the *chef* and his white-capped assistants. When, along in late October, the company in control of the camp fitted out their commissary department for the winter they bought such a list as this:

Beef, 57 quarters; pork, 12 barrels; sugar, 10 barrels; beans, 21 bushels; flour, 47 barrels; salt, 2 barrels; vinegar, 1 barrel; butter, 1000 pounds. Then there were 10 pounds of saleratus, 2 pounds of sage, 100 gallons of molasses, 15 pounds of pepper, 1 barrel of lobsters, 1 chest of tea. These are some of the supplies which are now being drawn upon by the cook and his crew.

But the men are in the woods in reality now, and close work it is, too, for the short winter day has few hours, and the demand of the relentless commercial world far down in the warmer lines of the world may not be ignored; the great forests must be swept away, no matter what may oppose. The under-chopper, as he is called, has been at work on previous days making selection of the trees which are to be felled. He is a man of keen judgment, and he has been long a woodsman. With unerring eye he picks out the splendid old pines which are to be sacrificed, and upon their comely sides he leaves the gash of his axe. He knows just the size and the shape the saws of the great mills will rip up most advantageously. His is a most important part of the toil of the timber.

Following him come the choppers and the sawers, for both are to play a part in the death scene of the pine. Until the great tree's weight might interfere, the saw is put at work at the thick base, the chopper with his keen axe aiding meanwhile in cutting for the fall. Wedging for the fall is no unimportant part of the scheme. To know just how and just where and just when to drive in the big wedge of wood which is at last to topple over the tall tree is not the work of a novice. Great care must be taken that the tree shall fall right; for if it be misdirected in its course, it may lodge in the branches of a bigger comrade, or it may fall so that even its massive trunk may break in twain, or, most sad event, it may crush into the snow the body of some faithful logger, and leave no trace of life in his bruised body.

The men have trimmed the emerald top, which, like some proud plume, has been waving in the wind-swept forest through the centuries; they have cut the trunk to the right lengths for the sledges; the puffing teams have toiled up through the snowy roads to take to the frozen river's breast the sweet-smelling balsamic freightage. The log, as it lies upon the snow, is a monstrous load in itself, one would say. The "go-devil" must now come into play to aid in getting the log into place, so that it may be loaded upon the wide sledge. The go-devil is good for short-range work, so to speak, and it is one of the essentials of lumber life. It is a primitive sort of sledge made from two bent roots of a strong maple-tree, joined together at the sharp point of a triangle, and extending backward some eight or ten feet. The runners of the go-devil are of some kind of hard wood, and they become very smooth and polished by the friction of the hauling.

Upon the go-devil the log is rolled, and then it is drawn by two sturdy horses, or mayhap a pair of steaming oxen, to the skidway. Here it is rolled off upon the skidway, and then it lies ready for the great sledges. The skidway is made of two strong timbers laid upon the earth in parallel lines, about six feet apart. Log after log from the snowy woods is hauled to the skidway and piled up to await the teams.

When there are enough logs on the skidway for a load the strong team of eight horses is driven in the "made" road up alongside, and the logs are drawn up or rolled up on the wide runners. The size of the load which is placed upon these sledges is something one unaccustomed to the ways of the woods would be prone to discredit. In the illustration shown an excellent representation is given of the load which may be put upon the sledges, and which, too, may be hauled to the river. The illustration is of one of the largest loads of logs ever successfully handled. Its dimensions were as follows: 21 feet high and 20 feet wide, containing 31,480 feet. Hauled by 4 horses one mile. The runners of the sledge were 5 inches thick, 11 inches high, 9 feet long, and 9 feet apart. The bars were 15 by 18 inches square, 12 feet long. The rocker was 15 by 18 inches square, 16 feet 3 inches long. Estimated weight of sledge and chains, 5 tons.

Down the long road to the river the logs are hauled, the teams with their gay trappings—for your woodsman is not averse to decking out his horses with sundry flaunting squirrel tails and showy ivory rings and what not—the men in their picturesque garb, the dazzling stretch of snow, the colonnaded pines, the ring of the axes in the distance, the far-off voices of the men at work, all making up a strikingly interesting scene.

This morning, you will see, there is a singularly smooth icy look to the roadway. The constant passing of the heavy loads along the way has worn the snow down to the brown leaves and the shining cones left in the late autumn where they were discarded by the thick underbrush and the loftier pines. The sprinkling-cart has been at work these many hours. Its cavernous depths have been filled from the deep river, and along the road it has passed for many an hour, sending out a thin spray, and making the road as smooth as glass.

Snow has been hauled on, too, to help to make the road passable, and this, with the fine work of the sprinkler, makes a travelable thoroughfare.

Here we are at last at the river's brink. Skilfully the logs are skidded upon the bank, ready to be rolled down upon the ice, or, if it shall be deemed necessary, they will be held until the river, in Western parlance, "breaks up." Then they will begin that interesting journey which every log takes down to the waiting mills hundreds of miles nearer the Gulf.

But if you look down the stream a little distance you will see that the intention in this camp is that the most, if not all, of these logs shall be placed upon the ice direct, there to await the annual freeing of the imprisoned stream. The river's expanse is thick with logs as far as you can see. Load after load has been hauled down for weeks past, and one would think the patient ice no longer would withstand the enormous burden. But it bears all uncomplainingly; and there is foundation for its patience, for has it not two or more solid feet of substance?

When the break-up comes, and the logs slowly sink down into their cold bath, there begins a journey, one of the most interesting in the world—too long a journey and too full of experiences for mention here.

But we have left the major portion of our crew away back in the denser forest, and we will load ourselves on this big sledge, sure that our hospitable driver will not say us nay, and back once more to the men in the woods.

It is of interest to note that the roads, when the snow is very deep, are troubled with an excess rather than a dearth. In that case it becomes necessary to break the roads through, so that the sledges may haul their loads in safety, and so that the horses or oxen, as the case may be, may not get stuck fast in the drifts. For the most part the snow falls smoothly in the depths of the forest—such a forest as that we are now in, on the crest of the great ridge which traverses the northern portion of the State of Minnesota. The forest is so vast, the trees stand so closely together, the wind has such a poor opportunity to wedge its way into the company of the giant pines, that for the most part the snow is lying like a snug-fitting carpet, undisturbed save by the long strides of elk or deer. Sometimes, however, the wind sweeps in, and then the snow, if it has not already been frozen to a thickish crust, is piled high by the trunks of the towering trees.

In any event, the road-breaking becomes a necessity when there is a heavy snowfall. A wide V-shaped snow-plough is improvised, generally of rough stout boards set on edge, and this with a stout team or a big yoke of oxen affords a fairly good substitute for the rotary plough which has now come to be the great blizzard-defier on the Northwestern railroads.

We are back in the deeper woods now, and, fortunate for us, we are to have a chance to partake of the noon-time lunch. It's a woodman's lunch, and there may be baked beans and pork, and all such kinds of stuff? Yes, to be sure,

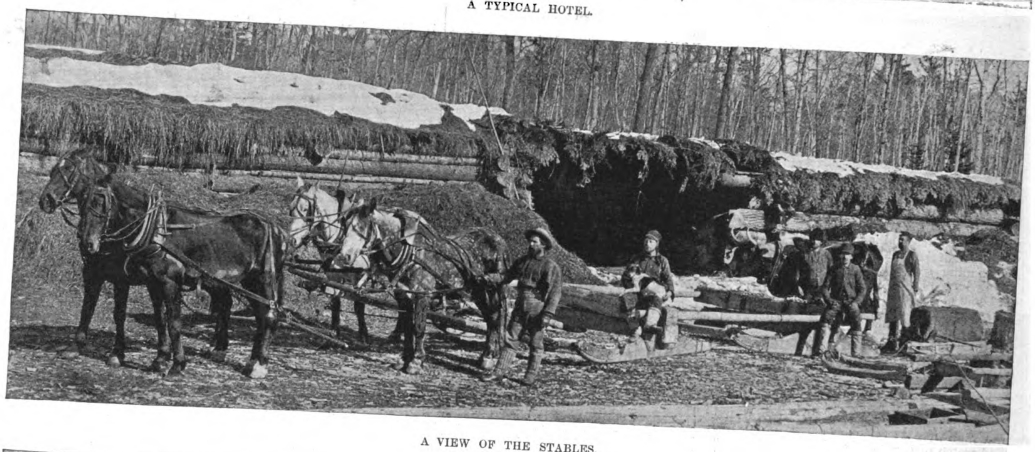
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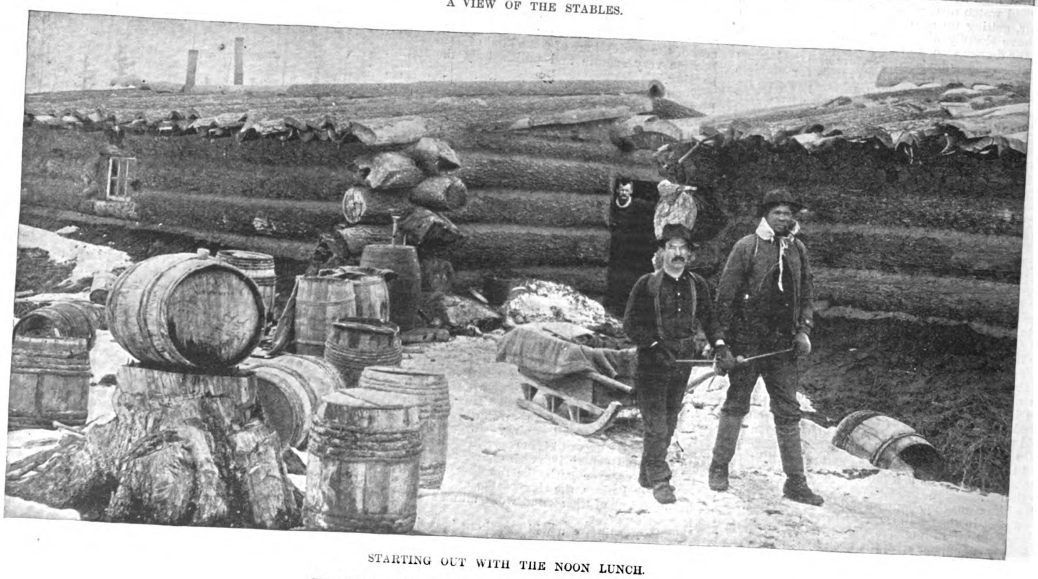
CLEARING THE ROAD AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL.



A TYPICAL HOTEL.



A VIEW OF THE STABLES.



STARTING OUT WITH THE NOON LUNCH.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.—From Photographs.

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THE SPRINKLER USED IN IMPROVING THE ROADS.



ON THE RIVER—READY FOR THE SPRING THAWS.



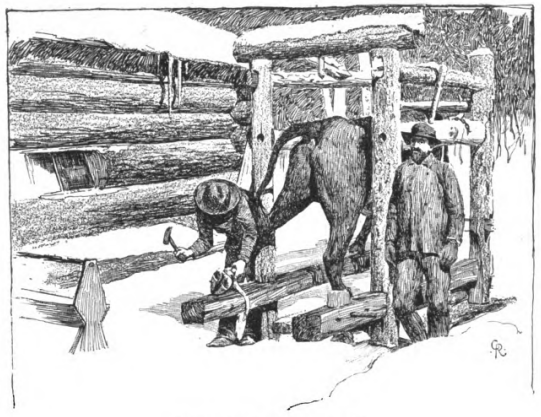
THE "GO-DEVIL" SLEDGE AT WORK.



AN ORDINARY HAUL.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.—From Photographs.

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METHOD OF SHOEING OXEN.

you are not to sit down to a Delmonico spread, but you shall say when you are through no more appetizing meal ever satisfied your hunger in the stateliest dining-room. For you are hungry; in this bracing, winelike air there is ever a zest which your city-fed folk never dream of.

In an open place the men are seated in all sorts of picturesque poses, for your typical woodsman is picturesque without meaning so to be—to drawing-room poses he is a stranger. From the far-away camp headquarters two men have drawn a large hand-sledge laden with the food for the noonday meal. It has been kept covered up with close-woven blankets, and it is steaming hot when the men gather around for their generous portions. You eat from a tin plate, and you have no trace of a napkin, and you are fortunate if a fork comes your way, and no cut-glass finger-bowl gleams before you; and as for table, there is none but your overcoated lap, and the only suggestion of damask is in the spotless snow around about you; but you eat—eat as though your very life depended on it, eat until you are absolutely ashamed of yourself.

You are back in the camp again now, and the sun has led on the long starry night, though it is not yet six o'clock by the big-bellied watch of the bull cook, who greets you at the door of the hospitable headquarters building. The men who have finished their day's hauling are at the stables with their tired horses. The stables are as primitive as the rest of the camp. Mayhap in the gloom you do not see that they are sodded up on the sides, with small windows for light, the walls being made of the prevailing pine logs. The piled-up snow has added its warmth to the sides, and in places the stables look like some big tortoise-shaped mound of snow. The horses of the camp will be fed about 115,000 pounds of food in the season, at an average cost of 43 cents per horse per day. It costs about 19 cents per man for the food of the loggers.

You may have noticed on the way to the camp, as you drove mile after mile through the forest, after you left the railroad station many leagues away, a lonesome group of one-story houses in the open. Around them a rim of pines; in front, stumps and a fallen log or two; at the door of the low cabin in the foreground, a figure or two or three, all in the same striking garb which interests all who come to the woods. It is one of the hotels, the half-way houses in the path of the traveller from one camp to another. A quiet enough place to stop, with no sound of passing steam-engine, or rattling cars, or hurrying herdics; no soot-laden atmosphere around, none of the traces of the distant civilization.

And yet it is not an inhospitable hostelry; you may even find a good bed set in a clean room, with no sign of paper or plaster on the walls, but in their stead smooth golden logs as clean as when they were first stripped of their coat of bark, and presenting to your eye a restful exterior, illumined as they are by the white light which floods in through the deep embrasure of the wide window. And the fare you may have you shall find clean and wholesome and well-cooked and plentiful.

But it is supper-time in the camp. There is a long room in the building where the big cook was standing when we came in from the long jaunt in the woods. At one end is a large range, for we eat and he cooks in the same room. The supper is waiting, and without any preliminaries we fall to and put to the blush the biggest eater in the crew. There is a good piece of roast beef, and a rasher of bacon, and some baked potatoes, and some delicate yellow corn-cake, and a venison stew, while here, perhaps for our especial delectation, comes a generous big cut of mince pie. You don't stop to ask where the mince-meat was made, or any such idle questions as that; you just eat, as you did at the noon lunch—eat as only a man can eat who has passed a day in the splendid winter air of a Northern logging camp.

When you have a little time to look around you shall note the men who sit around you are not of a low type of humanity by any manner of means. They are, for the most part, young men who have come to the woods to turn an honest penny through these winter days.

For dress they have thick-soled shoes with long tops, stout woollen stockings worn outside the pantaloons, a belted blouse of fantastic colors—red and blue and yellow in quaint little patches—with a warm cap, or perhaps a toque, to top off the suit.

The men do not sit up, as you would like to have them if you are anxious to study them as types. By nine o'clock lights are out in the big sleeping-rooms, where the men lie bunked up one above the other. There may be a jest or two, and some wide-awake talkers may have to be silenced with a swiftly thrown shoe, but they soon settle down to the dreamless sleep of the tired.

The men, who receive on an average about $1 per day and expenses, are paid once in the season, at the end, and then, when they make their way down to the big cities to the south, it does not take long for many of them to dispose of the funds which are their due. They lead, for the most part, a temperate life in the woods, though there are all sorts of stories you may hear as to the immorality of the camps. The time for reckless dissipation comes when the men reach some of the hell-holes at the outskirts of the woods, or when they get back again to our highly moral form of civilization found in our larger cities.

It would be interesting to know just how many feet of timber yet remain in the forests of the State of Minnesota. I had as an estimate one day from one of the best-known men in the business that there had been already cut in the State about 29,000,000,000 feet, and that he believed there were from nine billion to twelve billion feet now standing. The cut of the lumber-mills in the white-pine region of the Northwest, as given by the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, an authority on this subject, amounted during the season of 1892 to 4,380,314,565 feet, an increase over the previous year of 505,793,310 feet. This was from logs cut in the Mississippi Valley alone. It is estimated that the cut of the mills of Minneapolis alone during the present year will amount to nearly 600,000,000 feet.

GOD'S GARDEN.

THE years are flowers and bloom within
  Eternity's wide garden;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
  The gardener God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them roselike in His name.

RICHARD BURTON.

THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."

COLUMBUS, straining his eyes across the Sargasso Sea for a glimpse of Cathay, never dreamed that, when four centuries had rolled away, the Spanish government would summon to its aid all the skill and learning of the kingdom to discover in what manner of craft he made his famous voyage. But it happened, nevertheless, that as the fourth centennial of the discovery of America drew near, there arose much discussion in Spain concerning the ships in which the early navigators sailed across the seas.

It is not an easy matter to reconstruct an ancient vessel. The crumbling ruins of temples and palaces of long ago afford a key by which to study the manner of their construction, but, except in rare instances, when a Viking ship is discovered buried in the sand, the vessels of olden time have disappeared. The naval architecture of the Middle Ages, however, has been a subject of much interest to archæologists, and when the Spanish government determined to rebuild the *Santa Maria* it found that much information was already available. But all the details of construction were unknown, and to obtain these a council consisting of the most expert officers and engineers of the Spanish navy was called together, and a list of questions was prepared which all the learned men of Spain set to work to answer.

The task was difficult. There were many ancient woodcuts representing impossible vessels with huge bellying sails, and considerable general information, but very little which could be made of practical use for guidance in ship-building. The best memorial on the subject was a study of ancient naval architecture prepared some years ago by Señor Montleon, the Curator of the Naval Museum, which contained some plans and dimensions of the caravels of the Columbus fleet. This served as a starting-point for investigation. The work was prosecuted with great vigor. Curious documents were unearthed from ancient archives, where they had been buried in dust for centuries; libraries were searched, and everything concerning ships and sea-life in the writings of early historians and navigators was carefully studied.

At length the questions proposed were answered in such a practical manner that the Spanish government decided that the puzzle was unravelled, and the order was given to begin the work of reconstructing the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of the fleet which carried the discoverers to the New World. The final calculations to determine the strength, the sailing capacity, the height of the masts, the details of the rigging, and the extent of sail were made by Señor Bona, the head of the engineering department of the navy.

A commission was appointed by Don José de Beranger, the Minister of Marine, to superintend the work of construction, and on the 23d of April, 1892, the keel of the ship was laid in the navy-yard of Carraca, near Cadiz. In spite of the obstacles which naturally arose, the work progressed rapidly. Special care was necessary to preserve the antique appearance of the hull, which, with laborers accustomed to modern ways of working, was a matter of considerable difficulty, but the most skilled artisans were selected for the task, and they undertook it with zeal and enthusiasm.

This novel ship-building was pushed forward with such energy that on the 26th of June the *Santa Maria* was successfully launched, with much fluttering of banners and cheers of the assembled crowd. To the great delight of the builders it was found that the vessel's draught was 1 47 metres (4 feet 10 inches), which was precisely according to the calculations.

There was still much work to be done before the ship could sail the seas. Not only must she have the appearance of her ancestor, but all the interior arrangement, the armament, and even the furniture and decorations, must be as much like the caravel of four centuries ago as it was possible to make them. Valuable information concerning these details is given in the letters and log-books of Columbus and his comrades. Juan de la Cosa, who was the sailing-master of the ancient *Santa Maria*, gives in his letters an excellent description of the flags, and of the compass and other nautical instruments, and there are also many other letters and drawings of ships by navigators of the time of Columbus. The drawings are conventional and crude, but they give some idea of the appearance of the vessels of that date, and of the form and arrangement of the sails. These descriptions, and also the collections of ancient arms, furniture, utensils, and ship equipments of all kinds preserved in museums, served as guides for fitting out the caravel after the fashion of the fifteenth century.

The new *Santa Maria* is 22.60 metres (74 feet 2 inches) long, and has 7.80 metres (25 feet 7 inches) breadth of beam. Her depth at the centre or main deck is 4.10 metres (13 feet 5 inches), which the high upper works increase to 4.90 metres (16 feet) at the bow, and to 8.20 metres (26 feet 10 inches) at the stern. These measurements are believed to be those of the original caravel. It will be seen that the hull is short, narrow, and very high as compared with modern ships. The curves are also different from those of any ship built at the present time. The extremities of the caravel are very bulging, in order to support the enormous weight of the upper works, which at the prow project considerably over the body of the ship. The stern is flat, in the form of a scutcheon, and is decorated with characteristic emblems. In the centre above the opening for the tiller is a figure of the Virgin, which in early times was always emblazoned upon all Spanish vessels of importance.

Broad harpings run from stem to stern of the vessel, and other exterior braces called compass-beams are fastened vertically. There are three masts, which are fitted with yards and rigging such as the sailors of to-day never dreamed of, and it is a question if the crew will be able to handle the strange confusion of ropes and stays. The sails are shaped after ancient models, square on the fore and main masts, and lateen on the mizzenmast. The area of canvas is considerable, considering the size of the ship. The *Santa Maria* carries a curious collection of flags, which she will display upon all festive occasions. From the foremast will float the famous green cross with letters and crowns, which was the signal flag of the early discoverers; and the royal banner of Castile, red and white with the familiar castles and lions, will fly from the maintop. Other flags show the eagle with escutcheon and other armorial bearings of the Spanish monarchs.

Two small anchors, relics of the time of Columbus, which have been preserved in the navy-yard of Carraca, have been placed on board the caravel. Although they are in very good condition in spite of their four centuries of exposure, they are more for ornament than use, and the hope of the *Santa Maria* will rest upon her sheet-anchors, which, although cast after ancient designs, are new and ready for service.

The armament of the new "Admiral's ship" consists of two cannon and six falconets. The casting of these was the easiest part of the task of reconstruction, as the literature of ancient weapons of defence is full and extensive. There are also many specimens of the instruments of warfare of the Middle Ages still in existence to serve as models. The exact number of cannon carried by the Columbus ships is unknown, but there are records of what was considered a full armament for an admiral's ship, and these were taken as authority for fitting out the new *Santa Maria*.

The officers' quarters are in the upper part of the ship at the stern. In olden times the officers, with the exception of the commander, who had a small apartment for his private use, were accustomed to bunk together in the roomy space below the commander's room, the sailors oftentimes sharing accommodations with them, as the forecastle was not commodious. This comradeship will not exist in the new caravel. The furniture of the commander's cabin is like that of the ancient ship, which was fully described by Columbus. It consists of a bed with the famous red curtains which were such a source of delight to the Indian chief Guacanagari, a wardrobe with drawers for maps and books, one arm-chair, two small chairs, and a little table at which two persons can dine. The only decoration of the apartment is an image of the Virgin, Maria Stella, the patroness of early Spanish navigators, to whom the "Salve" was chanted every Saturday.

Elevated at the stern of the vessel, directly in the rear of the commander's apartment, is a huge iron lantern, the ancient insignia of an admiral, no other person being allowed to use it, or even to light it. The new commander of the *Santa Maria* is not likely to perform this service himself, as did Columbus of old. Indeed, the present admiral of the caravel, one of the high officers of the Spanish navy, is said to have considered it a degradation to be placed in command of the antique ship, with its comfortless quarters, and only after being assured that this was a special and therefore an honorable and distinguished service would he accept the position.

On July 30th the caravel, having been declared ready for sea, was towed down the bay of Cadiz and along the coast to the port of Huelva, to be in readiness for the great naval parade of August 3d. The day before the celebration she made her first voyage under her own sail, from Huelva to Santa Maria la Rabida, the convent where Columbus found shelter and protection before he became famous. The breeze was light, but still the caravel made about five miles an hour. She obeyed her helm as neatly as if she had been a trig modern clipper. August 3d, early in the morning, the flags of America and Spain were hoisted on the tower of the convent, and a peal of bells gave the signal to the caravel lying off the shore to weigh anchor and proceed to the parade at Palos. But there was no breeze, as there was on the morning four centuries ago when Columbus set sail, and it was necessary to tow the vessel to her place at the head of the line of battle-ships assembled for the festivities. As she passed up the line to her position, the stately modern ships saluted their ancient sister with firing of cannon and dipping of flags, to which she responded with a volley from her falconets.

The *Santa Maria* will present an extraordinary appearance with her antique hull and her outlandish sails and rigging. During her voyage across the ocean, if she fell in with any ship whose crew were ignorant of her existence, she must surely have been taken for the genuine *Flying Dutchman*, unless the traditional letters A. M. G. P. (*Ave Maria Gratia Plena*) upon her sails place her above suspicion. The *Santa Maria*, however, will not be trusted alone. Being, as it were, in her second childhood, she will need a faithful escort. She left Cadiz to follow her old tracks to the West Indies on February 11th. She was not relying on her own sail, but was in tow of a Spanish gunboat that will be her constant attendant. After a stay of some weeks in Havana she will come up the coast to New York. The *Pinta* and the *Niña*, the two small caravels of the Columbus fleet, have also been reconstructed in Spain, by order of the United States government. They have been towed to the West Indies, and will come to New York with the "Admiral's ship." The arrival of this fleet of antique caravels will be one of the most interesting events of the summer.

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AN AMERICAN PALACE.

THE Hotel Waldorf, which Henry J Hardenbergh has planned and built for William Waldorf Astor at the corner of Thirty-third Street and the Fifth Avenue, and which was opened last week by a concert-reception patronized by the fashionable society of the town, establishes a new standard of hotel construction. As it stands completed, it is scarcely more a public hotel than a popular museum of artistic interior decoration. The American and European ideas of what a magnificent hotel should be have been so adroitly grafted together upon the stem of unlimited money to work with that the resulting construction is one of the show places of the town. There is no hotel in New York or in America whose scheme or execution can be compared with it, and only a very few in Europe. The idea of the architect, following the wishes of the owner, has been to provide a series of family residences under one roof, of such substantial elegance as is to be found elsewhere only in the homes of very rich men. The idea of a public hotel has been avoided as far as possible consistently with a fit appreciation of the requirements of an establishment built for the entertainment of a thousand persons. The arrangement of the large lofty rooms upon the ground floor has been made with a view to their availability as a consistent whole, like the family rooms in a great private house, as well as to their separate uses. The decoration and furnishing have been carried out in the most minute details with a wholly artistic disregard of the amount of money expended. The whole work has been done *con amore* by Mr. Hardenbergh, the architect, and Mr. George C. Boldt, the lessee and proprietor, as a man with unlimited means might prepare a private residence for himself; and the hotel stands eminently beautiful as an elaborate and consistent work of art in a town where the lavish spending of money for mere outward manifestation of splendor has become a commonplace. Some purists have criticised certain portions of the interior decorations as almost florid, but these critics have admitted freely that they spoke from the stand-point of the classicist, and nobody has denied that the interiors, as a whole, are very beautiful, and worthy of praise far beyond interiors made for similar uses elsewhere, while the exterior of the great castellated structure evokes quick and hearty praise from everybody who sees it, and recalls the massive turrets and lofty gables of Heidelberg.

Only a few of the most obvious and important of the rooms in the Waldorf can be spoken of separately here. Perhaps the two rooms which deserve the most unreserved praise among all as consummate works of art are the Marie Antoinette *salon* and the German café. These two rooms are as different as can be, and each is almost flawless of its kind. It is an interesting fact that all the decorative painting upon walls and ceilings in the Waldorf is the work of American artists. This plan of giving American figure-painters and decorators a chance to show what they could do has brought forth most gratifying results to prove the wisdom of the idea. Every room in the hotel was designed in Mr. Hardenbergh's office.

The Marie Antoinette *salon*, which is to be the ladies' reception-room of the hotel, is oval in shape, with recesses, and is an exact reproduction of an apartment of Marie Antoinette. The wood-work is of white enamel, and much of the wall space is covered with mirrors. The fixtures for the electric lights are of gold bronze and crystal, showing figures of Cupid holding torches. These project from the wall and depend in front of the mirrors. The low broad mantel is of pure white marble. The ceiling is the crowning glory of the room, and consists of a canvas painted last year in Paris by Will H. Low. The subject is announced as "The Praise of Woman," which gratifying idea has been symbolized by figures arranged from classical models. The principal figure is nude, and floats against a background of fair blue sky at the southern extremity of the oval. The modelling and coloring of this figure are specially exquisite. Behind her is a car drawn by doves guided by Cupids, and in the background are groups of figures symbolizing music, poetry, and all the arts, completing the composition. Mr. Low told the writer that he considered this picture his *magnum opus*.

The decorations of the café are strictly in keeping with the use of the room. It is made purely in the style of the German Renaissance of the sixteenth century, about the time of Dürer. Upon the walls is set a high wainscoting of old oak, almost black, most beautifully carved, and with plain panels inlaid with wood scarcely lighter in tone. The mantels are of the same oak, with rich facing of Numidian marble. At one end of the room stands a clock in a tall oak case carved in the Black Forest. The ceiling is of oak, with panels modelled in relief and colored in greens and soft yellows. Above the wainscot is a frieze six feet high, showing figures of ancient German warriors and merrymakers, in costumes of the age, on a ground of golden yellow. At intervals heraldic devices are set upon this frieze. The electric light fixtures are elaborate and striking in design. Wrought-iron chains hanging from the ceiling sustain stag antlers, from the base of which spring carved oaken figures of the "Tyrolerweibchen" offering cups of wine. The light brackets at the sides of the room are backed with the originals of shields bearing the arms of ancient vintage companies and other German guilds. There are stained-glass windows and a large skylight of the same glass. This glass was designed by F. Crowninshield, of Boston, the frieze was painted by George Maynard, and the wood-carving was provided by William Baumgarten.

The great dining-room, which occupies the whole Fifth Avenue front on the ground-floor, is decorated by Baumgarten in magnificent Honduras mahogany and massive gold bronze after the best models of the First Empire. The walls have a high wainscot of the wood, the pilasters of which are panels covered with silk of apple-green color, with figures in orange. A great deal of bronze ornament is applied to the wood. There are three entrances, and the high windows are heavily curtained. The mantel is of verd-antique marble, and along each side of the room is a row of very heavy pillars of the same marble, with great bronze capitals and bases. The ceiling, by Crowninshield, is divided into three panels. The prevailing tones are yellows and greens. One panel contains figures emblematic of the fruits of the earth and of the chase; the other shows figures bearing water and wine. The centre panel suggests the festivity and mirth which follow "delicate feasting."

The decorations of the ballroom are of the period of Louis XVI. The prevailing effect of color is of pale creams and of delicate tints of green. The mantel is of cipollino marble, such as is used in certain columns in the Vatican. It is palest green in color, and comes from old Roman quarries which are nearly exhausted. The ceiling was painted in part by Maitland Armstrong, who did the cove and all the decorative work, including thirteen lunettes. Three large panels upon the ceiling, representing the dance from archaic to modern times, are by Frank Fowler. The wood-work is creamy white in tint, relieved with gold. A musicians' gallery is fixed upon the north wall, and three arched windows look into the room from a loggia out of the mezzanine story on the east. Its size is about thirty-five by fifty feet. The furniture is gilt, upholstered in tapestry.

The drawing-room in the "state apartments" at the front of the building upon the second floor is decorated in the style of Henry IV. Original Flemish tapestries of great antiquity have been hung upon the walls, under the direction of Georges Ghenzer. Over the mantel of Italian marble is a portrait of Marguret of Valois—"la Reine Margot"—painted by Herbert Denman. The covering of the table in the centre of the room is an old altar-cloth embroidered in gold bullion upon a red ground. The ceiling is panelled in parallel beams, carved and decorated. All the pieces of furniture in this room are originals, and models of magnificent oak carving and upholstery in tapestry. Nearly twenty rooms, each of them decorated and finished magnificently, complete the apartments in this unequalled suite. In the bedchamber is the celebrated Francis I. bed, of which so much has been said and written. The banqueting-room contains Mr. Boldt's private collection of china, which is insured for $38,000.

Among the most remarkable of the other rooms in this wonderful palace called the Hotel Waldorf is the Astor dining-room, which is a restoration of the original walls and ceiling from the old Astor mansion which stood on the site of the hotel. The walls are wainscoted in panelled walnut, and the furniture corresponds. Six large paintings on the walls are also originals stripped from the walls of the old house.

Among the many suites of rooms decorated after special models are the Greek and Pompeiian suites, made from Mr. Hardenbergh's own designs; and an East Indian suite, done in carved teak-wood specially imported, for which Lockwood de Forest painted the walls and ceilings. To endeavor to give any adequate idea of the beautiful decorations of the Waldorf in a short sketch is almost as idle as to try to make marginal notes of the good things in the printed works of William Shakespeare.

An exterior view of the hotel was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 14, 1891.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A CERTAIN contemporary of the daily press keeps grumbling about the contemporary poets, and accusing them of not turning out good goods. It was this contemporary that suggested awhile ago that all the real poets were either dead or had retired from active business, and that in their places we had a horde of rhymers, "hand-organ men, turning out their wearisome stanzas while they look up at the windows of the houses with anxious eyes." More recently it has averred that, "generally speaking, the poetry of the day inclines to be a bore," and it adds:

> "The religious, the sentimental, the heroic, the patriotic, and the homely poetry that is diffused through the weekly press especially is goody-goody, limping, and tedious. Only now and then do we strike a poem that has ideas in it, with genuine originality, true imagination, and a sound ear for music."

Now the main difference between the poetry of the weekly press and that of the daily is that the former usually pays for its verse, and the latter commonly, though not always, pursues the thriftier plan of supplying its poetical needs out of the weeklies and monthlies with a pair of shears. Consequently if the poetry of the weeklies is not of the requisite width and due woolliness, such dailies as this grumbling contemporary feel that they have been imposed upon, and have a right to complain.

But, as a matter of fact, have poetic masterpieces ever been really abundant? Have they not always been rather scarce, partaking of the nature of the

> One planet in a starless night,

and all the more pleasant and desirable by very reason of their rarity? Suppose it were possible for the editor of an ambitious daily to put his scissors into the first weekly that came to hand with a certainty of fetching out poems graced with ideas, originality, imagination, and music, and consequently suitable for the poetry column of his Sunday issue, would that necessarily mean that it was a good season for poets, and that the golden age of poetry was impending?

It is easy to demonstrate that it would not. It might be a good season for editors, but that is quite different. A good year for really able poets is when poetry of true merit is very scarce and dear. If it is at present as scarce as our contemporary insists, that contemporary, if it were a true friend of the deserving poet and of true poetry, would rejoice with him, and put up its rates for sincerely meritorious verse. The probability is, however, that the average quality of the poetic output is not lower than usual. Inquiry among poets as to the current rates of compensation elicits no such information as the complaints above quoted would lead one to expect. There may have been some advance in the price of poetry during the last decade, owing to a multiplication of periodicals and a fairly brisk demand for marketable verse, but no such figures are offered for the best grades as would warrant the implication of any such dearth of truly good poetry as our contemporary suggests. The matter is easily determined by securing a new and original genuine poem with ideas and imagination and music in it, and making a practical test of the willingness of this very carping critic to pay a famine price for it.

Is it any consolation, do you suppose, to French thrift to learn that so considerable a part of the Panama money never got out of France, and so escaped being sunk in that hopeless ditch?

There is a curious institution in Boston which seems to be peculiar to that place, as well as indigenous there. It is the Saturday afternoon club dinner. A casual copy of the *Transcript*, a month old by this time, records that on the afternoon of its issue fifty members of the Middlesex Club dined at Young's Hotel, and discussed "the Executive Council" after their food. On the same afternoon twenty-five members of the Boston Club dined at Parker's, and had Insurance for the topic of the after-dinner addresses. Coincidently the Hon. Ernstus Wiman aided the digestions of the Commercial Club at Young's by a discourse on Canada, the Mutual Insurance Club dined at the American House, and Dr. Holmes presided at the dinner of the original Saturday Club at Parker's.

This last circumstance of course disarms criticism. If any one was going to say anything derogatory to the practice of eating solid meals in the middle of the solid day as a preliminary to discourse on solid subjects (like Insurance or the Executive Council), he may just as well hold his peace. Prandial and post-prandial habits that are countenanced by the Autocrat may excite wonder, but only the class of critics who rush in where angels fear to tread would venture to deride them. And yet, to any one not a Bostonian and brought up to it, there is something queer, not to say weird, about gormandizing by daylight in hotels, and sitting under after-dinner speakers in their "business suits."

How does it happen that there has been no protest from American mothers against the threatened revival of American shipping? For a whole generation there has been nothing in the nature of maritime allurement to tempt any reasonable American lad to leave his warm bed, shin down the water-pipe from the second-story window, and hie him away to a life on the bounding deep. For a generation the American mother has lost very little sleep over her sailor son, and he has been content to stay at home, or thereabouts, and find some more lucrative job than seafaring. Her safeguard now is the comparative scarcity of sails. The romance has gone out of the marine profession, and only the business end of it is left. The New-Englander with brine in his blood sniffs at steamers, and is liable to speak of even the great Atlantic liners as "floating restaurants," which call not so much for sea-captains as for men who can keep a hotel. Such is his scornful attitude; a mistaken one, but often sincere enough to keep him ashore.

Several allusions have been made in recent numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to the bill before the New York Legislature for the purchase of land and buildings in Livingston County to be used for the establishment of a colony of epileptics. At this writing (March 16th) the bill has passed the Assembly, and gives fair promise of becoming a law. The property for the purchase of which it provides is that of the Sonyea Society of United Christian Believers, and is a tract of 1800 acres near Mount Morris, in the Genesee Valley. The buildings on the tract are valuable, and fit for the uses to which the property would be put. The price, $125,000, is considered by the State Board of Charities to be less than a fair consideration for the estate, but the present owners bought it for benevolent uses, and prefer that, if possible, it should continue to be used for charitable purposes.

There are hospitals for epileptics in several States, some of them on the cottage plan, but nowhere in this country is there such a colony as it is now proposed to establish. The model enterprise of the sort is that at Bielefeld, in Germany, which was lately described in an article copied from the *Contemporary Review* into the *Popular Science Monthly*. Most epileptics are able to work, but cannot keep ordinary situations, because as soon as their infirmity shows itself they lose their places. Consequently, if they are poor, they are sent to poorhouses, or live at home, often under distressing conditions. The one thing that is the surest preventive of insanity resulting from epilepsy is steady work, and that is just what is denied to most epileptics who are poor. The purpose of a colony is to give these unfortunate people a chance to keep their disease at bay, and earn for themselves, in part at least, a decent and honorable livelihood. Many of them are self-respecting people of character and capacity, who are utterly out of place in poorhouses, but who are shut out from ordinary industries. The State Board of Charities says that there are probably 5000 epileptics in this State for whom no fit provision is now made. People who are conversant with the charitable work of any of the larger cities know how badly off these sufferers are, and how little they are to blame for the case they are in. It is to be hoped that considerations neither of economy nor of politics will prevent the Senate and the Governor from giving them the benefit of the chance that now offers.

London has a new paper, the *Divorce Gazette*, which gives special reports of current divorce cases, without omitting any details of the evidence. The English public seems to have an exceptionally violent taste for divorce literature. The space given to it in the most conservative and respectable London papers surprises American readers. The British reader whom the ordinary divorce reports in the reputable papers do not satisfy, must be one of that thorough-going class of moderns who are not content with being dipped into the gutter, but demand to wallow in it.

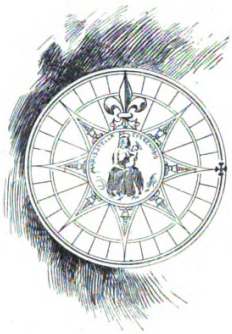
A recent Washington despatch gives the details of a mackerel-shaped flying-machine, in the construction of which Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, is reported to be engaged. An elaborate working model of the machine has been contrived, and when perfected is to be tested at a lonely place "about forty-five miles down the Potomac." The machine, says this despatch, was built in a secret room of the Smithsonian Institution, where it now rests.

> "It was conceived about twenty months ago by Professor Langley, who associated with him in the work of experimentation Chief Clerk W. C. Winlock and Dr. Kidder, a scientific expert employed at that time in the institution. Four skilled workmen in mechanics and metallurgy were put to work at fifty cents an hour, under pledge of secrecy. The work went on at odd hours, mostly at night and on Sundays. Professor Langley went to France to personally superintend the making of the central tube, which constitutes the backbone of the structure, and brought it back with him among his personal effects, to insure careful handling."

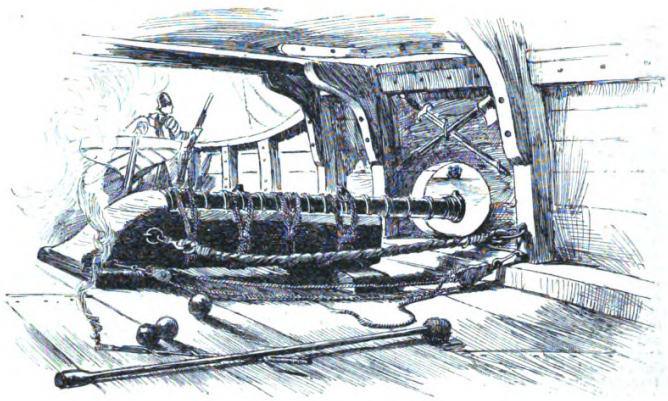
Interest attaches to this report for several reasons. Even a flying-machine must be taken seriously if it has engaged the serious and protracted attention of a man of such scientific eminence as the head of the Smithsonian Institution. Furthermore, what makes the story credible and adds to the importance of the experiment is the fact that a large sum of money was given in 1891 by Thomas Hodgkins of Setauket to the Smithsonian Institution to be devoted "to the increase and diffusion of more exact knowledge in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." If it is a property of atmospheric air to be navigable by human beings, there is no doubt that the welfare of man might be singularly promoted by an increase of knowledge in that direction. It was to be expected, therefore, that one of the first uses to which Professor Langley would put the accumulating income of the Hodgkins fund would be to make as exhaustive a test as contemporary knowledge permits of the feasibility of flying-machines. The results of his experiment will be awaited with interest. He has a great advantage over that other experimenter, Mr. Keeley, in that he is not dependent upon the support of stockholders with hearts to be made sick by dividends long deferred.

E. S. MARTIN.

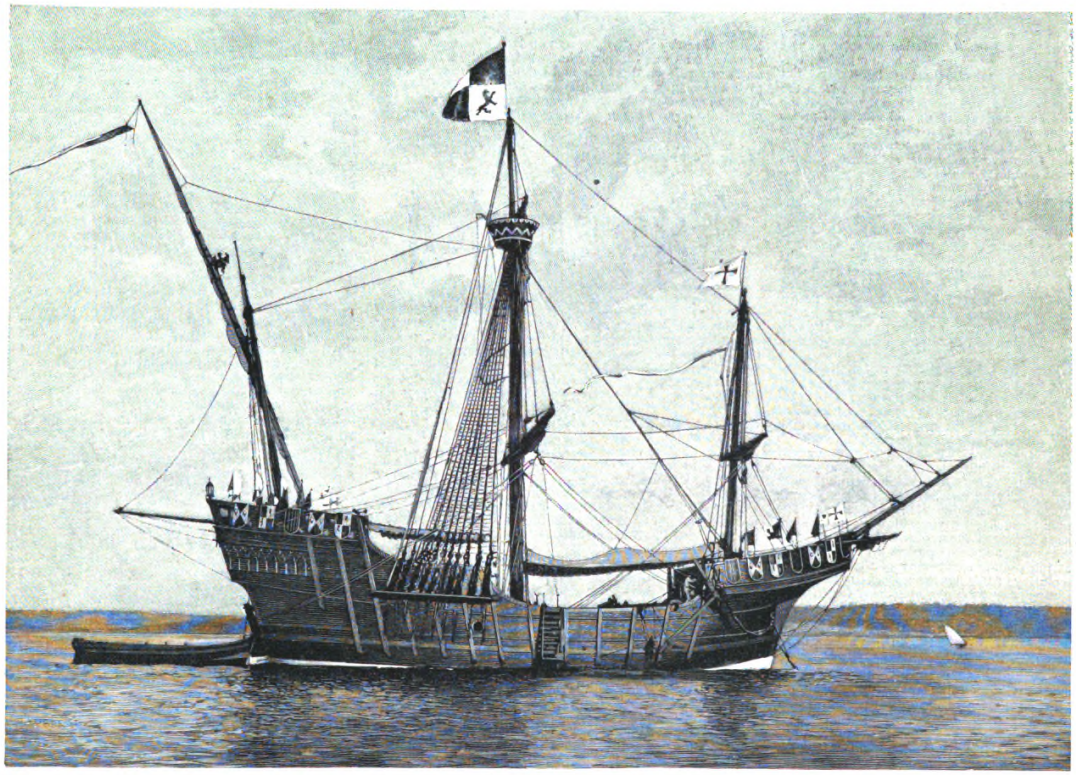
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COMPASS.



AN OLD-TIME GUN.



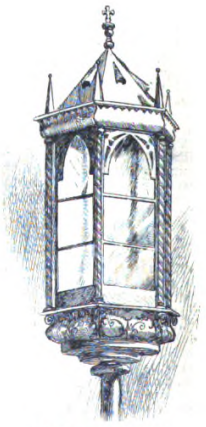
THE "SANTA MARIA."



A RELIC OF THE TIME OF COLUMBUS.



A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FLAGS AND BANNERS.



ADMIRAL'S LANTERN.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."
From Drawings by HARRY C. EDWARDS, and a Photograph.—[See Page 282.]

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THE HON. ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.
United States Minister to Mexico.



THE HON. JAMES H. BLOUNT.
Commissioner to the Hawaiian Islands.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



THE HON. WILLIAM McADOO.
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

MR. CLEVELAND'S NOMINATIONS.

MR. CLEVELAND'S first appointments are of men thoroughly well known in politics. They have excited no surprise, for they were natural appointments for Mr. Cleveland to make. There is not one of the nominees who was not an important factor in the campaign that resulted in Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election.

The most important nomination is that of Isaac Pusey Gray as Minister to Mexico. Mr. Gray has for several years been one of the most prominent Democrats in Indiana. He was born in Pennsylvania October 18, 1828. When he was a child his father took him to Ohio, and when he was married, in 1855, he went to Union City, which is partly in Ohio and partly in Indiana. He was first in business, then became a lawyer, and when the war broke out he went into the army, and was a captain in the Fourth Indiana Cavalry. He was a Republican until Grant's administration, having been the Republican leader in the State Senate. General Grant offered him the Consulate to St. Thomas in 1870, but he declined the office, because he did not agree with the President's policy. In 1872 he joined the Liberal Republican movement, and from that time to this he has been a Democrat. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and after the death of Williams, the Governor, he filled the higher office until the expiration of the term. He was elected Governor of the State in 1884, and was the choice of his party in Indiana for the Presidential nomination in 1892. His friends early saw, however, that Mr. Cleveland's nomination was absolutely certain, and therefore withdrew Mr. Gray's name. He was then made a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated by Mr. Stevenson. During the campaign his conduct was worthy of his previous reputation, and it was confidently expected that he would go into the cabinet. The appointment of Judge Gresham, however, made it difficult to select him for the office that he desired, and he was made Minister to Mexico at his own request. The Mexican mission is now on the same footing as the four first-class missions of Europe, and the salary is the same, $17,500 a year.

The most valuable office, pecuniarily, in the gift of the President is the Consulate-General at London. Its revenues are large, and the social duties required of the Consul-General are nothing. Mr. Patrick A. Collins, who has been appointed to the office, is one of the best-known Irishmen in this country and in Great Britain. He came to the United States when he was four years old, and he has lived at Chelsea and Boston, Massachusetts, ever since. He gained his legal education while he worked as an upholsterer, and was elected a State Senator while he was a student at Harvard College Law School. He served as a State legislator for several years, was Judge-Advocate General on Governor Gaston's staff, and served three terms in the Federal House of Representatives, retiring voluntarily to resume his law practice, which is important. Mr. Collins is one of the cleverest and ablest orators in the country, and his services to Mr. Cleveland on the stump, especially in 1884, when he held the Irish vote to its old-time party allegiance against its tendency to stampede to Mr. Blaine, was of the utmost importance. It was Mr. Collins's task in the last campaign to defeat Patrick Egan's attempt to carry the Irish vote away from Mr. Cleveland.

He is, first of all, an American citizen, and next a most devoted and intelligent friend of his native land. He is probably the most popular Irishman there is with both wings of the Home Rule party, and will be eminently *persona grata* to Mr. Gladstone's government.

Josiah Quincy, who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the ablest, perhaps the most intellectual, of the young men who have came to the front in Massachusetts Democratic politics. He is of the family which has given two mayors of his name to Boston. He is about thirty-five years old, a graduate of Harvard University, and a lawyer. He is a most admirable campaign manager, and as Chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee has conducted the contests which have aided in the election of Governor Russell. He has been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, but has not held any other office.

James H. Blount, who has gone to Hawaii for the purpose of investigating the question of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States, has for twenty years been one of the most prominent Democrats of the South, and one of the leading men in the Federal House of Representatives. He has been especially active as the Chairman of the Com-



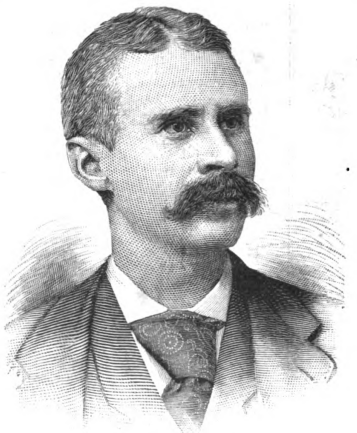
DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM.
Chief of Construction of the Columbian Exposition.—[See Page 286.]



THE LATE JULES FERRY.
President of the French Senate.—[See Page 278.]



THE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.
Consul-General at London.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.
Assistant Secretary of State.



THE HON. ROBERT A. MAXWELL.
Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

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mittee on Post-offices and Post-roads. Recently he has been Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He is about fifty-six years old. He is not a member of the present Congress, having declined a renomination.

A most important political appointment is that of Robert A. Maxwell, of Batavia, in this State, as Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. This officer appoints the fourth-class postmasters. Mr. Maxwell is one of the most active and aggressive enemies of the Hill-Murphy machine in this State. He was Treasurer of the State when Mr. Cleveland was Governor, and in 1886 was appointed by Governor Hill to be Superintendent of the Insurance Department. In 1888 Mr. Maxwell was suspected by Governor Hill of being more of a Cleveland than a Hill man, and the relations between the two became strained. The Governor removed him in 1891. Mr. Maxwell was a very energetic anti-snapper.

William McAdoo, named for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was born in Ireland in 1853. He came to this country in early boyhood, and went to live in Jersey City. There he studied law and practised his profession until he was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress. He served in that and in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He was at first greatly attached to the late Samuel J. Randall, but soon developed into an ardent advocate of tariff reform and a warm friend of Mr. Cleveland. He is one of the best stump-speakers in the party, and was a good and frequent debater in Congress. He served on the Committee on Naval Affairs, and is in sympathy with all that has been done for the reconstruction of the navy during the last two administrations. His selection is as much an evidence of friendship for the navy as that of Mr. Herbert.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred in Boston on the afternoon of March 10th. Although the progress of the flames was effectually checked within three hours after the sounding of the first general alarm, nearly three million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, three lives were lost, and some twenty-five persons were injured. Strange as it may seem, all of Boston's big fires have been nearly in the same district, and all the alarms have been sent in from the same box—No. 52. The scene of this last conflagration is about three-fourths of a mile from the City Hall, and almost touches the boundaries of the portion burned over by the big Thanksgiving fire of 1889. The United States Hotel, the Brown-Durrell Building, the Ames Building, the Farlow, Brigham, and Little buildings, were all reduced to a mass of charred timber, bricks, and granite blocks, heaped one upon another. Tufts Street, forming the southern boundary-line of the fire, presented a weird appearance when our artist, only a few hours after the fire, made the series of sketches for the accompanying illustrations. Looking east from Kingston Street one could see on the left the charred and tottering walls of the Brown-Durrell Building; while on the right, through broken walls, half-burned stairways, and wreaths of shifting smoke, he might catch a glimpse of the blackened rear walls of the United States Hotel. Further down upon the left was the F. L. Ames—or "Partridge" Building, as it is called—in the centre of which and upon the third floor the fire originated. In the main entrance of the Brown-Durrell Building on Kingston Street was a seething cataract of rushing water pouring down from the stairways.

The Emergency Hospital, which adjoins the Brown-Durrell Building on Kingston Street, sent no ambulance for sufferers, but stretchers with the injured and dying were constantly passing in and out. Dr. George A. Galvin, of the hospital, his leg in a plaster cast from a recent injury, heroically superintended the care of the many sufferers. In spite of the peril, the doctor devoted his whole time to the preservation of human life, and was the last one to be carried through the doorway on a stretcher.

District Chief John F. Egan, of South Boston, had perhaps one of the most remarkable escapes from death ever experienced at a big conflagration. Passing to the roof of the Brown-Durrell Building with an employé to open roof hydrants, he found himself cut off from all means of escape, on the top of a six-story building, eighty feet from the ground. Frantic endeavors to attract the attention of his men below proved fruitless. At length the chief threw his white hat down into the crowd. A hundred faces turned aloft and caught sight of the two men. Ladders were at once raised, and vain efforts made to reach them.

The chief's companion disappeared in the blinding smoke and flame. Mr. Egan was given up for lost. Suddenly the wondering crowd saw a thrilling sight. The daring chief approached cautiously the cornice, and working himself along over the edge, grasped the end of a thick line of cable extending across the street. A firm circling of the arms, a similar grasp of the legs, and the daring adventurer, head and body downwards, began slowly edging his way along the slender and perilous bridge. To those watching him minutes seemed hours, and women, and even men, in the street below fainted from the awful suspense. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he made his way along. Brave firemen severed carefully the cable end upon the opposite side of the street, and attaching a rope, slowly lowered the cut end to the ground. Twenty feet from the ground the chief's strength left him, and he fell headlong, a helpless form, into a life-net held by his comrades below.

The Ames Building, where the fire started, and the Brown-Durrell adjoining, were by far the largest of the structures destroyed, being new buildings, costing $300,000 each. Without giving a detailed description of the edifices, which were both of "mill" or "slow-burning" construction, we may perhaps note that the floor area of the Brown-Durrell Building was 20,600 square feet, the lower story being of stone, and those above of brick with stone trimmings. The owners are the Boston Real Estate and Trust Company.

The Ames Building was perhaps the finest of its class in the city; the water-table at the base was of red Bradford granite, while the material of the first and second stories was Longmeadow sandstone. From the third story upward the building was of red brick. The cornice was remarkably rich and heavy, and the roof was flat, covered with composition. Three fire-proof stairways extended from basement to upper floor, but in spite of this fact the flames were soon leaping swiftly from floor to floor, and the structure was doomed. The fire spread like magic through the fire-proof blocks of terra-cotta composing the partitions, and employés fled for their lives.

This was Boston's big fire of '72 over again, and our business community has suffered a most severe blow, from which it will take many months to recover.

MILTON JEROME STONE, JUN.



DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM.

A PUBLIC dinner will be given on the evening of March 25th to Daniel Hudson Burnham, the Director of Works of the World's Columbian Exposition. The call for this dinner explains tersely the origin of the function, for it reads: At the dedication of the buildings of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in October last, there was a general expression of opinion on the part of the artists that some testimonial should be given to Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works, in recognition of the great benefit to architecture, sculpture, and painting resulting from his connection with the fair. The call was signed by the following gentlemen:

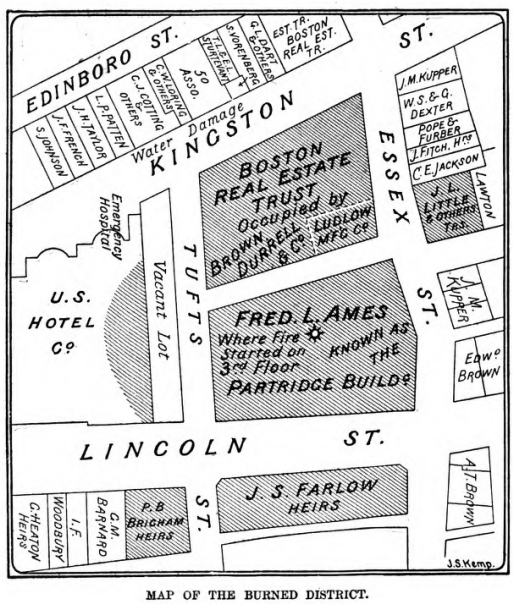
William W Appleton, Edwin Booth, J. G. Brown, Howard Russell Butler, C. C. Beaman, H. C. Bunner, Joseph H. Choate, William M. Chase, Beverly Chew, Chauncey M. Depew, Timothy Dwight, Rev. E. Winchester Donald, Charles W. Eliot, Joseph Evans, Charles Fairchild, Charles S. Fairchild, Richard Watson Gilder, Rev. David H. Greer, Daniel C. Gilman, Henry L. Higginson, Henry E. Howland, William D. Howells, J. Henry Harper, Richard M. Hunt, Edward W. Hooper, Eastman Johnson, Joseph Jefferson, Edward H. Kendall, Seth Low, Charles F. McKim, Henry G. Marquand, John A. Mitchell, William R. Mead, Francis D. Millet, Thomas L. Manson, Jun., Thomas Newbold, Charles Eliot Norton, Frederick Law Olmsted, Dr. Francis Lindsay Patton, Robert S. Peabody, George B. Post, Henry W. Poor, Daniel G. Rollins, E. Randolph Robinson, Frederick W. Rhinelander, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Scribner, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Francis Lynde Stetson, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas W. Wood, William R. Ware.

It is a noteworthy fact that this will be the first occasion in the history of this country when a member of one of the artistic professions has been publicly honored. The real significance of the event is deeper and more far-reaching than the ceremony of recognizing Mr. Burnham's great services in the construction of the "White City." It means that the time has come when the importance of art as an active factor in civilization is at last at hand. Further, it encourages the hope that the day is not far off when even the government may emerge from the penumbra of indifference and ignorance which has so long shrouded it, as far as its relations with art is concerned, and finally awake to the knowledge that there is a standard of taste which is as distinct from political creeds as the latter are from religious beliefs, and which it will be worth while for the nation's honor and glory to recognize, cultivate, and reward. In honoring Mr. Burnham, the guests of the dinner will be honoring art through him as the foremost representative of the profession of architecture in this country, and the event will be epoch-making in the best sense of the expression.

A brief biography of Mr. Burnham is sure to be of interest. He was born in Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, on September 4, 1846, and his parents were natives of Vermont, his great-great-grandfather on his mother's side being Samuel Hopkins of Revolutionary fame. His family moved to Chicago in 1855, where he passed through his preliminary educational period, and afterwards studied three years under private instruction in Massachusetts. Returning to Chicago in the autumn of 1867 he entered the office of Loring & Jenney, architects, where he passed eighteen months, and then for the sake of health and experience spent a year or more in a mining and ranch life in Nevada. On his return from the far West he renewed the study of his chosen profession in the office of Mr. L. G. Laureau, and after the great fire of October, 1871, engaged with Messrs. Carter, Drake, & Wight, in whose office he made the acquaintance of John W. Root, with whom he formed a partnership in 1873, which lasted until Mr. Root's untimely death in January, 1891. The great fire swept away the crude efforts of the earlier Chicago architects, and the new firm had every opportunity for the exercise of the joint talents of the two young men, each of whom had already made a reputation for himself as an architectural designer.

It was an ideal combination, for the qualities of the one supplemented those of the others, Mr. Root being generally recognized as the artist of the firm, and Mr. Burnham as the executive officer and administrator. For eighteen years they worked in perfect harmony, and in that time left a great mark not only on the architecture of Chicago, but of the country. Mr. Burnham is an engineer of great ability, and his methods of construction are at the same time novel, modern, and eminently practical, and have revolutionized to a great extent the systems in former use. The twenty-story Masonic Temple, the Monadnock, the Woman's Temple, the Montauk, the Rialto, the Rookery, and scores of other huge structures are worthy monuments to his skill and taste. In the rush of an active business, which extends from Georgia to California, Mr. Burnham has found the time, for he has had the strong impulse, to encourage the interests of his profession at large. He was one of the first to join the call for a meeting of architects in Chicago in 1884 to organize the Western Association of Architects, of which he was the first president, as he was also of the Illinois Association of Architects. Both these associations have become part of the American Institute of Architects, of which organization Mr. Burnham is now vice-president.

In September, 1890, the World's Columbian Exposition appointed Messrs. Burnham & Root consulting architects. A month later Mr. Burnham was appointed chief of construction, and upon the death of Mr. Root assumed the responsibilities of consulting architect, in addition to his duties as the head of the construction department. The first great point which Mr. Burnham was called upon to decide in the construction of the exposition was the choice of architects, and he succeeded in securing the authority to ignore all precedent in regard to competition, and to appoint a board of architects to design the buildings. The wisdom of this choice is amply proved by the edifices themselves. In the summer of 1892 Mr. Burnham was appointed director of works, and given entire charge of both the artistic and practical work of preparing the grounds and buildings, the control of the police, transportation, and all other physical forces of the exposition. There need be no comment on the work he has done. The public has already declared it noble beyond the most enthusiastic prediction.



MAP OF THE BURNED DISTRICT.

"PEACE," BY WALTER L. DEAN.

THE painting called "Peace," by Walter L. Dean, of Boston, which is to be exhibited in the World's Fair, is on a canvas nine feet wide by six feet three inches high, and represents the White Squadron at anchor in Boston Harbor. The most conspicuous vessel is the flag-ship *Chicago*, Rear-Admiral John J. Walker commanding, and farther up the harbor lie the cruisers *Newark*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, and *Boston*. At the main-topsail yard-arm of the flag-ship the signal "furl sails" is displayed. The *Newark* is guard ship of the squadron, as is indicated by a white flag with a red cross flying at her mast-head. The historic yacht *America* is seen running up the harbor between the *Chicago* and the *Atlanta*. In the distance the city of Boston, with the gilded dome of the Massachusetts State-house, is visible at the left. East Boston at the right, and the Charlestown Navy-yard between the two. The old sloop-of-war *Wabash* lies at the navy yard, and the Bunker Hill Monument is in view beyond the State-house at the left. Under a clear summer sky the water is only slightly rippled by a faint breeze, and is full of dancing reflections of the great white cruisers. A soft veil of smoke hangs over the distant city. In spite of the presence of the white cruisers, the serene aspect of the scene suggests no thought of war. Moreover, Mr. Dean, in common with a great many other people, believes that one of the most effective ways of maintaining peace is to be prepared for war.

The artist was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1854, and has passed most of his life in Boston, whither his parents moved when he was a small child. Boats and boating were his earliest predilection, and he passed every possible moment out of school hours on the water. His Herreshoff cat-boat *Fannie* was for many years the fastest boat of her size; and in 1875, when *Forest and Stream* published an account of all the races sailed throughout the country, the *Fannie* was declared the champion of the season for the United States, having sailed for many prizes, and having taken first prize in each race.

When his school days were over, Dean was given an opportunity to study the business of cotton manufacture in his native city, and in order to gain a thorough familiarity with all the details of the trade, he entered a mill and worked in succession at every machine in the establishment, from opening the bales of raw cotton to weaving, etc., and finally to baling the finished cloth. But this occupation proved to have little attraction for him, and he determined to give it up. He went back to Boston and entered an evening drawing-school. The following year he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and studied architecture for a short time under Professor William R. Ware, and subsequently entered the Massachusetts Normal Art School to take the elementary course. He remained there three years, taking the third and fourth years courses in one year. After graduation he was appointed teacher of drawing in the Boston free evening drawing-schools, where he worked during two winters. He then accepted the offer of a position as art instructor at the Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. On his return to Boston from the West he decided to devote all of his time to painting, and he studied for a year under M. Achille Oudinot, a delightful old French gentleman, an intimate friend of Corot, and an accomplished landscape-painter, who has since died in France.

In 1882 Dean went to Paris, and passed a year studying in the Julian Academy under Lefebvre and Boulanger. He then took to the country, and more particularly to the seacoast, and rambled through Brittany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and England, filling his sketch-books with a mass of drawings and his trunk with oil studies, of which I remember certain breezy North Sea and Zuyder Zee pictures full of spirit and color.

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When he returned to Boston, after an absence of two years and a half, almost the first *thing* he did was to fit up the yacht *Undine*, of twenty-six tons, and to set forth on a sketching cruise which lasted over four months. Acting as his own skipper, and never taking a pilot, he cruised along the New England coast at his own sweet will *from* June till October, visiting every port between Boston and Eastport.

At another time he made voyages on the barkentine *Christina Redman* and the bark *Woodside* for the purpose of becoming familiar with square-rigged vessels, which, as every marine painter will agree, are far more picturesque than the big "wind-jammers" that have so largely displaced them in the coasting trade. When a mere boy he had made a mackerel cruise on the Gloucester fishing-vessel *Annie C. Friend* to the Banks, shipping as one of the crew, and being at sea a month during his vacation. Enough has been said to show that he loves the sea, but to any one who is acquainted with his pictures this evidence of his taste for it is unnecessary. Among his principal paintings may be named "The Dutch Fishing Fleet," "The Gloucester Seiners," "Grand Banker Homeward Bound," "Summer Day on the Dutch Shore," "Little Good Harbor Beach, Gloucester," "Beach at Scheveningen," "The Market Boat, Capri," "Racing Home," "Old Ferry Landing," "Stormy Day, North Sea," "In the Yacht's Cabin," "Clitheroe Castle," "Breton Interior," "The Game-Warden," etc. In general his Dutch pictures are his best, as most marine painters' are, for there seems to be something inspiring to an artist in the very air of Vandervelde's country.

W. H. Downes.

A STUDY IN OVERCOATS.

The inland cities of America, like those of other countries of the world, are provincial when compared with the capitals on the tide-water, and to which foreign ships frequently go. London contains every day so many foreigners that a man, to excite any interest there, would have to be strange indeed. An American Indian in red blanket and with feathers in his hair had power, till a few years ago, to make pedestrians on the streets of London turn round and stare. But since the visits of Colonel the Honorable William F. Cody, with his Wild West Show, neither Sioux nor Comanche would attract more than a passing glance in Oxford Street or Piccadilly. To make a Londoner turn round and look nowadays a man would have to array himself in the full dress of an African chief—a breech-clout and a high silk hat. It may be that the traditional uniform of a Georgia major might excite some remark, if not alarm. And so in New York the ships that sail in bring so many strange visitors that the eyes of New-Yorkers have become familiar with the dress of men, it matters not how far their homes may be from this Western world. But it is a new thing in Chicago for men from all parts of the world to elbow each other in the lobbies of the hotels. The Columbian Exposition has attracted to the shores of Lake Michigan men from nearly every foreign country. Those who have been there this winter have generally been such as have been sent to prepare official exhibits. As public employment in almost every other country than the United States attracts the best men, it is probably safe to conclude that the foreigners one now sees in Chicago are excellent types of their respective countries.

This has been a hard winter in Chicago, and he who had to brave the weather at Jackson Park needed to dress with great care. Mr. de Thulstrup has already shown us how the gripman of the cable-cars had to wrap himself up to ward off pneumonia and rheumatism. Though there are none others quite so constantly exposed as the gripmen, still many others found fur coats good things to wear. The bother about a fur coat is that when one gets accustomed to wearing it, it has to be worn with great constancy. Therefore, when the artist looked about him in the hotel lobby, he usually saw many men still wearing their furs, though, as everybody knows, a hotel lobby is nearly always kept at a temperature approximating eighty degrees. In Chicago, of an evening, at the Auditorium, the Pacific, the Palmer House, or the Wellington, are to be seen men in many varieties of furs. We see the shaggy buffalo, the silky seal, and the curled astrakhan. These three predominate, the buffalo being seen most frequently, and then the seal, and then the astrakhan. But the skins of many other animals are used in making these great-coats, even the humble rabbit-skin being sometimes brought into requisition, and also the fox and the beaver and the deer. A man wearing a conventional silk hat and the ordinary every-day clothes of an ordinary man cannot but look in half-masquerade when he puts on a top-coat of fur. But in Chicago in midwinter such a costume would excite no remark whatever. Also in these hotel lobbies are to be seen, in the evening, just as the artist has sketched in his picture, Chinamen and Japanese and Spanish and Italian and French officers in full uniform, just ready to go or just returned from some social function. Chicago will never be the same city that it was after this fair. Foreign customs are already creeping in to modify the old-time democracy, and once a community is thus inoculated, it never resumes its earlier simplicity. In Philadelphia every one dined at two o'clock till 1876; now the dinner hour is the same as in London and Paris. They who twenty years ago would be known at a glance for what they were are now citizens of the world, and at home in any part of it. Chicago, never so provincial as Philadelphia, will undergo the change which touch with the great world brings more easily and quickly than the Quaker City did, but the change will probably be as great in habits and customs, and extend even to the universal wearing of fur coats in winter.

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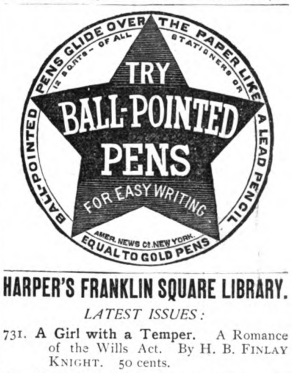
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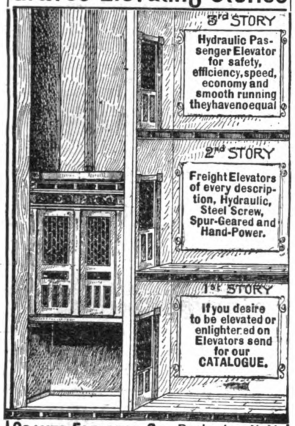


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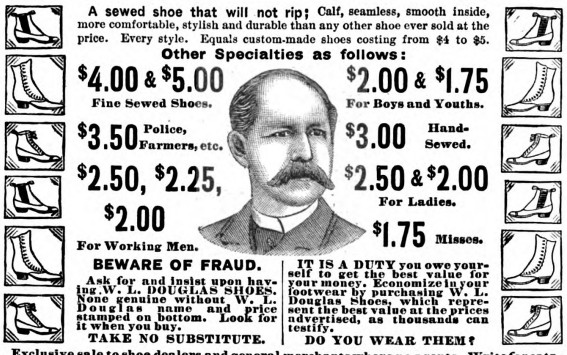


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I STRIVE to probe to other hearts, and find
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But images itself in every zone.
The lesson learned, I sing Life's woven lay
In syllables of Self, and can no other way.

RICHARD BURTON.

AT THE "SOO" JUNCTION.

THE time was a cold October afternoon. The place was a lonely junction waiting-room in northern Michigan.

The people of the drama were an old lumberman in "store clothes" and a young man whose apparel proclaimed the city.

And then there was a rough pine box, about six feet long, on a truck outside. Perhaps that might have been called "the properties."

There is no more desolate place than the Sault Ste. Marie junction. And it was raining that afternoon. There is a dirty little station, and the train despatcher's house on one side of the main track. Opposite is a deserted log cabin. There is nothing else to be seen. In summer the commonest flowers shun the spot. The old man with the crape on his hat sat looking out at the box on the truck. The young commercial traveller, or advance agent, or whoever he was, stared vacantly at his companion. The time passed slowly and drearily. Once a freight train rattled by. The young man got all the enjoyment he could out of that, and ruefully viewed the caboose fading away into the fog.

At length, as if compelled to speak, the old man said: "Say, I hate t' see th' rain fall on that 'ere coffin so. They oughter made th' cayses t' this yere station bigger. I tried to bring him in, but that truck's too wide. Jim was a fine boy, he was, afore he went up t' Marquette. That's him out there. It warn't onnateral fer him t' want ter go. There hain't nothin' to keep a bright boy t' home in a town what's got nothin' in it but my ole saw-mill an' th' store. But, O Lord, I wisht he'd a staid—I wisht he'd a staid! A country boy ain't got no show in one o' them tough iron towns. I ain't a-blamen' Jim fer leaven' me. But he was all I had. He didn't know how much I wanted him t' stay or he'd a done it. He didn't have no sort o' raisen'. His mother died when he was just a little feller. When he growed up, nothin' 'ud do but he mus' go away. He goes up t' Marquette an' gits him a good job on th' ore docks, being strong an' handy. He uster write me th' finest letters you ever seen ev'ry Sunday reg'lur. He was up there jest four months when he quit writen'. I stood it a month, an' then I went up. He was sick in a measly boardin'-house. He was consider'ble sick, but we fetched him through an' I took him home. He got good an' well again. He said he'd stay with me t' home. But he didn't. He runned off one night. I didn't care fer what he took, if he'd only a com' back. He kep' a-writen' fer money t' come home on, and I kep' a-senden' it—but I had ter go fer my boy. He was shot through the heart in a saloon at the Soo. That's him out there. I ain't a-blamen' him. I didn't raise him as I—"

Then a whistle was heard. It was the awaited train. With careful hands the father, the train despatcher, and the young man wheeled the coffin to the baggage car. Gently the burden was lifted within. The old man climbed in to be by his dead. The door was shut. And in a moment the train was lost in the burnt pine barrens.

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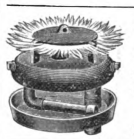
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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE DEGENERATION OF HORSE-RACING.

BY JOHN A. HENNESSY.

WHAT is known as the legitimate racing season of 1893 will begin at Washington in April and end at Linden or Elizabeth, New Jersey, in November. There is every promise now of brilliant success, but, as in 1892, this promise may be blighted by general mismanagement, and a failure on the part of the jockey clubs to properly protect the public from the fraudulent plans of men who care nothing for the good advancement of the turf. Public condemnation was severely set on jockey club management in 1892, and the reports filed with the State Comptroller at Albany show that every racing association within the jurisdiction of the Board of Control suffered a great falling off in gate receipts. The paying attendance did not average four thousand persons a day, which does not speak well for the gentlemen who control the management of the Eastern turf.

The lack of confidence by the public grew day by day in 1892, and was especially noticeable at the meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Sheepshead Bay. The grand stand was rarely half filled during the spring and autumn meetings. The Coney Island Jockey Club has been going back steadily in public favor since the death of Mr. Leonard Jerome, who was its efficient president, and the fact is now generally recognized that a complete reorganization of the club's management must come to pass if the old-time prestige is to be regained. What is true of this once prosperous jockey club is in a lesser degree true of the New York and Brooklyn jockey clubs and the Monmouth Park Racing Association. Men beyond the prime of life, chained to old traditions of the turf, not alive to the new conditions which exist, and not strong enough to be independent in their convictions, form one element in the turf management of to-day. The present and the future seem a blank to them; they live in the past. The other element in control comprises men prominent in the political life of the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the State of New Jersey. This element has a very dense idea of turf morality, if it has any idea of morality at all, and insists on managing racing matters after the style most in favor with political machines. The members in this latter class own stock in the race-tracks, have race-horses, employ jockeys, and in some instances are interested in the profits made by certain book-makers. All of these men gamble, and are under obligations to other men who own race-horses and speculate in the betting ring.

The result is the growth of a privileged class of horsemen who have "influential connections," or what in public life would be termed a "political pull." They can take daring chances in the running of their horses. Their jockeys may ride in slovenly fashion and escape official censure, and, generally speaking, they can do pretty much as they please so long as they have the political elements of the turf behind them. Sometimes one man more hardened than the others may overstep the broad line of protection afforded him, in which event his jockey may be made a scapegoat until public clamor has subsided. The amiable old gentlemen who act as figure-heads and draw salaries are too discreet to challenge the opinions of those officials or stockholders whose political affiliations have much to do with determining the decisions of the stewards of racing. The horseman, trainer, or jockey who has no influence at court must walk a pretty straight line, unless he wishes to suffer condign punishment at the first lapse from morality. He is in the position of the unprotected liquor-dealer who is pounced upon by the virtuous policeman. He must come in out of the wet and divide the spoils occasionally, or take chances of having no friends to plead his cause if the necessity should arise. This evil has grown measurably with the increase of the political element on the turf. The gentlemen who raced for sport have been crowded out of turf management, although still factors in actual racing. They no longer have any power in the making of turf laws, or in the settlement of allegedly fraudulent races. Such men as Perry Belmont, August Belmont, O. P. H. Belmont, James R. Keene, Foxhall Keene, Pierre Lorillard, Frederick Gebhard, S. S. Brown, Nathan Straus, Chester C. Chapin, and others of the same class, are not represented in the Board of Control or in the steward's stand. All this explains why the attendance, which fell off notably in 1891 and 1892, may not be appreciably increased in 1893, unless the reputable stockholders assert themselves and determine that the rules of racing shall be lived up to by all, and shall be interpreted in the interest of the public.

Another evil which has grown to hurt the turf in the last few years is the employment by the jockey clubs of gentlemen who are employed as turf writers on metropolitan newspapers. These gentlemen are employed in various stations, at a rate of pay ranging from $10 to $50 a day. Nearly as many more have applied from time to time for employment. These gentlemen can hardly be expected to do justice to their newspapers in the matter of fearless criticism while receiving the money of the clubs they are called upon to write of. This has led to an increased lack of confidence on the part of the public, and to a belief that fraud underlies almost everything in racing. As a matter of fact, there is not one-tenth of the fraud in racing which turf-goers believe exists, but the failure of turf officials to take notice of flagrant cases has naturally increased the suspicion of fraud which always finds lodgement in the minds of many. Turf-goers look to the proprietor of the Coney Island Jockey Club to set the pace in turf reforms. The other clubs will have to follow. He is independent, if he chooses to be, of political dictation. He should compel his employés to be so, and he can do so. He ought not to permit persons who are not stockholders to manage his property. A renewal of the excellent management that obtained three, four, five, and six years ago would regain for the club and the turf much of the prestige that has been lost. Judges who are competent and independent would work a great reform in racing.

Otherwise than is suggested above the outlook for racing is bright. Good management can make a brilliant season. English horses are to come along and contest for many of our rich prizes. Thanks to Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, Colonel J. T. North (sometimes called the Nitrate King) will send over quite a collection of thoroughbreds, including such noted handicap horses as El Diablo, Rough and Ready, High Commissioner, and Sir Frederick Roberts. Many wealthy American gentlemen who came upon the turf last year will be joined this season by half a dozen others who are sure to add to the respectability of the sport. Mr. Richard Croker, too, so successful in political life, will try his fortunes upon the turf, and will not fail for lack of advice, which he will receive from gentlemen who combine politics with the turf.

In horses the turf will be very strong. It is doubtful if we ever had such a magnificent collection of four-year-olds. The mere mention of St. Florian, Lamplighter, Tammany, His Highness, Locohatchee, Yorkville Belle, Leonawell, Mars, Victory, and Pactolus suggests magnificent equine contests. These named will strengthen the handicap division, in which will be found the older horses, such as La Tosca, Montana, Longstreet, Raceland, Banquet, Madstone, Picknicker, Stockton, Kingston, Pessara, Cassius, and Loantaka. All these are of the highest class. The three-year-old division will not be lacking in quality with such as Morello, Lady Violet, King Lee, Sir Francis, Sir Walter, Helen Nichols, Lawless, G. W. Johnson, The Baron, and others of that class to draw from. The two-year-old division cannot be written of yet, except to say that the American-bred youngsters will have to compete with about fifty English-bred ones, and the test will afford a good illustration of the relative merits represented. The English youngsters are, in the main, of royally good breeding, and no valid excuses can be made for them if they do not hold their own. Mr. John A. Morris, of Westchester, and Mr. Marcus Daly, of Montana, have the bulk of the English-bred youngsters. Another feature of the turf season in the East this year will be the coming of about one hundred horses from the Pacific slope, and representing from ten to twelve owners. Mr. W. O'Brien McDonough, who paid $150,000 for Ormonde, will be one of these, and Mr. Charles Fair will be another.

FORM IN BOWLING.

BY AUGUSTUS E. VOGELL.

BOWLING has now taken its place in the front rank of winter sports. Beginning with the turning of the leaves into their autumnal coloring, and lasting until the trees take the dark green of a new generation, or from the 1st of October to the 1st of June, it has a six months' lease of life. Unlike its other winter contemporaries, skating, tobogganing, curling, and ice-boating, it does not depend upon the elements to permit of its enjoyment by its patrons, but simply on the recurrence of the season. During that interval the clashing of the pins, the swift grating of the ball as it goes spinning down the alley, send forth echoes which to the initiated are almost as familiar as the sleigh-bells in the parks, and to be heard at almost every turn. In this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City there is a small army—65,000—of bowlers, nearly all of whom belong to some particular bowling club, which in turn is a member of one or more of the numerous bowling unions, leagues, or tournaments. There are, all told, in the places named over forty tournaments, which, combined with the semiannual or sub-tournaments, bring the number of tournaments decided during the six months to about seventy-five. Prizes equal to $40,000 are offered and won during that time. The game is as ancient as any of the games or sports seen on track or field during the summer months. Therefore more than a note as to its origin seems superfluous. The game of bowls is of English birth, but the game of ninepins, its half-brother, is of German parentage, while the game of tenpins, or the bowling game of to-day, is purely American. Another interval must be passed over hurriedly, *i. e.*, from its inception on Bowling Green, during the early Dutch settlement, when the game was played on a level green during the summer, until it began to be played under cover, that is, in a modification of the present bowling-alley. At that period there was scarcely a public-house below Broome Street which did not contain alleys.



FIG. 1.—CORRECT POSITION.

The game went into great disrepute during the "sixties," and was prohibited in New York and Vermont through State legislation. Then the American or tenpin game, which was practically the same game with another pin added, came into existence. From the sixties to the eighties there were many team matches between rival clubs, and the sport much indulged in after the present fashion of billiards and pool. The first open tournament, and the pioneer, was the "Grote," which was afterward followed by that of the "Golden Oar," the "Pomeroy," and in 1890 by the organization of the American Amateur Bowling Union of the United States, which claims full jurisdiction over the game, and brings the sport up to the commencement of its present popularity. For the past three years its advancement has been one continuous succession of leaps. There are two purely bowling organizations that stand prominently first in the public estimation, the Phœnix and the Spartans. The Phœnix are the present holders of the American Amateur Bowling Union's championship, and Captain H. W. Cowperthwait, who has probably the highest average for the games played during the past five years in tournaments—180—has a style of delivery which is generally conceded to combine the best interpretation of the game. The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the best positions. In the first is shown the correct pose. Here it will be observed that the body inclines well over at the hips, the knees are bent slightly, and the feet in the position of a soldier at parade rest. The ball is gripped firmly in the right or left hand according to the habit of the player, and with the disengaged one is balanced and gauged with an imaginary point. Good players, notwithstanding reflections to the contrary, use, in gauging a ball previous to its delivery, a line of vision between some particular point on a certain pin, usually just to the right or left side of the head pin, and the centre of the ball. The ball as held in the correct position is evenly divided by an imaginary perpendicular line extending from the bowler's chin to the floor, and is the beginning of the line or the course which has been mapped out. The hand which grips the ball is turned palm outward, thus avoiding the necessity of an outward twist of the arm previous to casting, when, as shown in the second illustration, a straight ball from the side or the centre of the alley is played. If a curved or twisted ball is bowled, the hand of delivery is left as in Fig. 3, with the back of the hand to the front, but which at the time the arm is swinging is turned as in Fig. 2, the hand being turned at the last moment in order to get the twist or curve.



FIG. 4.—INCORRECT POSITION.

A bowler usually takes a run before casting of from five to ten feet; it is therefore necessary that the feet should be in a good position for a quick start. Should they be in the position as shown in the fourth illustration, it necessitates a step to the rear, which in turn frequently changes the gauge of the ball. A good bowler is very careful about a variation in his position, and tries to hold the ball both in the run and swing of the arm as nearly plumb with the line sighted as possible. The body being bent, gives momentum as it straightens up to the ball when it is lowered to the side and the swing begun. It is in the swing that the force required for the casting is obtained. After the gauge has been fixed, the body is raised until the arm is at full length, the ball starting at a gentle swing, meanwhile gathering speed at each movement until the force required is secured, then with a short run the body is bent slightly at the hips and knees, the ball brought down to a level with the alley and cast instantly, thus preventing lofting or bounding. The arm while in reaction should never describe more than a quarter circle, and never reach a point higher than a line parallel with the shoulder. The incorrect pose is given in illustration 4, while the awkward positions are those shown in 5 and 6. Notwithstanding the fact that positions 5 and 6 are exceedingly ungraceful, many expert bowlers adopt that style, and their scores do not seem to be greatly affected.



FIGS. 5 AND 6.—AWKWARD POSITIONS.

The seventh illustration gives another correct position; the same general principles apply to this style as in Fig. 1, the only difference being that the ball is held in the centre of the body at the chest instead of at the waist, and the body held erect. In both illustrations the fact is demonstrated clearly that the focus point for an imaginary line is either the nose or chin, both being on a line with one another; either point may be taken, and proves that the point of vantage is an optical instead of a stationary one. Some experts in the game, however, do use as a marker a stationary object, either by means of one of their feet or a particular spot upon the alley. Fig. 8 gives the reader an idea of the old style of bowling before the adoption of balls with grooves and holes, and when the ball was held and cast in and from the palm of the hand. In the casting a great deal depends upon the proper moment to let go and the pose of the body when the ball leaves the hand, as in shot and hammer contests; the retraction at the time of release is frequently followed by placing the player in very awkward situations. Besides, an improper cast means either a lofted or gutter ball, *i. e.*, one that bounces upon the alley, or one which goes off to one side before reaching its destination, either of which is detrimental to the player's chances with the pins. As in baseball, a bowler can give a curve or twist to a ball cast after having gained mastery over it. The knack of giving a double impulse to a ball while on its way down the alley, a forward and axial one, known as "twisters," is a personal secret with bowlers.



FIG. 7.—CORRECT POSITION.



FIG. 8.—OLD STYLE.

Speed is one of the necessary requisites for a twisting or spinning ball; unless speed is given to the ball, the secondary action or the revolving upon its axis will throw the ball off its regular course. A twist is obtained in two ways: first, simply by a sudden and sharp inward movement of the wrist; and second, from both the fingers and wrist. A twisted ball is probably the most destructive of all possible shots when properly played. A curve is placed upon a ball in much the same way as a pitcher would execute it, by means of the elevation or lowering of the fingers; some acquire the trick by a simple movement of the wrist. Now as to ways of bowling, there are the straight ball, either side of centre, the out or in curved ball, the twisted ball, and the cross-alley ball. The cross-alley ball is often used in picking off single pins, or in attempts at difficult spares. The twister is generally the first or strike ball, when the player tries for all the pins. The straight, the curved, and cross-alley balls are also frequently played as a strike ball, and with fairly good success. A ball rolled at a moderate rate of speed is usually the most destructive, for a high rate will often cause it to cut through the pins, leaving some standing in very difficult bridges, while a slow ball will not have force enough to do good work, and is productive of very nearly the same results.



FIG. 2.—STRAIGHT BALL.



FIG. 3.—CURVED OR TWISTED BALL.

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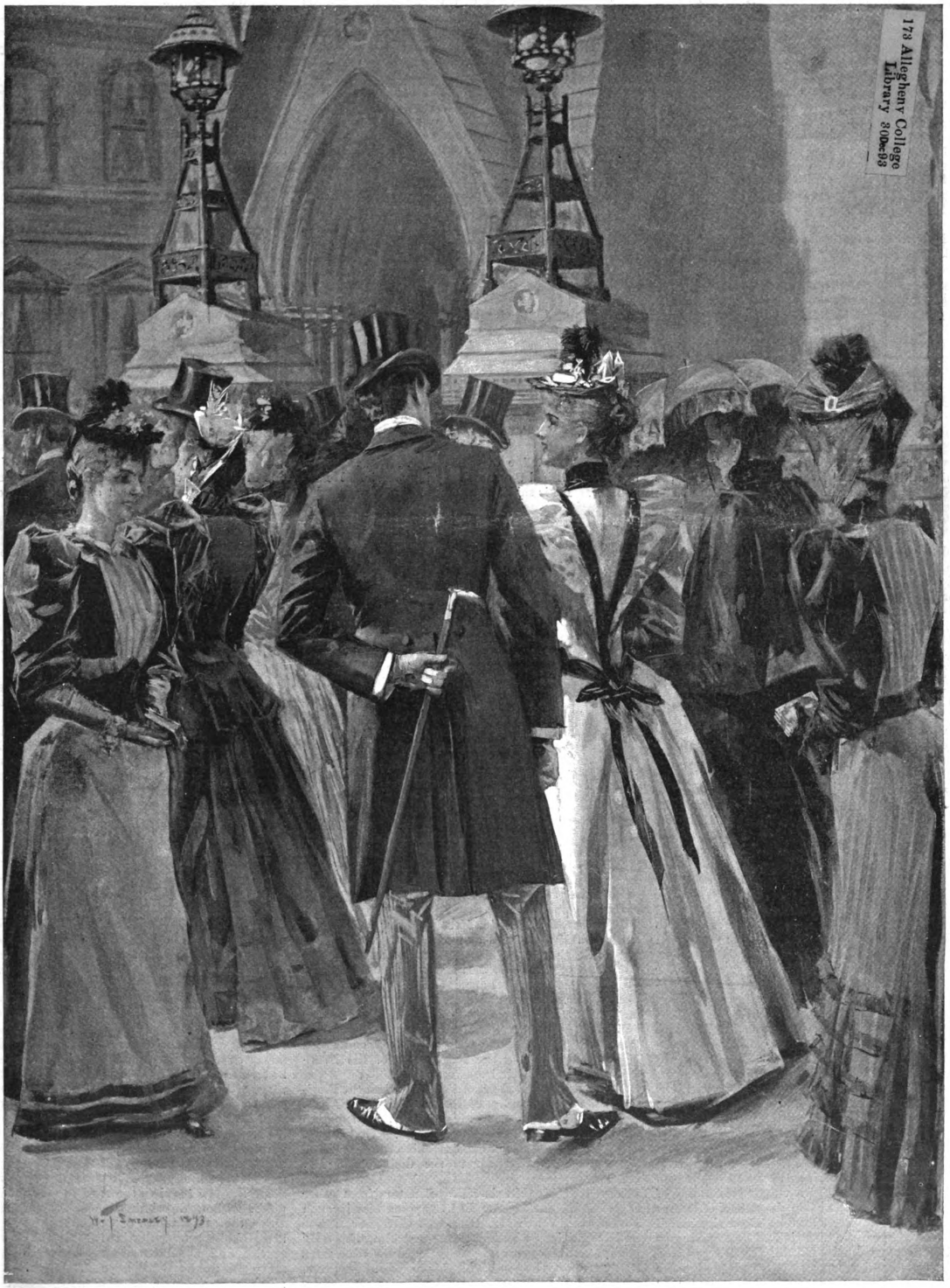
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DEMOCRACY AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

IF we may depend upon what we hear from Washington, President CLEVELAND has set out to do what Mr. HARRISON promised to do but did not do—that is, to apply the fundamental principle of civil service reform not only to the classified service covered by the civil service law and the rules made under it, but to every branch of the service, including the so-called Presidential appointments. He is reported to have said to an office-seeker who reminded him of his campaign work: "We should not talk of what we have done for the party, but of what we can do in the future. The people do not ask me what I have done, but what I am going to do." He is also said to have declared with especial reference to consular offices, which always are in very great demand, that he will appoint only men who can show specific fitness for the duties to be performed, particularly with reference to the extension of our foreign commerce. It is to be hoped that the same principle will be practically applied to offices of every kind. The country has heard with genuine satisfaction of the openly avowed determination of Mr. HERBERT, the new Secretary of the Navy, that the civil service rules established in the navy-yards by his predecessor will be strictly adhered to. The new Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, is credited with utterances of the same tendency, and this is especially welcome, since the postal department, with its immense patronage, has hitherto been the theatre of the greatest scandals of the spoils system. That Democratic office-hunters hot in the pursuit of plunder should hear such declarations with dismay, and denounce them indignantly as rank heresy or morbid sentimentalism, is indeed not surprising. The Democratic spoils-hunter is in this respect not different from his brother on the Republican side. But the young Democracy, of which Mr. CLEVELAND is the representative and leader, is gradually recognizing the fact that the principle underlying civil service reform is in the truest sense of the word a democratic principle.

True democracy means, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN expressed it, "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Public office, bestowed either by the people directly or through their chosen servants, is, therefore, necessarily a "public trust." It is instituted not for the benefit of the office-holder, nor for the benefit of his party, but for the benefit of the people. The people are evidently entitled to the best service they can get; and those who are intrusted with the power of appointing officers are, therefore, in duty bound to appoint only persons fit to give the people the best possible service. They can discharge this duty only by selecting persons for office according to their fitness for the service to be rendered. The most faithful observance of this principle will also secure to every man aspiring to public employment his rightful chance; for every man will have a chance according to his merit, and not according to his "pull." This is genuine democratic doctrine.

In fact, nothing more undemocratic can be imagined than a system of appointment to office by favor. It rules out the good citizen who is poor and without friends, however great his personal merit may be. It yields a decisive advantage to him who has power at his back. It takes from office the character of duty and gives it the character of reward. It bestows this reward not for services rendered to the people, but for services rendered to a political party or to some influential politician. It thus transforms political contests that should turn upon questions of public interest into scrambles for plunder. It enables politicians to sustain themselves in public life by building up an influence through the organization of place-hunters. It thus fills legislative halls and executive positions with small selfish schemers, and drives away from public life men of conviction, of the pride of ability, and of high aims. It degrades the character of the office-holder, for it makes him a dependent on the favor of an influential patron, instead of a man standing upon his own merit as a servant of the people. It promotes in politics a vulgar aristocracy of influence, and an irresponsible despotism of bosses and machines. Nothing could be more significant and instructive than the historic fact that as long as the aristocracy predominated in English politics, favoritism in the distribution of patronage was the acknowledged rule; but in the same measure as democratic ideas advanced in England, a reformed civil service system, giving all an equal chance according to merit, supplanted the old rule of favoritism. And this victory of merit over "pull" means nothing else than the victory of the democratic over the aristocratic principle.

It is true, the belief that the distribution of offices as rewards is necessary to hold political parties together is still entertained by many. It is a humiliating belief, for it is based upon the assumption that the American people would cease to take an interest in their own interests if they were not stimulated by the expectation of individual pay for their zeal. It is a demoralizing belief, for it brings forth appeals to the lowest order of motives. Fortunately, it is an unfounded belief. We do not deny that there are many mercenary persons engaged in American politics. But we do deny that there would be an end of American politics if the greed of these mercenary persons were systematically disappointed. The gaps caused by their disappearance from the field would quickly be filled by men whom their prominence had driven away in disgust. It is a notorious fact that the larger the number of offices grows, the less they are an element of strength to a political party. And the more the party in power treats the offices as spoils, the greater an element of weakness they become. Since 1885 the party in possession of the federal offices has been regularly beaten in our national contests. A Democratic journal in the West wisely remarks, "If Democratic Congressmen from the different States openly organize themselves into patronage boards, they will probably be convinced of their mistake by the returns of the next Congressional election." In order to retain power the Democratic party must remain true to the genuine democratic principle. He is the best Democrat who is the most strenuous opponent of the aristocracy of influence, and the most earnest advocate of an equal chance for all, according to merit. And this means civil service reform.

THE PASSING OF HILL.

DAVID B. HILL has enjoyed a singularly successful career. Few men have risen to be United States Senators who were not rich, or who never contributed a thought to the discussion of public questions, or gave the slightest evidence of possessing any considerable knowledge of them. Mr. HILL, however, has accomplished the seemingly impossible. He is a Senator. He is said to be comparatively poor. He never makes a speech on the tariff, on silver, on any subject demanding knowledge and thought, that the daily press does not begin to guess who its author may be.

Mr. HILL'S day is passing. The people cannot always be deceived, and the senior Senator from New York has been found out. Even the politicians have discovered that his usefulness is gone, and the junior Senator is beginning to receive the larger share of their attentions. How Mr. HILL rose to the dictatorship of the New York Democracy is a tale that has been often told. He certainly betrayed a remarkable talent for organization, and an utter insensibility to the rights of others. His most famous utterance, "I am a Democrat," was a falsehood, because in all the history of machine politics no one has been more of an autocrat than he. He constructed a State Committee which is practically self-perpetuating, and against the decrees of which the Democratic voters of the State are powerless.

A year ago, on the 22d of February, Mr. HILL seemed to be at the zenith of his power. From that day to this his course has been downward, until even the machine, which then declared him to be its choice for President, and stultified itself by insisting for his sake that Mr. CLEVELAND could not carry the State if he were nominated at Chicago, has turned its back upon him.

It is true that Senator HILL is apparently in accord with Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CROKER. He cannot break with them. He must act with them, or go out of politics. He is with them because he has no other refuge. But he once commanded, and now he obeys. Mr. HILL'S hatred of Mr. CLEVELAND became an insanity, and the cooler-headed leaders among the bandits saw that his hot-headedness would wreck them and their gang. Therefore they controlled him, and are seeking the forgiveness of the President by turning their backs upon him.

Mr. HILL wanted to make a cabal against the President at the beginning of his administration. He would have delighted in preventing the confirmation of all of Mr. CLEVELAND'S appointees. That would have brought disaster to the machine, and Mr. HILL was forced to surrender to the dictation of Mr. MURPHY.

Moreover, Mr. HILL'S fellow-Senators from other States could not be brought to support him in such an effort. When Mr. HILL was Governor of the State, politicians who had never met him, who only read of his successes, and who believed the adulations that were poured upon him by his organs of the press, were induced to regard him as the coming man of the party. They saw the shining of the rotten wood, but could not know its essential worthlessness because they had not come in actual contact with it. It required only the presence of Mr. HILL in the Senate to dispel the illusions of Senators who had regarded him as great.

Mr. HILL is no longer to be greatly feared. He was strong only while there was no effective force of party sentiment against his machine's autocratic methods. There has not been a day in the last five years when Mr. HILL would have dared to face the voters of his party at fairly held primaries. And now that the machine must bend or break, Mr. HILL is an obstacle to bending. Therefore he must go. He can no longer lead. No one ought to be so able as he to see the truth of the situation. He can no longer help MURPHY and the rest of the pack, and therefore, after their natures, they will turn upon him and rend him. But the pack will continue to be just as dangerous after as before the passing of HILL.

THE LAW OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

THE Toledo, Ann Arbor, and Northern Michigan Railroad Company has complained in the Circuit Court of the United States for Northern Ohio that the inter-State freight delivered by it to other railroads is not forwarded, and that the obstruction is caused by the refusal of engineers and other workmen upon connecting roads to move trains or cars carrying such freight. This refusal is in obedience to orders from the Brotherhood of Engineers and other organizations of working-men, who are dissatisfied with the wages paid by the Ann Arbor company, and who establish this "boycott" to compel it to yield to the demands of its men. On proof of these facts, the court has directed the chief of the Brotherhood to countermand the order in question, and has forbidden the engineers and brakemen of the other railroads to obey such orders. Several of the men, who suddenly abandoned the service of one of the roads after the decree of the court was made, have been arrested on a charge of contempt of court, their action being plainly in support of the boycott, and in evasion and defiance of the decree.

Thus far the action of the court has been simply the enforcement of the letter of the Inter-State Commerce Act. That law forbids any discrimination by a railroad or any of its servants for or against any one of its connecting roads in forwarding or handling its freight. Every act of an engineer or other workman, therefore, making or compelling such discrimination is clearly a violation of the act, and can be enjoined or punished by a court of the United States. But the decree in question, and the several orders incidental to its enforcement, have produced such alarm and excitement among the chiefs of the great labor organizations as cannot be explained by the announcement of a familiar rule of law. They are reported as seeing in such decrees a death-blow to labor organizations. If it is sustained on appeal, they declare that such combinations are useless, and may as well be dissolved. They insist that the real question is whether a man has a right to quit employment at his will; and that if this is denied, workmen are but slaves. It is therefore plain that principles of law are assumed or suggested in this case which are far broader than those involved in the technical construction of the statute regulating inter-State commerce—principles, indeed, of universal application to organized labor in its relations to society; and the occasion is one which calls for such a definition of these as will guide our judgment in all similar cases.

This is the more needful if principles essential to public security and to individual freedom are attacked by the constitution and ordinary conduct of many labor unions. But the present issue at Toledo has brought into startling prominence the fact that it is so. These unions affirm the right of every man to labor or be idle at his pleasure; to enter an employment when its terms suit him, and to leave when he will, with no reason but his will. They then combine under an organization which centralizes in one or a few officers authority to control the whole body of workmen, agreeing to quit their employment at once whenever the order is given. The purpose of the combination is to wield such a power over employers as will compel submission to its terms. Hence its aim is to be able to inflict the utmost damage possible upon them and upon the community which they serve. In the case of a railroad it seeks to control such numbers and classes of its servants that the business of the road will be paralyzed by a strike. The greater the embarrassment of the road and the distress to the public, the more fully the purpose of the union is attained. Since the law requires the road to accommodate the public without discrimination and under heavy penalties, the combination of workmen, by forcing upon it the choice between unlawful discriminations in its service and a sudden destruction of its ability to serve the public at all, hopes to extort from it submission to all demands.

In every such case the plot is founded on an error.

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From the earliest times the common law has refused to admit that an act which, done by an individual, is within his right, is necessarily innocent when done by a number in combination for the purpose of injuring or unduly influencing another. The elasticity of the law of conspiracy has often been expounded, and this law has been applied whenever the courts have been called upon to save the public from the injury and confusion threatened by such combinations. One man may hiss an actor at his will, but several may not combine to hiss him without exposing themselves to indictment. A dealer may use his credit to obtain goods without crime, but if he agrees with others so to use his credit for the profit of the confederates to the prejudice of sellers, he is guilty of conspiracy. Chief Justice GIBSON, of Pennsylvania, held, in 1821, that "a combination is criminal whenever the act to be done has a necessary tendency to prejudice the public or to oppress individuals by unjustly subjecting them to the power of the confederates, and giving effect to the purposes of the latter, whether of extortion or of mischief"; and the rule has never been questioned in America.

It is true that for many reasons this rule has rarely been applied by the courts to trades-unions, at least in this country. In most cases the proof is difficult. Public opinion is inclined to support working-men in all fair efforts to improve their condition, and commonly looks with toleration even on their excesses, knowing that economical laws will in the end correct most of them. Employers, too, find their profit, as well as their comfort, in agreeing with their workmen whenever it is possible, rather than in resolute opposition. But when combinations of men, whether laborers or not, are formed and governed for the one purpose of promoting private interests by disturbing the public peace, by blocking the ways of commerce, by holding in terror over their employers and the community their power to do mischief, the familiar law of conspiracy is applicable, and must be invoked against them. If the chief officers of the great brotherhoods of locomotive drivers and attendants are right in their reputed avowals that these are the real purposes of their unions, and that unless they have the right to carry out these ends their occupation is gone and they may as well dissolve, then the sooner the law of conspiracy is applied to them the better for the safety of the community.

In the Ann Arbor case the court has compelled the Brotherhood of Engineers to disclose its by-laws, which require members, at the bidding of its chief, to disobey the Inter-State Commerce Act by discriminating against the cars of any "boycotted" road. The tenor of all the orders in this case is to impress upon working-men the broad distinction between individual freedom in contracting and in labor, and a conspiracy to enforce private interests by combined action, regardless of the rights of others. The distinction is not obscure, and must be thoroughly learned if trades-unions are to be other than a menace to civil order and public prosperity, and other than a curse in the end to the whole body of working-men.

THE QUADRENNIAL HARVEST.

THE office-seeker's harvest has come round again. What he has been sowing for four years he now goes in to reap. Why not? He has put in seed after seed that wouldn't come up; he has hoed and harrowed, endured droughts and freshets and insects and blights; has cultivated other people's crops; even tried to graft on bearing political trees, and the grafts did not take; he has, in short, served his party as well as he has served his God, and having shared its toil, he is willing to share its pay. Perhaps he has been incidentally kept alive by his party; and does not this relation establish a claim for further support? Why should a man who is willing to serve his country for a compensation be branded an "office-seeker"? It is true that there is a queer notion entertained by many people who have no capacity to serve themselves that they have a capacity to serve the public. But this notion is justified by experience, for many men who cannot support themselves earn a very good living in public office. And it can be justly said that they are the men who need public office.

It is all very nice to say that the office should seek the man; but these people know very well that this is a delusion. You might as well say that apples will pick themselves. The boys who get the fruit are those that climb the tree and shake it. And that is what the boys are doing now. They have rushed to Washington by the thousands, and those who cannot climb the tree are clubbing it. It is one of the most striking things in our quadrennial spectacle. Talk about patriotism! Talk about decay of interest in the government in a republic! Here is an army of men willing to give up home, occupation (if they have any), to assume responsibility, to endure criticism, in order to serve their country in any capacity or incapacity, from holding up the Washington Monument to learning French in Paris. It is a splendid onset and exhibition of vitality. If there happened to be a war, and this army were uniformed, it would clean out any hostile government in the world, office-holders and all. And the sad part of it is that there are not half offices enough for this army; there are ten men clubbing a tree where hangs only one apple.

It would be sadder still if nobody was willing to take office. The government would come to a standstill. We must not overlook this. It is in the minds of the patriots who are now clamoring for the places of the aged, the incapable, the politically unsound. Without this wholesale change, ambition to serve the public would by-and-by wither away, and then who would attend to the free and popular elections? And this is not all. The holding of office is an honorable ambition if it is honorably attained, and the struggle to get it gives animation to our affairs. We are about the only civilized country where a general election is followed by such a general *bouleversement*. But that is a sort of distinction. It may be true that the public business would be better done if men of experience and training were kept in place; but politics and business are two things, and politics, rightly interpreted as office-seeking, makes the country lively. Considering the number of harvesters, it is a pity that so many will go home without sheaves.

THINGS TALKED OF

As we go to press the news comes of the death of two of New York's best-known citizens—Mr. John Taylor Johnston, after a long illness, and Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, suddenly from what might be termed a "medical accident." The monument to the memory of Mr. Johnston is a double one—the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Both bear testimony to an energetic, broad, and well trained mind, and to a character of great elevation and nobleness of purpose. He built up the now great railroad from very small beginnings by methods far in advance of the ideas of the time, including especially the development of suburban and pleasure-resort travel by means of frequent and attractive trains and general good service. Though the corporation finally succumbed to difficulties which it is not necessary here to trace, Mr. Johnston retired from it with a justly honored name, and with but a remnant of the fortune he had gained in its management.

It is, however, as the founder of and generous, painstaking, and enlightened worker for the Metropolitan Museum of Art that Mr. Johnston is best known and will be most gratefully remembered. He was its first President, and remained in its active service until four years since, when his health forced him to resign, but he was made Honorary President, and remained in that position until his death. He was a most devoted and discriminating as well as a catholic lover of art, and his gallery up to the time when he was forced to dispose of it was an extremely rich and instructive one. So long as he retained it it was opened one day in each week to the public, in the fine spirit that animated him in everything relating to art. There was not the faintest taint of self-glorification or even self-satisfaction in the varied and beneficent work that he did to promote the love and enjoyment of art in New York and in the United States. It would not be easy to name any citizen who has rendered service of higher value, of more lasting influence, and in a more manly and modest way than Mr. Johnston.

Mr. Johnston brought to this country the "Slave Ship" of Turner; was the owner of Church's "Niagara," a picture that, however criticised, gave a strong impulse to American painting; collected an excellent representation of the artists of the Spanish-French school—Fortuny, Madrazo, and their companions; and was among the first to appreciate at their true value the remarkable works of the Barbizon school. When it is remembered that Mr. Johnston never commanded, even in his most prosperous days, a great fortune, and that his gifts to art in this country included long and faithful and intelligent labor, the debt of the community to him cannot be exaggerated. His was a type of citizenship, fortunately not too rare, in which lies much of the hope of American society.

Mr. Shepard was one of the best-known figures in New York life. He won his title of "Colonel," by which he was familiarly known, as a member of Governor Morgan's staff at the outbreak of the war for the Union, when he raised the Fifty-first Regiment of Volunteers. He was a graduate of the University of the City of New York, and was afterward admitted to the bar. He was one of the originators of the New York State Bar Association. A quarter of a century ago he married the eldest daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He was a Republican in politics, and a very earnest one, and gave freely of his time and means for the advancement of its interests as he conceived them. Six years ago he became the editor and reputed owner of the *Mail and Express* of this city, in which he introduced many interesting novelties, some of which astonished his contemporaries. The most marked was the daily quotation of a text from the Bible at the head of his editorial columns. Another was the very emphatic manner in which he discussed questions of church administration, of doctrine, and of morals. He was a most earnest advocate of the obligation to keep the Sabbath, and elaborated the theme at great length and with peculiar fervor of argument. He was President of the American Sabbath Union, and Chairman of the Committee on Sabbath Observance of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. As President of the Fifth Avenue Stage Line he found it necessary to buy up the stock of the corporation to prevent the running of the stages on what his paper called "Sonday." He was a generous man toward charities and church work and missions, and labored in the extension of what he accepted as the Christian religion "according to his light."

We are indebted to the correspondent of the *Times* in Paris, whose happy function it is to furnish artistic news about artistic *toilettes* to readers (of the correspondent's sex?), for authoritative information that the reign of crinoline is not yet. This cheerful intelligence comes from two very high sources, one the supreme French dressmaker of his time, and the other an Englishman of equally undoubting supremacy. It is characteristic of their respective races, perhaps, that the Englishman says that crinoline *will* not be used, and cites the decisive fact that "twelve"—note the proud exactness of this numeral, not a dozen, nor any vague expression of number, but precisely twelve—"royal personages" whom he has had the honor to wait upon for instructions as to their wardrobes have not mentioned crinoline. *On the* other hand, the Frenchman says with equal pride and authority, but of a different kind, that crinoline *shall* not be used. He will not permit it. Has he not given his precious time and his invaluable talents gradually and firmly to lead the daughters of Eve to a style of wearing apparel which, if not so simple as that of their great ancestress, shall at least not confuse and pervert the noble lines of beauty inherited from her? And shall he now, in the hour of his triumph, when feminine charms to the remotest ends of the earth enjoy the aid and enhancement of his art, submit to see them subjected to this hideous and monstrous deflement called crinoline? Thousands of thunders and names of all mentionable things! *Jamais! jamais!* Both of which assurances we accept with profound relief. If royalty, inherited or earned, forbids crinoline, the common sense of our republican women may be left free to reject it. For the moment we breathe more easily.

One of the most interesting publications of the year bears the imprint "Hampton Normal School Press, 1893." Its title is *Twenty-two Years' Work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia.* It is not easy to give an impression of its contents, for besides a most clear and engaging introductory explanation by General Armstrong of the purpose and methods of the Hampton School, there are brief biographical notes of the lives of some hundreds of the graduates of the school. It is in these that the value, and we may add the charm, of this remarkable volume is to be found. The notes are very simple and direct, in the words, often, of the subject of them. They tell the career of the graduate, his success in his occupation, the work he is doing for his race, and thus indirectly disclose the influence of this noble school. Take this case at random: A negro boy, born in slavery on the eve of the war, separated from his mother until after emancipation, goes to Hampton, pays his way, from there to be a doctor's "boy" in this State, studying in the evenings, works his course through a medical school, becomes a physician, and now has a large practice and a drug store in a Georgia town. He writes: "I have worked hard for the cause of education, and have contributed liberally—labor and money. As to church and Sunday-school work, I have done very little, my time being so completely occupied, and there are so many who can do that who cannot do what I am doing." This tells the story of many—a quiet, strong, persistent, spreading influence from year to year, from generation to generation. We should say that a dollar could not be better spent than for this book, which can be had from Hampton; but the sympathetic reader should be warned that it will surely lead to spending more. The appeal is irresistible.

New Orleans has within the past year or two become unpleasantly noted for the encouragement of so-called "glove-fights," which are simply a form of prize-fight with the element of money much more prominent than the old-fashioned glory—such as it was—that men like "Yankee" Sullivan, Heenan, and Morrissey chiefly fought for. The modern fight is carried on by men who make a regular business of it, and who know that great success in it means a solid fortune, on which one can retire to the elegant leisure of the retail liquor business. This fortune is made possible by the fact that prize-fighting is the latest and, in a pretty wide circle, the most fascinating form of gambling. It is this that enabled a "club" in New Orleans to offer a purse of $40,000 for the recent engagement of two imported Australian bruisers. The charges for admission to the "club house" were very high, from $10 to $25, but even at these prices the receipts did not pay the expenses. The chief attraction was not the fighting, but the betting. According to the best and most impartial judges, the men were in no wise remarkable as boxers or as athletes. But they had been ingeniously advertised in various parts of the country, a hateful feeling was said, truly or falsely, to exist between them, the public was made to believe that the battle would be a long and doubtful one, excitement was worked up to the highest pitch, and the betting was very heavy. But the fight only lasted a few moments, no scientific sparring was shown, and one of the men was "knocked out" by what seems to have been a chance blow, and certainly one that a really skilful boxer would hardly have received. The town was flooded with a mob of "toughs" and "sporting" men, dissolute brutes and gilded fools who spent their money or lost it freely. Happily the very absurdity of this vicious farce has awakened the decent people of New Orleans to a sense of the injury and disgrace the city has suffered, and a strong movement has been begun to stop the evil. A community that was able to deal with the Louisiana lottery ought to be equal to suppressing this less insidious and more disgusting form of gambling.

One of the exhibits which Chicago will be able to offer to the gaze of wondering strangers will be Mr. Carter Harrison. Whether he be presented as the Mayor of that town, or as the ex-Mayor and defeated candidate for election, will make a great difference to Chicago; but in any case he will be quite interesting enough to study. We do not know exactly in what department of the world's products he ought to have a place, he is of so complex composition. He might be put in the educational court of Illinois, for he is a well-educated man, and is said to discourse not only fluently but with interest in several languages, besides the considerable variety of his native tongue, of which he is a master. If there were a department of political dynamics, he would carry off honors there, for he has accomplished what seemed to be, and ought to be, the impossible in that peculiar field. At the late convention of the Democratic party, with every newspaper in the city save his own bitterly and justly opposed to him, with every element in the Iroquois Club, from the most select "silk stocking" to the most powerful ward leader, fighting him, with the conscientious and resolute hostility of all decent people in Chicago, he smiled upon his foes, with 500 out of the 600 delegates in the hollow of his hand. This power he is believed to have gained by the acute, unscrupulous, constant manipulation of every force in politics that honest men dread and detest, by the spoils of office in his former terms as Mayor, by the favor of the gamblers, the keepers of dives and houses of ill fame, and the varied class known as "crooks," and—to their shame be it said—by alliance with a number of great corporations, the morality of whose managers is exhausted in keeping their private lives respectable. If now Chicago can manage to put him down, if it can free itself from the danger and disgrace with which his election threatens the great and noble city, then the strangers within its gates in this Columbian year might be interested and instructed with the study of Harrison. But if Chicago cannot do this, the city itself will be a melancholy marvel to all comers, and to those from non-republican lands an impressive warning.

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ENTRANCE TO THE PARK LANDS.



BELOW THE DAM ON THE BRONX RIVER—LORILLARD PLACE.



THE "DANTE TREE" ON THE BANK OF THE BRONX.



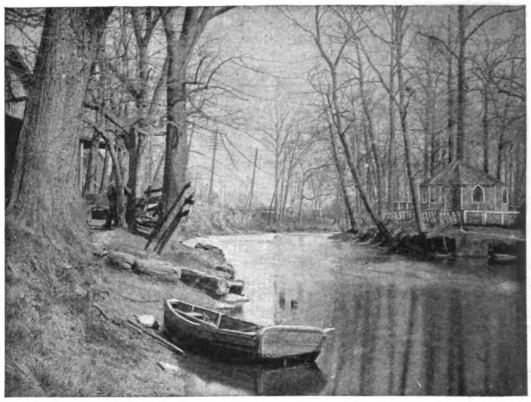
OLD MILL ON THE BRONX.



THE OLD SNUFF-MILL FLUME—LORILLARD PLACE.



THE SUICIDES' TREE.



NEAR WILLIAMS BRIDGE.



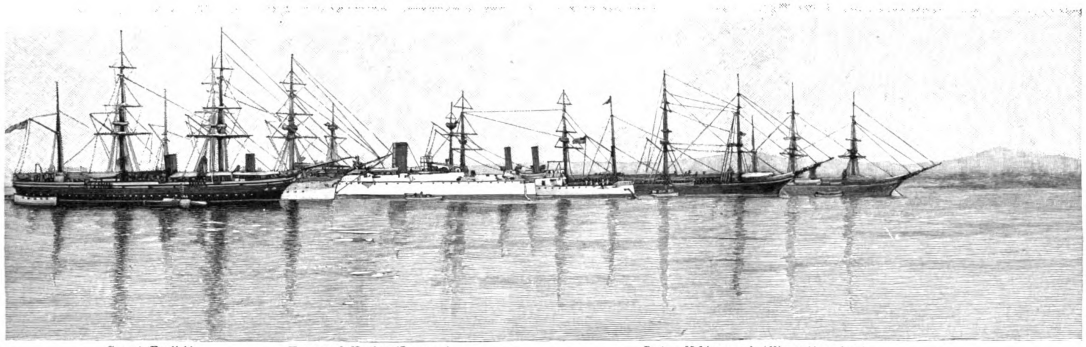
SUICIDES' LANE.



FROG WALLOW, NEAR OLD LORILLARD MANSION.

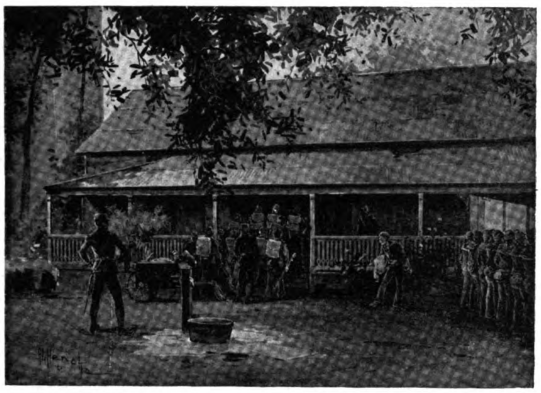
THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, BRONX PARK, NEW YORK.—From Photographs.—[See Page 298.]

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Garnet (English). *Kongo* and *Naniwa* (Japanese). *Boston*, *Mohican*, and *Alliance* (American).

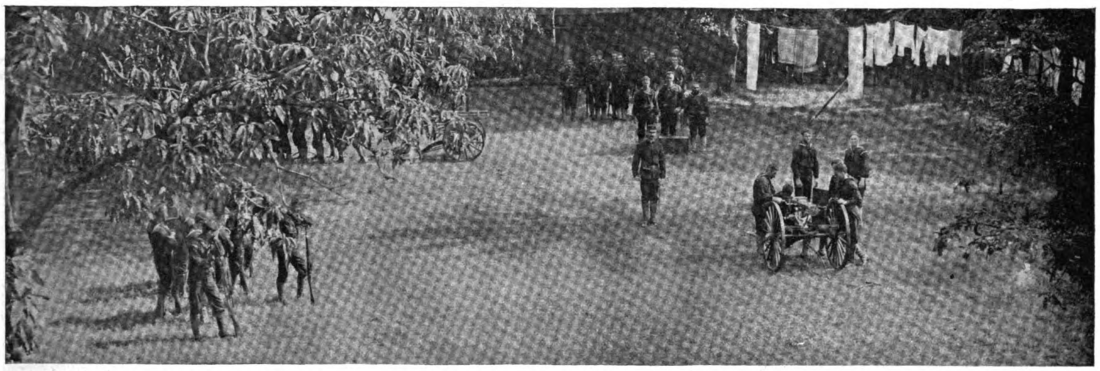
WAR VESSELS AT PRESENT ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.



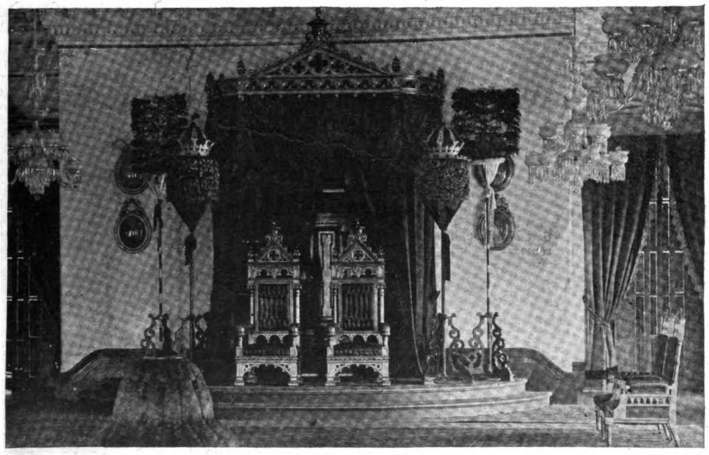
ARION HALL.
Artillery returning from Drill.



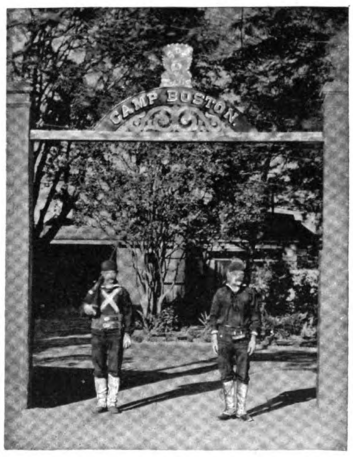
THE "BISHOP" RESIDENCE,
Where the *Boston* Battalion is encamped at present.



ARTILLERY DRILL—"CAMP BOSTON."



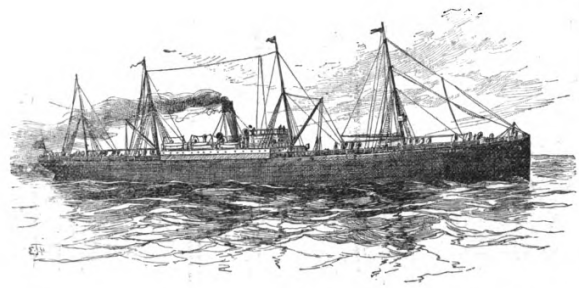
THE THRONE-ROOM.
Where the Queen tried to force her Cabinet to sign the Constitution.



GATEWAY LEADING INTO "CAMP BOSTON."

THE ANNEXATION QUESTION—VIEWS IN HONOLULU.—From Recent Photographs.—[See Page 299.]

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THE MYSTERY OF THE "NARONIC."

THE disappearance of the well-found and fully manned freight-steamer *Naronic* adds another disaster to the pitiable array which makes the past winter memorable in sea annals. For its record is indeed a disheartening one, and has awakened the attention of the maritime nations to the possibilities of ocean accidents and to the responsibilities these impose. Not only in transatlantic waters, but wherever in the northern hemisphere tide-waters reach, the season was filled with hardships for sea-going people, and was bitter with anxieties for many ashore. The waters were harried by gale and hurricane; accidents of the most variant, most unexpected character swelled the list of unpreventable causes of disaster, and from every ocean came tales of mishaps which proved the futility of hoping that modern genius had achieved the mastery of the sea. Neither professional skill nor the best construction seemed on occasion to be of the least avail; and though fortunately the loss of life was below the average, yet in several notable instances this was due not to human energy and capacity, but to a good fortune—call it what you will—which interposed at the moment when it was most needed.

Justly or unjustly, one effect of these numerous accidents has been the deepening of the distrust which possesses so many intelligent people who otherwise would be enrolled among the foreign travelling classes. Public confidence in the security of the ocean ferriage was in the beginning greatly disturbed by the difficulties which beset several of the best-known and stanchest steamers, and now the mystery enshrouding the *Naronic* has intensified this dread to a degree which will materially affect the shipping interests. Nor is this disquietude confined to laymen, for seafaring persons rated the *Naronic* so highly that an accident of a character which so far leaves her fate unknown shows of how little value, after all, are the highest assumed standards. For this vessel was hardly a year afloat, and was built of steel in the strongest manner, and upon lines and scantlings which did not call for the certain fineness and lightness demanded by racers. She had transverse and longitudinal bulkheads which would localize the effect of collisions, was fitted with triple-expansion engines and twin screws, was of a displacement—6594 tons—sufficient to cope with any sea or gale, and was equipped with every appliance found in the most modern freight-steamer. And yet she leaves port, encounters one heavy storm—and that is all known of her.

Forty days after she had left Liverpool—she sailed on the 11th of February, and should have arrived on the 23d—Captain Wilson, of the British steamer *Coventry*, arrived at Bremen, and reported he had sighted two of her life-boats. His log showed that at two o'clock on the morning of March 4th, when in latitude 42° north and longitude 46° west, the *Coventry* passed a life-boat floating keel upward, painted white, and escutcheoned *Naronic*. Twelve hours later another life-boat from the *Naronic* was sighted. This one appeared to have met heavy weather, was filled half to the gunwales with water, and was riding to an improvised sea-anchor, made of the oars and spars lashed and woolded together, and attached to the boat by the long drift of a payed-out painter. Here were two facts, susceptible of various solutions, but tending to show that the *Naronic* had been in such stress that her crew had taken to the boats. The first, standing alone, was worth little, for it must be a sharp seaman's eyes which, at two in the morning, in mid-Atlantic, just in the neck of the Devil's Hole, could read the name stencilled on a derelict ship's boat. Indeed, Captain Wilson realized this, for he stated that while he had no doubt the name was *Naronic*, still the boat was capsized, and the reversed letters could be seen only when the ends of the craft were thrown clear of the sea. Of the second boat there is no question, and the sea-anchor, that trusty device which has been a godsend to sailors the world over, proved that the boat had not been washed overboard, but had been launched, manned, and managed by some of the crew of the *Naronic*. Neither boat seemed to have been long adrift, and as they were only a little way out of the track of shipping, it is all Lombard Street to a Seville orange that the ship's company of the second boat has been picked up. The point where the *Coventry* sighted them was about 1870 miles from Liverpool and 1280 from New York, and about 140 miles to the southward of the position which the *Naronic* should have reached on the ninth day out. Six life-boats were carried, ample for all hands, as, despite the earlier rumors, the crew of the *Naronic* did not muster more than fifty-five, and the passengers—cattle-care-takers returning for stock—numbered fifteen, or seventy all told.

Of the ship nothing can be said, though the chances of her still being afloat are very slight, for so many possibilities exist against this. As to the cause of the disaster, who may tell? By the English Merchants' Shipping Act of 1854 it was assumed in the preliminary courts of inquiry that a vessel might be lost by any one of thirteen causes, the list beginning with the act of God, running through culpable inefficiencies, and ending by the act of the Queen's enemies. At present the causes are relegated to four classes: first, accidents, etc.; second, errors, ignorance, neglect, etc.; third, defective material; and fourth, perils of the sea. From an examination of 15,828 English and 1367 American casualties it was found that for the total number of wrecks, excluding collisions, 45 per cent. were due to preventable causes. These facts show how idle it is to speculate upon the subject, for statistics further claim that as many as 4500 wrecks occur in a year, and that the average loss of life by shipwreck is over 1700. What is more, the number of ships which, like the *Naronic*, leave port and are never again reported is startling; for how many sailors know that of 10,000 vessels lost in a given number of years nearly 850 were never heard of from the day their pilot was discharged or some sister wanderer on the sea saw them dip below the verge?

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

NEW YORK city has long been the proud owner of one of the three handsomest parks in the world, yet it has hitherto lacked that great essential a Botanical Garden, which goes so far towards rendering other great parks bright and beautiful. For several years both Columbia College and the Torrey Botanical Society have been agitating the question of a grand Botanical Garden in one of the many parks owned by New York city. At last their efforts promise to be crowned with success, and the enterprise is set on foot under what seems to be the fairest auspices. One year ago the Legislature appropriated half a million dollars for the furtherance of this project, on condition that the incorporators of the garden would raise $250,000, while at the same time it authorized the city of New York to set apart two hundred and fifty acres of Bronx Park for the purpose. Many wealthy and prominent citizens at once identified themselves with the project, and at a meeting held February 25, 1893, in the rooms of the American Geographical Society, at 11 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, it was announced that only a trifling sum was yet needed to complete the conditional $250,000 required before the State appropriation could become available. At the same time it was resolved by the incorporators to proceed with the subscriptions, and raise, if possible, half a million of dollars. Among those present at the meeting were Cornelius Vanderbilt, who presided; Seth Low, President of Columbia College; ex-Judge Charles P. Daly; Robert Maclay, of the Board of Education; John S. Kennedy, President of the Lenox Library; J. Pierpont Morgan, Judge Addison Brown, Charles Butler, Samuel Sloan, and Professor Nathaniel L. Britton.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, chairman of the finance committee, stated that $250,000 was not sufficient to equip and endow the museum and garden, and that the committee had already progressed far toward making the sum half a million, seven subscriptions of $25,000 each of the additional $250,000 being pledged, while many persons had expressed a willingness to subscribe from $1000 to $10,000. He said there would be no trouble in securing half a million or more, which, with the $500,000 appropriated by the State, would place a million of dollars at their disposal.

The favorite location for the garden is a strip of land on both sides of the Bronx River, extending the entire length of the park. This will include the old Lorillard mansion and nearly one hundred acres of cleared ground beautifully situated for greenhouses and flower gardens. After the two hundred and fifty acres have been selected and set apart for the Botanical Garden there will still remain five hundred acres in the park, which is composed mostly of broad fields and cool woodlands.

The garden will be only a few minutes' walk from either Fordham or Bedford Park station on the Harlem Railroad. It will also be easily reached by several surface street-car lines running in the annexed district. The tract begins near Bronxdale, and extends in the direction of the stream as far as to Williams Bridge. Few people in New York, in comparison to the population, are familiar with its rural beauties, and few people except those who live in the immediate vicinity ever visit the place. It is a land of delightful shade in summer-time, where one may watch the laughing water, cool and sparkling, as it rushes over pebbly bottoms, brawls among the rocks, and glides gracefully over the ruined dam, or is dashed in spray over the old mill-wheel and tumble-down flume. It abounds in swales, where the neighborhood urchins amuse themselves whacking bull-frogs and catching the silver minnow. The old mill of Peter Lorillard still has over its door the ancient sign of "Peter Lorillard: Snuff Mill," while on the banks of the stream strange freaks of nature are found growing, knobby-trunked willows, larches, weeping-willows, copper-beeches, elms, maples, and almost every tree known to the American forest of the Northern clime. A sequestered path, pebbly and shaded, extends along each side of the stream, suggesting the most romantic reveries, while the only sounds heard by a rambler are the pipings of the birds or the music of rippling and falling water. Occasionally the tolling of the deep-toned bells of St. John's College at Fordham breaks in upon the stillness of this peaceful scene.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A MOMENTARY panic swept this State a fortnight ago when the telegraph reported that Mr. Joseph Choate, in the course of some after-dinner remarks on St. Patrick's day, had given offence by inviting the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to band their Irish-American brethren together and go back and govern Ireland. It was hinted in the first reports that Mr. Choate had put his foot in it deep with the Friendly Sons, and fears were entertained in towns more or less remote from the metropolis that he had put a full stop to his career as a post-prandial orator. The fuller reports that came with the New York papers were reassuring. Mr. Choate's remarks, when given at length, were seen to be somewhat adventurous, but not unduly satirical, and certainly not injurious as coming from Mr. Choate. Nevertheless, judged by after-dinner standards, they were not exactly successful, since they failed to please the audience that received them. Father Power, at an entertainment in Harlem two nights later, went so far as to assert that they contained a base and malignant insinuation; and though Mayor Gilroy, who heard them, said he did not get that impression, Father Power's estimate of them was the one that was popular at the entertainment in Harlem.

In a recent allusion to the reaction against the Parliamentary control of Mr. Balfour, the *Christian Union* speaks of him as a statesman "whose cool and imperturbable temperament and ready power of sarcasm make him singularly effective in dealing with the Irish." Mr. Choate also has the cool and imperturbable temperament and the ready power of sarcasm, and yet he seems to have misdealt with the Friendly Sons. Can it be that coolness and imperturbability and sarcasm are not so well adapted to dealing with "the Irish" as has been supposed, and that it is safest to approach them with expressions of that frank and genial admiration which is characterized in the vernacular as "guff"? It is not complimentary to Irish gumption or to the Irish temperament to think so. One does not willingly permit himself to believe that the wittiest people on earth regard a joke as a joke when they make it, and a joke at their expense as an insult!

And after dinner, too! It was neither kind nor judicious of the Friendly Sons to be so severely critical at such a season. If a little thing like playful satire is to be taken amiss in an after-dinner orator, then verily that profession is sackcloth on the back, and dust and ashes in the mouth. Such an after-dinner speaker as Mr. Choate has nothing to gain by his much speaking except his dinner, and everything—not excepting his dinner—to lose. He gets no fee, no added reputation that will be useful to him in his business, no merchantable emolument of any sort. The only advantageous result, besides food and drink, that he can possibly wring from his predicament is a little fun. To grudge him that, or to split hairs with him as to the quality of it, is certainly a scrutiny of the teeth of the gratuitous horse. The Friendly Sons belied their name in so far as they really grudged a laborious and deserving comic talker like Mr. Choate any fun he might get out of their after-dinner, even at their expense.

Dinners are much too serious anyway, particularly for the speakers. In Boston, in the week ending March 18th, two men dropped dead at public dinners. One of the feasts thus visited was a Tammany Club dinner on St. Patrick's day, and the fatal visitation did not come until four o'clock in the morning. That case may have been simply one of exhausted nature, but about the other there was something almost suggestive of a judgment. For it happened at the annual supper of a Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the brother who fell was a Presbyterian clergyman who had just arisen to respond to the toast, "The Temperance Outlook." Is there not something perverse and contrary to nature about having toasts at temperance banquets, and drinking them in water out of goblets? Water is unquestionably the best drink in the world, but not for toasts. It is right and proper that our temperance friends should eat together, and that their souls should flow, but they ought to get up a new apparatus for the exploitation of their after-dinner remarks. The livery of Silenus is not adapted to the service of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard. Twist or turn it as you will, it does not fit.

Mate Brown, late of the bark *Lady Lampson*, has embarrassment for his portion this month. The *Lady Lampson* was wrecked, and the crew had very severe experiences before they were picked up. They all arrived safe and sound in San Francisco on the 8th of March, and were glad to get there, but they are not quite happy. Neither are they a united marine family. The captain and his wife and the cabin-boy are staying at a different hotel from the mate and four seamen. The trouble is that when they were adrift, being out of provisions, Mate Brown was of the opinion that it was best to eat the cabin-boy and Mrs. Peterson, the captain's wife. In spite of this preference shown for them, neither Mrs. Peterson nor the boy can abide Mate Brown. They would not even come back from Apia on the same ship with him, and they will be glad when he leaves town. So the mate is embarrassed and sore over it; and yet, he says, he "couldn't see anything wrong in killing a boy or a woman to keep life in four good men." Which all goes to show what a sentimental world it is, and what unsuspected pitfalls yawn for practical men to trip into.

If it is true, as reported, that General Beauregard left a million dollars apiece to his two children, the conclusion is reasonable that when he twirled the wheel of fortune for the Louisiana Lottery Company he did not do it solely for love of watching the turns of luck. There were sure winnings in the lottery for him, and he did not disdain to carry them home and salt them down. Therein he differed from Baron de Hirsch, who, as most people know, finds one use of his vast income in demonstrating that that notable lottery the turf is worth cultivating purely for itself, and aside from all the chances of possible gain. The Baron has given to hospitals, homes, and benevolent associations, principally in London, without regard to their creeds or nationalities, all the money won by him upon the turf during 1891 and 1892. In 1891 the winnings amounted to £7000, and last year to £35,000. The amounts received from him by various institutions vary from £4000 to £200. Several of them received £2200, the largest beneficiary of all being the London Hospital. There are some forty institutions on his race-money list, among them Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home, the Temperance Hospital, the German Hospital, St. Andrew's Convalescent Home, the Bethany Convalescent Home, St. Mary's Hospital, and the Orphans of Mercy. Of course such racing establishments as the owner of La Flèche keeps up in England and the Continent involve great expenditure. Experts determine that the Baron's English stables alone cost him £25,000 a year, so it seems that he has not deducted his racing expenses from his winnings, but has given away all the money his horses have secured. It has not been uncommon in England for the winners of great sporting events to give money liberally for the purchase of plate. The largest gift of that sort was a piece of plate of the nominal value of £1000, given by Lord George Bentinck in 1837, to be run for at the Goodwood.

It seems that one of the American Edens is threatened with an invasion. Michael Cudahey, of Omaha and Chicago, has announced that he is going to start a factory of hog products at Los Angeles. Probably it will do Los Angeles no real harm, but benefit it rather by cheapening food. But it is a rude shock to the imagination to have the California Nice associated with anything so frankly carnal and mundane as the conversion of vegetation into swine and the evolution of swine into pork. There is disillusion enough in the shriek of the steam-whistles among the orange groves, but when you hear a mournful cadence in the distance, and can't say whether it is the wind among the pines or the

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swan-song of the pork, the resulting ambiguity is enough to affect land values and reduce rents.

It has been noted as a circumstance of interest that a New York bookseller had for sale the other day an imported book bound in human skin. It is not generally known that there is a regular trade in such bindings by London firms, who get their hides raw from the critics. It is even alleged that poets have been flayed to order to provide a binding for their own works; which may be so, of course, but I don't guarantee its truth.

There is a chance for some enterprising young college president to get a "beat" on all the others by engaging Mr. Garner as professor of his newly discovered monkey talk. The advantage of learning monkey talk is that there is no monkey literature, and having once got the language, you are not exposed to the risk of being called upon to read anything in it. A contemporary language in which no newspapers are printed is not without at least one claim to popularity in a world so busy as this.

E. S. MARTIN.

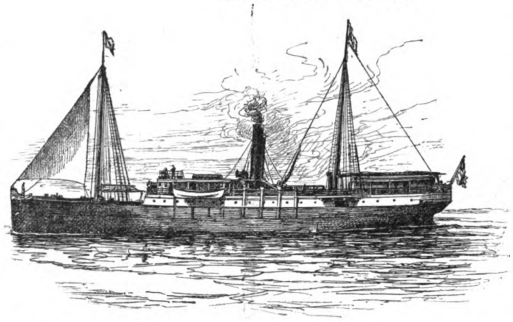
SOME NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS.

THERE are few men in the country better fitted by nature and training for the French mission than ex-Senator James B. Eustis, whom Mr. Cleveland has just appointed to that post. Mr. Eustis is a man of various accomplishments. He is a lawyer so learned in his profession that he has been professor in the State University of the civil or French law, which prevails in Louisiana. While he was in active life he was a leader in a bar that numbers some very acute minds. He has been especially a student of international law, and is thoroughly acquainted with the diplomatic history of this country. He has lived many years in Paris, and speaks the French tongue as well as his own. He is rich, agreeable, cultivated, and popular. He will transact the business between the United States and France with ability, and personally and socially will more than maintain the reputation which our recent ministers have won in Paris.

Mr. Eustis was born in New Orleans fifty-nine years ago. He was graduated at Harvard College Law School in 1854. During the war of the rebellion he first served on General Magruder's staff as Judge Advocate-General, and afterwards until the end of the war on General Johnston's staff. He was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1872 he was nominated for Congressman-at-large. A fusion ticket was made after this nomination, however, and Mr. Eustis's name was dropped. After serving in both Houses of the State Legislature, he was elected to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. His service here was for two years, from 1877 to 1879. When he retired he became professor of civil law at the University of Louisiana, and occupied the chair until 1884, when he was again elected to the Senate. During this term he was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He retired in 1891, but continued to reside in Washington, where he had built a handsome house. Soon after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration Mr. Eustis became dissatisfied with the President's appointments. He was not a believer in civil service reform that kept Republicans in office, and was one of the first, perhaps the very first, of the Democratic Senators who believed in "turning out the rascals" to break with the President. He authorized an interviewer to say for him that, in his judgment, "Mr. Cleveland, thus far, from a Democratic stand-point, has been a conspicuous and humiliating failure." In 1892, however, Mr. Eustis was one of the first to recognize the necessity of Mr. Cleveland's renomination, and appeared as a speaker at the Tremont Temple ratification meeting which was held in Boston immediately after the convention.

Theodore Runyon, who has been named as Minister to Germany, has long been looked upon as one of the State's best and ablest Democrats. That he has not been in active politics during recent years is due to the fact that the Democratic party of New Jersey has been under the control of men who have been unable to appreciate Mr. Runyon's sterling character. He is the kind of American who increases respect for this country in Europe, an American who believes in the country and its institutions, and whose character and abilities make him equal to any position in which he may be placed. Mr. Runyon was born at Somerville, New Jersey, in 1822, and was graduated at Yale College in 1842. He was admitted to the bar in 1846, and has practised his profession at Newark continuously with the exception of the years during which he served in the army and as Chancellor. He was a Brigadier-General of militia when the war broke out, and took his brigade to Washington at once. It is said that this New Jersey brigade was the first fully equipped and organized brigade to reach the capital. Mr. Runyon was candidate for Presidential elector in 1860, and was Mayor of Newark for two years. He ran for Governor in 1865 against Marcus L. Ward, and was defeated. In 1873 he was appointed Chancellor, and was reappointed in 1880. Governor Abbett refused to reappoint him because he declined to take the stump while he held a judicial position.

Mr. John E. Risley, the new Minister to Denmark, is not well known in this part of the country. He is a modest and successful lawyer, whose business has been rather that of a promoter of railroad interests in the West than in the regular line of his profession. In the course of years he has accumulated a fortune, and has reached a period of life when a little political distinction is welcome for the honor and the rest it brings. Mr. Risley has always been a Democrat, and has acted with the non-progressives, or the machine element. He is a brother-in-law of Senator Voorhees, having married Miss Voorhees. The Senator has always been his political guide and mentor, and Mr. Risley has therefore naturally been a friend and admirer of Governor Hill's. He was a candidate for United States District Attorney in 1885, but failed to secure the office. He also made an ineffectual attempt last autumn to obtain the nomination for Congress in the Westchester district. He is sent to Denmark at the request of his brother-in-law, and to gratify his own desire for an agreeable and not too laborious post. He is a native of Indiana, and is fifty years old. He came to New York immediately after the war, and has resided at Summit, New Jersey, and at New Rochelle, where his residence now is. He is a quiet man, very popular among his neighbors.



THE "CLAUDINE" LEAVING FOR SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 19th, WITH THE COMMISSIONERS ON BOARD.

THE HAWAIIAN SITUATION.

HAWAII is still under the protectorate of the United States. The proclamation creating this condition which was issued by Minister Stevens, and ratified by Secretary of State Foster, has not yet been recalled. The status, of course, is not legal. The executive power of this country has no right to assume responsibilities of this character except in great emergencies, and for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American citizens. There is no evidence that there is any such occasion for the exercise of sovereignty in Honolulu by this government. It may be that there is danger that the natives, most of whom are royalists, would be troublesome, and perhaps dangerous, if they were left to themselves. They have cause enough for complaint, and as they are partly savage and very ignorant and superstitious, it may be that they would exercise little restraint after their desire for vengeance. But even this consideration does not excuse the United States for continuing to exercise sovereign powers over an alien people, who, so far as we know, have not requested our intervention, and concerning whom the law-making power of this country has not spoken.

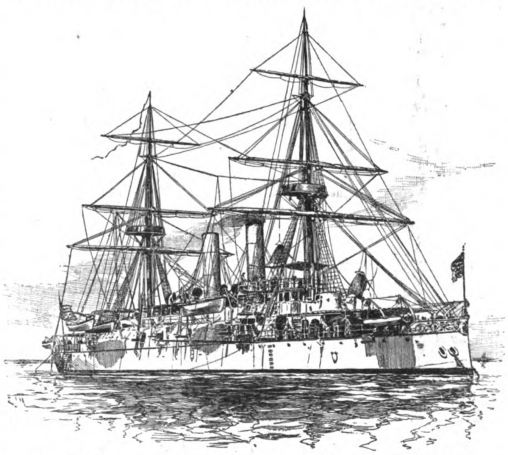


PRINCESS KAIULANI OF HAWAII.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

If there is danger to be feared from the populace, there is plenty of force at hand for the protection of the whites and other foreigners. The United States government has in the harbor three war ships, two of them modern steel vessels carrying heavy ordnance; these are the *Boston* and the *Mohican*. The *Alliance* is an old-fashioned wooden corvette. The British have the *Garnet*, and the Japanese the *Kongo* and the *Naniwa*. Besides these ships, which doubtless carry full complements of crews and marines, the *Boston's* battalion of marines remains on shore, and forms in itself a sufficient army for the putting down of any native revolt that may break out. In addition, artillery has been landed, and there is an artillery company in camp which loses no opportunity to impress the natives by its drills. But there is no sign of an outbreak at the capital or anywhere in the islands.

The natives have protested against what they insist is an unjust usurpation of the rights and powers of the reigning family; but the Queen herself has asked the United States to pass upon the question between the monarchy and the provisional government, and doubtless she and her people recognize the advisability of preserving the *status quo* until Mr. Blount arrives and makes his investigation.

Meanwhile the Princess Kaiulani has sailed for England. And although a controversy has arisen as to her right of succession, it being claimed that the Hawaiian monarchy is elective, she has excited a good deal of sympathy, and plain people are wondering why the republic departs from its ancient traditions of fairness and justice in order to take away not only the powers of an unoffending royal family, but the territory of a friendly people. The patient waiting enforced by Mr. Cleveland's withdrawal of the treaty hastily negotiated in the closing hours of Mr. Harrison's administration has not strengthened the sentiment in favor of annexation.



THE U. S. S. "BOSTON" AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

"WARILY, BROTHERS."

"SHALL we take Hawaii in, sirs?" that's the question of the day.
Would the speedy annexation of that dusky country pay?
Would the revenues from sugar and from smuggled opium
Counteract the heavy burdens that with them are sure to come?

With a coast-line undefended, such as ours is said to be,
Do we wish that line extended in that far-off western sea?
Do we wish to have the time come when the government will find
Small rebellions, revolutions, and such blessings on its mind?

Were the British folk to do it, as we now are asked to do,
Would the atmosphere we're breathing not become electric blue?
Would the crowd that now is clamoring for Sam to drain the cup
Not be holding all its hands in horror virtuously up?

As an epicure who dotes on dainty dinners and all that,
Richest foods and indigestibles, lean, medium, and fat,
Let a rhymester beg his Uncle Sam to make no undue haste
Lest he later find this sugared Sandwich salty to his taste.

ROGER CAMERDEN.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

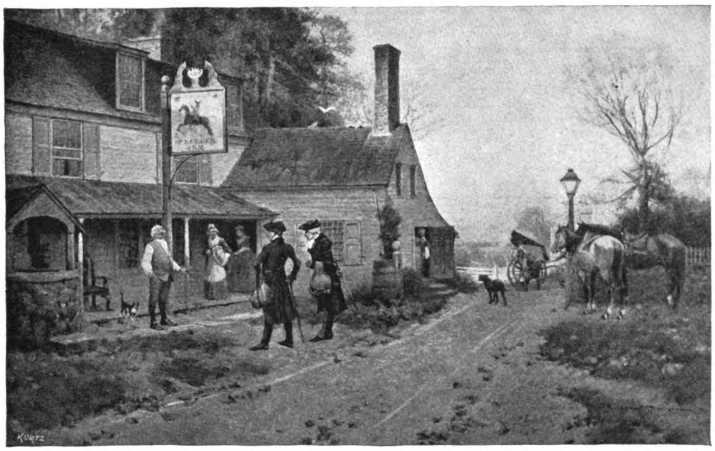
THE path of the National Academy of Design is not strewn with flowers, though such might be supposed to be the case from the abundance of flower pieces at its exhibitions, more especially that which takes place in autumn. Its members are somewhat deaf to the persuasions of the reformer and the progressist, though younger rivals who keep in touch with changes flourish like the green bay. The artists who exhibit take so little interest in the prizes offered, that for the last three years it has been impossible to bring enough exhibitors to the polls to award the Hallgarten prizes. Indeed, one might suppose that the day of the Academy's usefulness were past, and the sooner it wound up its affairs the better.

Such a supposition would be very far from the truth. The National Academy bears a charmed life. Like its prototype, the Royal Academy in London, a large part of its membership and the greater portion of its custom consist of persons who are not lightly swayed by caprice. They paint and buy on solid grounds of habit and æsthetic predilection. Not for them to run after the last fad in painting or sculpture! They pass the even tenor of their ways with a contented stolidity which they get along with their Dutch and English blood. You may call it philistinism if you like. But the result is the steady, constant holding upright of clubs, customs, and political institutions long after the more impatient spirits of a community have decreed that these clubs, these customs, these institutions are not only useless, but actually dead, buried, and forgot! No error could be greater than to suppose that the Academy of Design is in any way moribund.

These reflections come naturally to the surface while lounging in the galleries of the Academy and casting one's eyes about. This is the grand effort of the year for an old artistic club which has inherited from an age of more swelling phrase than ours the rather awkward adjective National. Although that term has gradually come to apply with less accuracy, the spring exhibition is still national in the sense that it attracts pictures from all parts of the Union. Not only are painters from different States constantly settling in New York, but the academy is the goal for the local workmen that stay afar. In the present exhibition several Canadians figure; Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Georgia, Virginia have representatives. Of course Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts are generously represented. This year the World's Fair has drawn off a good many artists, who might otherwise have exhibited; but a more potent reason for the absence from the spring exhibition of many of the stronger artists is the growth in New York, Boston, and other cities, of the one-man exhibit, concluding with sales at auction. So it comes about that the exhibition this year is comparatively poor in canvases and sculptures of mark. And yet the ordinary visitor would not be likely to note any difference, so many are the canvases which surpass the average.

One of the brightest spots on the walls of the South Gallery is Robert Blum's "Ameya," an itinerant maker and seller of dolls and quaint figures in the streets of Japanese towns. He is in a blue and white dress, wears goggles, and is engaged in blowing some object through a pipe, while a crowd of nurse-maids and children beset his stand. Mr. Blum has tried to give a transcript from street life, with all its color; the various types and characters of a Japanese crowd of the sort are preserved. His superiority is seen when one compares "The Ameya" with pictures taken in

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AN ARRIVAL AT THE INN, RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT, 1790.—WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.



A VOUDOO.—ALFRED KAPPES.

Yokohama by C. D. Weldon, A.N.A., like "Manor Born" and "Coaxing a Spark," each of which contains a little Japanese woman in brilliant toggery, and one of which has a Japanese baby. Mr. Weldon's Japanese seem built of *papier-maché*, while Mr. Blum's are living; the former gives elaborate, hard-painted figures; the latter, moving, alert human beings.

An exotic, yet a character in our own land, is painted by Alfred Kappes, A. N. A., in the bust given here in black and white—"A Voudoo," the likeness of a masculine-looking negress, whose yellow face is lit by the flames of the fire while magic is being brewed. As a piece of technical art the modelling of chin, mouth, and brow in the firelight is excellent, but the illustration cannot give the color of the reflections on the gold rings in the ears, or the bit of yellow turban through the hair, nor the sinister effect of the more than swarthy skin. Still nearer home is the lamplight group by Frank W. Benson, of Salem—No. 226 "Lamplight—Study in Red, Black, and Gold." A head in the rear is illuminated, but the chief figure half stands, half sits in the foreground, looking straight out of the picture. She is a young woman in a black dress, with dark hair and dark complexion, and is in the act of drawing about her shoulders a narrow wrap of bright red like a Canton silk scarf. The face, dress, and lighting suggest Spain—Fortuny, Ribera, perhaps the living Ribot of Paris—and the face is nicely modelled. Another picture, which is also given herewith, tells more of a story, and harks back to the end of the last century, when houses, men, and manners were colonial. Wordsworth Thompson, N. A., adds to the list of his revivals of last-century scenes "An Arrival at the Inn of Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1790." Two gentlemen in black, one old, the other with auburn locks, have arrived on horseback, and having tied their steeds and thrown saddlebags over their arms, have approached the old inn, where the innkeeper stands in long waistcoat and shirt sleeves, bidding them welcome with an easy and jovial gesture. Being men of experience, they are parleying for terms, and their discourse brings the black cook to the door of the kitchen in the extension, and the old wife of the innkeeper out on the porch. Horses, carriage, hostler, dog, and cat add life to the scene. It is afternoon, and the sunlight bathes the roof and trees behind the roof in soft color.

The fourth illustration is after a humble interior with old woman, painted by J. G. Brown, N. A., and called "Home Comforts." The old woman is of the cleanly, self-respecting farmer type with which Mr. Brown has made us all familiar. With her back to her comfortable bed, she sits in her chair, her feet touching the stove, and knits; her tea is simmering in an earthen teapot. This composition and the method of its painting lend themselves very well to black and white, so much so indeed that a first-class reproduction leaves very little to be desired. The same artist's "Rose Between Two Thorns" is the portrait of a waggish-looking white cur seated on a box between two smiling bootblacks. The cur has one ear cocked and the other down, and seems anxious to know what the next joke is to be. The boys are shiny-faced, but their shoes and trousers are more real than have been those of former bootblacks as depicted by Mr. Brown.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of a lady in black is simple in pose, firm and reflective in expression, dignified and restful. She is standing, but the feet are not seen. His portrait of a gentleman, here reproduced, is a likeness of Mr. Orson D. Munn, of the Union League Club, and while not so simple and straightforward a piece of work as the portrait of the lady in black, it has Mr. Johnson's solid qualities as a painter, especially the look of dignity and repose, which are qualities so much missed in many portraits far more cleverly wrought from the technical point of view.

There are many beautiful landscapes in the sixty-eighth annual exhibition by colorists like Homer D. Martin, Charles Melville Dewey, P. E. Rudell, J. B. Brevoort, J. Francis Murphy, H. W. Ranger, Corwin Knapp Linson, and Leonard Ochtman, and by others who are not exactly that. Fine flower-pieces appear from Elliott Daingerfield ("Chrysanthemums"), Thomas Hovenden ("Peonies"), and C. K. Linson ("Purple and Gold"). A clever Indian scene from pagan times is Alfred Z. Baker's "The God of Silence," an idol and two worshippers in a decorated room of old Mexico. Julian Scott shows an Indian shepherdess marching before her flock, "A Song in the Desert—Going to the Corral, Arizona." Howard Russell Butler has a fine large landscape with soldiers from Mexico, "Rurales Crossing the Yantepec," with very good color, and a fine background of peaks touched with snow. "Under Fire," by Louis Moeller, is an attempt to paint ladies in a modern drawing-room, this artist having hitherto confined himself to German-Americans of the opposite sex. Among the portraits is a full length of Mr. John D. Jones, president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, by Daniel Huntingdon, formerly president of the academy. William M. Chase has a brilliant landscape from the Shinnecock Hills, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman a charming winter bit, "Winter Morning on the Hudson," with ice-floes in the water.



LAMPLIGHT—A STUDY IN RED, BLACK, AND GOLD.—F. W. BENSON.



HOME COMFORTS.—J. G. BROWN.

SOME NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

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THE HON. THEODORE RUNYON,
United States Minister to Germany.—[See Page 299.]



THE HON. JAMES B. EUSTIS,
United States Minister to France.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 299.]



THE HON. JOHN E. RISLEY,
United States Minister to Denmark.—[See Page 299.]



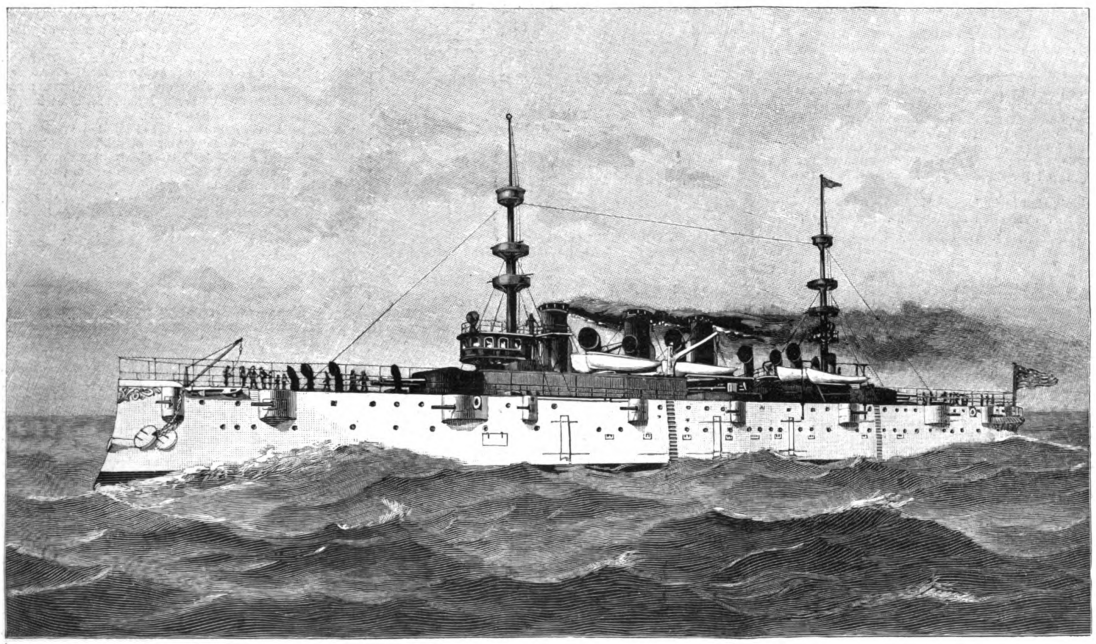
J. W. REINHART,
Recently elected President of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad.—[See Page 311.]



THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON,
As he appeared when in active Business.—[See Page 295.]



THE LATE COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.
[See Page 295.]



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEW YORK" ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

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RIO DE JANEIRO.

BY J. DE SANTA ANNA NERI.

IMAGINE a town rising from the shores of a bay, enclosing an anchorage of fifty square miles, and with a coast-line of some sixty miles round, indented with creeks, coves, and larger inlets, whilst its waters are dotted with isles and islets, amongst which ply great ocean steamers, merchant vessels, yachts, barges, and all manner of other crafts laden with passengers; a safe and sheltered port on the main route for travellers, whether bound for the south or the north, the east or the west; a coaling station for vessels on their way to La Plata or the Pacific shores of America, to Australia or to New Zealand; a tropical site, overlooked by mountain beyond mountain, now rugged, now forest-clad, but all alike picturesque, a commercial emporium full of life and motion, with a highly civilized population, although it is but a few miles from virgin forests; a mart from which millions of bags of coffee are exported, yet one in which the arts and literature are cultivated, and politics are eagerly studied; a town not unlike Byzantium, as irregular as some city of antiquity, as noisy as a Yankee settlement; now thronged with busy crowds, now apparently wrapped in torpor; in a word, Rio de Janeiro is New York, San Francisco, and Paris in one.

Such is the heroic and loyal city of São Sebastião de Rio Janeiro, federal capital of the Republic of the United States of Brazil, and but yesterday the seat of the court of Dom Pedro II. Let us land and look about us.

We come from Paris, having embarked at Bordeaux, or rather at Pauillac, on one of the new steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Company, a floating palace, one blaze of gilding, and provided throughout with electric light. We touched at Lisbon *en route*, and that has made us even better able to appreciate Rio.

Here we are on shore. We have landed, as must all who come from the sea, in the most uninteresting and malodorous part, the commercial quarter, which has a very disillusioning effect upon any one who expected an American town. Narrow tortuous streets, uninviting alleys, low poverty-stricken-looking houses, crowded together without character or architectural style — the whole suggestive of some old Portuguese town removed to another hemisphere.

Amongst the noise of the whistles of the drivers and rumbling of the tram-cars, and jostled as you are by shouting porters laden with merchandise, you wonder how a people, full of the vigor of youth and enamored of progress, can put up with a state of things so little in accord with their own temperament or the climate of their country, with the absence of all the comforts of modern science, an absence but little atoned for by the busy traffic; everywhere the constant hurrying to and fro of eager men of business, and the medley of coloring in the complexions of the passers-by, every variety of complexion occurring, from ebony-black to purest white, with intermediate shades of red, bistre, light and dark brown.

An effort of memory is required for us to realize that we are in what was once a Portuguese colony, which, in spite of the lapse of time and the changes it has brought about, still retains a certain pronounced resemblance to its parent, the former metropolis. And this effort made, you will hear that Portuguese is being spoken about you, a softened, languorous variety of Portuguese, and you will at last realize how much difference of latitude necessarily affects European manners and customs.

But let us penetrate further into the town. Let us go to the new quarters, to Cattele, to Botofogo, where Darwin lived for a time, to Larangerias, and to all the pretty outlying suburbs. Here we can breathe more freely, and are amongst evidences of quite a different stage of civilization. Here are bright snow-white villas, with gardens in which, without any care bestowed on them, grow a luxuriance of wide-girthed stately palms, prickly cacti, and slim bamboos; in a word, of all the grand and beautiful flora peculiar to a tropic zone. Whether we go to the Botanical Gardens, with their world-famous avenue of palms, or climb the height of Tijuca, the primeval forests and cascades of which are perhaps even more beautiful than the view from the top, or whether we risk the perils of the zigzag railway, on the steep sides of Corcovado, up which the train is literally pushed, with the engine behind,* or ascend the heights of Santa Theresa, by way of the inclined plane, one enchanting scene succeeds another, and we return in love once more with Rio, and admitting the originality, if not the utility, of the division of the town into two parts, one given up entirely to business and trade, a true capital of the coffee country, the other admirably fitted for the *dolce far niente* of life in the tropics.

There is no doubt that in its beautiful bay Rio de Janeiro owns one altogether unrivalled attraction; for this bay is larger than that of Naples, and grander than the Bosporus. It was discovered on January 1, 1502, by the Portuguese navigator Andréa Gonçales, and the great Amerigo Vespucci himself.

The celebrated Florentine pilot who had the honor of giving his name to the New World was the first of a long series of explorers who have vied with each other in singing the praises of the beautiful districts of South America. In 1504, at an epoch when, to quote a once famous *bon-mot*, "Every one, even tailors, must go forth to the discovery of new lands," Vespucci, dazzled with the glorious scenes he had witnessed, wrote a letter in which occurs a sentence revealing the enthusiasm with which he was imbued. "If," he said, "there be such a thing as a terrestrial paradise, it cannot be far from these scenes." And if we could have asked the opinion of Paulmier de Gonneville, who touched at Rio in the same year (1504), no doubt the mariner from Honfleur would have confirmed the high praises of Vespucci.

The bay of Rio Janeiro is protected by two outpost sentinels, the fort of Santa Cruz, and the celebrated Sugar-loaf Mountain, a mass of granite more than 1100 feet above the sea-level, which the French, however, called the Pot de Beurre, "because," as Jean de Léry quaintly says, "of its roundness and its resemblance to a tower." This Sugar-loaf Mountain is the first of a chain of serrated heights, some rugged and bare, some clothed with tropical vegetation, encircling the town, and forming a background to the varied scene. If we arrive on one of the clear bright days, of which there are so many in these latitudes, we first perceive, of a deeper blue than the sky itself, against which it rises



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

up in strong relief, the mighty chain of the Organ range, so called on account of the resemblance of its peaks to the pipes of an organ. Amongst these peaks the most remarkable is that called the "Finger of God," from its likeness to a gigantic finger. On the left rises the Corcovado, or Hunchback, some 2140 feet high, from the summit of which, reached by the railway described above, a magnificent view is obtained, whilst beyond it is the Parrot's Beak, overlooking the Tijuca chain, a romantic retreat of the people of Rio, dotted with poetic-looking villas. The Tijuca Mountains serve yet another purpose, for, like the summit of the Superga, at Turin, they are the barometer of sailors and of the common people of Rio. When the peaks of Tijuca are covered with clouds, it is an almost certain sign of rain; and Admiral Mouchez himself, who has done so much good hydrographical work on the shores of Brazil, does not hesitate to call attention to this phenomenon.

The bay of Rio de Janeiro extends seventeen miles inland. It has a coast-line of sixty miles, and its greatest breadth is twelve miles; but it does not look as large as it really is, on account of its being cut in half by the reef known as the Lage, on which a fortress has been erected. Vessels from Europe enter the bay by the wider of the two channels, which is some 600 feet across, and 160 feet deep. The bay is dotted with about eighty islands and islets, which look like so many bunches of flowers flung down by the caprice of an artist.

Some of these islands are celebrated, notably that of the *Governador*, or Governor, which is about six miles long by three across, where John VI. of Portugal performed his devotions, and Dom Pedro I. sought recreation from the cares of state; and the much smaller, but prettiest and brightest of all, Paqueta, scarce two miles in extent, which has been so often sung by Brazilian poets

"A linda Paqueta, delicia, orgulho
De tua capital, do Brazil todo!"

The so-called Fiscal Island is the station of the custom-house officers. Here a Gothic building, looking just like a chapel, has been fitted up for their use, and on another of the group, known as the Isle of Flowers, is an admirable establishment, now being enlarged, for the reception of immigrants. When completed, 3500 can be received in it at a time.

It has been remarked that the general shape of the bay of Rio, which is that of a triangle of unequal sides, resembles the configuration of the whole country of Brazil. Its geographical position, moreover—it is in S. lat. 22° 54′ 24″—enables the observer to see the sun, in its daily course, describe arcs in planes perpendicular to the major axis of the bay, in such a manner that, thanks to the usual transparency and purity of the atmosphere, the most marvellous combinations of color are produced at sunrise and sunset, in which every prismatic hue is reflected from shore to shore in the waters of the bay; whilst the Sugar-loaf Mountain at the southern extremity, and but little removed as it is from the austral tropic, marks the limit beyond which, as one of the writers on this part of the world has observed, the sun cannot advance in his march southwards.

There are two totally distinct seasons at Rio, when the town presents an altogether different appearance; the summer, which lasts from October to April, and the winter, from May to September. In the summer, which is the autumn and winter in Europe, when the sun pours down into the narrow streets, Rio is anything but an agreeable place. The heat has driven away the rich and leisured classes, the great merchants, the diplomatic corps; in fact, all of any position or fancied position hasten to the suburbs on the breezy heights overlooking the city, or to the little country towns in the neighborhood, such as Petropolis and Theresópolis, whilst others take refuge on the islands of the bay. The town becomes a perfect caldron; but this does not prevent a great excitement over the Carnival, which is an institution to which the Fluminenses, or river folk,* are particularly devoted. This relic of the old heathen Saturnalia is fast disappearing from Europe; and now that Italy is a united kingdom, it is no longer properly kept up even in its former headquarters, Rome and Venice.

At Rio, however, Carnival-time is livelier than ever, and there are societies for celebrating it in grand style. Shrove-Tuesday is kept in a most characteristic manner, and is distinguished not only by the richness of the costumes and the originality of the vehicles in the processions, but by the absurdity of the caricatures in what may justly be termed an open-air review of the chief events of the preceding year. In the time of the empire the ministers of Dom Pedro defrayed the expenses of the Carnival, and though a republic has now been established, the old customs are kept up, and the men of the revolution are spared no more than were their predecessors; moreover, like them, they are the first to laugh at the ridiculous caricatures of themselves and their actions in these witty exhibitions, in which full scope is afforded to the imaginations of the popular poets of Rio.

In the winter—the European spring and summer—Rio de Janeiro is a charming place of residence. At the principal theatres good pieces are played by troupes of native or foreign artists—now Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, now Giovanni Emanuel, and the Duse-Checchi or Tamagno, and the Borghi-Mamo, with other celebrities, appear, being greeted with the greatest enthusiasm, and applauded as eagerly as on this side of the ocean, perhaps even with a spice of tropical fervor unknown in our more temperate zone. The balls at the Casino, managed by a club to which all the hidalgos and chief citizens of Rio once belonged, are very select, and alternate with parties in private houses and concerts.

Few people love melody more than the Brazilians, and music, poetry, and elocution are all alike eagerly cultivated. Some few Brazilian composers and executants have indeed become celebrated beyond their own country, and very proudly do the people of the new republic boast of Carlos Gomez, author of *Il Guarany*, *Salvator Rosa*, *Fosca*, *Maria Tudor*, *Lo Schiavo*, and other operas, which have most of them been produced at La Scala, Milan, and elsewhere, and of other native artists of lesser note.

The Rua d'Ouvidor is the most celebrated street of Rio. It is very narrow, but the passage of vehicles is prohibited, so that the beaux and belles have plenty of room to promenade, showing off their fashionable costumes or pausing for a friendly chat, forming brilliant animated groups which no *sergent de ville* breaks up with the familiar "Circulez, messieurs," of Paris. This Bond Street of Rio is lined with handsome shops; in it are a few of the most fashionable cafés, and from it are issued the chief newspapers.†

Like all seaports, Rio de Janeiro has a large foreign population. The town, properly so called, certainly has, in a total of 500,000 inhabitants, 100,000 strangers, of whom 70,000 are Portuguese. There are now perhaps 2000 or 3000 French, but at one time their numbers were far higher, and the French colony monopolized nearly all the trade in luxuries. The competition of Portuguese and Italians has of late years lessened this proportion, but in walking through the town it is still easy to recognize the shops kept by Frenchmen, so

* *À propos* of this railway, Ch. A. Atchison says: "It is of somewhat peculiar construction. Between the wheel-rails is a barred eight-inch ratchet, into which a cogged wheel beneath the engine fits. In this way a grip is got sufficient to push the train up the steep incline.... The road is circuitous, making a two-mile journey of the distance, which, measured as height, is but 2400 feet. Some 600 feet from the bottom you cross the first bridge, a red slender-looking iron thing bridging a chasm of 600 feet ... At Paneiras you change trains; a second train takes you to the summit.... The line traverses the very edge of a precipice 1700 feet sheer down...."—*A Winter Cruise in Summer Seas*, p. 246.

* Rio de Janeiro means literally the river of January, hence the name Fluminenses as applied to its inhabitants. The bay was discovered on January 1st, and was at first taken for a river, running up as it does so far into the land.—TRANS.

† James W. Wells thus describes the frequenters of this street: "The Rua d'Ouvidor varies in its frequenters during the different hours of the day. In the early morning there are few to be seen; the shops open; shop boys and men are busy spreading their wares for the day; a few laborers pass; or maybe a milch-cow and calf accompanied by a man, who milks the cow at the door of his customer, and perhaps at the same time surreptitiously milks a bag of water he may have stowed away under his coat.

"From early morning the tram-cars quickly arrive, three at a time, but from eight to ten they commence to disgorge their loads of clerks and merchants coming from the suburbs, then the street fills with the hurrying crowd, with perhaps a very few ladies; from ten to eleven arrive the black coats and top-hats of Brazilian officials and employés in the public offices. After that hour ladies principally have their turn, coming in for shopping. All day the cars arrive and go away filled. About three the black coats and hats congregate about 'Casteloes' (the confectioner's), at the tram-car corner, and in various shop doors, and discuss with many a lively gesticulation and excited manner the day's politics—the nearly always absorbing topic. At four the crowds of merchants and clerks return, they in their turn stopping for a chat or an inquiry for the latest European telegrams, or an abuse of Mr. Gladstone, or maybe a visit to No. 105 to try to quench their insatiable thirst, the married men being easily recognized by their loads of bundles and packages."—*Three Thousand Miles through Brazil*, pp. 14 and 15.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

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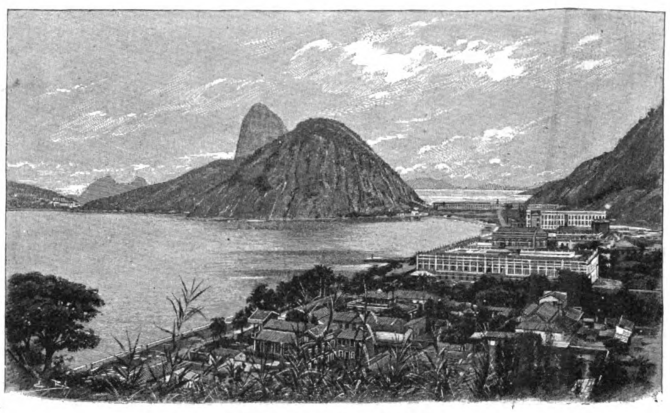
much more tastily arranged than elsewhere are the goods displayed for sale in the windows.

French influence is also considerable in more important matters. The educated Brazilian reads and speaks French, follows French fashions, wants to know all that is going on in France, applauds Portuguese translations of French plays at the theatre, and is well up in every detail of French politics. Really, in Rio one seems nearer to Paris than when in Brittany, and the republic has carried enthusiasm so far as to make July 14th a national fête; and perhaps when the worthy Fluminense citizen hears the "Marseillaise" he fancies that his ancestors took part in the taking of the Bastille Saint Antoine.

One of the first things to strike a new arrival at Rio is the immense number of tramways, the cars on which are called *bonds*, because the opening of the first line coincided with an issue of bonds. These *bonds*, which are mostly open cars, are drawn by mules, and start from nearly every corner of the Rua d'Ouvidor. They are all crowded with passengers, and take up a great many more than there are seats for, others clustering on the foot-boards, clinging to straps, as the car dashes along to the noise of the conductor's whistle.

It is estimated that some 120,000 passengers daily use the tramways. On many of the lines the cars run all night, and you can go from end to end of the city at any time you like. Everybody uses the *bonds*, and it is no rare thing to see ladies in them in full evening dress on their way to some ball or soirée. On some lines there are special cars for luggage, in which respect Rio is in advance of London and Paris.

Every one who stops at Rio, if only for a few hours, is bound to go by tram-car from the Rua Gonçalves-Diaz to the Botanical Gardens, by way of Botafogo, and no trip could be more interesting or better calculated to give a stranger an idea of the ways of the country. Itinerant venders storm the cars, pressing their wares on the passengers. Some, chiefly lively little Italians, shriek out the names of the daily papers—*A Gazeta de Noticias, o Jornal do Brazil, o Paiz, a Gazeta da Tarde, a Cidade do Rio, o Brazil, o Diario do Commercio*, etc.—others, usually men of color, offer bonbons and cakes to the ladies in a hopelessly incomprehensible jargon—*Balas, sinha!* whilst flower-sellers march solemnly along with cut flowers for sale fastened to little sticks.



THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Railways connect Rio with the neighboring states of Minas-Geraes and San Paulo, and steamers, like the *Bateaux-Mouches* and *Hirondelles* of the Seine, ply between the city and Praia Grande or Nictheroy, which is the real capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro, Rio itself being only the federal capital, belonging to no state in particular, and in this respect resembling Washington in the United States. Moreover, the new republican constitution, inaugurated on February 24, 1891, as it has added to the union a vast district on the central plateau of Brazil, will probably lead to the foundation of a new inland federal capital. But it will be some time before this comes about; and even if Rio de Janeiro loses its crown as a capital, it will ever remain the first maritime emporium of South America.

Rio is not only well supplied with tramways, it has also an admirable system of telephones, which has been in full working order since 1880, before this new mode of communication was introduced even in Paris.

Some idea will be formed of the amount of traffic in Rio when it is stated that it is a harbor of the first class, and that on an average 5000 steamers and other vessels touch at it every year. In its small stuffy warehouses millions of sacks of coffee are accumulated in the course of every twelve months—in fact, Rio is the chief coffee mart in the whole world.

There are several well-edited daily papers which have a wide circulation. Chief of these is the *Jornal do Commercio*, founded in 1821 by a Frenchman, and carried on by a group of his fellow-countrymen and their descendants. This paper has now become the largest issued in any country occupied by Latin races. It was recently sold to a new company for the trifling sum of nine million francs. Two French periodical publications are also issued at Rio, the *Etoile du Sud* and the *Brésil Républicain*.

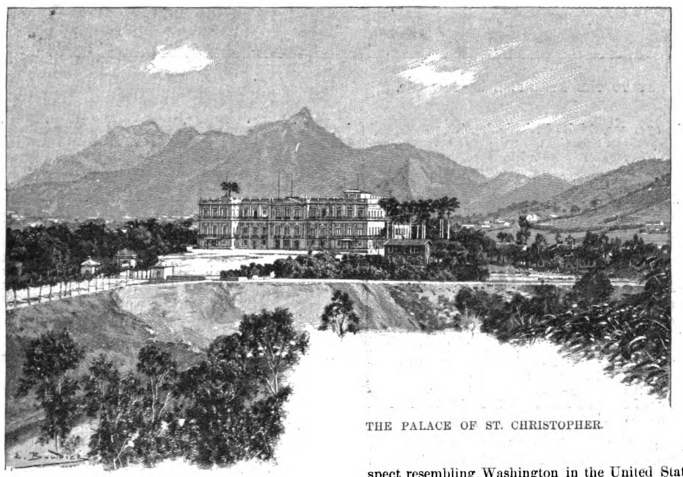
In describing Rio it will not do to omit all reference to the yellow fever, which is the great dread of all foreign visitors. It is a malady imported from abroad, and appeared in Brazil in 1849, having been introduced by a vessel hailing from New Orleans. Since then, as is the case in all endemic affections, its periodic appearances have been marked by less and less virulence, and Dr. Domingos Freire claims to have discovered a mode of inoculation with the attenuated virus of the disease which is a preservative against its attacks. It really seems to have been beneficial in many cases. According to official statistics, the yellow fever has carried off nearly 28,000 persons in thirty-five years, being an average of 800 per annum, which seems to prove that it is not so much a terrible malady as a malady with a terrible reputation.*

The climate of Rio is far from deserving the bad reputation given to it by some travellers—birds of passage who, though they incurred no danger, like to pose as martyrs on their return home. "Every night and morning," says Rear-Admiral Mouchez,† "Rio is visited by variable winds which sweep down from the neighboring mountains, and extend three or four leagues along the coast. These winds vary, according to the locality, from northeast to northwest, and are sometimes very fresh; they abate in the morning, and about ten o'clock there may be a calm; then about eleven or half past the wind from the offing comes gently into the bay, at first a soft breeze, its course marked by gentle ripples on the surface of the sea, but gradually gaining force as the day advances, to fall again at sunset. This is what is known as the Viraçao, and it never fails to come except in bad weather. Bad weather and high winds are extremely rare at Rio, and hurricanes are quite unknown."

But in spite of all that can be said, there are still some people who think that yellow fever lurks in every creek of the Bay of Rio, and that rattlesnakes watch for the passer-by at every street corner. Not many years ago a celebrated French surgeon landed at Rio with his family, and put up in one of the aristocratic quarters of the town. On the day of his arrival a friend of ours went to invite the son of this surgeon to go for a drive with him, and when the carriage

* The translator feels bound to give the author's own words here; but surely the relations of the 800 persons needlessly sacrificed per annum were justified in considering yellow fever a terrible malady!

† *Instructions nautiques sur les côtes du Brésil*, Paris, 1890.



THE PALACE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.



A FRUIT-SELLER.



A MINA NEGRESS.



A STREET IN RIO.

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ON THE WAY TO THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, RIO.

drove up we heard the mother of the young fellow cry to him, in tender anxiety, "Keep out of the way of the rattlesnakes, dear boy!"

No matter what they say, however, if you are in the mood for a trip, and are tired with a commonplace excursion into Switzerland, if in the height of summer you long for the breezes of the open sea, think of Rio de Janeiro. With 3000 francs to spare you can take the most delightful voyage imaginable. You will reach Rio from Bordeaux in two months and a half; you can live in the capital of Brazil for one long delightful month; you will return home happy with the knowledge that you have made acquaintance with the most beautiful town of South America, and may exclaim with the old French traveller of the sixteenth century:

"O Seigneur Dieu, que vos œuvres divers
Sont merveilleux dans le monde univers!" *

* Was not the old French traveller in his turn quoting from the Psalms of David: "O Lord God, how wonderful are Thy works in all the world!"!—TRANS.

THE PEARLS OF LORETO.

I.

WITHIN memory of most gnarled and coffee-colored Monterefios never had been so exciting a race day. All essential conditions seemed to have consulted together and agreed to combine. Not a wreath of fog floated across the bay to dim the sparkling air. Every horse, every vaquero, was alert and physically perfect. The rains were over; the dust was not gathered. Pio Pico, Governor of the Californias, was in Monterey on one of his brief, infrequent visits. Clad in black velvet, covered with jewels and ropes of gold, he sat on his big chestnut horse at the upper end of the field, with General Castro, Doña Modeste Castro, and other prominent Montereños. His interest was so keen that more than once the official dignity relaxed, and he shouted "Bravo!" with the rest, thereby increasing the excitement of the fire-blooded Californians.

And what a brilliant sight it was! The flowers had faded on the hills, for June was upon them; but gayer than the hills had been was the race-field of Monterey. Caballeros, with silver on their wide gray hats and on their saddles of richly embossed leather, gold and silver embroidery on their velvet serapes, crimson sashes about their slender waists, silver spurs and buckskin botas, stood tensely in their stirrups as the racers flew by, or during the short intervals pressed each other with eager wagers. There was little money at that time. The golden skeleton within the sleeping body of California had not yet been laid bare. But ranchos were lost and won; thousands of cattle would pass to other hands at the next rodeo; many a superbly caparisoned steed would rear and plunge between the spurs of a new master.

And caballeros were not the only living pictures of that memorable day of a time forever gone. Beautiful women in silken fluttering gowns, bright flowers holding the mantillas from their flushed awakened faces, sat their impatient horses as easily as foam rides a wave. The sun beat down, making dark cheeks pink and white cheeks darker; but those great eyes, strong with their own fires, never faltered. The old women in attendance grumbled vague remonstrances at all things, from the heat to intercepted coquetries. But their charges gave the good dueñas little heed. They shouted until their little throats were hoarse, smashed their fans, beat the sides of their mounts with their tender hands, in imitation of the vaqueros.

"It is the gayest, the happiest, the most careless life in the world," thought Pio Pico, shutting his teeth, as he looked about him. "But how long will it last? Curse the Americans! They are coming."

But the bright hot spark that convulsed assembled Monterey shot from no ordinary condition. A stranger was there, a guest of General Castro, Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga, of Los Angeles. Not that a stranger was matter for comment in Monterey, capital of California, but this stranger had brought with him horses which threatened to disgrace the famous winners of the North. Two races already had been won by the black Southern beasts.

"God of my soul!" cried the girls, one to the other, "their coats are blacker than our hair! Their nostrils pulse like a heart on fire! Their eyes flash like water in the sun! Ay! the handsome stranger, will he roll us in the dust? Ay! our golden horses, with the tails and manes of silver—how beautiful is the contrast with the vaqueros in their black and silver, their soft white linen! The shame! the shame!—if they are put to shame! Poor Guido! Will he lose this day, when he has won so many? But the stranger is so handsome! God of my life! his eyes are like dark blue stars. And he is so cold! He alone—he seems not to care. Mother of God! Mother of God! he wins again! No! no! no! Yes! Ay! yi! yi! B-r-a-v-o!"

Guido Cabañares dug his spurs into his horse and dashed to the head of the field, where Don Vicente sat at the left of General Castro. He was followed hotly by several friends, sympathetic and indignant. As he rode, he tore off his serape and flung it to the ground; even his silk riding-clothes sat heavily upon his fury. Don Vicente smiled, and rode forward to meet him.

"At your service, señor," he said, lifting his sombrero.

"Take your mustang back to Los Angeles!" cried Don Guido, beside himself with rage, the politeness and dignity of his race routed by passion. "Why do you bring your hideous brutes here to shame me in the eyes of Monterey? Why—"

"Yes! Why? Why?" demanded his friends, surrounding De la Vega. "This is not the humiliation of a man, but of the North by the accursed South! You would even take our capital from us! Los Angeles, the capital of the Californias!"

"What have politics to do with horse-racing?" asked De la Vega, coldly. "Other strangers have brought their horses to your field, I suppose."

"Yes, but they have not won. They have not been from the South."

By this time almost every caballero on the field was wheeling about De la Vega. Some felt with Cabañares, others rejoiced in his defeat, but all resented the victory of the South over the North.

"Will you run again?" demanded Cabañares.

"Certainly. Do you think of putting your knife into my neck?"

Cabañeres drew back, somewhat abashed, the indifference of the other sputtering like water on his passion.

"It is not a matter for blood," he said, sulkily; "but the head is hot and words are quick when horses run neck to neck. And, by the Mother of God, you shall not have the last race. My best horse has not run. Viva El Rayo!"

"Viva El Rayo!" shouted the caballeros.

"And let the race be between you two alone," cried one. "The North or the South! Los Angeles or Monterey! It will be the race of our life."

"The North or the South?" cried the caballeros, wheeling and galloping across the field to the dofias. "Twenty leagues to a real for Guido Cabañares."

"What a pity that Ysabel is not here!" said Doña Modeste Castro to Pio Pico. "How those green eyes of hers would flash to-day!"

"She would not come," said the Governor. "She said she was tired of the race."

"Whom do you speak of?" asked De la Vega, who had rejoined them.

"Of Ysabel Herrera, La Favorita of Monterey," answered Pio Pico. "The most beautiful woman in the Californias, since Chonita Iturbi y Moncada, my Vicente. It is at her uncle's that I stay. Thou hast heard me speak of my old friend; and surely thou hast heard of her."

"Ay!" said De la Vega. "I have heard of her."

"Viva El Rayo!"

"Ay, the ugly brute!"

"What name? Vitriolo? Mother of God! Diablo or Demonio would suit him better. He looks as if he had been bred in hell. He will not stand the quirto; and El Rayo is more lightly built. We will beat by a dozen lengths."

The two vaqueros who were to ride the horses had stripped to their soft linen shirts and black velvet trousers, cast aside their sombreros, and bound their heads with tightly knotted handkerchiefs. Their spurs were fastened to bare brown heels; the cruel quirto was in their hands; they rode barebacked, winding their wiry legs in and out of a horse-hair rope encircling the body of the animal. As they slowly passed the crowd on their way to the starting-point at the lower end of the field, and listened to the rattling fire of wagers and comments, they looked defiant, and alive to the importance of the coming event.

El Rayo shone like burnished copper, his silver mane and tail glittering as if powdered with diamond dust. He was long and graceful of body, thin of flank, slender of leg. With arched neck and flashing eyes he walked with the pride of one who was aware of the admiration he excited.

Vitriolo was black and powerful. His long neck fitted into well-placed shoulders. He had great depth of girth, immense length from shoulder-points to hips, big cannon-bones, and elastic pasterns. There was neither amiability nor pride in his mien; rather a sullen sense of brute power, such as may have belonged to the knights of the Middle Ages. Now and again he curled his lips away from the bit and laid his ears back as if he intended to eat of the elegant Beau Brummel stepping so daintily beside of him. Of the antagonistic crowd he took not the slightest notice.

"The race begins! Holy heaven!" The murmur rose to a shout—a deep hoarse shout strangely crossed and recrossed by long silver notes; a thrilling volume of sound rising above a sea of flashing eyes and parted lips and vivid moving mass of color.

Twice the horses scored, and were sent back. The third time they bounded by the starting-post neck and neck, nose to nose. José Abrigo, treasurer of Monterey, dashed his sombrero, heavy with silver eagles, to the ground, and the race was begun.

Almost at once the black began to gain. Inch by inch he fought his way to the front, and the roar with which the crowd had greeted the start died into the silence of apprehension.

El Rayo was not easily to be shaken off. A third of the distance had been covered, and his nose was abreast of Vitriolo's flank. The vaqueros sat as if carved from bronze, as lightly as if hollowed, watching each other warily out of the corners of their eyes.

Relentlessly and severely the black still gained, and halfway from home light was visible between the two horses. The pace became terrific, the excitement so intense that not a sound was heard but that of racing hoofs. The horses swept onward like projectiles, the same smoothness, the same suggestion of eternal flight. Their bodies were extended until the tense muscles rose under the satin coats. Vitriolo's eyes flashed viciously; El Rayo strains with determination. Vitriolo's nostrils were red as angry craters; El Rayo's fluttered like paper in the wind.

Three-quarters of the race was run, and the rider of Vitriolo could tell by the sound of the hoof-beats behind him

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that he had a good head of at least two lengths over the Northern champion. A smile curled the corners of his heavy lips; the race was his already.

Suddenly El Rayo's vaquero raised his hand, and down came the maddening quirto, first on one side, then on the other. His spurs dug; the blood spurted. The crowd burst into a howl of delight as their favorite responded. Startled by the sound, Vitriolo's rider darted a glance over his shoulder, and saw El Rayo bearing down upon him like a thunder-bolt, regaining the ground that he had lost not by inches, but by feet. Two hundred paces from the finish he was at the black's flanks; one hundred and fifty, he was at his girth; one hundred, and the horses were neck and neck; and still the quirto whirred down on El Rayo's heaving flanks, the spurs dug deeper into his quivering flesh.

The vaquero of Vitriolo sat like a graven image, using neither whip nor spur, his teeth set, his eyes rolling from the goal ahead to the rider at his side.

The breathless intensity of the spectators had burst. They had began to click their teeth, to mutter hoarsely, then to shout, to gesticulate, to shake their fists in each other's faces, to push and scramble for a better view.

"Holy God!" cried Pio Pico, carried out of himself, "the South is lost! Vitriolo the magnificent! Ah, who would have thought? The black by the gold! Ay! What! No! Holy Mary! Holy God!—"

Six strides more and the race is over. With the howl of a demon the vaquero of the South leans forward over Vitriolo's neck. The big black responds like a creature of reason. Down comes the quirto once—only once. He fairly lifts his horse ahead and shoots into victory, winner by a neck. The South has vanquished the North.

The crowd yelled and shouted until it was exhausted. But even Cabañares made no further demonstration toward De la Vega. Not only was he weary and depressed, but the victory had been nobly won.

It grew late, and they rode to the town, caballeros pushing as close to doñas as they dared, dueñas in close attendance, one theme on the lips of all. Anger gave place to respect; moreover, De la Vega was the guest of General Castro, the best-beloved man in California. They were willing to extend the hand of friendship; but he rode last, between the general and Doña Modeste, and seemed to care as little for their good will as for their ill.

Pio Pico rode ahead, and as the cavalcade entered the town he broke from it and ascended the hill to carry the news to Ysabel Herrera.

Monterey, rising to her pine-spiked hills, swept like a crescent moon about the sapphire bay. The surf roared and fought the white sand hills of the distant horn; on that nearest the town crouched the fort, grim and rude, but pulsating with military life, and alert for American onslaught. In the valley the red-tiled white adobe houses studded a little city which was a series of corners radiating from a central irregular street. A few mansions were on the hill-side to the right, brush-crowded sand banks on the left; the perfect curve of hills, thick with pine woods and dense green undergrowth, rose high above and around all, a rampart of splendid symmetry.

"Ay! Ysabel! Ysabel!" cried the young people as they swept down the broad street. "Bring her to us, Excellency. Tell her she shall not know until she comes down. We will tell her. Ay! poor Guido!"

The Governor turned and waved his hand, then continued the ascent of the hill, toward a long low house which showed no sign of life.

He alighted, and glanced into a room opening upon the corridor which traversed the front. The room was large, and dimly lighted by deeply set windows. The floor was bare, the furniture of horse-hair; saints and family portraits adorned the white walls; on a chair lay a guitar—a typical Californian sala of that day. The ships brought few luxuries, beyond raiment and jewels, to even the wealthy of that isolated country.

"Ysabel," called the Governor, "where art thou? Come down to the town and hear the fortune of the races. Alvarado Street streams like a comet. It is not accordant that the Star of Monterey withhold her light."

A girl rose from a sofa and came slowly forward to the corridor. The proudest beauty in California, La Favorita of Monterey. Discontent marred her face as she gave her hand to the Governor to kiss, and looked down upon the brilliant town. For the Señorita Doña Ysabel Herrera was poor. Were it not for her uncle, she would not have where to lay her stately head; and she was La Favorita of Monterey, the proudest beauty in California. Her father had gambled away his last acre, his horse, his saddle, the serape off his back; then sent his motherless girl to his brother, and buried himself in Mexico. Don Antonio took the child to his heart, and sent for a widowed cousin to be her dueña. He bought her beautiful garments from the ships that touched the port, but had no inclination to gratify her famous longing to hang robes of pearls in her soft black hair, to wind them about her white neck, and band them above her green resplendent eyes.

"Unbend thy brows," said Pio Pico. "Wrinkles were not made for youth."

Ysabel moved her brows apart, but the clouds still lay in her eyes.

"Thou dost not ask of the races? Oh, thou indifferent one! What is the trouble, my Ysabel? Will no one bring the pearls? The loveliest girl in all the Californias has said, 'I will wed no man who does not bring me a lapful of pearls,' and no one has filled the front of that pretty flowered gown. But have reason, niña. Remember that our Alta California has no pearls on its shores, and that even the pearl fisheries of the terrible lower country are almost worn out. Will nothing less content thee?"

"Nothing."

"God of my soul! thou hast ambition. No woman has had more offered her than thou. But thou art worthy of the most that man could give. Had I not a wife myself, I believe I would throw my jewels and my ugly old head at thy little feet."

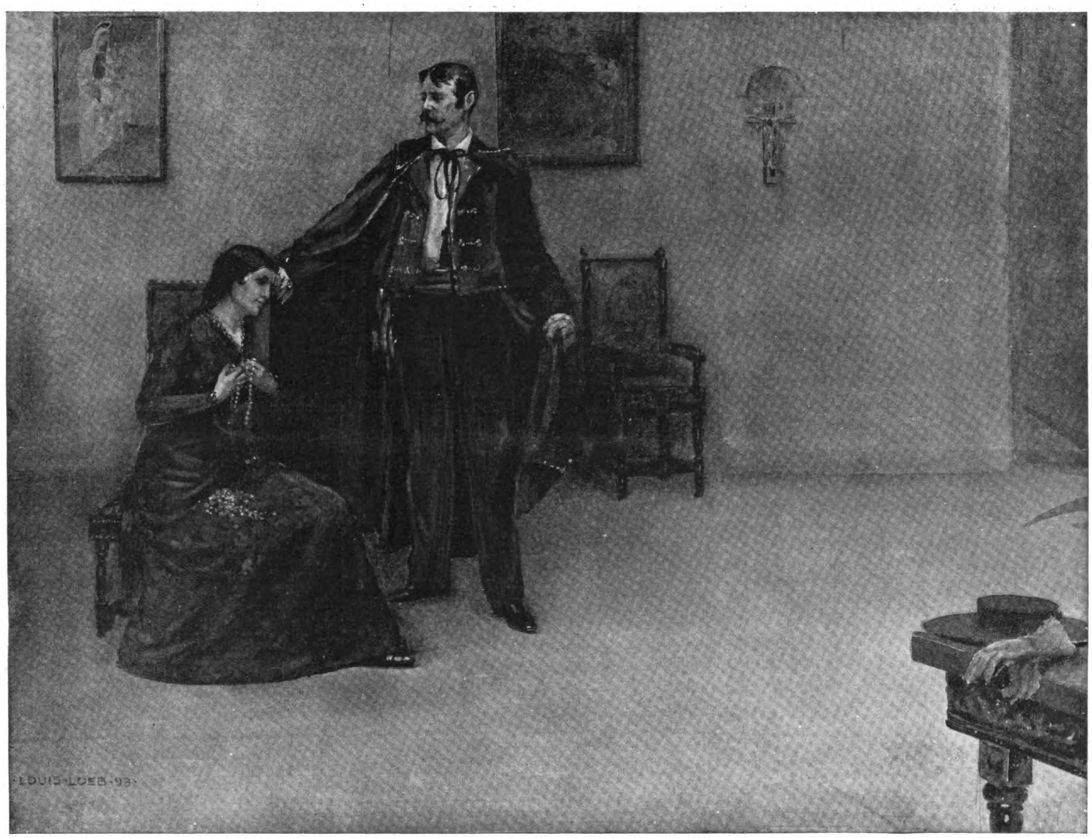
Ysabel glanced with some envy at the magnificent jewels with which the Governor of the Californias was hung, but did not covet the owner. An uglier man than Pio Pico had rarely entered this world. The upper lip of his enormous mouth dipped at the middle; the broad thick under lip hung down with its own weight. The nose was big and coarse, although there was a certain spirited suggestion in the cavernous nostrils. Intelligence and reflectiveness were also in his little eyes, and they were far apart. A small white mustache grew above his mouth; about his chin, from ear to ear, was a short stubby beard, whiter by contrast with his copper-colored skin. He looked much like an intellectual bear.

And Ysabel? In truth, she had reason for her pride. Her black hair, unblemished by gloss or tinge of blue, fell waving to her feet. California, haughty, passionate, restless, pleasure-loving, looked from her dark green eyes; the soft black lashes dropped like a curtain when they became too expressive. Her full mouth was deeply red, but only a faint pink lay in her white cheeks; the nose curved at bridge and nostrils. About her low shoulders she held a blue rebozo, the finger-tips of each slim hand resting on the opposite elbow. She held her head a little back, and Pio Pico laughed as he looked at her.

"Dios!" he said, "but thou mightst be an Estenega or an Iturbi y Moncada. Sure, that lofty head better suits old Spain than the republic of Mexico. Draw thy rebozo about thy head now, and let us go down. They expect thee."

She lifted the scarf above her hair, and walked down the steep rutted hill with the Governor, her flowered gown floating with a silken rustle about her. In a few moments she was listening to the tale of the races.

"Ay, Ysabel! God of my soul! what a day! A young señor from Los Angeles won the race—almost all the races—the Señor Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga. He has never been here before. His horses! Mother of God! they ran like hares. Poor Guido! Válgame Dios! Even thou wouldst have been moved to pity. But he is so handsome! Look! Look! He comes now, side by side with General Castro.



"SHE RAN HER SLIM WHITE FINGERS THROUGH THE JEWELS."

Dios! his serape is as stiff with gold as the vestments of the padre."

Ysabel looked up as a man rode past. His bold profile and thin face were passionate and severe; his dark blue eyes were full of power. Such a face was rare among the languid, shallow men of her race.

"He rides with General Castro," whispered Benicia Ortega. "He stays with him. We shall see him at the ball to-night."

As Don Vicente passed Ysabel their eyes met for a moment. His opened suddenly with a bold eager flash, his arched nostrils twitching. The color left her face, and her eyes dropped heavily.

Love needed no kindling in the heart of the Californian.

II.

The people of Monterey danced every night of their lives, and went nowhere so eagerly as to the great sala of Doña Modeste Castro, their leader of fashion, whose gowns were made for her in the city of Mexico.

Ysabel envied her bitterly. Not because the Doña Modeste's skin was whiter than her own, for it could not be, nor her eyes greener, for they were not; but because her jewels were richer than Pio Pico's, and upon all grand occasions a string of wonderful pearls gleamed in her storm-black hair. But one feminine compensation had Ysabel: she was taller; Doña Modeste's slight, elegant figure lacked Ysabel's graceful inches, and perhaps she too felt a pang sometimes as the girl undulated above her like a snake about to strike.

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At the fashionable hour of ten Monterey was gathered for the dance. All the men except the officers wore black velvet or broadcloth coats and white trousers. All the women wore white, the waists long and pointed, the skirts full. Ysabel's gown was of embroidered crêpe. Her hair was coiled about her head, and held by a tortoise comb framed with a narrow band of gold. Pio Pico, splendid with stars and crescents and rings and pins of sapphires, led her in, and with his unique ugliness enhanced her beauty.

She glanced eagerly about the room whilst replying absently to the caballeros who surrounded her. Don Vicente de la Vega was not there. The thick circle about her parted, and General Castro bent over her hand, begging the honor of the contradanza. She sighed, and for the moment forgot the Southerner, who had flashed and gone like the beginning of a dream. Here was a man!—the only man of her knowledge whom she could have loved, and who would have found her those pearls. Californians had so little ambition! Then she gave a light audacious laugh. Governor Pico was shaking hands cordially with General Castro, the man he hated best in California.

No two men could have contrasted more sharply than José Castro and Pio Pico—with the exception of Alvarado, the most famous men of their country. The gold trimmings of the general's uniform were his only jewels. His hair and beard—the latter worn *à la Basco*, a narrow strip curving from upper lip to ear—were as black as Pio Pico's once had been. The handsomest man in California, he had less consciousness than the least of the caballeros. His deep gray eyes were luminous with enthusiasm; his nose was as fine and bold as if etched on ivory; his firm sensitive mouth was cut above a resolute chin. He looked what he was, the ardent patriot of a doomed cause.

"Señorita," he said, as he led Ysabel out to the sweet monotonous music of the contradanza, "did you see the caballero who rode with me to-day?"

A red light rose to Ysabel's cheek. "Which one, comandante? Many rode with you."

"I mean he who rode at my right, the winner of the races, Vicente, son of my old friend Juan Bautista de la Vega y Arillaga, of Los Angeles."

"It may be. I think I saw a strange face."

"He saw yours, Doña Ysabel, and is looking upon you now from the corridor without, although the fog is heavy about him. Cannot you see him—that dark shadow by the pillar?"

Ysabel never went through the graceful evolutions of the contradanza as she did that night. Her supple slender body curved and swayed and glided; her round arms were like lazy snakes uncoiling; her exquisitely poised head moved in perfect concord with her undulating hips. Her eyes grew brighter, her lips redder. The young men who stood near gave loud vent to their admiration, as if she had been dancing El Son alone on the floor. But the man without made no sign.

After the dance was over, General Castro led her to her dueña, and handing her a guitar, begged a song.

She began a light love-ballad, singing with the grace and style of her Spanish blood; a little mocking thing, but with a wild break now and again. As she sang, she fixed her eyes coquettishly on the adoring face of Guido Cabañares, who stood beside her, but saw every thrill of the form beyond the window. Don Guido kept his ardent eyes riveted upon her, but detected no wandering in her glances. His lips trembled as he listened, and once he brushed the tears from his eyes. She gave him a little cynical smile, then broke her song in two. The man on the corridor had dashed his hat to the ground with a loud exclamation, and sprung through the window.

Ysabel, clinching her hands the better to control her jumping nerves, turned quickly to Cabañares, who had pressed behind her, and was pouring words into her ear.

"Ysabel! Ysabel! hast thou no pity? Dost thou not see that I am fit to set the world on fire for love of thee? The very water boils as I drink it—"

She interrupted him with a scornful laugh, the sharper that her voice might not tremble. "Bring me my pearls. What is love worth when it will not grant one little desire?"

He groaned. "I have found a vein of gold on my rancho. I can pick the little shining pieces out with my fingers. I will have them beaten into a saddle for thee—"

But she had turned her back flat upon him, and was making a deep courtesy to the man whom General Castro presented.

"I appreciate the honor of your acquaintance," she murmured, mechanically.

"At your feet, señorita," said Don Vicente.

The art of making conversation had not been cultivated among the Californians, and Ysabel plied her large fan with slow grace, at a loss for further remark, and wondering if her heart would suffocate her. But Don Vicente had the gift of words.

"Señorita," he said, "I have stood in the chilling fog and felt the warmth of your lovely voice at my heart. The emotions I felt my poor tongue cannot translate. They swarm in my head like a hive of puzzled bees; but perhaps they look through my eyes," and he fixed his powerful and penetrating gaze on Ysabel's green depths.

A waltz began, and he took her in his arms without asking her indulgence, and regardless of the indignation of the mob of men about her. Ysabel, whose being was filled with the tumult of awakening passion, lay passive as he held her closer than man had ever dared before.

"I love you," he said, in his harsh voice. "I wish you for my wife. At once. When I saw you to-day standing with a hundred other beautiful women, I said: 'She is the fairest of them all. I shall have her.' And I read the future in"—he suddenly dropped the formal "you"—"in thine eyes, cariña. Thy soul sprang to mine. Thy heart is locked in my heart closer, closer than my arms are holding thee now."

The strength of his embrace was violent for a moment; but Ysabel might have been cut from marble. Her body had lost its swaying grace; it was almost rigid. She did not lift her eyes. But De la Vega was not discouraged.

The music finished, and Ysabel was at once surrounded by a determined retinue. This intruding Southerner was welcome to the honors of the race-field, but the Star of Monterey was not for him. He smiled as he saw the menace of their eyes.

"I would have her," he thought, "if they were a regiment of Castros—which they are not." But he had not armed himself against diplomacy.

Señor Don Vicente de la Vega y Arillaga," said Don Guido Cabañares, who had been selected as spokesman, "perhaps you have not learned during your brief visit to our capital that the Señorita Doña Ysabel Herrera, La Favorita of Alta California, has sworn by the Holy Virgin, by the blessed Junipero Serra, that she will wed no man who does not bring her a lapful of pearls. Can you find those pearls on the sands of the South, Don Vicente? For, by the holy cross of God, you cannot have her without them!"

For a moment De la Vega was disconcerted.

"Is this true?" he demanded, turning to Ysabel.

"What, señor?" she asked, vaguely. She had not listened to the words of her protesting admirer.

A sneer bent his mouth. "That you have put a price upon yourself? That the man who ardently wishes to be your husband, who has even won your love, must first hang you with pearls like—" He stopped suddenly, the blood burning his dark face, his eyes opening with an expression of horrified hope. "Tell me! tell me!" he exclaimed. "Is this true?"

For the first time since she had spoken with him Ysabel was herself. She crossed her arms and tapped her elbows with her pointed fingers.

"Yes," she said, "it is true." She raised her eyes to his and regarded him steadily. They looked like green pools frozen in a marble wall.

The harp, the flute, the guitar, combined again, and once more he swung her from a furious circle. But he was safe; General Castro had joined it. He waltzed her down the long room, through one adjoining, then into another, and, indifferent to the iron conventions of his race, closed the door behind them. They were in the sleeping-room of Doña Modeste. The bed with its rich satin coverlet, the bare floor, the simple furniture, were in semi-darkness; only on the altar in the corner were candles burning. Above hung paintings of saints, finely executed by Mexican hands; an ebony cross spread its black arms against the white wall; the candles flared to a golden Christ. He caught her hands and dragged her over to the altar.

"Listen to me," he said. "I will bring you those pearls. You shall have such pearls as no queen in Europe possesses. Swear to me here, with your hands on this altar, that you will wed me when I return, no matter how or where I find those pearls."

He was holding her hands between the candelabra. She looked at him with eyes of passionate surrender; the man had conquered worldly ambitions. But he answered her before she had time to speak.

"You love me, and would withdraw the conditions. But I am in a mood to do a daring and a terrible act. Furthermore, I wish to show you that I can succeed where all other men have failed. I only ask two things now. First, make me the vow I wish."

"I swear it," she said.

"Now," he said, his voice sinking to a harsh but caressing whisper, "give me one kiss for courage and hope."

She leaned slowly forward, the blood pulsing in her lips; but she had been brought up behind grated windows, and she drew back. "No," she said, "not now."

For a moment he looked rebellious; then he laid his hands on her shoulders and pressed her to her knees. He knelt behind her, and together they told a rosary for his safe return.

He left her there and went to his room. From his saddle-bag he took a long letter from an intimate friend, one of the younger Franciscan priests of the Mission of Santa Barbara, where he had been educated. He sought that paragraph!

"Thou knowest, of course, my Vicente, of the pearl fisheries of Baja California. It is whispered—between ourselves, indeed, it is quite true—that a short while ago the Indian divers discovered an extravagantly rich bed of pearls. Instead of reporting to any of the companies, they have hung them all upon our Most Sacred Lady of Loreto, in the Mission of Loreto; and there, by the grace of God, they will remain. They are worth the ransom of a king, my Vicente, and the Church has come to her own again."

III.

The fog lay thick on the bay at dawn next morning. The white waves hid the blue, and muffled the roar of the surf. Now and again a whale threw a volume of spray high in the air, a geyser from a phantom sea. Above the white sands straggled the white town, ghostly, prophetic.

De la Vega, a dark sombrero pulled over his eyes, a dark scrape enveloping his tall figure, rode, unattended and watchful, out of the town. Not until he reached the narrow road through the brush forest beyond did he give his horse rein. The indolence of the Californian was no longer in his carriage; it looked alert and muscular; recklessness accentuated the sternness of his face.

As he rode, the fog receded slowly. He left the chaparral and rode by green marshes cut with sloughs and stained with vivid patches of orange. The frogs in the tules chanted their hoarse matins. Through brush-covered plains once more, with sparsely wooded hills in the distance, and again the tules, the marsh, the patches of orange. He rode through a field of mustard; the pale yellow petals brushed his dark face, the delicate green leaves won his eyes from the hot glare of the ascending sun, the slender stalks, rebounding, smote his horse's flanks. He climbed hills to avoid the wide marshes, and descended into willow groves and fields of daisies. Before noon he was in the San Juan Mountains, thick with sturdy oaks, bending their heads before the madroño, that belle of the forest, with her robes of scarlet and her crown of bronze. The yellow lilies clung to her skirts, and the buckeye flung his flowers at her feet. The last redwoods were there, piercing the blue air with their thin inflexible arms, gray as a dusty band of friars. Out by the willows, whereunder crept the sluggish river, then between the hills curving about the valley of San Juan Bautista.

At no time is California so beautiful as in the month of June. De la Vega's wild spirit and savage purpose were dormant for the moment as he rode down the valley toward the mission. The hills were like gold, like mammoth fawns veiled with violet mist, like rich tan velvet. Afar, bare blue steeps were pink in their chasms, brown on their spurs. The dark yellow fields were as if thick with gold-dust; the pale mustard was a waving yellow sea. Not a tree marred the smooth hills. The earth sent forth a perfume of its own. Below the plateau from which rose the white walls of the mission was a wide field of bright green corn rising against the blue sky.

The padres in their brown hooded robes came out upon the long corridor of the mission and welcomed the traveller. Their lands had gone from them, their mission was crumbling, but the spirit of hospitality lingered there still. They laid meat and fruit and drink on a table beneath the arches, then sat about him and asked him eagerly for news of the day. Was it true that the United States of America were at war with Mexico, or about to be? True that their beloved flag might fall, and the stars and stripes of an insolent invader rise above the fort of Monterey?

De la Vega recounted the meagre and conflicting rumors which had reached California, but, not being a prophet could not tell them that they would be the first to see the red, white, and blue fluttering on the mountain before them. He refused to rest more than an hour, but mounted the fresh horse the padres gave him and went his way, riding hard and relentlessly, like all Californians.

He sped onward through the long hot day, leaving the hills for the marshes and a long stretch of ugly country traversing the beautiful San Antonio Valley in the night, reaching the Mission of San Miguel at dawn, and resting there for a few hours. That night he slept at a hospitable ranch-house in the park valley of Paso de Robles, a grim silent figure amongst gay-hearted people who delighted to welcome him. The early morning found him among the chrome hills, and at the Mission of San Luis Obispo the good padres gave him breakfast. The little valley, round as a well, its bare hills red and brown, gray and pink, violet and black, from fire, sloping steeply from a dizzy height, impressed him with a sense of being prisoned in an enchanted vale where no message of the outer world could come, and he hastened on his way.

Absorbed as he was, he felt the beauty he flew past. A line of golden hills lay against sharp blue peaks. A towering mass of gray rocks had been cut and lashed by wind and water, earthquake and fire, into the semblance of a massive castle, still warlike in its ruin. He slept for a few hours that night in the Mission of Santa Ynes, and was high in the Santa Barbara Mountains at the next noon. For brief whiles he forgot his journey's purpose as his horse climbed slowly up the steep trails, knocking the loose stones down a thousand feet and more upon a roof of tree-tops which looked like stunted brush. Those gigantic masses of huge smooth stones, each wearing a semblance to the face of man or beast; those awful chasms and stupendous heights, densely wooded, bare, and many-hued, rising above, beyond, peak upon peak, cutting through the visible atmosphere—was there no end? He turned in his saddle and looked over low peaks and cañons, rivers and abysms, black peaks smiting the fiery blue far, far to the dim azure mountains on the horizon.

"Mother of God!" he thought. "No wonder California still shakes! I would I could have stood upon a star and beheld the awful throes of this country's birth." And then his horse reared between the sharp spurs and galloped on.

He avoided the Mission of Santa Barbara, resting at a rancho outside the town. In the morning, supplied as usual with a fresh horse, he fled onward, with the ocean at his right, its splendid roar in his ears. The cliffs towered high above him; he saw no man's face for hours together; but his thoughts companioned him, savage and sinister shapes whirling about the figure of a woman. On, on, sleeping at ranchos or missions, meeting hospitality everywhere, avoiding Los Angeles, keeping close to the ponderous ocean, he left civilization behind him at last, and with an Indian guide entered upon that desert of mountain-tops, Baja California.

Rapid travelling was not possible here. There were no valleys worthy the name. The sharp peaks, multiplying mile after mile, were like teeth of gigantic rakes, black and bare. A wilderness of mountain-tops, desolate as eternity, arid, parched, baked by the awful heat, the silence never broken by the cry of a bird, a hut rarely breaking the barren monotony, only an infrequent spring to save from death. It was almost impossible to get food or fresh horses. Many a night De la Vega and his stoical guide slept beneath a cactus, or in the mocking bed of a creek. The mustangs he managed to lasso were almost unridable, and would have bucked to death any but a Californian. Sometimes he lived on cactus fruit and the dried meat he had brought with him; occasionally he shot a rabbit. Again he had but the flesh of the rattlesnake roasted over coals. But honey-dew was on the leaves.

He avoided the beaten trail, and cut his way through naked bushes spiked with thorns, and through groves of cacti miles in length. When the thick fog rolled up from the ocean he had to sit inactive on the rocks, or lose his way. A furious storm dashed him against a bowlder, breaking his mustang's leg; then a torrent, rising like a tidal wave, thundered down the gulch, and catching him on its crest, flung him upon a tree of thorns. When dawn came he found his guide dead. He cursed his luck, and went on.

Lassoing another mustang, he pushed on, having a general idea of the direction he should take. It was a week before he reached Loreto, a week of loneliness, hunger, thirst, and torrid monotony. A week, too, of thought and bitterness of spirit. In spite of his love, which never cooled, and his courage, which never quailed, Nature, in her guise of foul and crooked hag, taught him the barrenness of earthly happiness, the mockery of human hope. When youth's delusions were over, then the naked desert, the wayless fogs, the never-ending climbing and descending amongst thorns that pierced and rocks that barred.

If he had not spent his life in the saddle, he would have been worn out when he finally reached Loreto, late one night. As it was, he slept in a hut until the following afternoon. Then he took a long swim in the bay, and, later, sauntered through the town.

The forlorn little city was hardly more than a collection of Indians' huts about a church in a sandy waste. No longer the capital, even the barracks were toppling. When De la Vega entered the mission not a white man but the padre and his assistant was in it; the building was thronged with Indian worshippers. The mission, although the first built in California, was in a fair state of preservation. The stations in their battered frames were mellow and distinct. The gold still gleamed in the vestments of the padre.

For a few moments De la Vega dared not raise his eyes to the Lady of Loreto, standing aloft in the dull blaze of adamantine candles. When he did, he rose suddenly from his knees and left the mission. The pearls were there.

It took him but a short time to gain the confidence of the priest and the little population. He offered no explanation for his coming, beyond the curiosity of the traveller. The padre gave him a room in the mission, and spent every hour he could spare with the brilliant stranger. At night he thanked God for the sudden oasis in his life's desolation. The Indians soon grew accustomed to the lonely figure wandering about the sand plains, or kneeling for hours together before the altar in the church. And whom their padre trusted was to them as sacred and impersonal as the wooden saints of their religion.

IV.

The midnight stars watched over the mission. Framed by the cross-shaped window sunk deep in the adobe wall

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above the entrance, a mass of them assumed the form of the crucifix, throwing a golden trail full upon the Lady of Loreto, proud in her shining pearls. The long narrow body of the church seemed to have swallowed the shadows of the ages, and to yawn for more.

De la Vega, booted and spurred, his serape folded about him, his sombrero on his head, opened the sacristy door and entered the church. In one hand he held a sack; in the other, a candle sputtering in a bottle. He walked deliberately to the foot of the altar. In spite of his self-control, he stood appalled for a moment as he saw the dim radiance enveloping the Lady of Loreto. He scowled over his shoulder at the menacing emblem of redemption, and crossed himself. But had it been the finger of God, the face of Ysabel would have shone between. He extinguished his candle, and swinging himself to the top of the altar, plucked the pearls from the Virgin's gown and dropped them into the sack. His hand trembled a little, but he held his will between his teeth.

How quiet it was! The waves flung themselves upon the shore with the sullen wrath of impotence. A sea-gull screamed now and again, an exclamation-point in the silence above the waters. Suddenly De la Vega shook from head to foot, and snatched the knife from his belt. A faint creaking echoed through the hollow church. He strained his ears, holding his breath until his chest collapsed with the shock of outrushing air. But the sound was not repeated, and he concluded that it had been but a vibration of his nerves. He glanced to the window above the doors. The stars in it were no longer visible; they had melted into bars of flame. The sweat stood cold on his face, but he went on with his work.

A rope of pearls, cunningly strung together with strands of sea-weed, was wound about the Virgin's right arm. De la Vega was too nervous to uncoil it; he held the sack beneath, and severed the strands with his knife. As he finished, and was about to stoop and cut loose the pearls from the hem of the Virgin's gown, he uttered a hoarse cry and stood rigid. A cowled head, with thin lips drawn over yellow teeth, furious eyes burning deep in withered sockets, projected on its long neck from the Virgin's right and confronted him. The body was unseen.

"Thief!" hissed the priest. "Dog! Thou wouldst rob the Church? Accursed! accursed!"

There was not one moment for hesitation, one alternative. Before the priest could complete his malediction, De la Vega's knife had flashed through the fire of the cross. The priest leaped from his feet, then rolled over and down, and rebounded from the railing of the sanctuary.

V.

Ysabel sat in the low window-seat of her bedroom, pretending to draw the threads of a cambric handkerchief. But her fingers twitched, and her eyes looked oftener down the hill than upon the delicate work which required such attention. She wore a black gown flowered with yellow roses and a slender ivory cross at her throat. Her hair hung in two loose braids, sweeping the floor. She was very pale, and her pallor was not due to the nightly entertainments of Monterey.

Her dueña sat beside her. The old woman was the color of strong coffee; but she, too, looked as if she had not slept, and her straight old lips curved tenderly whenever she raised her eyes to the girl's face.

There was no carpet on the floor of the bedroom of La Favorita of Monterey, the heiress of Don Antonio Herrera, and the little bedstead in the corner was of iron, although a heavy satin coverlet trimmed with lace was on it. A few saints looked down from the walls; the furniture was of native wood, square and ugly, but it was almost hidden under fine linen elaborately worked with the deshilados of Spain.

The supper hour was over, and the light grew dim. Ysabel tossed the handkerchief into Doña Juana's lap, and stared through the grating. Against the faded sky a huge cloud, shaped like a fire-breathing dragon, was heavily outlined. The smoky shadows gathered in the woods. The hoarse boom of the surf came from the beach; the bay was uneasy, and the tide was high. The earth had quaked in the morning, and a wind-storm fought the ocean. The gay, bright laughter of women floated up from the town. Monterey had taken her siesta, enjoyed her supper, and was ready to dance through the night once more.

"He is dead," said Ysabel.

"Sure," said the old woman.

"He would have come back to me before this."

"Sure."

"He was so strong, and so different, mamita."

"I never forget his eyes. Very bold eyes."

"They could be soft, macheppa."

"Sure. It is time thou dressed for the ball at the Custom-house, niñita."

Ysabel leaned forward, her lips parting. A man was coming up the hill. He was gaunt; he was burnt almost black. Something bulged beneath his serape.

Doña Juana found herself suddenly in the middle of the room. Ysabel darted through the only door, locking it behind her. The indignant dueña also recognized the man, and her position. She trotted to the door and thumped angrily on the panel; sympathetic as she was, she could never so far forget herself as to permit a young girl to talk with a man unattended.

"Thou shalt not go to the ball to-night," she cried, shrilly. "Thou shalt be locked in the dark room. Thou shalt be sent to the rancho. Open! open! thou wicked one. Mother of God! I will beat thee with my own hands."

But she was a prisoner, and Ysabel paid no attention to her threats. The girl was in the sala, and the doors were open. As De la Vega crossed the corridor and entered the room she sank upon a chair, covering her face with her hands.

He strode over to her, and flinging his serape from his shoulder, opened the mouth of a sack and poured its contents into her lap. Pearls of all sizes and shapes—pearls black and pearls white, pearls pink and pearls faintly blue, pearls like globes and pearls like pears, pearls as big as the lobe of Pio Pico's ear, pearls as dainty as bubbles of frost—a lapful of gleaming, luminous pearls, the like of which caballero had never brought to doña before.

For a moment Ysabel forgot her love and her lover. The dream of a lifetime was reality. She was the child who had cried for the moon, and seen it tossed into her lap.

She ran her slim white fingers through the jewels. She took up handfuls and let them run slowly back to her lap. She pressed them to her face; she kissed them with little rapturous cries. She laid them against her breast and watched them chase each other down her black gown. Then at last she raised her head and met the fierce sneering eyes of De la Vega.

"So it is as I might have known. It was only the pearls you wanted. It might have been an Indian slave who brought them to you."

She took the sack from his hand and poured back the pearls. Then she laid the sack on the floor and stood up. She was no longer pale, and her eyes were brilliant in the darkening room.

"Yes," she said; "I forgot for a moment. But during many terrible weeks, señor, my tears have not been for the pearls."

The sudden light that was De la Vega's chiefest charm sprang to his eyes. He took her hands and kissed them passionately.

"That sack of pearls would be a poor reward for one tear. But thou hast shed them for me? Say that again. Mi alma! mi alma!"

"I never thought of the pearls—at least not often. At last, not at all. I have been very unhappy, señor. Ay!" The maiden reserve which had been knit like steel about her plastic years burst in that hour. "Thou art ill! What has happened to thee? Ay, Dios! what it is to be a woman and to suffer! Thou wilt die! Oh, Mother of God!"

"I shall not die. Kiss me, Ysabel. Surely it is time now."

But she drew back and shook her head.

He exclaimed impatiently, but would not resign her hands. "Thou meanest that, Ysabel?"

"We shall be married soon—wait."

"I had hoped thou wouldst grant me that. For when I tell thee where I got those pearls thou mayest drive me from thee in spite of thy promise—drive me from thee with the curse of the devout woman on thy lips. I might invent some excuse to persuade thee to fly with me from California to-night, and thou wouldst never know. But I am a man—a Spaniard—and a De la Vega! I shall not lie to thee."

She looked at him with wide eyes, not understanding, and he went on, his face savage again, his voice harsh. He told her the whole story of that night in the mission. He omitted nothing—the menacing cross, the sacrilegious theft, the deliberate murder; the pictures were painted with blood and fire. She did not interrupt him with cry or gasp, but her expression changed many times. Horror held her eyes for a time, then slowly retreated, and his own fierce pride looked back at him. She lifted her head when he had finished, her throat throbbing, her nostrils twitching.

"Thou hast done that—for me?"

"Ay, Ysabel!"

"Thou hast murdered thy immortal soul—for me?"

"Ysabel!"

"Thou lovest me like that! O God, in what likeness hast thou made me? In whatsoever image it may have been, I thank Thee—and repudiate Thee!"

She took the cross from her throat and broke it in two pieces with her strong white fingers.

"Thou art lost, eternally damned; but I will go down to hell with thee." And she threw herself suddenly forward and kissed him on the mouth.

For a moment he forgot the lesson thrust into his brain by the hideous fingers of the desert. He was almost happy. He put his hands about her warm face after a time. "We must go to-night," he said. "I went to General Castro's to change my clothes, and learned that a ship sails for the United States to-night. We will go on that. I dare not delay twenty-four hours. It may be that they are upon my heels now. How can we meet?"

Her thoughts had travelled faster than his words, and she answered at once. "There is a ball at the Custom-house to-night. I will go. Thou wilt have a boat below the rocks. Thou knowest that the Custom-house is on the rocks at the end of the town, near the fort. No? It will be easier for me to slip from the ballroom than from this house. Only tell me where thou wilt meet me."

"The ship sails at midnight. I too will go to the ball; for with me thou canst escape more easily. Hast thou a maid thou canst trust?"

"My Luisa is faithful."

"Then tell her to be on the beach between the rocks of the Custom-house and the fort with what thou must take with thee."

Again he kissed her many times, but softly. "Wear thy pearls to-night. I wish to see thy triumphant hour in Monterey."

"Yes," she said, "I shall wear the pearls."

VI.

The corridor of the Custom-house had been enclosed to protect the musicians and supper table from the wind and fog. The store-room had been cleared, the floor scrubbed, the walls hung with the colors of Mexico. All in honor of Pio Pico, again in brief exile from his beloved Los Angeles. The Governor, blazing with diamonds, stood at the upper end of the room, by Doña Modeste Castro's side. About them were Castro and other prominent men of Monterey, all talking of the rumored war between the United States and Mexico, and prophesying various results. Neither Pico nor Castro looked amiable. The Governor had arrived in the morning to find that the general had allowed pasquinades representing his Excellency in no complimentary light to disfigure the streets of Monterey. Castro, when taken to task, had replied haughtily that it was the Governor's place to look after his own dignity; he, the Comandante-General of the army of the Californias, had more important matters to attend to. The result had been a furious war of words, ending in a lame peace.

"Tell us, Excellency," said José Abrigo, "what will be the outcome?"

"The Americans can have us if they wish," said Pio Pico, bitterly. "We cannot prevent."

"Never!" cried Castro. "What? We cannot protect ourselves against the invasion of bandoleros? Do you forget what blood stings the veins of the Californian? A Spaniard stand with folded arms and see his country plucked from him! Oh, sacrilege! They will never have our Californias while a Castro lives to cut them down!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried many voices.

"I tell you—" began Pio Pico, but Doña Modeste interrupted him. "No more talk of war to-night," she said, peremptorily. "Where is Ysabel?"

"She sent me word by Doña Juana that she could not make herself ready in time to come with me, but would follow with my good friend, Don Antonio, who of course had to wait for her. Her gown was not finished, I believe. I think she had done something naughty, and that Doña Juana had tried to punish her, but had not succeeded. The old lady looked very sad. Ah, here is Doña Ysabel now!"

"How lovely she is!" said Doña Modeste. "I think—What! what!—"

"God of my soul," exclaimed Pio Pico, "where did she get those pearls?"

The crowd near the door had parted, and Ysabel entered on the arm of her uncle. Don Antonio's form was bent, and she looked taller by contrast. His thin sharp profile was outlined against her white neck, bared for the first time to the eyes of Monterey. Her shawl had just been laid aside, and he was near-sighted and did not notice the pearls.

She had sewn them all over the front of her white silk gown. She had wound them in the black coils of her hair. They wreathed her neck and roped her arms. Never had she looked so beautiful. Her great green eyes were as radiant as spring. Her lips were redder than blood. A pink flame burned in her oval cheeks. Her head moved like a Californian lily on its stalk. No Monterefio would ever forget her.

"El Son!" cried the young men, with one accord. Her magnificent beauty extinguished every other woman in the room. She must not hide her light in the contradanza. She should madden all eyes at once.

Ysabel bent her head and glided to the middle of the room. The other women moved back, their white gowns like a snow bank against the lurid walls. The thin sweet music of the instruments rose above the boom of the tide. Ysabel lifted her dress with curving arms, displaying arched feet clad in flesh-colored stockings and white slippers, and danced El Son.

Her little feet tapped time to the music; she whirled her body with utmost grace, holding her head so motionless that she could have balanced a glass of water thereon. She was inspired that night; and when, in the midst of the dance, De la Vega entered the room, a sort of madness possessed her. She invented new figures. She glided back and forth, bending and swaying and doubling until to the eyes of her bewildered admirers the outlines of her lovely body were gone. Even the women shouted their approval, and the men went wild. They pulled their pockets inside out and flung handfuls of gold at her feet. Those who had only silver cursed their fate, but snatched the watches from their pockets, the rings from their fingers, and hurled them at her with shouts and cheers. They tore the lace ruffles from their shirts; they rushed to the next room and ripped the silver eagles from their hats. Even Pio Pico flung one of his golden ropes at her feet, a hot blaze in his old ugly face, as he cried:

"Brava! brava! thou Star of Monterey!"

Guido Cabañares, desperate at having nothing more to sacrifice to his idol, sprang upon a chair, and was about to tear down the Mexican flag, when the music stopped with a crash, as if musicians and instruments had been overturned, and a figure leaped into the room.

The women uttered a loud cry and crossed themselves. Even the men fell back. Ysabel's swaying body trembled and became rigid. De la Vega, who had watched her with folded arms, too entranced to offer her anything but the love that shook him, turned livid to his throat. A friar, his hood fallen back from his stubbled head, his brown habit stiff with dirt, smelling, reeling with fatigue, stood amongst them. His eyes were deep in his ashy face. They rolled about the room until they met De la Vega's.

General Castro came hastily forward. "What does this mean?" he asked. "What do you wish?"

The friar raised his arm, and pointed his shaking finger at De la Vega.

"Kill him!" he said, in a loud hoarse whisper. "He has desecrated the Mother of God!"

Every caballero in the room turned upon De la Vega with furious satisfaction. Ysabel had quickened their blood, and they were willing to cool it in vengeance on the man of whom they were still jealous, and whom they suspected of having brought the wondrous pearls which covered their Favorita to-night.

"What? What?" they cried, eagerly. "Has he done this thing?"

"He has robbed the Church. He has stripped the Blessed Virgin of her jewels. He—has—murdered—a—priest of the Holy Catholic Church."

Horror stayed them for a moment, and then they rushed at De la Vega. "He does not deny it!" they cried. "Is it true? Is it true?" and they surged about him hot with menace.

"It is quite true," said De la Vega, coldly. "I plundered the shrine of Loreto and murdered its priest."

The women panted and gasped; for a moment even the men were stunned, and in that moment an ominous sound mingled with the roar of the surf. Before the respite was over Ysabel had reached his side.

"He did it for me!" she cried, in her clear triumphant voice. "For me! And although you kill us both, I am the proudest woman in all the Californias, and I love him."

"Good!" cried Castro, and he placed himself before them. "Stand back, every one of you. What? are you barbarians, Indians, that you would do violence to a guest in your town? What if he has committed a crime? Is he not one of you, then, that you offer him blood instead of protection? Where is your pride of caste? your *hospitality?* Oh, perfidy! Fall back, and leave the guest of your capital to those who are compelled to judge him."

The caballeros shrank back, sullen but abashed. He had touched the quick of their pride.

"Never mind!" cried the friar. "You cannot protect him from *that*. Listen!"

Had the bay risen about the Custom-house?

"What is that?" demanded Castro, sharply.

"The poor of Monterey; those who love their Cross better than the aristocrats love their caste. They know."

De la Vega caught Ysabel in his arms and dashed across the room and corridor. His knife cut a long rift in the canvas, and in a moment they stood upon the rocks. The shrieking crowd were on the other side of the Custom-house.

"Marcos!" he called to his boatman, "Marcos!"

No answer came but the waves tugging at the rocks not two feet below them. He could see nothing. The fog was thick as night.

"He is not here, Ysabel. We must swim. Anything but to be torn to pieces by those wild-cats. Art thou afraid?"

"No," she said.

He folded her closely with one arm, and felt with his foot for the edge of the rocks. A wild roar came from behind. A dozen pistol-shots were fired into the air. De la Vega reeled suddenly. "I am shot, Ysabel," he said, his knees bending. "Not in this world, my love!"

She wound her arms about him, and dragging him to the brow of the rocks, hurled herself outward, carrying him with her. The waves tossed them on high, flung them against the rocks and ground them there, playing with them like a lion with its victim, then swallowed them.

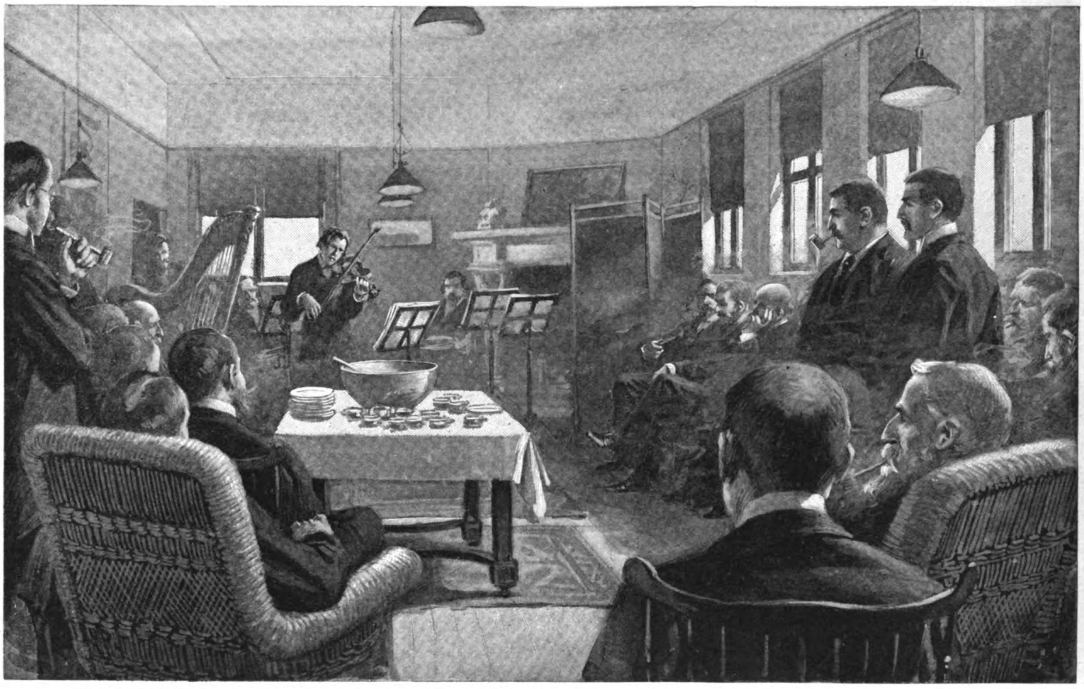
And the blue waters of Monterey still guard the pearls of Loreto.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

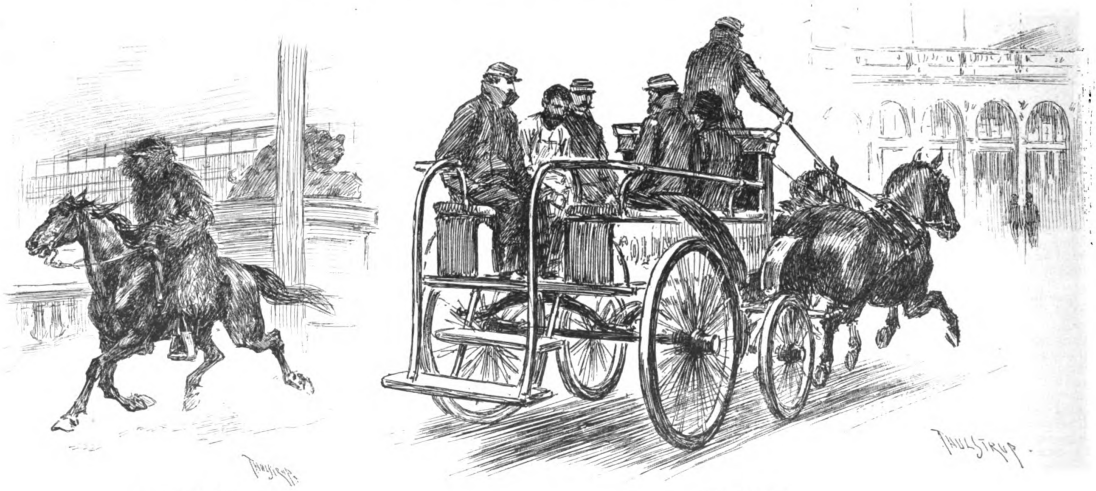
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GOING TO WORK IN THE MORNING.



PASTIME OF CHIEFS OF DEPARTMENTS—AN INFORMAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.



A COLD DAY. AN ARREST.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR GROUNDS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE UNITED STATES CORNER IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD FROM THE DESIGN BY JOHN DU FAIS.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

ALL-FOOLS-DAY PROMISES.

WHEN Mr. Brennan says that we
Our city streets shall shortly see
Of all this woful aspect free,
No more in mud immersed;
When rapid-transit people state
That speedy traffic's at the gate—
Oh, do not fail to note the date!
For it is April First!

When in the heavens you espy
The gorgeous sun of spring mount high,
With not a sign of clouds near by
To swell with rain and burst;
When word comes to you from the West
That Wales will be Chicago's guest
This summer—then be careful lest
Forgetting April First...!

When through the country-side you race
In search of some new dwelling-place,
Beware the landlord's smiling face—
That smile is well rehearsed.
And should you hear from Washington
That you're to have some place "A One"
For underhanded "work" you've done—
Ahem! 'tis April First.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



Two comedies new to New York audiences, produced at the Union Square and Star theatres, were the staple of dramatic novelty last week. The one, *Joseph*, a comedy, or rather an out-and-out farce, is after the French; the other, *Brother John*, is after the American; for to say that Miss Morton's new comedy is distinctively and typically American, is to endow it with the attribute and distinctive characterization which it lacks. One of the principal difficulties with which the American dramatist has to contend in the production of a distinctively American play is our lack of national characteristics. The fusion of race types, which is constant and continued, has made us imitative, adaptive, and adaptable; anything, in fact, rather than distinctively individual. Such types of individual character as do exist are due rather to the accident of environment or occupation than to any inherent and strongly marked national individuality. Perhaps the most strongly marked typical individuality that we possess is the rural New-Englander, and this has already been exploited to a wearisome extent by playwrights and players. Miss Morton has had recourse to this somewhat hackneyed field for her character material, but has not succeeded in evolving anything either very typical, very novel, or very logically consistent out of it in the way of character types. *Brother John* might be called a drawing-room version of *Joshua Whitcomb* or *The County Fair*, the large-hearted, simple-minded farmer of the one having become the wholesale hatter of the other. Miss Morton certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Crane, for had it not been for his exceedingly thorough, painstaking, and artistic work as Brother John, the rural hatter, her play, owing to its many obvious inconsistencies and improbabilities in situation and development of character and incident, must have fallen rather flat; but Mr. Crane is a tower of dramatic strength. In his hands a somewhat sketchily drawn and inconsequential character appeared consistent, natural, and logical, as well as humorous, and to him is therefore in a great measure due the very fair measure of success which the play attained.

It is to be doubted whether such characters as Miss Morton has outlined in this play exist at all at the present day, and it is still more doubtful whether, if we allow the possibility of their existence, they would act under similar circumstances as Miss Morton has made them act. The family of rural brothers and sisters headed and protected by Brother John finally revolt against everlasting rural stagnation, and pine for life. Brother John gives them a hundred dollars as a present, and packs them off to Long Branch, where, having taken a twelve-thousand-dollar cottage, and gathered around them a selection of impecunious social sharks, they embark upon a career of dissipation, gambling, and even forgery, from which they are rescued by the generosity and good-nature and wiles of Brother John, and once more safely interred in their former rural retreat opposite his hat factory. If we allow the premises from which Miss Morton has deduced her play, it must be said that the action is progressive and interesting, and much of the dialogue well written. Mr. Crane is naturally the central figure and *deus ex machina* throughout the piece, and until the fourth act —ah, that unlucky and treacherous fourth act!—carries everything before him most successfully. That the said fourth act drags is probably due to the length of the play itself, and the excessive and successive setting everybody to rights which Brother John performs in that act. Miss Morton's ideas of society are somewhat peculiar. Brother John's youngest sister, played with much spirit by Miss O'Neill, has for an adorer a young gentleman who, both in appearance and manner, suggests the ordinary young man of good society, who is, nevertheless, not only content but eager to settle down, at the end of the play, as the proprietor of a branch hat store in Union Square. Evidently if love will drive us to crime, it will also in certain instances drive us to hats, according to Miss Morton. This is a sample of frequent similar improbabilities throughout the piece, which certainly lessen the effect of much that is good in it.

The chief fault in *Brother John*, which, as a whole, is an amusing and interesting play, is the author's failure to give us anything new; all her characters are familiar from long previous acquaintance. Perhaps the most original creation is that of Hopkins, the foreman of the factory, but he is in no sense an American type; neither is Miss Hackett, the eldest sister and conventional rural spinster, at all a convincing type of New England woman. For all this, Miss Morton, as an American, is to be congratulated on having written a play which at the worst is worthy of much commendation, and Mr. Crane is to be commended for his thus far successful efforts in encouraging the work of native playwrights. *Brother John* was, on the whole, acceptably played by all concerned. Mr. Joseph Wheelock, Jun., gave a very natural impersonation of a heedless youngster with more heart than head, and Mr. Gilmour was very good as a regretful but still yielding victim to heredity in the shape of gambling, drunkenness, and general dissoluteness, although the character which he portrayed seemed an unnecessary excrescence on the play itself. In spite of certain defects, *Brother John* will probably be popular, as it contains a good deal of real honest and kindly human nature, and will so enlist popular sympathy and interest.

Joseph is a piece of a very different type. The play is, in its present form, an adaptation by Mr. Malcolm Watson of a most successful French play by Gandillot, called *Ferdinand le Noceur*, which was produced in Paris in 1890, and is running yet. Mr. Watson's adaptation is good enough in itself, and also gives a very good idea of how excruciatingly funny the play must be in the French original, where the author is not hampered in the humor of his dialogue and situations by any considerations of Anglo-Saxon decorum and decency. In a self-confessed farce one need pay no heed to improbabilities, which must be taken into account in a play of greater pretensions to legitimate comedy. Mr. Felix Flutterby, a very gay widower indeed, who is accustomed to love at first sight and without reserve, has a daughter whom he has kept at school until, being her father's own child, he can do so no longer. In order that she may not interrupt his bachelor pursuits he seeks to marry her off, and mindful of his own amorous delinquencies, selects as her husband a mild-mannered gentleman of the Private Secretary type, who is his distant cousin and confidential clerk Joseph. This latter, indeed, under the influence of his father-in-law, develops into a would-be sport, quite innocently involves himself in numerous amorous difficulties with several other women, which afford opportunities for plenty of vigorous action and humorous complications, ending up with the usual satisfactory adjustment for all concerned. *Joseph* is largely a one-part piece, which affords Mr. Giddens, as the central character, admirable opportunities for the display of his undeniable qualities as an actor. Mr. Giddens was for many years Mr. Charles Wyndham's right-hand man, and is sufficient in himself to impart a flavor of the old Criterion methods, as exemplified in former days by Mr. Charles Wyndham and his admirable associates in such plays as *Pink Dominoes*, *Fourteen Days*, *Betsy*, and the like, though he is hardly seconded by any of his company, except perhaps Mrs. Phillipps and Mr. Le Finney, who were quite up to Criterion standards. So, to be just, was also Miss Stockwell, who gave an admirable and humorous characterization of a provincial servant who pins blind faith in the advertisements which appear in the *Matrimonial Gazette*. For what it is, a rollicking farce, on the whole sufficiently well played, and in spite of a rather weak second act, *Joseph* is distinctly amusing, and some of the situations, especially those where a not inconsiderable amount of the suggestiveness of the French original is retained, are intensely funny, and it should be popular at the Union Square for some time to come. Miss De Wolff has certainly gained in ease and grace since her first appearance in *Thermidor* over a year ago, and her impersonation of Constance, the gay daughter of a gay father, was not without charm and naturalness, although somewhat superficial. Even were he less well supported, Mr. Giddens as a comedian of genuine humor, fertility of resource, and facile expression would be amply competent to make *Joseph* a play well worth seeing.

As the spring season progresses music seems to be left principally to the birds, as concerts and other musical events grow more and more infrequent. Madame Nordica gave an enjoyable concert of operatic selections, including the whole of the third act of *Faust*, at Music Hall; this, with the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which M. Henri Marteau played Bruch's first violin concerto with admirable effect and the orchestra was heard to good advantage in Schumann's second symphony, together with the last Paderewski recital on Saturday afternoon, when the great pianist was, as always, applauded to the echo, made up the musical week. In spite of its London success—or possibly because of it, for English and American taste in comic opera is often at variance—Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* has never been popular in this country, and the nature of its presentation at the Casino is not of a kind to make it more so. Indeed, the performance of the *Gondoliers* by the Duff Company is very little if any more adequate than that of the *Basoche* by the same company, which is saying very little indeed. In many respects, and certainly from an artistic stand-point, the *Gondoliers* is the least admirable and valuable work of the clever collaborateurs who are responsible for it. Popular demands, as regards the production and performance of comic operas, have become of late years much more exacting than formerly, and a musical piece must needs be absolutely, not merely relatively, well done to command popular attention and support.

The fourth performance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, which occurred last week, went up like a rocket and came down like a stick. Three new plays were presented, unusually well presented, too, so far as the acting was concerned. The first, a drawing-room comedy in one act, by Brander Matthews, *The Decision of the Court*, tells of a married couple who thought they would get divorced and then thought better of it. Although somewhat reminiscent in style and treatment of the well-known comedietta, *The Happy Pair*, this little sketch is brightly written, and in the hands of such capable artists as Mrs. Agnes Booth and Mr. J. H. Gilmour proved decidedly amusing. Past experience of the Theatre of Arts and Letters has shown that to put a magazine story on the stage by turning the descriptions into dialogue is not to make a play of it. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's dramatization of his clever psychological sketch, *The Other Woman*, the second piece on the bill, however, proved decidedly effective. The story lost nothing in either interest or effect by being transferred to the stage, and as interpreted by Mr. Frederick Robinson as the Bishop, and Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft as Latimer, held the attention of the audience from beginning to end, in spite of the fact that the action is psychological rather than dramatic. It would be difficult indeed to discover either the artistic or the literary value of *Hal o' the Hall*, a romantic comedy in two acts by John Harrison, the third and last play presented. It would also be curious to follow the mental processes of the committee who selected this play for production at the Theatre of Arts and Letters. No committee, however empowered, has the right to inflict on a long-suffering audience such pastoral inanity and boys' story-book rubbish as is contained in this play, which no amount of clever acting could save from being both childish and wearisome. If its choice of plays is so limited as the selection of such a play would lead one to believe, why does not the committee having the matter in charge go a little further afield, and give us the opportunity of seeing a play like Ibsen's *The Master Builder*, or even Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, either of which would be at least interesting? The Theatre of Arts and Letters will die of inanition and dry-rot if it continues to present inanities of the description of *Hal o' the Hall*.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.



THE AMERICAN CORNER.

ONE of the marked features of the fast-approaching Columbian Exposition at Chicago will be the group of buildings which surround the central circle, or round point, in the principal exhibition hall—the mammoth building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. They will be interesting from many points of view, but especially so from the fact that nowhere else in the whole display do the four great nations of the earth come each close to each at one single point. This circle is 120 feet in diameter, and is at the centre of the great nave, where the roof rises 240 feet above the floor; and at this point is the intersection of the main great aisle, Columbia Avenue, and the transverse wide aisle, called the North and South Boulevard. Each of the edifices occupying the spaces between the intersection of these principal avenues will symbolize in its construction the peculiar architecture and decorative styles of the nation by which it is erected. Aside from its representative importance to us all, the American corner is especially interesting from the fact that whereas in the cases of France, England, and Germany the governments of those nations have each made ample allowance for the expense of worthily executing their national designs, in the case of the United States, in consequence of lack of proper appropriation by Congress and lack of funds by the authorities of the exposition, it has remained for private enterprise to maintain our national cause. This most important and much-coveted space in the section reserved to exhibitors from the United States was awarded to three well-known New York firms, viz., Messrs. Tiffany & Co., the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company, in the belief that they would best thereon erect a building which would prove an honor to our country, and which would architecturally compare favorably with the representative structures of the three great governments above named. After taking the question into careful consideration, the designing and construction of the buildings were placed in the hands of Mr. John Du Fais, the architect, of New York, who made a careful study of the situation and its possibilities, and submitted a design, which met the hearty approval of the authorities of the exposition as well as of the exhibitors interested.

The building is striking, original, and interesting, and is distinctively characterized by a simplicity in harmony with the best American traditions. The style of architecture is Doric in motiv, and the general effect is white, relieved by creamy tints and a bold use of solid gold ornamentation. The height of the building is about 25 feet, the central portion of the curved façade having, however, a somewhat greater elevation. The centre of the front is strongly defined, and from it rises a Doric column of monumental proportions, surmounted by a globe and crowned by an eagle. The noble modelling of this emblem is by the hand of Mr. Philip Martini, and the bird of freedom curves his wings 100 feet above the exhibition floor. Two lesser columns, 40 feet high, flank this central monument, while below and between the three columns wide arches span the principal entrances to the exhibits of precious jewels and gold and fine wrought silver. At the base of the great shaft stands a pedestal on which appears an inscription declaring this section of the exhibition to be devoted to the display of the handiwork of the United States, and above this the shield and flags bear the stars and stripes of the nation. All the ornament and symbolism of the column is of patriotic intent, while on either side the niches above the entrances are ornate with wreaths surrounded by bees, and above the gates are visible the T. Co. and Lion, Anchor, Cr. familiar on fine American silver. The arrangement of arches on Columbia Avenue and on the North Boulevard architecturally lends large scale to the central façade, and affords a clear view of the rare products of the three exhibitors.

THE PASTIME OF THE WORKERS.

IT is quite likely that so great a work as the getting ready for the World's Fair was never accomplished before in so short a time. To do what has been done and to complete what yet remains to be done has required and still needs an amount of effort almost appalling to contemplate. The men who are in charge are strong and earnest, and are sustained by an enthusiasm without which they could never succeed. Several who started at the beginning have yielded up the fight and gone to the great majority. One or two others, with shattered health, have been obliged to put down their burdens, to see them taken up by fresher if not stronger arms. These men get together at luncheon every day. But that meal is not a time of recreation, but more like a directors' meeting, for little save business is talked while the simple repast is being consumed. Mr. Burnham, the strong and able Director of Works, realized very soon after he had gathered about him his staff of assistants that it would be a wise thing to set apart a little while of each week when official and business cares would be laid aside and the workers could have some fun. The time set apart was each Sunday afternoon.

And so in a large upper room of the Service Building, a room frequently used as a dormitory when the workers do not find time to get to their homes, these men meet and have a genuinely good though a quiet time. The refreshments do not go beyond sandwiches and a very mild punch. But there is always very excellent music. To this part of the entertainment members of Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra contribute, and very often Mr. Thomas is there himself,

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and also Mr. Tomlins, the leader of the Chicago Oratorio. And the excellence of the music at these informal concerts is a certain kind of assurance that the music during the fair will be up to a high standard.

The picture Mr. De Thulstrup has made on page 308 of this informal gathering is while the company is listening to a duet for horns. The same afternoon, if the writer's memory does not betray him, there was a quartet for horns, and the music was almost as soft and sweet, even in the confined space of a small room, as though the instruments had been violins instead. At these gatherings there is frequently a very distinguished company, which is, nevertheless, a very democratic assembly. Conspicuous among those at the concerts was the man whom above all others in Chicago a stranger and visitor in that city hears spoken of with unqualified admiration and respect. This man is Lyman J. Gage, who was the first president of the exposition. Though Mr. Gage gave up the position of chief executive, he has continued to devote a large part of each day to the business of the enterprise. The people in Chicago tell you with pride that Mr. Gage's bank is the strongest in America, and holds the largest deposits. They then invariably add that Mr. Gage started in the bank as porter, and rose to be president. Seated among the architects, artists, engineers, and musicians, and smoking a corn-cob pipe with a long stem, this bank president, whose career has compelled the respect and admiration of all who know of him, seems very much at home, and to enjoy this little incursion into Bohemia quite as much as those who have lived in it more or less all of their lives, and who would have felt ill at ease even as visitors in a bank parlor.

Towards nightfall the concerts end and the musicians and more grave of the company depart. But the younger and gayer stay yet a little while. They make music for themselves. It is not as academic as that that has preceded, but it has qualities of its own that do not fail to please the choice spirits who linger to hear it and to help to make it. J. G. S.

A YOUNG PRESIDENT.

Mr. Joseph W. Reinhart, who has succeeded Allen Manvel in the presidency of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, is one of the most striking illustrations of America's opportunities for young men. He is now only forty-one years old, yet he has worked his way to his present very responsible office without outside influence of any kind, and solely on the basis of competent service. With the exception of one or two railway presidents who have represented family investment in their several companies, Mr. Reinhart is probably the youngest man who has ever been assigned to so important a post. The system over which he has been chosen to preside is in mileage and capitalization the largest in the United States. It includes among its properties, owned or controlled, seventy-three separate companies, the finances of which must all be managed in common. The management of this aggregation of interests has been intrusted to Mr. Reinhart after twenty-four years of railroad experience, only five of which were spent in the immediate service of the Atchison.

Mr. Reinhart was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1851. His railroad service was begun at the age of seventeen, when he entered the employ of the Alleghany Valley, a minor Pennsylvania railway only 132 miles long. In this company his peculiar skill in organizing the finance accounts found its first field of usefulness, and he was already an important officer of the road when he was called from its service, fourteen years later, to take the general auditorship of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo.

In this larger office Mr. Reinhart introduced methods of his own for systematizing the accounts of the company, and with such success that the plan there first applied has since been very generally adopted in other large railway offices.

The receivership and foreclosure sale of the West Shore released Mr. Reinhart, who then took charge of the general passenger and ticket office on the Lake Shore road. This office he resigned in 1887.

It was in 1888 that the Atchison company, then approaching serious embarrassment through overbuilding of railway lines when competitive freight rates were at a minimum, called upon Mr. Reinhart to investigate its books and finances. He assumed his old office of General Auditor, and at once made a thorough investigation of the company's debt, finances, and earning power. The result of this investigation was published to the shareholders. The credit of the company having already become hopelessly impaired, a reorganization became necessary, and the preparation of a comprehensive plan was intrusted to Mr. Reinhart. The famous circular then drawn up for the creditors and shareholders was a distinct innovation, and will always remain a model in its peculiar branch of analysis. Its merits were fully vindicated by the success of the reorganization.

Mr. Reinhart was made Atchison's Fourth Vice-President in 1889, and First Vice-President in 1891, still retaining his office as General Auditor, the recent death of President Manvel opening the way to the first office of the company. The peculiar efficiency demanded by the new position may be judged from the fact that not only is there involved the office financiering of $460,000,000 capitalization, but the management and organization of a working force of 35,000 men. The young railroad President is a brother of the well-known artist Mr. Charles S. Reinhart.

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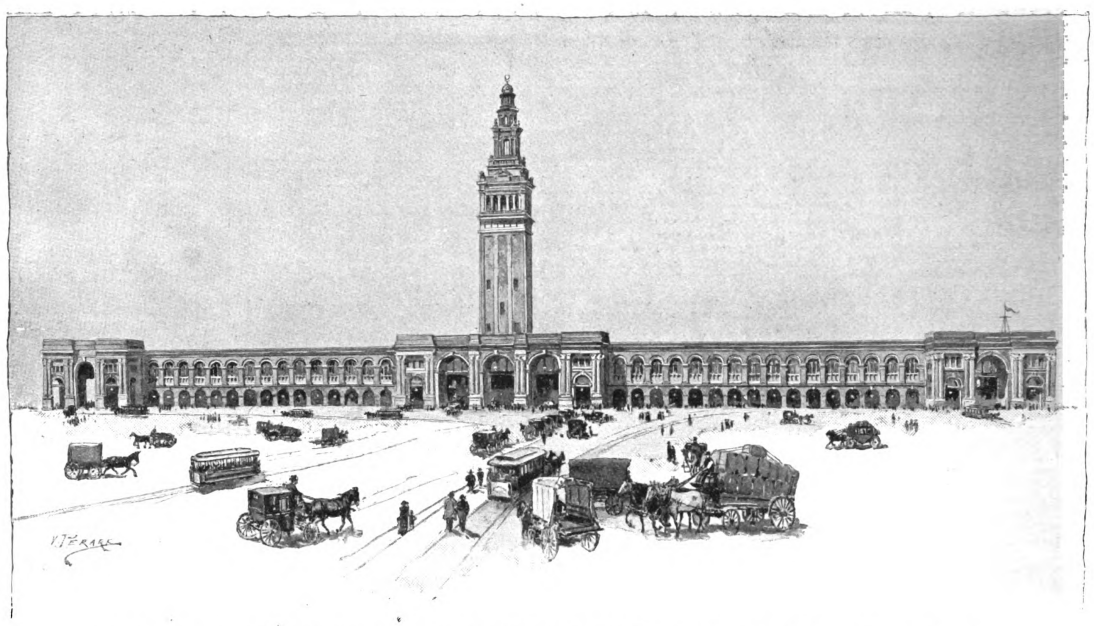
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UNION DEPOT AND FERRY-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—A. Page Brown, Architect.—Drawn by Victor Perard.

TWO GREAT STATIONS.

In about a year from now the passengers who arrive in San Francisco will no longer be dumped out of the comfortable cars under the long wooden sheds that now do service along the water-front for passenger stations for the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, and also for the roads from the north. The trains from all of these roads will run into a commodious union depot, which will also serve as a ferry-house. This improvement will be made by the Harbor Commissioners, and the cost—something between a million and a half and two million dollars—will be paid from the San Francisco Harbor and Improvement Fund.

The outside dimensions of the new depot and ferry-house will be 850×150 feet, and the general cornice-line will be 50 feet above the base. Three entrances will extend the entire length of the building, and a like number of grand staircases will lead to both of the upper floors. These entrances will have three large arches extending through both stories, and from the central arch in each entrance there will be a staircase to the second floor. The entrances will project 35 feet from the sea-wall, and thus break the long line of the building. The arches will be one on either side of the main entrance, and the third in the centre. On each side of the arches will be great Corinthian columns 21 feet in circumference. The whole front of the ground-floor will be crossed by a continuous arcade, a covered passageway leading directly to the ticket offices, baggage-rooms, etc.

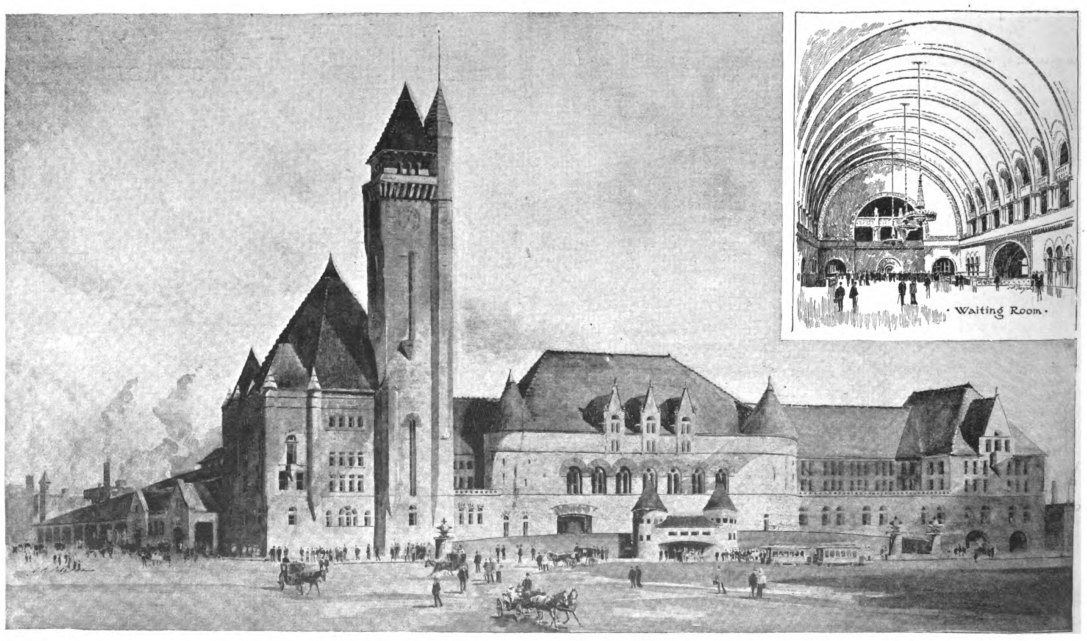
Surmounting the centre of the façade will be a tower of 250 feet. To support this a separate foundation is needed. The tower will not only be the first object to meet the eye of the passenger on the ferry-boat, but will serve as a clock-tower and beacon, visible for many miles. The tower will be made of iron and steel, and will not only be fire-proof, but, what is of as great consequence in San Francisco, earthquake-proof as well.

The first floor will be divided into various waiting-rooms, baggage-rooms, post-office, and express-office. The second floor will in a measure be a duplicate of the first, and will be so constructed as to accommodate passengers to or from the upper decks of the ferry-boats. On this floor the refreshment-rooms will be located, and also the offices of the Harbor Commissioners. The principal feature of the second floor is a corridor 50 feet in width, and extending the whole length of the building. The exterior face of the building will be of Roman brick and terra-cotta, with a base of granite. The interior face will be of glazed and enamel bricks.

In St. Louis the late mercantile growth has naturally increased the railroad business, although the city has for some time been one of the great railroad centres of the country, and in order to meet with the demands of travel a new Union Depot is in course of erection under the direction of the Terminal Railway Association. H. P. Taussig, chief engineer of the association, is in charge of the work, together with Engineer George H. Pegram, the latter having designed the great train-shed in connection with the depot. The main building is Romanesque in character, designed by Architect Theodore C. Link, and extends from Eighteenth to Twentieth Street on Market, a distance of 600 feet. It is of cut gray stone, irregular in design, with numerous towers and arches, and surmounted at one end by a square tower 240 feet in height.

The exits and the entrances are devised with much skill, and appointed so as to prevent confusion between outgoing and arriving travellers, the latter reaching the street through great arches opening directly from the track, while the outgoing traveller is led through the entrances just above by means of a sloping terrace from either end of the building. The great waiting-room, which is reached by the terrace, is over the offices and train promenade. This room is 75 feet in width, 120 feet in length, with a vaulted ceiling 65 feet above. A number of smaller rooms for the convenience of travellers are connected with this room, while galleries extend about the second and third stories, supported by a colonnade. A stairway 40 feet wide leads to the lower floor, where are the ticket-offices, post-office, immigrants' room, and other waiting-rooms. Beyond this is the covered train promenade, which can also be reached directly from the waiting-room above. This promenade is 70 feet wide and 600 feet long, separated from the tracks by an iron fence. All the lower rooms open on this promenade, and exits are provided the full width at either end.

The train-shed adjoins the promenade. This immense structure covers a piece of ground 606 by 700 feet in area. The great roof is constructed wholly of steel and glass, and from side to side of the shed are thirty railroad tracks. The building which contains the waiting-rooms etc., will be finished in brick and marble on the first floor, and the staircase leading up will be of brass and electro-bronze. The large waiting-room will be finished in artistic style, and altogether the best of taste will be exercised in the decorations throughout. It is expected that the main story of the building will be ready early in July, as the work is being pushed on it. When completed the entire depot will have cost four and a half millions of dollars.



THE NEW UNION DEPOT, ST. LOUIS.—Theodore C. Link, Architect.—Drawn by J. A. Johnson.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

A PRINCETON VIEW OF COLLEGE ATHLETIC REFORM.

BY DUNCAN EDWARDS.

THE sentiment at Princeton is plainly in favor of the "undergraduate" restriction. In fact, four years ago Princeton very openly declared itself in favor of the reform that the Yale athletic authorities are now advocating. The occasion arose upon the adoption of the rule defining "amateurs," by the Intercollegiate Football Association, in the fall of 1889. Princeton had opposed the passage of that rule with immediate application, on the ground that although the rule was excellent in itself, it was retroactive in its nature, and constituted certain offences "professionalism" which had not before been regarded as such, and consequently should not have application to the football teams of that year, which were at that time made up and ready for the season's games.

However, the representative of Princeton presented to the Graduate Advisory Football Committee, which included Mr. Richards of Yale and Mr. Leeds of Harvard, a series of rules covering all the reforms which it was thought were necessary, and stated the willingness of Princeton to vote for their immediate adoption, if all the reforms proposed should meet with equal consideration. The rules, as read, were practically the same as those recently adopted conditionally by Yale, and they contained an express provision that membership on all the teams in the association should be restricted to undergraduates. As the Yale and Harvard elevens of that year, as well as the Princeton eleven, would have been considerably shaken up by the adoption of the rules proposed, their delegates concluded that the discussion of those rules at that time would not be advisable. So the matter was dropped; but the position of Princeton on the question of athletic reform was indicated to have been emphatically in favor of the undergraduate restriction.

The occurrence mentioned was the occasion of the origin of the more or less hostile relations between Harvard and Princeton. Without attempting an explanation of the exact cause of the disagreement, it may be said that Harvard withdrew from the Intercollegiate Football Association, honestly believing, there can be no doubt, that Princeton was opposed to the correction of the manifold abuses of college football, while Princeton as honestly believed that Harvard only desired a reform that should pluck out the mote from Princeton's eye, while it left untouched the beam in its own eye.

Without discussing the merits of either's contention, it may be said that it is unfortunate for the interest of reform in college athletics that Harvard should have held aloof from the Intercollegiate Football Association. Even admitting that Harvard is convinced that it is for her best interests to confine her athletics solely to a "dual league" with Yale, until that dual league should be accomplished her ideas would find a wider acceptance in company than alone. It seems as if the most feasible medium for introducing any athletic reform would be through an association of colleges where the best sense of all is consulted, where any proposition can be discussed at short arm, where the members feel the obligation of the opinions of the majority, and where any reform adopted by the majority can be tested by experience, and then either confirmed or set aside.

It does not seem likely that colleges will ever agree upon athletic reform if each communicates with the others only by letter or telegram, and simply announces "ultimatums," which the others can take or leave as they see fit, while it proclaims each for itself that it will never abandon the high position that it has taken.

It is most likely that if Harvard had remained in the Intercollegiate Association the so-called "undergraduate rule" adopted by that association would have been somewhat modified, for the "rules" promulgated by the Harvard Athletic Committee suggest very practicable limitations.

Princeton has given its support to the rule adopted by the Intercollegiate Football Association, and although that rule is probably of Yale composition, it can be taken as an accurate expression of Princeton's athletic policy. The statement of the rule is, "No member of a graduate department or a special student shall be eligible to the football teams of colleges in this association; nor any graduate who has registered or attended lectures at any other university or college; nor any undergraduate who is not pursuing a course for a degree requiring an attendance of at least three years." It usually happens with college athletic rules that a coach-and-four can be driven through them when an occasion for interpretation arises, and this rule is perhaps open to the objection that it does not exactly represent the intention of its designers. But as to the spirit of thoroughness in this rule there can be no mistake.

As to the policy of adopting so stringent a regulation, it ought to be borne in mind that there is an urgent necessity for stamping out completely the professional and mercenary elements of college athletics. So certain and yet insidious have been the results of the deflection from a strict standard by the college athletic authorities that it is quite apparent to those who are intimately connected with college athletics at the present time that there has been developed about it a distinctly mercenary atmosphere. There is a feeling in the air that students are not expected to be called upon to make any sacrifices for the honor of representing their *alma mater*, but that their athletic ability is a commodity that is *worth* something *from* their college.

Abuses must be expected as the results of the growing publicity and popularity of intercollegiate contests. These contests have become so much of a public spectacle, the pace has become so hot, the desire for victory so great, that the production of a college football team, for instance, has become almost a business; and the fierce competition has forced the athletic authorities to methods whose final cost they have never counted, and whose methods find their justification in the satisfaction of the college community with a successful team. It has become a serious question, if the present tendency is not checked, whether a reaction will not set in against college athletics, and the college faculties decide that they do not want their institutions turned into mere athletic clubs, with a pack of athletes to give exhibitions for them. The demands of public exhibition are making too high a state of athletic excellence necessary to allow ordinary students, who expect mental as well as physical training in colleges, to compete, and the tendency must be to provide the requisite athletic talent, *coûte que coûte*.

There are only two feasible remedies for this tendency. One is to restrict all intercollegiate competitions to college grounds, which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished for if it could be accomplished; and the other is to meet all known abuses with stringent legislation that will render them impossible.

Briefly stated, the patent evils of college athletics can be summed up as follows: First, the introduction of practically paid "athletes" into special courses and graduate departments, which no rule against the giving or receiving of pecuniary consideration can ever prevent; for indirect methods are, unfortunately, too well understood by college men. Second, the retaining of "star" players after graduation for athletic purposes, with only a nominal attachment to the university. This evil has been almost a scandal in the past, and it has discouraged the competition of *bona fide* undergraduates, who are limited to their regular course. There seems to be no great hardship in ending athletic privileges at graduation, just as other college courses are ended. For athletics constitute a regular course whose aim is to develop the manly vigor of all the students, and not the bodies of a few "perpetual" athletes. And third, the collection of clever athletes from other colleges on *inducements*. This evil has become so notorious that the larger colleges are continually receiving letters from the athletes in the smaller colleges and

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preparatory schools, presenting their records, and asking what *inducements* can be offered to them.

Now all these evils the undergraduate rule effectually ends; therefore Princeton is in favor of that rule. Perhaps that rule is not the very best measure that could be suggested. Perhaps it hits beyond the mark at which it is aimed. Nevertheless, it is an experiment worth trying. For under its application college athletics must be as clean and honest sport as it is possible for legislation to make it. The so-called university plan, as expounded by the Harvard Athletic Committee, differs from the undergraduate plan practically only in two particulars, that is, so far as the essential necessities of comparison are concerned.

The university plan permits the bringing back of graduates, only with the restriction against their playing more than four years, and the playing of any student in any department without the safeguard of a previous year's residence at the university and an examination upon a full year's work.

As to the other points of difference, they are unimportant. Now the only query is, has the university plan gone far enough, or has the undergraduate plan gone too far? Who shall weigh the possibilities of abuses that might still exist under the university plan, against the possible deprivation of privileges of certain *bona fide* students under the undergraduate plan? One would scarcely venture to decide without the best of experience, and for that reason the results of the present season's games will be awaited with great interest, for they will afford some ground of comparison between the merits of the Yale and Harvard theories.

And at the end of the season's games, after a year's experiment, it would be a gratifying thing if the recommendation of Mr. Caspar W. Whitney made in this column were carried out, and a congress of delegates from all the colleges interested should be gathered to discuss thoroughly the whole question of athletic reform, and to agree, if possible, upon certain general rules that would govern all the colleges in whatever competitions they might enter, and that would keep college athletics clean outside and in, not only in one or two colleges, but in all of them.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC OUTLOOK.

BY WALTER CAMP.

LEAGUES and associations seem to have been replaced for a season by individual agreements in college athletics so far as baseball and boating go. And yet never before has there been a period when, with such a threatening state of affairs in the way of differences of opinion, there has still existed such a fair prospect of all the contests coming off in spite of these differences.

The question of eligibility has become the issue of the day in college athletics, and as the decisions reached will have a very strong effect upon the make-up of the various crews, nines, and teams this year, it is worth while to note the rules likely to govern the important colleges. Yale will restrict membership to undergraduates of the academic and scientific departments who have never matriculated at other colleges. Princeton will do the same. Harvard will not make any rule for this year's contests, but will follow last year's precedents. Pennsylvania proposes, though not for this present season, to debar graduates or special students who have played upon other college teams until after one year's residence at the university; also dropped men, and men who have played more than four years. Cornell, although voting for the undergraduate ruling, will make separate arrangements, probably, with those she may meet. Columbia has expressed herself in favor of graduates, as has also Rutgers, Fordham, Stevens, Georgetown, Union, Brown, and Trinity. Voting with Yale, Princeton, and Cornell, as opposed to graduates and in favor of the undergraduate rule, are Wesleyan, Amherst, Williams, Columbia, New York, and Swarthmore.

Although we have heard far more of the legislative branch of college athletics during the last few months than we have of the practical side, one must not fancy from that that the actual athletes have not been hard at work.

The principal single event, and the one for which the preparatory training is the longest, is the Harvard-Yale boat-race, which takes place on the Thames next summer.

The possible advent of one or more English crews, their participation in a general regatta, or even in a single race with the winner at New London, gives a greater interest to boating this year, and leads the enthusiast to study over the former records of international contests, the conditions prevailing, and the comparisons between English and American boats, rigging, oars, and men.

The first Harvard-Yale race was rowed in 1852 at Lake Winnepesaukee, in eight-oared barges, with cockswnins, and the course was a two-mile straight away. The first four-mile eight-oared shell-race was rowed on the Connecticut River at Springfield in 1876. In 1870 Yale introduced sliding seats. Harvard used them in 1872. Eighteen hundred and eighty-two has been the only year when a Harvard-Yale university race found the two crews within a boat-length of each other, and the usual rule has been a procession. The best time that has been made was 20 minutes 10 seconds, by Yale in 1888. The slowest time made by a winner was made by Harvard in 1883, finishing in 25 minutes 46¼ seconds, but beating Yale by 1 minute 12¼ seconds.

The present Cambridge crew averages a fraction over 168 pounds in weight, and the Oxford crew some three or four more pounds.

The crew holding the American Thames record of 20 minutes 10 seconds averaged 165 pounds, average age being 21⅝ years, and height 5 feet 10½ inches.

Harvard's crew last year was her oldest, heaviest, and tallest, averaging 23½ years, 177⅝ pounds in weight, and 5 feet 11¼ inches in height.

Yale's oldest crew was in '76—23½ years; her heaviest in '82—177¼ pounds; her tallest in '79—5 feet 11¼ inches.

Last year's Yale crew averaged 22¼ years old, 169 pounds in weight, 5 feet 10⅝ inches in height.

Taking an average of twelve crews, Harvard shows 21½ years of age, 167⅞ pounds in weight, 5 feet 10½ inches in height. Yale, 21¼ years of age, 167½ pounds in weight, 5 feet 10⅞ inches in height.

In this country immediately after the Christmas holidays the captain of the university crew collects all the promising candidates and begins in-door work with them. Of this in-door work the chief feature has come to be the actual rowing motions in a stationary boat set in the midst of a huge tank of water, into which the oars dip. Here the captain or coach can observe most closely, criticise, and to some degree correct the most glaring faults of the embryo oarsman. This in-door work is supplemented by out-door running, which is at first rather a trial, particularly to the heavy-weights. By the early part of March the weeding out of the unpromising candidates has been partly accomplished, and the number of men to whom the coaches give their attention reduced to two eights or less. At New Haven, Captain Ives, of the Yale crew, took to the training-table Johnson, '94 S., Van Huyck, '93 S., Gallaudet, '93, Longacre, '95, Rogers, '94 S., Paine, '94, Beard, '95, Messler, '95, Goetchius, '94 S., Cross, '96, Folger, '94 S., Howland, '94, and Chatfield, '93. From this number he will select the seven who, with himself, will carry the hopes of Yale at New London. Of these men, four rowed in the winning boat last year, Johnson, Van Huyck, Gallaudet, and Paine. Howland and Chatfield were substitutes upon the crew of '92. The rest are, as far as 'varsity rowing is concerned, untried, some of them having, however, sat in class boats.

Harvard is suffering the usual results of a defeat in the form of discouragement among the old members of the crew, and several of them, though still available, have not at the present writing taken their seats in the boat. In fact, it is a theory, not at all without support, that a defeated crew can be best replaced by a majority of new men. Of these new men Harvard has a good assortment, although no special individuals have yet been heralded as stars. Among them are Fearing, '93, Johnson, '94, Davis, '94, Eddy, '95, Stearns, '93, Blake, '94, Saltonstall, '94, Potter, '95, Earle, '93, Davis, '95, Johnstone, L. S., Burgess, '93, Miller, '93, Purdon, '93, and Duffield, '93.

Vail, the captain, did not row in the Harvard boat last year, not that he was not wanted, but he was incapacitated by an injury to his knee, and of late there have been almost authoritative statements made that he would not row this year. Newell, of last year's crew, who did not go to work at the start, has now taken his seat. Cummings has been pulling, and is another of the veterans. Kelton, Acton, Lynam, are missed, and it is uncertain whether any of them will row again. Johnson has been tried for stroke, but later Purdon, and now Glidden has been occupying the seat, with Fearing and Eddy behind him. Newell at first in the bow, though later at No. 3. The rest of the first crew was made up of Stearns, Johnson, Earle, and Burgess in the order named, Stearns pulling at No. 5, Johnson at No. 4, and Earle and Burgess 2 and bow. The latest change puts Newell back at bow with Earle and Blake before him. Little can be said of a crew so early in the year, but one can see that they are of good height, but with no extraordinary big fellows in the boat.

Much interest also attaches to the make-up of the Cornell crew as the winners of twin race last year, and probably the strongest competitors from college crews likely to be represented in Chicago, in case the World's Fair regatta crystallizes into tangible shape. The candidates are Hall, '94, Gilson, '94, Troy, '95, Hager, '95, Kranz, '94, Whittemore, R. G., Witherbee, '93, Shape, '95, Kelly, '93, Wagner, '93, Robbins, '95, Collins, '95, Sanborn, '95, Freeborn, '95, Doggett, '94, and Burr, '93. They are working under their old professional coach, Courtney, and as he has done wonders with former crews from Ithaca, one can be assured that he will turn out something worth beating.

The University of Pennsylvania boating interests are closely connected with Cornell's, the two crews meeting annually, usually in a three-cornered contest, Columbia coming in. The old Yale crew man Woodruff is this year coaching the Philadelphia crew, and has narrowed the choice down to the following candidates: Barnes, '94, Wilson, '94, Wagenhurst, '94, Phillips, '95, Wagenhurst, '96, Walters, '94, Marshall, '94, Knipe, '94, Oliver, '94, Hollingshead, '94, Scott, '95, Adams, '95, and Robinson, '95. One recognizes the names of several of Pennsylvania's remarkable football team among the boating names.

The Yale ball nine will have for a captain L. T. Bliss, of football fame. He has played in the out-field for two years, and will probably stay outside the diamond even as a captain. The execution of the new rule will deprive him of Bowers, his pitcher, Norton, his second-base man, O'Neil, Graves, and Farrell, which makes the Yale sympathizers look rather dubiously upon the prospect. To fill Bowers's position he will have the following men: Speer, '95, Armstrong, '95 S., Warner, '94, Davis, '95, and Carter, '95. Louder, who was a most promising left-hand pitcher, will probably fall out of the ranks as well, and Carter is likely to be the choice of the lot for a regular man. He has good speed, is cool and clever, and, best of all, a thorough ball-player, with his heart in it all the time.

To hold him there will be Jackson, '93 S., who has caught and played first for Yale before; also, Kedzie, '93 S., and Greenway, '95 S., the football end rusher. The two last-named are better throwers than is Jackson, and although of less age and experience, are likely to exhibit greater development.

O'Neil would have been a choice first-baseman, and had of course been counted upon for that position; but Bliss has put Stephenson, '95 S., and Colgate, '96, at work for the place, and seems confident that the former will do well. The loss of Norton at second will be felt greatly, as he had both age and experience, and was withal a quick and accurate man. Hedges, '96, a Freshman, has been singled out for the place, and seems to be a man of promise.

There seems to be some doubt as to Murphy's playing this year. If this proves true it will be too bad, for he was such a brilliant little player that he was always the favorite of a baseball audience. Harvey, '93, and Arbuthnot, '94, are trying for the place, Harvey having played there last year occasionally. At third base Rustin, '94 S., and Sheffield, '94 S., are rivals, with the chances in favor of the former. The old out-field of last year, Bliss, Beall, and Case, will probably cover it again in '93, Bigelow, '94, being a change fielder.

The Harvard ball nine starts out this year under the most auspicious circumstances. Last year's nine was exceptionally strong, particularly in batting, a point which is usually a weak one in college nines. This year Captain Frothingham has practically all his old men, and plenty of material from which to select any substitutes. With a quartet of catchers in Mason, Upton, Cobb, and Corbett, any one of whom would be considered a first-class man, the back-stop is certain to be good. All but one of these men, Cobb, have enjoyed 'varsity experience in other branches of athletics besides baseball, and the nervousness of the stranger to exciting contests is certain not to appear among them. Highland's record as a pitcher last season carried out all the encomiums lavished upon him, and his brother and Wiggins can relieve him. At first base, Dickinson will probably be a fixture, although Trafford played it of old before Dickinson, and in case of accident could do so again. Frothingham may put in Sullivan, the recent captain of the Amherst nine, at second, and go himself into the out-field, and some are advocating such a move. In either case the base will be well taken care of. Hovey, the old Brown short-stop, who has won laurels for Harvard as well, both upon the ball nine and tennis-court, will play again at his old place. He is a brilliant player and a very heavy batter. Third will be covered by Cook, in all probability, while Abbott, Hallowell, Frothingham, Corbett, and Paine, with plenty of substitutes, will make up a lively out-field. No nine enters the season so well equipped with veteran material, and that, too, from a nine which lost no series last year, and the chances are that they will have the winning place this season.

Princeton, a number of years ago, and after a very careful study of the past, determined to give up boating, and devote her energies entirely to football, baseball, and track athletics. This action, while long in coming, had been predicted for some time. A year or so ago there was a resurrection of the old boating spirit, but the stir was not productive of any material or lasting results. So Princeton enters the athletic year of 1893 with only three branches to follow. Of these two only will come into the present college year, namely, baseball and track athletics. Princeton's record in baseball has been an excellent one.

Perhaps her strongest nine of late years was that of 1890, and the long-drawn-out struggle between them and the Yale nine, carried on through four games, was the most exciting series ever played between the two. One of the four games was a tie, and the winner in every game had only the margin of a single run, two of the games going to Yale and one to Princeton. The scores were 3 to 2, 1 to 0, 8 to 8, and 6 to 5.

Phil King, who captained Princeton's football team last fall, is one of the cleverest all-round athletes that ever appeared upon the college field. His work in both football and baseball has been remarkable, and his base play upon the Princeton nine this spring promises to be as much a feature as his football play was last year.

Another man who promises to become a star is a football-player—in fact, a successor to King as captain of the football team of next fall. Trenchard played in the out-field last year, but determining to try for a position behind the bat, he has made such progress that he is already spoken of as sure of the position, and likely to make a record for himself there. Bissell and Ward are trying for the place, and when field work begins one can judge which of the two promises to alternate with Trenchard, for in these days no nine can depend upon a single individual to do all the work behind the bat. In fact, if Trenchard can catch two-thirds of the important games, he will be doing well.

In the pitcher's box, a position where the work of Young has made a high standard for a successor to reach, we shall probably see Drake or Woodcock. Drake did some very good pitching last season, and stands in the natural line of succession. H. Young is reported as another candidate. There are four candidates for first base—Brokaw, Otto, Montgomery, and Sicard—who are endeavoring to supplant Guild, last year's man. He, however, is being tried for third instead, where Gunster, a promising Freshman, has a chance, together with Lindsay and Blake. If Guild secures the place, Gunster is likely to have a show at short stop against Ward. As out-fielders there are the following candidates: McKenzie, who is practically sure of a place, Blair, Carnochan, Elliott, Neely, Payne, and Wylie. Dave Foutz, the old Brooklyn player, has the nine in hand, and the results of his constant work promise to be apparent in their early games.

The track athletic meetings come, in point of time, before the important events in other sports, usually taking place the latter part of May. The Intercollegiate Harvard-Yale contest for the cup given by graduates and the Princeton-Columbian games attract widespread attention and bring out the best records, although here and there in other college meetings there are instances of remarkable performances. Harvard is the leader in number and quality of performers in these events, but Columbia enjoyed in the past an enviable record. This year, as for the last two, Harvard has the largest choice, and from the material will undoubtedly bring out a very strong team. Last year Yale enjoyed, through her two remarkable sprinters, Swayne and Allen, a monopoly of first and second places in the sprints, besides having in Sanford a quarter-mile runner who, in spite of his weight, took a first prize in Harvard-Yale games. This year the reverse seems to be the case, as with the loss of Swayne and Allen no men have come at all able to fill their flying shoes. Thompson of Harvard, Small of Columbia, and Swain of Princeton are showing up the best for the sprints. In the 440, Brewster of Harvard, and Garcelon, are both going fast, with Loughlin of Yale at present about a second behind Brewster. In the high hurdle, the running of Harding of Columbia last year has already given him a name. Lyman of Yale and Shead of Harvard will make a good race, and will give Harding something to win over in the Intercollegiates. In the low hurdles, Eaton of Yale is likely to give Fearing of Harvard, in spite of the latter's win of last year, a good race, and it is possible that Fearing's crew-work will keep him off the track. Butterworth of Yale, the man who did such good work on the football field, is going to make it a hard half-mile for Corbin of Harvard, although the latter has perhaps a shade the better of the prospect. Turner of Princeton and Chubb of Yale can both be looked for as knowing their distance, and making all they can out of it.

In that race which makes one's heart ache to watch, the mile run, Morgan of Yale and White of Harvard will make a struggle worth seeing. In the mile walk we shall find several familiar faces—Borcherling of Princeton, Collis of Columbia—but the Harvard men, Endicott and Bardeen, will come in with better work than last year, while Ottley of Princeton and Wight of Yale are both walking fast. On the bicycle, Brewster of Yale and Davis of Harvard should fight for first, although Banker of Princeton is riding fast, and Harvard has a second man in Pratt, who would ride it out if Davis met with a tumble. In the hammer-throwing the two Yale football giants, Hickok and Stillman, have the best chance, although Acton, of last year's Harvard crew, throws well under English rules. With the shot, the contest will be close, with Shea of Harvard fighting hard for it. In the pole vault, Cartwright of Yale and his comrade Hart are good chances; Wheelwright and Sherwin are doing well for Harvard. In the high jump, Leslie of the University of Pennsylvania has taken up the mantle of that former world's wonder from the same university, and should win. Fearing and Sherwin of Harvard will bring the crimson up in the Yale games, although Sheldon of Yale is working hard, and is a promising man. Bloss will take the broad in the Yale games over Sheldon so far, and in the Intercollegiate, Remington of Princeton will hold him.

All this, of course, provides for no dark horses, and is, like any article upon field sports written while the snow is on the ground, only meant to mention names for which one may look in the later developments, when the contestants are coming down to actual work out-of-doors.

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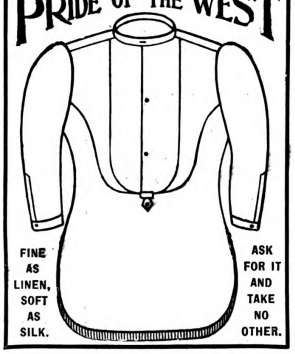
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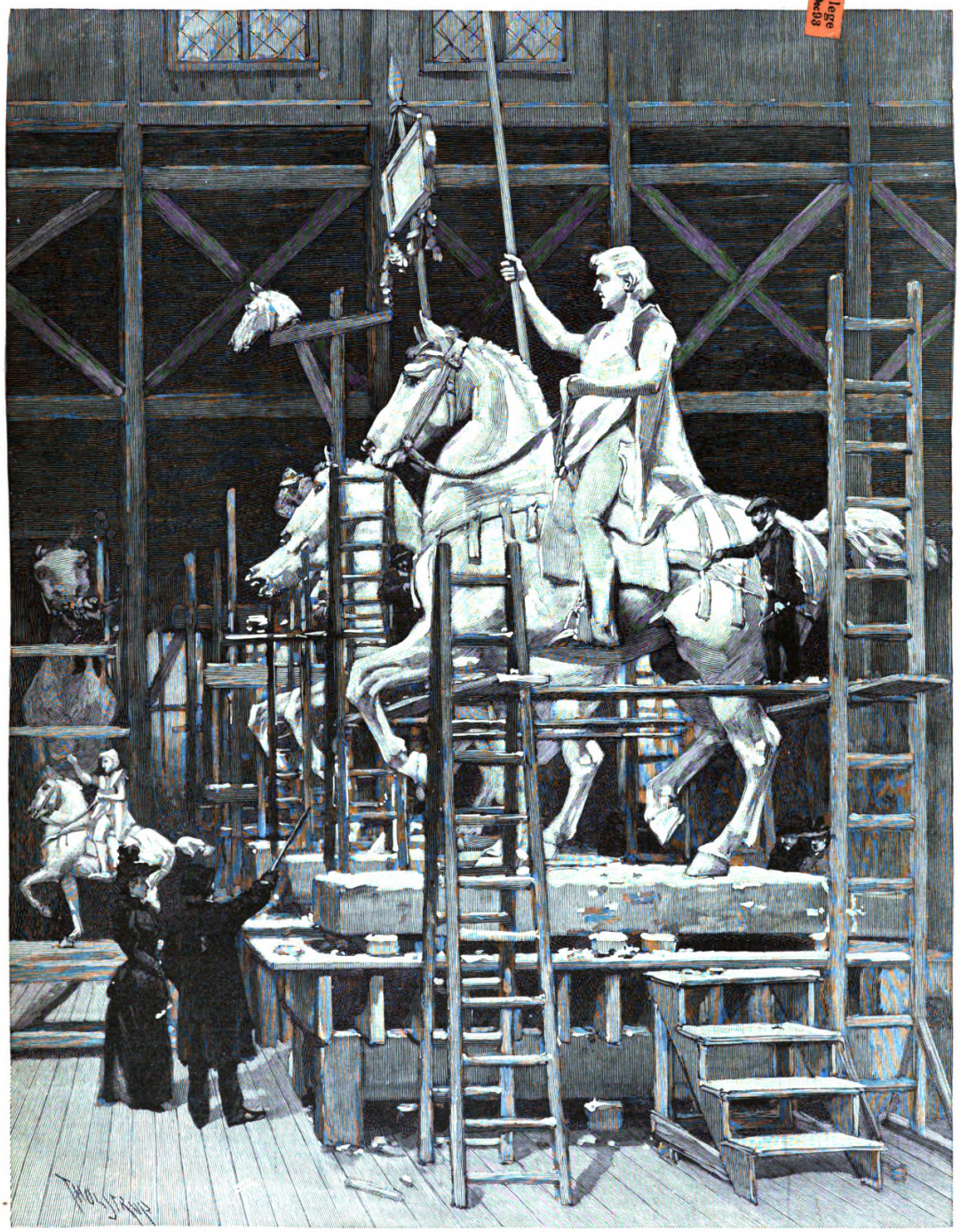
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—FINISHING THE LARGE STATUES.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

The Outriders of the Quadriga: Figures by D. C. French; Horses, by E. C. Potter.

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POLITICAL CONSISTENCY.

A READER of this journal, writing from Maryland, expresses his surprise that, while vigorously opposing Tammany Hall, we should nevertheless be willing to support Democratic candidates and policies; and he apprehends that by doing so we make ourselves responsible, or share with others the responsibility, for keeping Tammany Hall alive. It would be easy to answer our correspondent, who is evidently a Republican, by pointing out to him that if those who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, a good man representing the best tendencies of his party, thereby supported also Tammany Hall, by the same rule of logic those who supported Mr. HARRISON, a respectable man representing the honesty of his party, thereby supported also MATT QUAY and the Republican Tammanys in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. The natural upshot of this course of reasoning would be that if we commit a reprehensible act by supporting that which is respectable in either of the two political parties, because thereby we may encourage and strengthen the bad elements in them, we must, in order to discourage and weaken that which is bad in the political parties, carefully abstain from supporting that which is good in them. This would apply not only to all political parties now existing, but to all that have existed in the past or are likely to exist in the future; for we can hardly expect any large organization of human beings to consist exclusively of pure patriots. Every one of them will have its cormorants and camp-followers, its demagogues and political speculators. It is only a question of more or less, and how far the good tendencies and influences overbalance the bad ones, or *vice versa*. And this is the consideration which should guide our political course.

Applying this to the political parties now existing, it must be admitted that the attachment of Tammany Hall is a very grievous burden to the national Democracy. Its reputation outside of this State is fully as bad as its character at home, and nothing is more certain than that this reputation costs the Democratic party throughout the country in every national election many times more votes than Tammany commands here. The injury done to the Democratic party in its national capacity by the attachment of Tammany would be justified if Tammany were really a potent factor in the national organization. But this, fortunately, it is not. The history of the participation of Tammany Hall in National Democratic Conventions has been an almost unbroken record of defeats, humiliating in the extreme. Not only did Tammany fail to enforce its wishes, but frequently it looked as if National Democratic Conventions had intentionally done things distasteful to Tammany just because they were known to be so. Twice they nominated for the Presidency a man whom they loved for having made Tammany his enemy. The treatment Tammany received at the last National Democratic Convention was tantamount to a moral expulsion. Tammany is admitted to the great party councils on account of the formal regularity of its local position; but its advice is always thrust aside, and its wishes are uniformly scorned with every demonstration of contempt. Tammany is, therefore, not only not a potent factor in the national Democracy; it is really not even a member in good standing; it is simply a hanger-on. It is a local organization of pirates which calls itself Democratic in order to have a respectable flag under which to sail. It cares so little for the principles, policies, and objects of the national Democracy that it might, without the slightest change in its character, attach itself to the Republican party if by a change of flag it could improve its chances for municipal spoil.

There is, therefore, as little reason for abandoning the support of good Democratic candidates and policies on account of Tammany as there is for a Republican to abandon the support of respectable Republican candidates and policies on account of QUAY and the Republican machines in Philadelphia and Cincinnati—probably even less. For QUAY has occupied, and is likely to occupy, a much more influential position in the national Republican organization than Tammany occupies or is likely to occupy in the national Democracy. In fact, the localization of the Tammany nuisance has, in consequence of the late Presidential election, become so obvious a fact that the Tammany leaders themselves have instinctively begun to appreciate the necessity of refraining from ambitious attempts to make their organization conspicuous in national affairs. Good citizens who have the general welfare sincerely at heart may therefore, undisturbed by local troubles and drawbacks, continue to inquire with due earnestness and candor by the policies and general tendencies of which party that general welfare is most likely to be furthered. And this inquiry has led us to certain conclusions which find expression in the columns of this journal, without, however, in the least impairing its independent character.

We believe that the Republican party, by its extreme high tariff acts, by its force bills, by its recklessly adventurous spirit in the conduct of our foreign policy, by the subordination of the public interest to party advantage, and by its demoralizing lavishness in the expenditure of public money, has shown its incapacity to understand and to serve the specific needs of our time, outlived its usefulness, and thus forfeited the confidence of the American people. We believe that the policies and political tendencies represented by Mr. CLEVELAND and his following in the Democratic party, which promise to give us a rational tariff reform, a larger reform of the civil service, wise economy in government expenditures, a conservative conduct of our foreign affairs, and higher moral standards in our public life, are in far better accord with the requirements of our future development, and that the triumphant nomination and election of Mr. CLEVELAND against the bitter opposition of the bad elements in his party has opened a fair prospect of a fruitful victory of good over evil. Our esteemed Maryland correspondent, and all those who think as he does, may now understand how we can with perfect consistency support and advocate that which we consider wholesome and of good promise in the national Democracy, and endeavor to serve this very object by waging a determined warfare against Tammany Hall, although Tammany calls itself a Democratic organization.

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THE erection in New York of a hotel of such magnificence that its opening was an event in a city where magnificent hotels are not rare gives fit occasion to note the increasing facilities offered for the satisfactory expenditure of very large incomes. It has been possible for many centuries to spend large sums of money, if one had the money to spend, and went earnestly about it. Of course kings and rulers in all ages have been able to get away with all they could raise. Indian rajahs have bought jewels and built temples, Roman emperors have dispensed vast revenues, and French kings have built palaces, maintained armies, and kept hordes of dependents in board and lodging. But that sort of disbursement has savored more or less of governmental expenditure, and doesn't count any more than does the ability of our own government to disburse a considerable revenue in pensions.

For private incomes fit to compare with those of our day it is necessary to go back to Roman times, when, to be sure, there seem to have been some pretty fortunes, and a considerable ingenuity in getting rid of their increments. The rich Romans entertained in an elaborate manner, and were able to spend a good deal on banquets and public shows, besides what they got rid of in building. But to our minds they were wasteful, mere spendthrifts, who did not get their money's worth, and would not have enjoyed the respect of a modern millionaire. It is a feature of our day that a rich man can pile up a huge annual expenditure without feeling that he has wasted his substance, or failed to get some reasonable return for what he has paid out. Abraham was well-to-do, but he lived in a tent, and more wealth to him only meant more flocks and herds and camels and herdsmen. How different his case from that of Lord BUTE, whose newly finished mansion of Mount Stuart, in Scotland, cost a million pounds, and can furnish the comforts of refined life to two hundred and eighty guests!

But then a rich man always could spend a huge sum of money on houses The peculiar distinction of this decade lies in the provision that it makes for him to enjoy the comforts of millionaire existence when he is away from home. Thirty years ago, when the moderately millioned person risked his precious carcass on a railroad, he had done all that he conveniently could for himself when he hired a compartment in a first-class carriage or a private car. Now he has a train of his own, if he cares for it, without fuss or trouble, and at a cost which to him is a bagatelle. Every phase and variety of climate and surrounding is open to him. Wherever he goes, from Nice to St. Augustine, he finds fit provision made for him, and he has only to quarter himself in the proper suite of the local palace. There is no reasonable place to which he cannot travel in luxurious comfort without taking any particular thought beforehand, and where he cannot live about as he has been used to live. If he elects to go to the fair in Chicago this summer, the odds are that he can telegraph out a week before he starts, and hire a more or less princely mansion which is ready from fly-screens to table-linen for his occupation. Monte Cristo's opportunities were as nothing to our man's. The whole earth has been fixed for him. Wherever he is expected his requirements have been anticipated, and if he wants anything that is not in sight he has only to ring the bell Aladdin's lamps are worth having in these days, for the tributary genii have practice enough now to learn their business, so that they really begin to understand it. And besides that, they work together for good. When there were only a few multi-millionaires, each one had to make provision for himself, or else put up with what was provided for ordinary people. But now that there are droves of them, they create regular demands, which it is a legitimate and lucrative industry to supply. So they are all able to enjoy increased comforts, and rejoice in the fitness of things, just as a dime-museum giant would in a country where ten-foot monstrosities were so common that extra strong chairs were regularly provided for them in bar-rooms and restaurants, and beds of extra size provided against their coming at hotels.

CIVIC PROGRESS IN DENVER.

THE student of the many experiments in municipal management in the West will find Denver's progress interesting. That city recently experienced a revolution in government. A ring had fastened upon the offices. The elections were dishonest. The police aided in keeping the ring in power. In the mean time the city was growing like a weed, and was about to make large expenditures in needed improvements. In 1889 a movement led by the Chamber of Commerce resulted in the drafting of charter amendments to create new boards to be appointed by the Governor. The new rule was instituted, but, for various reasons, the change was not felt until after 1891. Then came a political revolution, overturning the ring, and putting the Democrats in charge. It was a non-partisan uprising.

The succeeding Board of Public Works consisted of three resident land-owners and tax-payers, appointed by the Governor, to hold office two years. Two were Republicans, and all were Denver business men. They had authority to expend three millions of dollars for specified public works, which, in what seems a magically short time, have advanced Denver to a high place among our Western cities. The paving of the principal streets alone transformed the city. All the work was well, promptly, and honestly done. As in Omaha, the Fire and Police departments were put under one board, with absolute control of all the moneys set apart for it by the Common Council, as well as the appointing power over both departments. The Police and Fire Board consists of three resident land-owners and tax-payers appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. One must be of a different political faith from the Governor, who may revoke any appointment for cause. The appointees, who serve two years and go out together, were a real-estate agent, who has been postmaster, the proprietor of an extensive "transfer" system, and a veteran Coloradoan, who was "the father of the bill."

If these were not the best possible appointments, they yet served the people in rescuing the city from the element that had misgoverned it. The fire and police forces have been recruited from both political parties. It was easily possible to reform the Fire Department, which is winning its way to the pride and affection of the citizens. The Chief recommends only those who show fitness for the work, and the board follows his desires. The police force has been fully reformed by the heads of its divisions. It is not yet properly disciplined or instructed, but the worst of the old offenders are out of it.

The "night side" of Denver had been very lively, loud, and far-Western in its character. Even now there are gambling "hells" that are as busy, crowded, and public as mercantile exchanges, and the quarter inhabited by abandoned women is notorious in the West. Before the local revolution the saloons never closed, and the "games" were open all the time except on Sundays. Most of the shooting affrays and murders which disgraced the city took place after midnight. Now, drinking and gaming cease at midnight, under a new law, which is exceptionally well enforced. Mondays had been "field-days" for the trials of arrested drunkards, but the number decreased remarkably. A similar decrease of the cases of destitution was noticed. About 400 saloons pay $240,000 into the city treasury each year. The city appoints policemen to keep order in the gambling "hells" at the expense of the proprietors. As one official expressed it, "The government has been considering the advisability of raiding the disorderly houses twice a year to obtain the equivalent of a license fee from each one. The reason it has not been done is that the inmates are too poor."

A neglected law set apart the police court fines to benefit the public library. Now a fixed sum of $500 a month is given to the library The city gives $12,000 a year to an organization of philanthropic citizens, who raise far more other money, and aim to abolish street mendicancy and to aid the needy. The county commissioners should attend to this, but do not. Former Health Boards had been criminally careless. The new commissioner and his assistants are Republicans. The Chief Inspector, a Democrat, has chosen aides regardless of politics. Mayor PLATT ROGERS determined to have this board do more than collect vital statistics. On his motion the leading physicians formed a voluntary advisory board, and induced a retired practitioner, Dr. STEELE, to be Health Commissioner, with two young expert medical assistants, between whom his salary is divided that they may give their whole time to the public. An earnest Chief Inspector has closed 800 wells, cleaned up the alleys, enforced house to house inspection, investigated the sources of contagious diseases, and instituted the inspection of meat, fruit, and milk. Thus the death rate was brought down from about 25 to 13.30 in October last. In September, 1890, there were 131 deaths from typhoid fever, but last year saw the number reduced to 39.

Mayor ROGERS insists that in national politics he is an "offensive partisan" (Democrat), but he considers municipal affairs "pure matters of business into which the introduction of politics can serve but to impair the efficiency of the government." He has been violently opposed, despite his high standing as a citizen, and the work of the new boards also aroused the opposition of the Common Council, which struggled to retain its powers. Indeed, Denver still

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feels the shock that accompanied its elevation to a place among the well-governed cities of our land. When the character of the dominant element there is considered, it seems unlikely that those who abused their power will ever force the city back into their control. Denver's progress was not in the line of home-rule. Popular education in self-government has been only slightly furthered. The responsibility was shouldered on the Governor instead. Yet the people dictated the change, and in so far as it is an improvement they are to be congratulated.

SPRING OPENINGS OF SPORTS.

THE spring openings of milliners and mantua-makers are nothing compared with the spring opening of the athletes. The interest of a woman in an Easter bonnet compared with the intense absorption of a young man testing his muscles, or looking over his grown-up playthings, as the sun begins to intimate once more that it is the source of heat, is as water unto wine.

For several weeks now the hammers have been sounding in the winter retreats of the yachts, and boats that will sail in many a contest during the coming summer have been quietly slipping into the water, where the painters and riggers are busy with them. As soon as the ice in the creeks had broken up, the owners of small craft made their eager way to the place where they had stored their boats for the winter, and there, slipping about in the mud and on the anchor-ice, spent a happy day in examining their beauties, with tender solicitude as to how they had spent the winter, and in giving instructions to the shipwrights as to the curing of what ailments they may have suffered under, and as to their decoration for the coming season of festivity.

The water is dancing in the sunlight, and men are dreaming of the joys they are to renew on the sea and the sound and the river. It is to be a great summer for yachting. DUNRAVEN'S flier is to come over to contest for the *America's* Cup, and perhaps other Englishmen will follow his excellent example. The extraordinary lines of new boats designed to meet these bold foreigners have long been looming up in wood, lead, bronze, and iron, and some of them are at last being revealed to an interested public. Curious marine structures they are, looking like strange fishes, and as unlike the productions of the naval architecture of a score of years ago as a caravel of COLUMBUS'S day is as unlike the fast cruiser or the fast liner *New York*.

There is stir, too, among the oarsmen, who are very weary of rowing in tanks, and are anxious to sit once more in a shell and to feel the boat's response to their effort. The Oxford and Cambridge race has been rowed, and the experts of the American colleges are making calculations on the time, with a view of determining if perchance it will be safe to send over an eight to contend with the victor.

Men wearing sweaters are gathering on the campuses, and taking the preliminary steps looking to a summer and fall of struggle at the bat or on the football field. Experienced eyes are looking over the material at command, and are forming possible combinations of nines and elevens. It will be months before the final decision is made, and in the mean time there will be an immense amount of work done in the open air. It is called work now. In a day not very much older than this it was called play; and it is to be remarked that the boys of to-day appear to have as much fun at their work as their fathers and uncles had at their play.

The spring is waking up. The ovals on the country grounds of the athletic clubs are being pressed by feet longing to be once more battling on them at tennis, at hammer-throwing, at leaping, at running, at anything which strengthens the muscles and sends the blood rushing through the veins. The captains of the professional baseball nines are meeting their men. The country roads are full of bicyclers. Sport is preparing for its annual grand openings.

DUTIES OF THE "HIRED MAN."

WE suppose that there is no other man in the world whose duties are so numerous and varied as are those of that rural individual known socially as the "hired man," and statistically as the "farm hand." The successful hired man—the one who is never out of a "job," and who may look forward to standing a chance some day of becoming Secretary of Agriculture—must be able to turn with equal facility to cutting the children's hair or to breaking a hot-headed span of mule colts to drive. He must know how to pack the family pork-barrel, and be able to split up second-growth ironwood with a dull axe; understand mending a harness and cleaning a clock, and have no objections to making a hot-bed or digging a fifty-foot well. Indeed, that there are any limits whatever to the accomplishments which the hired man should possess has never been established, though a lawsuit which has just crept into the West Virginia lower courts bids fair to mark out at least a detached bit of boundary.

One SILAS DUDLEY has sued a Greenbrier County farmer named PEPPER for eight dollars alleged to be due him. It appears that the plaintiff was working for the defendant by the month. His duties, of course, included everything known to the agricultural mind of men, from turning the churn and taking care of the baby rainy days to blasting out stumps and chasing tramps off the farm with a pitchfork when the weather was pleasant. One day while at White Sulphur Springs the farmer bought a dog. The breed of this animal seems to be somewhat in doubt. He had the size of the mastiff, with the fore legs and lower jaw of the bull-dog. His eyes and ears and the general expression of his face reminded the awe-stricken beholder of the blood-hound. It is probable, or at least possible, that the key to his breed had been in his tail, but this member, unfortunately for students of natural history, had been cut off and lost early in life. PEPPER gave a jack-knife, a plug of tobacco, and forty cents in money for the beast, and tied him under the wagon and led him home.

After PEPPER reached home that night, and the first flush of the transaction had passed, he began to have misgivings about his purchase. "I don't believe that dog has got no grit," he observed to SILAS, as they sat by the stove after supper. Then he took a lantern and went out into the wood-shed and looked at the animal again. He found him standing solemnly in the middle of the floor, with his feet braced and his eyes on the outside door. "That air dog is weak," remarked PEPPER as he returned to the fire. "He lacks sand. I paid too much for him. He might do for a pet, but what I wanted was a watch-dog with some pop about him." SILAS was inclined to think that the dog was all right, but he could not convince the other. After the third visit of inspection the dog-owner sat down and drew a long breath. "SI," he said, gloomily, "the critter's a rabbit. I don't believe he'd fight a hoss-fly." After a moment's thought he brightened up and said: "I tell you what we'll do. We'll try that air dog. You put on them old clothes of mine, and come to the back door and ask for cold victuals in a strange voice, and I'll sic him on, and you'll see that he's a coward." SILAS did not readily take to the idea, but finally put on the clothes under protest, and went around to the back door. PEPPER was at the other door with the lantern. The dog still stood in the middle of the floor, watching the outside door. There was an uneasy movement about his forward legs, and his stub tail pointed straight up. His lower lip moved nervously, and his eyelids drooped and showed that his eyes were red. He held his head low, and looked as big as a yearling calf as he stood there in the uncertain light. SILAS pushed open the door a couple of inches, and started to speak in his disguised voice. Then he saw the dog. The hair on the animal's back was standing up, and he growled hoarsely far down in his throat. "Sic him, Tige! sic him!" shouted PEPPER. "Come on, SI; he won't touch you." The dog began to walk forward with a stiff-legged movement. SILAS shut the door and disappeared. A moment later the two men met in the front room, and a wordy encounter followed, which ended by the farmer discharging the man for alleged incompetency in refusing to try the dog's courage. He kept back a half-month's wages, and the man is suing him for it, as we said before.

The plea which will be set up by PEPPER is, of course, that it is a part of a hired man's duties to test the doubtful bravery of a dog. The man will deny this, and also put forward the claim that there wasn't any doubt about the animal's readiness to attack anything. He will use the original owner of the dog to prove that he sold him because he had recently partially devoured a letter-carrier, two peddlers, and a passing member of the Legislature. Taking it altogether, it seems to us that the man has a strong case and ought to win, though of course it will not do to undermine our free institutions and sap the foundations of the republic by any sweeping reduction in the duties of the rural hired man.

THINGS TALKED OF

A GENTLEMAN who recently called on Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury—singular to say, not on offices intent—was a witness of a very significant little incident. A member of Congress presented one of his constituents with authenticated "claims," and urged on the Secretary his appointment to a certain place. Mr. Carlisle listened to both with practised courtesy, and sent for the chief of the division in whose charge the place fell. After inquiry as to the duties and the record of the incumbent, the Secretary asked, blandly, "Could you not get along without any one in this place?" The answer was prompt, "Yes, if necessary." "Very well, you may abolish the place." This is not the usual way of looking at a bit of "patronage" sought by an influential Congressman for a political favorite. But it is a sound way, and if Mr. Carlisle can inspire those under him with the sentiment of obligation to the people rather than to political friends which he himself feels, he can bring about some notable changes.

An incident in a slightly different line, but denoting the same spirit of devotion to the public rather than party interests, is the promotion to be Solicitor of the Treasury of Mr. F. A. Reeve. This gentleman was brought into the service under Mr. Hayes, and has advanced steadily since, and though he is a Democrat—a war Democrat from Tennessee—he may be relied on to be independent of partisanship in the performance of his important duties. The promotion of Mr. Fisher, of Massachusetts, who entered the Patent Office by the way of competitive examination, is another example of the same methods. The wonder is that the contrast between these and the spoils methods does not lead to the complete abandonment of the latter.

It is understood that the Loan Exhibition of the Fine Arts Society, which closed on Sunday the 26th of March, yielded very little for the fund of the society. This is much to be regretted, and the figures, when they are complete, of income and outgo should be carefully studied by the officers of that admirable association. Certainly the exhibition was of the greatest value and attractiveness, and extremely varied, so that it should have excited the interest of many different classes, as it clearly satisfied those whose love of art is catholic and cultivated. From Monet to Constable in landscape, from Ribot to Rembrandt in portraiture, from De Chavannes to Bellini in allegorical painting, from Boldini to Teniers in *genre*, from French and Barye to the Greek figurines in terra-cotta in sculpture, there is a wide range, with enough of all sorts between to draw the grateful study of New-Yorkers. The attendance seemed to a frequent visitor to be large, and was often sufficient to make seeing the most popular objects difficult, and study of them in any enjoyable fashion quite impossible. It is doubtful if the galleries are extensive enough to admit of much greater attendance without defeating the objects of an exhibition other than getting money, and such a result, we are sure, the managers would regret. But if there is any disappointment to the society in the amount obtained for its noble purposes, its faithful and generous officers and their coworkers may at least take much comfort in the influence this latest effort of theirs must have exerted in this community. No mind at all sensitive to beauty could have passed an hour in the exhibition without feeling that the immaterial aims of life are of greater value than the mere gratification of sensual tastes, and such an experience makes life better worth living, and its harder experiences more easily borne.

The Civil Service Reform Association of Missouri, of which Mr. Charles Claflin Allen is president, originated a Corrupt Practices act which has passed both Houses of the Legislature by a practically unanimous vote. It is the most complete and thorough measure of its kind that has been proposed in this country. It defines with great clearness and minuteness the offences of bribery and of "personation" at elections, and fixes the penalties for them. Then it limits the expenditures of every candidate in such fashion that where 5000 votes were cast at the last election the expenditures shall not be more than $100, for 25,000 votes not more than $500, and for 50,000 votes not more than $750, and 50 cents per 100 votes beyond 50,000. It requires from each candidate a sworn itemized statement of expenditures before he can receive a certificate of election. It makes every two or more persons associated in collecting or disbursing money for election purposes a political committee, requires every such committee to have a treasurer, through whose hands all money must pass, and compels such treasurer to keep and file a detailed statement of all moneys received or paid out, under penalty of a fine and imprisonment. It will be very interesting to see how this law will be carried out. If the public sentiment sustains it, and there is a sufficient number of active and resolute men to insist upon its enforcement, elections in Missouri will soon become models for the rest of the States.

In a recent suit in London brought by the wife of a scion of one of the "noble" families for a judicial separation from a husband who was shown to have been guilty of the most cruel treatment, the defendant sought to break the force of the evidence against him by the testimony of a servant to improper conduct on the part of his wife. One of the incriminating statements was that his wife's watch had been found in the sleeping-room of the gentleman whom it was sought to involve. But the opposing counsel instantly put on the stand the jeweller who sold the watch, who testified that at the date alleged it had not yet been sold, and, if we remember rightly, had not yet been made. The wife was vindicated, of course, but the perjured witness escaped any punishment, and is probably now enjoying the reward that was given for the false swearing. Cases not unlike this, though not always so dramatic in the *denouement*, are constantly occurring in our own courts, but neither here nor in England is there any provision for sure and summary punishment of the offenders. It is generally conceded, we think, among lawyers that in certain classes of cases, of which divorce suits are the most frequent, false testimony is on the increase. The old-fashioned feeling as to the sanctity of an oath, it is admitted, is dying out, and nothing has taken its place to insure veracity on the witness-stand, while in the matter of written evidence, to "lie like an affidavit" is a phrase not uncommon with the legal profession. It has been suggested that perjury might with advantage be made contempt of court, and so brought within the immediate reach of the judge before whom it is committed. That might seem arbitrary, but we should say that the sense of responsibility among judges would be quite sufficient to prevent abuse, and that in any case the abuse would be far less mischievous than the perjury that is so common.

It is a pleasing thought that any sentiment so abstract as the love of art is capable of exciting in a large body of American gentlemen and ladies a kind and amount of enthusiasm not surpassed by even the excitement of politics. That thought must have occurred to many of the 250 guests at the banquet given to Mr. Burnham, the Director of Works of the Columbian Exposition, when the walls of the lovely concert-hall of the Madison Square Garden shook with peal on peal of cheers. These cheers were not for Mr. Burnham only. Had they been, they could have been attributed to admiration and pride of Americans in one of the most strikingly strong American natures, and fervent patriotism would have had its share in accounting for them. But their thunders greeted the names of architects and artists and sculptors as the works of these gleamed upon the vast screen across the gallery; they greeted the magnanimous and glowing tribute of Mr. Burnham to Mr. Olmsted; they burst forth anew when the refined face and scholar's form of Professor Norton—the Nestor of our Faculty of Art, as Mr. Hunt called him—rose before the company. Indeed, the spirit of the occasion was one of joyous enthusiasm over the achievements of art in a nation to which art has been in many of its forms a recent birth, or at best a very late maturing. It indicated that here at least and at last was a tie binding closely and for good the wide elements of nationality. Ten years since such a manifestation would have been impossible in New York. Three years ago no one would have dreamed that a tribute to a Chicago architect could ever be the occasion of one.

There was a scene for the pen of the social satirist in the Common Council Chamber of Brooklyn on the 27th ult., when the Mayor of the city listened to the plea of a large body of saloon-keepers against the increase of the license fee from $100 to $150. The protesting gentlemen were clad in fine linen, adorned with a more general display of diamonds than is usually seen outside of a ballroom. They pleaded that they could not afford this added burden on a business which was sadly restricted by the pernicious habit of the average Brooklyn man of spending his evenings at home with his family. They very naturally cited the arguments of Governor Hill against a high-license bill. They told the Mayor that their money would not go to the city, but to a lot of charities and other meddlesome organizations with reformatory purposes. A more striking exemplification of real or assumed unconsciousness of the nature and effects of their business was never given. If the Mayor follows his own convictions, we have no doubt that he will support the increase in the license fee. It is none too great, and is, in fact, ridiculously small. The collection of a fair revenue from men who directly and indirectly levy so heavy and so injurious a tax upon the community is the least compensation that can be exacted from them. Were it not for the control these men generally enjoy over the worthless or vicious voters, the revenue got from them would be much more nearly what it ought to be.

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INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA PITCHING A "DUGOUT" CANOE.



THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH-COLUMBIAN INDIAN'S HUT AT DINNER-TIME.

HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.—[See Page 321.]

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HUNTING-LIFE IN THE ROCKIES.

BY THE MARQUESS OF LORNE, K.T.

Illustrated by C. E. Fripp, R.W.S.

"Of course that's not his real name?"

"Well, it's what he wants to go by, anyway."

"Did he tell you anything of himself?"

"Not of his early history, but a lot of more recent adventures."

"What makes you think he's a gentleman?"

"Well, chiefly his manner, and then his accidentally mentioning things that had happened to him in England."

"Oh, he's an Englishman, is he?"

"There's no doubt about that, and no doubt in my mind that he's a gentleman—a perfect gentleman—an English gentleman."

"That's rather an acquisition, if he'll come with us."

"I hear he's up to more dodges in getting game and in making a cozy camp than anybody."

That was the talk at a rough hotel, or rather boarded shanty, at Kamloops, in British Columbia, a good many years ago, and the subject of the talk broke it off sharp by entering the bar-room. He nodded at the two Britishers who had been discussing him, and strode to the counter. Then filling three glasses, he took one, and pushed the two others towards those who had been inquisitive about him, and said,

"Drink."

One of the two young men addressed at once took a glass. The other shook his head, and said, politely,

"Thanks very much, but I've had my quantum."

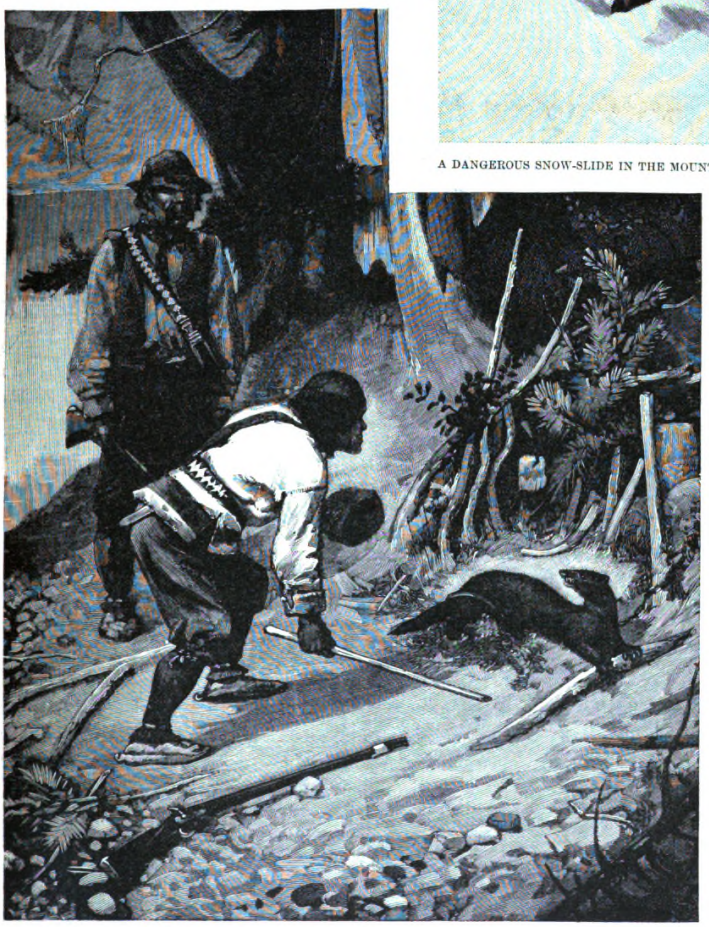
The "perfect gentleman" made one long stride towards "our Mr. Snooks" (as the commercial house for which the young man worked rejoiced to call him), and said, as he looked down seriously upon Snooks,

"Sir, in this country people are supposed to drink when they're asked to."

Needless to say, Snooks took the glass at once, and swallowed the contents with a meek gulp, which seemed to expend all the breath that was left in him. Snooks's friend had already grasped the situation intuitively, for he was of robust build, and had no special times and seasons for a drink. Both the robust and the delicate travellers now looked up at the "perfect gentleman" with marked attention. But there was nothing very extraordinary about his appearance. Tall and thin, with arched nose and fair mustache and beard, and fine clear blue eyes, he seemed, but for a very decided stoop and too sloping shoulders, to be "a very pretty man," as his Highland countrymen would say; for it was apparent that his name—Scott—was Caledonian, and the sternness of his face when quite at ease made Snooks and the stouter Tom both hope that his wildness would prove the only poetic license on his part. This really seemed to be the case, for, seeing that Snooks was alarmed at the suddenness with which he had been induced to swallow his grog, he sat down with a decided smile on his long face, and said to the two who stood still,



A DANGEROUS SNOW-SLIDE IN THE MOUNTAIN RANGES WEST OF THE ROCKIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



TRAPPERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA FINDING AN ANIMAL IN THEIR TRAP.

"Well, I'm pretty tired, for I've been a juryman."

Snooks stared with a yet more scared look, but the robust Tom found on inquiry that Mr. Scott was not romancing.

"Yes, I have been panelled for the trial of the fellow who shot at the Chinaman; but of course we all wished the Chinaman had been shot. It was a mighty hot day, and the evidence deucedly long and tiresome. Then, in the middle of the chief witness's story, when we were hoping to finish the thing off, came news that the Governor was arriving by the river. So the Judge thought that the Governor couldn't land without the assistance of the Judge, and up rose 'the Court,' apparently expecting us to remain where we were until the Governor had landed, and goes down to the river. Then out went the audience, and the jury didn't see why they should stay, and I went out with them. Goodness knows what's become of the prisoner. Perhaps he went down to meet the Governor too. Anyway, the trial's broken off, because the jury communicated with the outside public. I drink to you, sirs; you are a part of the outside public."

Further conversation revealing the fact that he was not over-anxious to be empanelled again, Tom made overtures to the tall drinker, which ended in his promising to show them what he could of the sport to be had thereabouts. He would not have any one else go with them, but said they must carry some food, and that he would guarantee that they would get proviant enough, provided they would shoot decently straight. "And if they couldn't, he could." And they had no cause to regret the decision.

The autumn days had become cold enough to bring snow to the mountains, and the cold had driven the mountain-sheep to the lower slopes. Several small flocks were seen in the valleys, and to stalk them, and to get a pretty easy shot on easy ground, was congenial to Mr. Snooks's taste. He was moderately successful, probably because the fine solitary ram that used to guard the flock did not suppose him to be as formidable as he really was. It was rather piteous to see so fine an animal fall to so prosaic an antagonist. The fine head of the wild sheep, with its great curving thick horns, would be thrown up as though suspicious of impending trouble, and intent to guard against it. He would give an impatient stamp when aware of the approach of man, and yet gaze a moment longer to make sure; and then would come the rifle-shot, and, with one bound into the air, he would lie the next minute a mere convulsive mass of brown and white, his eyes glazing, and the hair of his coat roughed with the stones on which he fell. For these sheep have no wool. A coarse brown hair like that of a deer, but less fine, covers them. But, curiously enough, the mountain-goat has wool—on his back. On the "saddle" of the back there is a snow-white fleece, and this everywhere else on his body gives place to long snowy hair.

The stouter of the two sportsmen was much the keener after these ancient-looking goats, with their wise faces,

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short, almost straight, backward-bent horns, and white-trousered strong legs. Tom said he didn't mind any height so long as he had something to hold on to, even if that something were only the ends of Scott's jacket. It is curious how some men will face any precipitous depth below them so long as they can clutch something, just as one knows of nervous ladies who don't mind a steep bank near the carriage so long as they have a husband, son, or brother whom they can pinch black and blue as soon as they think themselves in danger. There are many men of the most dauntless courage, which can be displayed everywhere except where they must cross a plank without a hand-rail. Custom does everything. Even a steeple-jack must hold on to something, as a rule. It is possible that ponies might get accustomed to grizzly-bears, but it certainly requires practice. Most horses have an instinct, or have by power of smell a knowledge, of where a bear has recently crossed a trail, and will stand and shake with terror, although they may never have seen a bear during their lives. Their dams must have told them about bears, and frightened them with stories when they wanted obedience in the foals or fillies, much as nursery-maids used to frighten children in England by threatening that if they were not quiet they would bring Bonaparte to them. Neither nurse nor child had seen Bonaparte, but the mere idea, derived from no one knows what, was enough. Just so with the grizzlies. The mere idea is enough to make most ponies go wild with fright. Every day our sportsmen expected to see bear, but the goats and the sheep gave them enough to do without the greater "game." The snow on the mountains was often deep, and they enjoyed the *glissades* down the steeps, which were not yet sufficiently covered to cause avalanches. Slippery enough it sometimes was, and one day, when Scott was, luckily, the lowest of the little party, Snooks lost his footing on the mountain-side above. One slip, one kick, one futile grasp at the snow on the ice about him, and then he was whirling down, sending the snow in graceful fountains of white spray before him as he darted helplessly towards a rocky ledge, which seemed destined to shoot him out into an abyss below. Scott saw the accident, jammed his staff into the frozen ground, and reaching out as his unfortunate friend was shooting past him, held on for dear life to the waistcoat he had gripped. Out flew every button on Snooks's breast; but his course was stayed, and he lay gasping at Scott's feet. A narrow squeak indeed; but an inch is as good as a mile. Nerves were somewhat shaken that afternoon, and it was judged to be just as well to descend to less dangerous ground, and to go into camp. And what delights those camps gave! It may be more luxurious to have the shelter of the tent in the warmth of sunshine by the shore, or to need but little fire by the summer camp after the day has been spent in work that needs no great bodily exertion. But the greatest of all pleasures is the repose that is the reward of good work and sport in bracing air. Where the white peaks shot upward in glistening starlight around the forest valleys, and could be seen over the tall pines—tall—so tall that their "slender tops" seemed indeed "close against the sky"—there were many happy evenings for the escaped juryman and his companions from Kamloops. The two younger men were full of talk when not too sleepy, and would try to get out their tall friend's story; but he always put them off by telling only of recent experiences. He knew these passes well. None better. It was known of him that he had once accomplished a marvellous journey over them. It was at a time when no railway had been dreamed of as likely to be able to thread the tangled wilderness of fir and cedar, and climb the giant ranges that shut out intercourse with the plains, making "the Pacific slope" in old days a separate world, sundered from the dry prairie country, and knowing only its own moist sea-breezes and gigantic trees. Nobody knew why he had undertaken to scale the mountains, and risk the loss of his life in the depth of winter by venturing to cross from the sea to the Milk River, as the infant Missouri is called at its Rocky Mountain nursery. Nobody had asked him to explore the country. He was no surveyor, nor had geology, nor any ology, troubled his mind with problems of the earth's original manufacture. He only knew the globe to glory in going round it, or over any of its projections which seemed repulsive to other mortals. Some said he had been crossed in love; others said he was mad. Most people are mad in the estimation of a jog-trot community around them. If you have ideas which are not of the ordinary pattern, made to routine order, you are always considered mad. Say ditto to everybody, and wear exactly the same cut of clothes, and speak the thoughts everybody can think, and you are a capital fellow and of sound intellect. Vary from your immediate fellows, and make up your mind that their minds are made up about you in the conclusion that if mind you have, it has gone wrong. Well, Scott had done a very mad thing. He had been where no one had wished to be. He had done what men said was impossible, with no special object in view, except, as it seemed, to get away—away from people—away from himself—away from life.

He had gone up from the coast to Kamloops. That was easy enough, even in the depth of winter, for there was a track. But then he had passed eastward to the mountains in a season of intense frost, and with only one companion—an Indian, of course. No white man would accompany him to do what he said he meant to do—namely, cross over the Canadian Alps with no support except what he could drag behind him on a toboggan. In summer the thing was difficult enough. To be sure, the snow would make the dragging of the sledge easier than the carrying of provisions would be in summer. But the cold, and the unknown track, and the distance all seemed against him.

"We shall not hear of you again," they had said to him.

"Yes. I'll send you word from the other side some day," he had cheerily replied.

And off he went, and by the fire of the camp he told his two young companions how he had got across.

"Why," said Tom, "you must have crossed the Columbia River twice."

"Well, we never knew it—at least I did not. It must have been the case, for we know that it runs through the mountains; but all I remember is ice and snow, and wood and ravine and rock, and mountains of mist, and sun and glare. I remember the torture of my feet when the frost bit them black, and how each day, in the morning, it was a blessed relief to get them to bleed afresh before the ache and agony of the tramp had warmed them a little. We got fire in the woods as long as we were among them, but on the last ridges we could not get our sledges over, and the food we could take was near done when we got to the foot-hills on the eastern side; but there the cold was not so great as on the mountain heights, and a Hudson Bay post on the Elbow and Bow rivers put life into us again."

"And what did you do it for, Scott?" asked Snooks, his round eyes full of wonder.

"Well, perhaps I was prospecting; perhaps I wasn't. Perhaps I wanted to see what I could do. Perhaps I wouldn't be done," said Scott; and when the little man would pursue his questions and inquire and again inquire of Scott, who had become quite silent, the unwarranted inquisitiveness would be met by the tall man looking straight before him and saying, "Well, you must wait for my biography!"

As if to confirm them in the idea that his journey might have been made as a gold quest, he would show them, when they lit their fire beside a stream, how with a little trouble it was possible to find "color," or particles of gold, in the gravel or sand at almost every place where they tarried.

"I have only once found a big nugget," he said. "But that came up quite handy. I struck hard into a mass of gravel with my pick, which was a very sharp one, and when I lifted it again there was something like a potato partly lifted with it, and then fell away from the iron with a splash into the water near by, and I found that the point of the pick had got jammed for a moment into a big nugget, that I got near a thousand dollars for. I picked pretty hard after that, but never found another of any size, though I have got lots of dust. Strange what makes gold stick together in one place. These river bars all have it, but no more seems to come when the pocket is emptied."

They employed themselves often, after that nugget story, in washing and delving in the burns, and came away with about sufficient for each man to make a ring out of his own findings, and that was all. "If we had been Chinese," they thought, "we should have staid and got about a dollar a day." But they congratulated each other they were not Chinese.

"If ever a man gets to the pole, he'll find a 'heathen Chinee' washing for gold there." Scott spitefully said, and he shook again in a pan some of the rivulet's soil, and stooping over it, his aquiline nose seemed to curl into sharper curve as he muttered indignantly against the Chinese; and there, with his gaunt thin frame, and with his long legs astraddle, checkered with the light that reached even the forest recesses, his eyes peered in vain into the alchemy of the wilderness's waters. Snooks, with his pert nose, and eyes and mouth agape, craned up to the long man's hands to look into the pannikin, and Tom, strong and ruddy, sat beside him as he looked up also, his fingers grasping his knees. They met some Indians, and saw how their women rode cross-legged; for the sportsmen got as far as the Kootenay Valley, now being "opened up" by steamer and railway, and, before they turned coastwards, again enjoyed the beauty of that wide valley, and saw how the "vanguard of the pine" comes in detached skirmishing order in advance of the thick bands and masses, and how the more lordly of these trees stand each apart, as though in "open order," so that their boughs can spread freely and the great tasselled ends stretch free to air and the light, which play about their great straight stems, rough with tawny bark and seamed with dark crevices, so that coloring, almost as of a tiger's skin, clothes them at evening and at morning.

They are pretty safe, those trees, for it would not pay to take them to market, and unless the settler's axe hew them down, they may grace the low hill-slopes near the lake for many a long day. Saw-mills are sure to come, and planks and logs and beams will be in demand; but there is a wealth of timber, and coal in quantity.

"I wish I had settled down here, for there'll be lots of people and riches here some day," Scott said, meditatively, one afternoon, as the party rested beneath one of the tall pines, and collected some of the fallen cones for their fire.

"I wouldn't," said Tom. "I'd like to lead the life you have led, and wander wherever it suits me."

"There's plenty of life in it, youngster," said Scott, "and it brings one into queer places and among good people sometimes. Now one of the best men I ever met was an Indian—not like those we saw to-day, with only a small band, but one of the men who led the life of the early Bible chiefs, roaming with the horses, and hunting, perhaps, more than any old Syrian ever did, and not caring for domestic herds; for these people I speak of and their chief had at their disposal the countless herds of the buffalo."

"What! you've been with them, too? With which, the Syrians or the redskins?" asked Snooks, in mild wonder.

"Yes; I was a teamster in the plains once with the Sioux," said Scott; "and one of the finest men I ever knew was their old chief, Sitting-Bull. Look here," he continued—and he pulled out from his jacket a piece of finely wrought white leather covered with little figures of men fighting, tomahawking and shooting each other, with various other devices, such as deer and buffalo, marked in red upon the long slip—"look here, now; that's Sitting-Bull's own work. He did that with his own hand; and though it isn't as well done as a picture by a regular artist, I had rather have it than a Raphael."

"Why, a Raphael would give you one hundred thousand dollars," murmured Snooks.

"Yes, but it would not give me the memories that this bit of skin gives me. When I look at this, I live again the old life with the man who gave it to me, and see the ordered camp, with the ensigns, the spears and shields at the tent doors; the tents of splendid skins, painted somewhat like this in large; the women with their beautiful dresses of bead and leather; the bands of horses; the excitement of the great hunts; the hospitable fireside, whence no man was ever turned away, though that fireside was in the centre of the lodge and in the bosom of the family of the kindly chief—the man who thought no more of risking his life in fight with the white troops than he did of giving his guest a whiff from his pipe—the man who conquered well-equipped cavalry in fair fight—the father of his people—worthy to go down in history with the Princess Pocahontas, or with those leaders who gave battle to Pizarro and Cortes. By Jove, he was a fine fellow!" concluded Scott, rather to his friends' amazement, for they both confessed that they would far rather be a captain of American horse than a Sioux king or an Aztec emperor.

"Well, each man to his taste," said Scott. "I've tried Britain and Europe and most parts of America, but I never enjoyed a better time than the months I spent with old Bull. But the Sioux are going, and the buffalo have gone, and, I suppose, there'll soon not be a bear to shoot."

"We must get one, anyhow, before we get back," said Tom, enthusiastically. "What was your last bear, Scott?"

"I haven't killed one for a long time," Scott replied, "and the last chance I had was an uncommonly lucky one, for I killed a grizzly with a single shot, and from the saddle, too. I had ridden out from a Hudson Bay post along a river-side, and was passing a clump of willows, when I heard a rustle, and out came full towards me, and not forty paces off, a big brown brute. He saw me and turned, and I got a shot just as my horse seemed inclined to bolt, and, to my surprise, the old bear gave up the ghost in the most handsome manner. I could hardly believe he would drop so easily; but there he lay dead."

"That's rather encouraging," Tom remarked; "but I'd rather try from a tree than the saddle, if you don't mind."

"We may see a bear on our way down country again." And they all virtuously made up their minds that they must have a bear-skin to exhibit at Victoria.

It was some days after this that, on their return journey, they heard that a bear had been seen in the country to the southwest of the Spillamacheen Valley, and at Snooks's request they walked in the woods where he was supposed to be, "keeping touch" with each other; for, as S. remarked, he couldn't be expected to tackle a bear for the first time all by himself. Tom said he was quite ready to support him, and all three kept on, giving low whistles to assure each other in the thick brush that help was at hand.

"You don't think he would go for me at sight?" Snooks had nervously asked.

"No; he'll go for us first, and keep you for dessert," Scott had encouragingly replied.

The little man became confident as time went on and nothing appeared. They had come to a great piece of fallen timber. The side branches stretched upward and all about at right angles to the huge trunk. Snooks mounted one to get on to the main stem as it lay prostrate. He was going to swing himself down on the other side, when, lo! in front of him arose a vast brown pillar, as it seemed to him, with two big arms, and, with a faint cry, Snooks dropped back among the branches on the side of the tree remote from the bear—for bear it was, and a huge one—and crouched, breathless, his heart thumping in his throat and his limbs perfectly nerveless. The bear had had only a brief vision of the intruder, and apparently concluded Snooks must be a bad dream, for he grunted, lowered himself, and took no further notice as far as Snooks could learn, for he heard nothing, saw nothing, and felt only an intense desire to shout, but could not. But the bear thought it might be worth while to see what had become of his bad dream, which had left a suspicious odor behind it. So he slowly raised himself again, and got up upon the fallen tree trunk. This made him visible to Tom, who raised his rifle and fired. With a noise something between a hiss and a grunt and a groan, the bear jumped down almost on the top of poor Snooks, but did not touch him, and "went for" Tom "at sight." Tom tried to shin up a small tree, leaving his rifle below; for he had no time, as he thought, to sling it round him. But the bear was too quick for him, and clawed his legging, T.'s foot escaping claws and teeth. At this instant the hero of the day, in the shape of Scott, came up, fired, and the bear fell, tearing down Tom. Another moment and he had given him a nasty munch in the side, but again his jacket saved Tom; Scott fired once more, and followed the shot up by driving a long knife into the grizzly's heart. It was most gallantly and cleverly done, and the thanks of both the young men were very earnestly expressed. But it was a narrow shave, and, as Snooks observed, "might have been much worse had not he [Snooks] insisted on their keeping together."

Perhaps the confidence of all the party—and certainly that of the two younger men—was not quite unshaken. There was less talk of seeking bears. The tone of assurance had somehow "come down." So had the line of the snow, which, when the campaign had been begun, remained high up on the mountain-tops. Now the gold of the birch and the crimson of the vine-maple lit up with no saffron or sanguine fires the dark green of the forest-covered mountain walls. The winds were cold, and Kamloops and its confluence of broad river reaches were passed without regret, for the warm shores of the Pacific were in the traveller's thoughts. The groves of the gigantic firs which are still preserved about the modern city of Vancouver soon saw them passing under their verdant twilights, and the long fiords of the sea greeted them. There, where now the cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway come and go with the regularity of the night and day on their errands across the continent, our three friends rested and smoked and fished, taking into their service some of the coast Indians. These men were experts at handling the peculiarly shaped canoes, which, like many productions of their art, have a touch of Polynesian form. The carvings the coast men make, their ornaments, their mode of building wooden houses (not wigwams, but regular log or rough plank structures), remind those who have seen the Western Pacific people of South Sea tastes. Scott could, of course, tell all about them and their affinities, for where had he not been? He knew, too, how to troll in the sea-water for the salmon that would not rise to the fly, and to fish for the trout in the lakes where the trout condescended to take what the salmon refused. What wondrous fly-fishing it was! He took them to a lake which shall be nameless—or which we shall, at all events, only call by an approximation to the sound of the Indian title, something like "Lake Guessimifukan"—and there in two days they caught about 400 fish, weighing 900 pounds! For fear that Mr. Andrew Lang and everybody else that loves fly-fishing should at once rush there, only an approach to the name is given; and the access to the place is not here indicated, except by the assertion that it is in British Columbia—a wide world is that "double-barrelled" name—a name covering a country incomparable in beauty and in variety of scenery. Nowhere is there a richer sea, nowhere is there a more romantic coast. The fishermen of all the British Isles could be settled along those shores, in a climate as soft as that of Devonshire, and find a market for their fresh fish in the Canadian and American coast cities; and for their salt fish among the Roman Catholic population of Chili, Peru, and kindred Southern states. Some day or other, as Mr. Scott said, small fruit trees will be as common along the shores as are now the innumerable firs. The Fraser figs and apricots will be as popular in London markets as the canned salmon from that river. Meantime, as he wisely said, it is a mercy to the sportsman and traveller that all the "congested districts" of Europe are kept by professional agitators from hunting the Paradise of the enterprising globe-trotter, who may luxuriate in fishing and hunting better than can be enjoyed by any European in the Old World. "We are the free men," concluded Mr. Scott, "who see things for ourselves and find elbow-room for ourselves, and are not made serfs on bad lands to please prejudices and make a living for shady politicians."

"Now," said Snooks, confidentially, "Scott, you have been with us a long time, and we know you must be a countryman of ours; do tell us if it is not so."

"You must wait for my biography," was all the answer he gave. But the mysterious man would entertain them by the hour with tales of his adventures, all of which they implicitly believed to be true. Livingstone used to say that he believed every word of Roualyn Cumming's African

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stories. Scepticism is often more foolish than faith. "But I tell you, England's not a bad place for those who can afford fogs and dogs and horses," he said over his pipe on the last evening they were together, "not a bad place at all for those who can afford to punt on her Exchange and hunt in her shires. You ask me what I have been; I tell you to wait for that information. You ask me what I've hunted; well, I'll give you a rhyme on that." And he sang this compliment to Old English sports:

What have I hunted? Ah, near and far
Lie the scenes recalled by the question words:
'Neath the Polar Star, on the opal spar
Of the ice, I have hunted the walrus herds;

With the first in the foremost flight I've been
Hard on the hounds on the fox's track—
For the best sport's seen in our England green
With the scarlet coats and the dappled pack.

What have I hunted? On mountains cold
Ruddier dyes than the sunset's fell
When the big-horn rolled on the glacier's fold
To the crack of the re-echoing rifle-knell.

What have I hunted? In Labrador
Bear—and the moose—and the caribou
On the lone pine shore, or the barrens hoar,
With the white moss steeped in the moonlit dew.

Far in the West was that glorious head
Of the wapiti borne through the dark spruce pass.
With my horse have I sped where the buffalo fled,
And have stretched them dead on the prairie grass.

What have I hunted? A mighty band!—
The river-horse and the lion's brood
In the Afric land on the trodden sand,
When at night at the shallow pools they stood.

And mightier game that roamed at large—
The mammoth lords of the forest aisle,
Dropped in their charge, by the ruined marge
Of the royal lakes of our Indian isle.

But, best of all hunting, wherever I've been,
Give me the hounds on the fox's track.
For the best sport's seen in our England green,
With the scarlet coats and the dappled pack!



THE last week of Lent, a penitential period from a managerial as well as a devotional stand-point, is not usually rich in dramatic happenings; it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the single dramatic production which varied the monotony of twice-seen shows, that of Mr. Isaac Henderson's drama, *The Silent Battle*, which was produced at the Standard, should have failed to enlist the sympathies of either press or public. A play that was received with marked approbation in London and scored a distinct success in Boston must possess some element of dramatic interest and value, and one is therefore tempted to think that the circumstances under which it was produced, rather than the play itself, must be held responsible for its lack of success. We would venture the opinion that *The Silent Battle* failed to please principally because people had expected it to be something different from what it was. Those who attend a performance given by Mr. Frohman's excellent company of comedians usually do so with the expectation of having their risibles forcibly tickled; this Mr. Henderson's play was evidently not intended to do, and in consequence the audience who witnessed its first performance was disappointed, and therefore dissatisfied. *The Silent Battle* is in no sense a comedy; rather is it an emotional drama of the domestic variety, with a few light comedy scenes—very good of their kind, too, be it said—thrown in to vary the monotony of the somewhat conventional domestic infelicity depicted. The story of the piece, which follows conventional lines, has to do with a struggle—*The Silent Battle*—between a wife and a fascinating grass-widow for the affections of the husband of the former. This gentleman, who is a hopelessly dull, uninteresting prig, as drawn by the author, seems hardly worthy of the attempt made to either win or retain his affections, and for this reason, more than any other perhaps, the play lacks sympathetic interest. In the end the wife wins the struggle, and heaps coals of fire on the head of her fascinating rival by nursing the latter's little boy through an attack of cholera. There is a secondary interest attaching to the loves of an American army officer and a young lady, whose doings are vastly more interesting and attractive than those of the principal characters. The fault of the piece lies, one would think, in its too evident and too intense sincerity. The author is so earnest in his purpose that he becomes oftentimes dogmatic in his morality and insipid in the extreme purity of his emotion. The author has also made the mistake of deferring his climax, which strengthens the last act at the expense of the two preceding ones. When it does arrive, the climax is a good one, and the attendant dramatic situation, when the unscrupulous rival is forced to meekly accept the coals of fire of the virtuous wife, is strong, and instinct with real human emotion; but having been too long delayed, its effect is weakened by the length of time which the author takes to lead up to it.

Condensed into two acts, and played before an audience who are not expecting to laugh at every second line, the fate of *The Silent Battle*, in view of its oftentimes well-written dialogue, its two or three piquant bits of light comedy, and its strong last act, might have been different. It is a mistake, however, for any author to develop his characters from a strictly American stand-point, and then to dub them Marchesas, Contessas, or what not, for in spite of foreign titles they act and appear as Americans just the same. Mr. Holland—perhaps the best light comedian on the American stage—and Miss Grace Henderson, as the American officer and the unscrupulous grass-widow respectively, do excellent work. The entire cast, indeed, was good, although neither Mr. Gilmore nor Miss Campbell was able to divest the rôles of Agatha, the wife, and her undecided husband of the emotional insipidity for which the author must be held responsible. As the work of an American author, and written with evident care and sincerity, it is to be regretted that *The Silent Battle* failed to please; but fail it did most emphatically, as even now its place has been taken by *Mr. Wilkinson's Widows*, at which audiences can laugh their fill.

The present week is marked by a number of dramatic spring openings. At the Lyceum *The Guardsman; or, An American Girl in London* has succeeded the *Americans Abroad*. *The Poet and the Puppets*, a burlesque on *Lady Windermere's Fan*, has taken the place of *Giroflé-Girofla* at the Garden Theatre, while Mr. Alexander Salvini opens a season of standard plays at the Manhattan Opera-house on Monday night with *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. Mr. Dixey has again returned to his first love, and dedicated the Casino to burlesque with an elaborate revival of the perennial *Adonis*.

The circus—we beg its pardon—the "Greatest Show on Earth," is with us once more in all its splendor, as the theatres know, to their cost. Not, alas! the circus of our childhood, but a circus which has grown with the times, which has become *fin de siècle*, and which fairly bewilders us with its multitudinous details and magnificence of proportion. Simultaneous performances in three rings and two stages, fairly bewildering in their variety, are thrust upon our limited vision at the same time. Clowns by the dozen and athletes by the hundred go through their antics and contortions. There is so much to be seen that in our eager anxiety to see everything we end by seeing nothing, and go away with the uncomfortable feeling of having misused our opportunities. The Columbus spectacle, which concludes the performance, is certainly out of place. Not but what it is good enough of its kind, and bears evidence of much careful management, and no little outlay in the way of costumes and accessories, but the whole affair strikes one as an attempt to imitate in an enlarged form the spectacular features of grand opera. Certainly those who go to a circus neither desire nor expect to see grand opera in any form. In circus surroundings the clowns and the horses, the athletes and the chariot races, are vastly more entertaining and in keeping.

The limit of the possible in the way of a spectacular production will, from all accounts, be reached when Mr. French produces *The Prodigal Daughter* at his new "American" theatre in May. Eight thoroughbred steeple-chasers with pedigrees as long as your arm, and lengthy records of victories on the turf, ridden by professional jockeys, will be one feature. A pack of fox-hounds presented to Mr. French by the Duke of Beaufort will be another; and so on, and so forth. Every detail of the production will be arranged on the same scale of realistic magnificence. The part of a gambler, for instance, will be played by the famous English plunger known as Jubilee Juggins, who lost £250,000 in a single racing season. *The Prodigal Daughter* has had a most astonishing success in England during a period of unparalleled depression in theatrical affairs, and with all the sensational features which are promised for its New York production, it will be a matter of wonder if its success is not repeated here. The condition of affairs theatrical in London at the present time, and particularly as regards comic opera, is from all accounts sufficiently desperate. No less than three theatres where comic opera was being played were recently seized by the sheriff, and it is reported that Mr. Sedger, the manager of the principal comic opera theatre in London, the Lyric, has called a meeting of his creditors with a view of getting out of the business. The present method of doing theatrical business in London is to form a syndicate, do business on credit as long as it lasts, pay nobody, and then, when the inevitable crash comes, dissolve the syndicate, and bid your creditors and actors a polite "Good-morning"; but even then nobody makes any money.

Delibes's posthumous opera *Kassya*, which was completed by M. Massenet, was recently produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, with great success. The music has been spoken of as being invariably tuneful, and as having occasioned a decided surprise to critics and connoisseurs by the lightness of its style, which leans more toward operetta than toward legitimate opéra comique. M. Pierre Loti's dramatization of his charming book *Pêcheurs d'Island* has proved a decided failure in Paris. *The Bauble Shop*, Henry Arthur Jones's latest play, which Mr. Wyndham will bring to this country next season, has proved its success by being burlesqued. A travesty of it, entitled *The Babble Shop; or, Lord Wyndhamere's Fun*, will be shortly produced in London. A new play by the successful dramatist Mr. Pinero, entitled *The Amazons*, which is characterized as a deft mixture of poetry and caricature, has been produced with much success in London. The Amazons of the play are the three lovely daughters of a widowed countess, who, to please her late husband, who desired boys, has trained up her female offspring as such, and the resultant complications may be imagined. A new Wagner is said to have appeared in Germany in the person of one Cyrill Kistler, whose opera or music drama, *Kunihild*, recently produced at Würzburg, scored a most overwhelming success. It is said that there is scarcely a measure in this opera to which Wagner might not willingly have put his signature, and the whole work, built up in accordance with the Leitmotiv theory, overflows with beautiful melody, and is tellingly dramatic. A new fairy opera, *Brocéliande*, music by M. Lucien Lambert, has just been produced with striking success at Rouen. The music is spoken of as being original, modern, distinctive, and of real artistic value. A new play, *Prince Korsakoff*, by an American author, Mr. Harry Damm, has been secured by the Kendals, who recently inaugurated their proprietorship of the Avenue Theatre with a successful revival of *The Iron Master*, and will be produced by them in London shortly. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* will be the basis of the annual musical burlesque given by the Hasty Pudding Society at Harvard, the full title being, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; or, the Sport, the Spook, and the Spinster*. The New York performances will be given in Chickering Hall April 6th, 7th, and 8th.

The principal, indeed almost the only musical event of last week was the concert given by Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of Music, at which the names of the successful competitors in the first annual *Concours* were announced, and the prize compositions were performed, in each case under the personal direction of the composer. Four works were performed—a symphony, a piano concerto, a suite for string orchestra, and a cantata for mixed voices and orchestra. The prizes offered for these works were gained respectively by Mr. Shoenfelt, of Chicago; Mr. Joshua Phippen, of Boston; Mr. Frederick Bullard, also of Boston; and Mr. Horatio W. Parker, of New York. These works, which appeared on the programme in the order as given above, were apparently arranged in the order of their comparative excellence, the cantata being decidedly the best of the four. The symphony, described by the composer as a "Rural Symphony," though gracefully fluent, lacked inventive force and character, but might, nevertheless, be called a promising effort. The concerto, though stronger in conception and treatment, was somewhat vague, with the exception of the last movement, which was clear and effective. The suite for strings gave evidence of decided technical ability and considerable individuality and force on the part of the composer, who had evidently made Bach his model, and the subject of close and fruitful study. Mr. Parker's cantata, though short, was effectively written for both chorus and orchestra, and was worked up to a good climax, but lacked striking melody and definite purpose. No opera prizes were awarded, as none of the works sent in were judged of sufficient merit to be worthy of a prize. Owing to the number of libretti sent in, the jury will be unable to make an award before June 1st, when the result of the competition will be announced in the daily press. Taken altogether, the results of this *Concours* may be considered from one stand-point as somewhat negative, in that it did not produce a work of really notable artistic value or interest. From another stand-point, however, as showing that the field of strictly American music is by no means sterile, and that we do possess young musicians capable of doing artistic work, from whom much progress and future development may reasonably be expected, the outcome of it must be looked upon as hopeful and satisfactory. The idea itself is a good one, and worthy of all encouragement; and the Conservatory must be congratulated upon the enterprise and liberality which, having produced such promising first-fruits, may certainly be expected in the future to compass still more satisfactory results. This week we have the first performance in New York of Dr. Dvořák's masterly cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," by the Church Choral Association and the New York Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Richard Henry Warren; and M. Paderewski's last recital—both these events being for charitable purposes. It is an exceedingly graceful act on the part of M. Paderewski to devote the proceeds of his farewell recital to deserving charities, as it gives evidence of an appreciation of benefits and kindnesses received as admirable as it, unfortunately, is rare. But it is only what we would expect from a thorough artist and gentleman, as M. Paderewski has ever shown himself to be.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

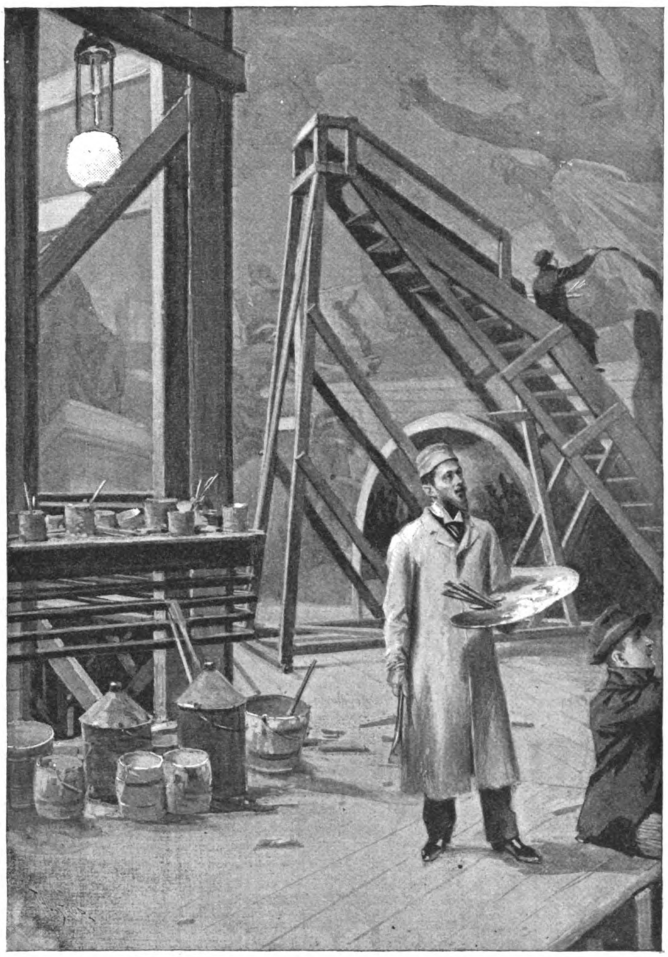


IN THE ALPS.

FRIEND. "Try to hang on for another couple of minutes. The guides will soon be here with ropes to rescue you."

JARLEY (*who has fallen over the cliff, and is hanging on to a little ledge with one hand*). "All right, old boy. I can stand it. I haven't travelled from the Battery to Harlem hanging on L road straps for ten years for nothing" (*resumes reading his paper*).

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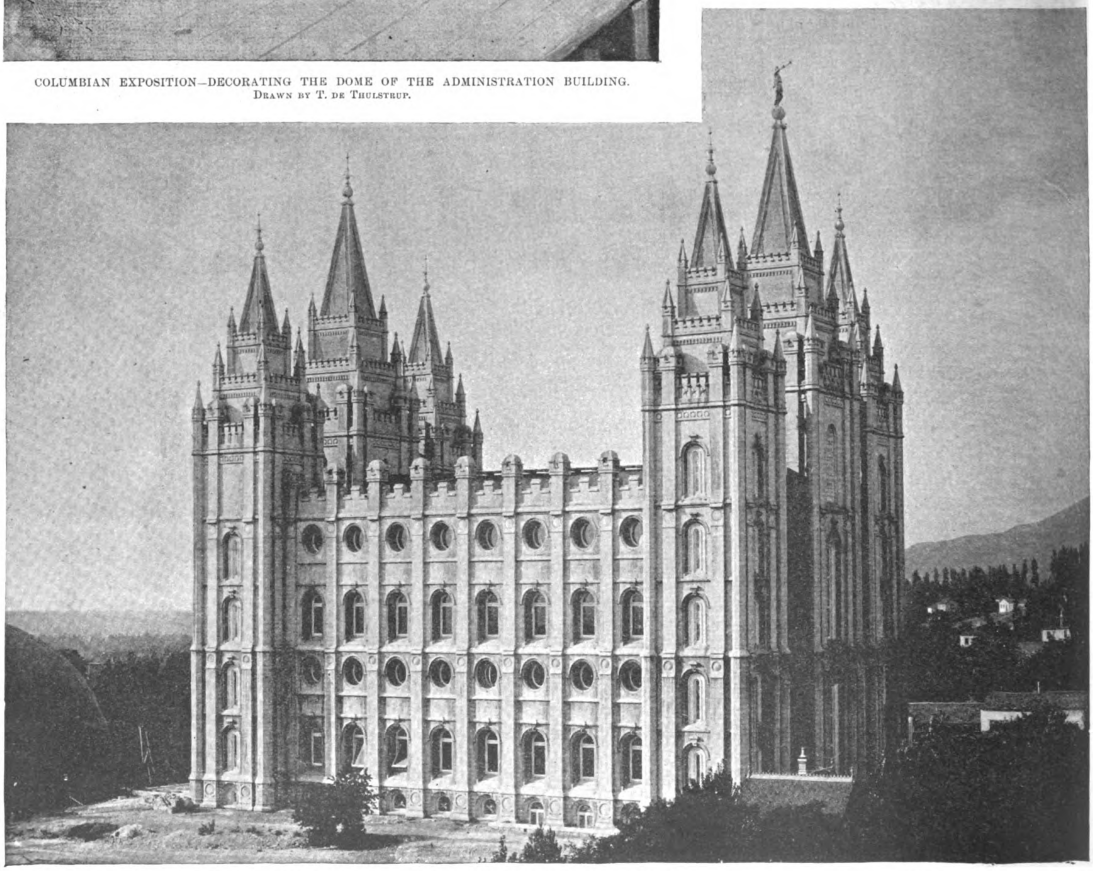
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—DECORATING THE DOME OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

MURAL DECORATIONS OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING DOME.

THE decoration of the inside of the great gilded dome that crowns the splendid Administration Building designed by Mr. Hunt has been confided to a young artist, Mr. William Leftwich Dodge, who is not yet twenty-five years old. Mr. Dodge, though so young in years, is not barren of honors, for five years ago he received a gold medal from the American Art Association, and three years ago he received, while a student at the École des Beaux-Arts, a third-class medal from the Paris Exposition. He did not imitate Mr. Whistler, and return this third-class medal with his third-class thanks, but was glad enough to get it. Probably his best-known picture is "The Death of the Minnesink," and this proved that he had capacity to make a large picture. Of course any painting to decorate a surface at so high an altitude as the interior dome of this building would need to be at once large and bold. Though the outside of the dome is 275 feet high, the interior is less by 85 feet. The surface he has had to paint on is 315 feet in circumference and about 40 feet in width. As his chief assistant in the work Mr. Dodge has had his brother, Robert Dodge.

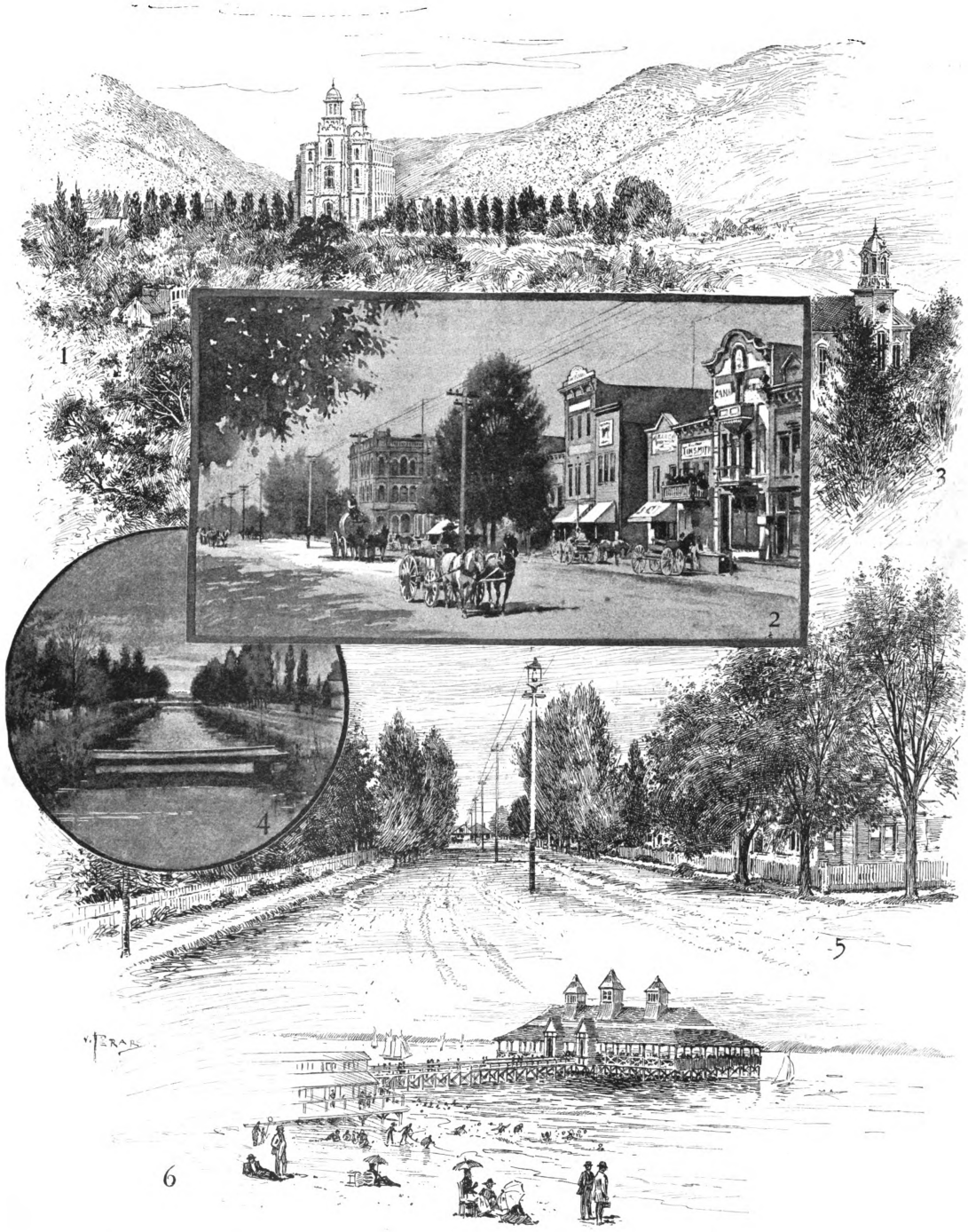
The scheme of the fresco might be called a classical allegory. He has represented Apollo high on a marble throne receiving the representatives of the arts and sciences, who advance from either side bearing gifts or displaying trophies. Architecture is represented by two winged steeds drawing a car containing a model of the Parthenon. The representative of sculpture bears with him the Venus of Milo. Agriculture carries a sheaf of wheat. Besides these there are figures bearing musical instruments and flowers and various emblems. On the steps of Apollo's throne sits a mother with a beautiful and naked child. Behind Apollo sit as judges the great men of authority. Above him in the sky a nymph extends a wreath of laurel, while other nymphs draw back a sort of buff canopy.

A visit to Mr. Dodge at work is exciting to one unaccustomed to tread the rounds of ladders at dizzy heights. Indeed, it is alarming to timid souls, for after climbing a narrow winding stair till breathless, the visitor finds that the rest of the distance must be by means of a vertical ladder on the outer wall of the inner dome. And during this ascent the visitor is in almost complete darkness. Presently you emerge from this darkness upon a circular platform, and there you meet Mr. Dodge, the presiding genius of the place, very much as Mr. De Thulstrup has represented him in his picture. This room, of which the platform is the floor, is furnished principally with colors and brushes, with a small plaster model of the dome in two pieces, and a sort of stepladder on wheels, which may be rolled from side to side of the surrounding walls as the painter desires to work at different parts of his fresco. While the painter is at work close to the figures he is making, one realizes how much these figures have to be exaggerated so that they will look all right from the ground when finished. Man is but a pygmy compared with them. It is quite impossible for a layman to judge as to how effective these figures will be when the scaffolding is removed and they are viewed from the ground. But it is likely that they will be all that they should be, for Mr. Dodge was selected to do them by Mr. Millet, who is not in the habit of making mistakes.



THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 331.]
Forty years in building: begun April 6, 1853; dedicated April 6, 1893. Cost several millions of dollars.

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A WEEK WITH THE MORMONS.—Drawings by Victor Perard.—[See Page 326.]

1. The Temple at Logan. 2. Business Quarter of Logan. 3. Logan Tabernacle or Meeting-House. 4. Main Ditch for Irrigation, Logan. 5. A Residence Street, Logan. 6. Pavilion at Garfield Beach, Great Salt Lake. 7 and 8. Mormon Currency.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CIRCUS REFLECTION.

THE circus of to-day I deem a wondrous sort of thing.
Folks seem no longer satisfied with one plain sawdust ring,
But three and four it takes to sate the modern appetite;
And 'stead of one good acrobat they've ten at once in sight.

The day has gone when boys were glad to see one elephant
That couldn't do a thing but stand around and sway and pant;
To-day the mammoths have to waltz upon their nether legs,
And show the public wondrous feats of balancing on kegs;

And monkeys, too, that once were full of lovely monkey shines,
No longer play their natural tricks, but work in other lines,
And do not rouse the plaudits of the modern multitudes
Unless they're gayly dressed and taught to fool arpund like dudes.

I can't imagine what we'll have in 1993
If things go on developing as now they seem to be.
The camels of that coming age will have no doubt a score
Of humps upon their poor old backs, and every lion's roar

They'll set to music in that time that's coming on apace,
And hippopotami will dance the York with agile grace.
The monkey of the future they'll provide with schooner yachts,
And not a leopard will there be that cannot change his spots.

I would that I could live till that great time shall come around,
When circus tents will stretch at least o'er ten square miles of ground;
Not that I like the new style show as much as other folks,
But I'm in hopes that by that time the clowns will have new jokes.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

SOME discussion has lately arisen as to whether the surviving relations of an eminent person deceased have exclusive moral rights to print and publish his biography. The question came up in a slightly different form several years ago, when the Brookfield letters of Thackeray were published. In that case it was questioned whether any one had a moral right to print biographical matter about a man so notoriously averse as Thackeray was to having himself published. The same principle was involved, in some measure, in still a different form, in the Schuyler monument case; and now it comes up to be talked over in its bearings upon the expected memoirs of Mr. Blaine and Bishop Brooks. Mr. Blaine's official biographer has warned trespassers off of her premises with execrations and texts of Scripture, and the New York *Times* has had an editorial commenting upon a "paragraph furnished to the press by the Brooks family, or by his publishers, and requesting other parties not to write a memoir of Bishop Brooks, because Dr. Arthur Brooks intends to do it."

If Dr. Arthur Brooks is at work on a memoir of his brother, it is certainly a kindness to let that fact be known, especially to others who are minded to undertake the same task. Volumes can be written about Bishop Brooks, and possibly will be, but an authoritative life of him cannot be made at present except by the person who can add to an intimate personal knowledge of him the privilege of access to his papers. Dr. Arthur Brooks has that intimate knowledge and the papers, and it would be wasted effort to write lives of Bishop Brooks until the authorized biography is published. So in Mr. Blaine's case, there is every probability that, first and last, he will have many biographers; but none except catchpenny writers would care to attempt to write his life until Miss Dodge has published her book about him. Her intimate knowledge of Mr. Blaine, and her use of his papers, give her at least a temporary advantage over any other biographer whatever. It is a satisfaction when the authorized biographer of an eminent man does his work so thoroughly, as Lockhart did in his life of Scott, that no one cares to attempt it after him. But if the authorized biography does not seem to exhaust the subject, there is nothing but the law of copyright to hinder other biographers from entering the same field. The authorized biographer has no exclusive rights except those that copyright gives him; but he has an exclusive opportunity from the very nature of the situation. He can write the best first book because he has the best materials; and no one can hope to write a book of permanent value on his subject without first reading what he has written.

Bishop Brooks's life can probably be written once for all, as no doubt Dr. Brooks will write it. There is little chance for doubt or dispute in the record of what he did and what he was. But about Mr. Blaine there is a chance for as many biographies as of Andrew Jackson. Washington has been rewritten about of late years, very much to the advantage of readers who want to know him as he really was. Nothing approaching the last word has been said about Lincoln yet, in spite of all that has been printed about him in the last decade. Fresh lives of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar appear at irregular short intervals, and there always seems to be room for another. If a man is only great enough in politics or in war, of making many books about him there is no end. But if he is eminent in the calmer walks of life, his story can be told so as to last. Boswell wrote for all time about Johnson; so Franklin wrote about himself; so Lockhart wrote about Scott; so Trevelyan wrote about Macaulay. There are grounds for arguing against the expectation of impartiality and permanent worth in memoirs written by persons belonging to the family of their subject, but Trevelyan's book and Lockhart's were family biographies, and so is the excellent life of Darwin by his son. Outside of politics, family memoirs often become standard biographies, and inside of politics they are often permanently interesting and valuable at least, if not conclusive, as witness many of the Adams family's books about the Adamses.

A newspaper critic scoffs at the Tee-to-tum Club, lately opened in East Twenty-third Street, as being an institution of a sort which it does not believe will recommend itself to American working-men. He thinks New York working-men are too independent to find any use for "poor men's teetotums under the patronage of rich men, even though they can get low-priced grub and five-cent baths in them under teetotal rules." They do not want to be coddled, he thinks, in exemplary and charitable clubs, nor "set apart as a clan distinct from the rest of the community."

Perhaps this critic is right, and the new Tee-to-tum will not go. If the people of its neighborhood have no use for it, well and good; at least the experiment will have been tried. But it will be a pity if the possible patrons of the club are kept out of it by such considerations as this critic suggests. Men who patronize a Tee-to-tum are no more set apart as a distinct clan than men who patronize any other club, nor is it a peculiarity of the Twenty-third Street Tee-to-tum that it is under the patronage of rich men. A number of the most successful clubs in town are on the same basis, notably the new Millionaires' Club, on Fifth Avenue, which could never have existed if a few rich men had not put up the money for it. So the Players Club is an exemplary institution founded by a gentleman of means for the benefit of certain of his fellows, yet it seems not to be shunned either through fear of being coddled or of clannishness. Low-priced grub, provided it is good, and five-cent baths, and social converse, are mighty good things, and not so abnormally prevalent in New York as to be neglected for fanciful reasons. It is the special province of clubs to provide such luxuries, and a principal reason why the average man joins a club is to get them good in quality and cheap. Teetotal clubs are not very common in New York, but they prosper in smaller cities, and out of the abundant population of the East Twenty-third Street neighborhood there must be a good many people to whom teetotal rules would not be obnoxious. The wealthy proprietors of most of the existing working-men's clubs in Gotham are brewers, but there seems to be no good reason why a single class of capitalists should monopolize so inviting a field for investment.

And, by-the-way, it would be a great boon if some exemplary and charitable capitalist who wants to coddle us would set up a series of restaurants in New York after the pattern of the Duvals in Paris. They need not necessarily be teetotal; if they were, they would not be Duvals; but if they could supply any such food and drink at any such prices as obtain in the Parisian Duvals, and under comparably comfortable conditions, they would meet the traditional long-felt want, and deserve, and probably achieve, an overwhelming success.

Professor Wilcox has been looking up the marriage statistics, and reports, in the *Political Science Quarterly*, that marriage is falling off in the United States, while divorce is rapidly increasing. Some one says that this is burning the candle at both ends, and stands aghast at the possible results. But closer observers will not need to be told that divorce does not necessarily diminish the number of married persons, but is apt, on the contrary, to increase it. Though not a statistical statement, it is a matter of common observation that "parties" do not go to the trouble and expense of getting divorced unless one or the other of them has a definite purpose of getting married again. Oftentimes both have such a purpose, or develop it as soon as they are free to do so, so that I should be surprised to learn that the statistics did not show an average of at least one marriage resulting from every divorce. How far this is a consoling consideration may be questioned; but at least it helps the belief that marriage is not really getting unpopular, and that people who have once formed the habit of it do not readily break it off.

It might naturally be supposed that the Father of Centennials was no less a patriarch than old Father Time himself, but it seems that this title is claimed for one Peyton, of New Jersey, of whom it is alleged that he is the responsible originator of all the centennials we have been having, from Bunker Hill in 1875 to the impending fair at Chicago. Moreover, it is stated that this relentless being, not yet glutted with commemoration, is at work on an international celebration of the birth and death of Christ, to be held at Jerusalem in the year 1900.

If Colonel Peyton has any friends, they will confer a favor by purchasing storage for him in some good safe-deposit company, and locking him up there, and depositing the key to him in the East River. This generation has had plenty of centennials. It does not want to go to any more, ever, after this year. So that Heaven sends it strength and means to make a thorough job of the Chicago Fair, it will never ask to see another show of more importance than the late Mr. Barnum's circus, and it will not look at that unless it is brought around to its door. After all the centennials that it has experienced, nothing less than a millennial could possibly start its enthusiasm, and happily Colonel Peyton and all the rest of us will be permanently at rest years and years before the times are ripe for a millennial at Jerusalem.

There is a good text in a recent newspaper paragraph which records that Camille Delcommune, described as the most brilliant business man in the Congo Valley, met his death last December by sunstroke caught while speaking with his hat off at the grave of one of his subordinates. The moral is not, "Keep your hat on at funerals," though that is good advice in other climates than that of the Congo. The point of the incident is the light it seems to throw on the character of this successful man—a man of extreme push and vigilance, a strict disciplinarian, whose white subordinates "had to make money for the company or get out," and yet obviously one who looked upon his employés not as mere "hands," but as men who were worth considering even after their work was finished. That a man without sentiment is only half a man will be generally conceded; but there is not so wide an appreciation of the analogous fact that a business man without sentiment is only half a business man. Yet it is a fact. Ask Dr. Depew or Philip Armour if he does not think so.

It is to be hoped that the Rapid Transit Commissioners will be favorably affected by the protest of the trustees of Columbia College against the encroachment of an elevated railroad upon the boundaries of their new site. The neighborhood which is to be graced by the new college buildings, St. John's Cathedral, and St. Luke's Hospital is one to which thousands of Americans in and out of New York look with eager and hopeful anticipations. It ought to be to New York what the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses is to London, a region which will invite the soul and kindle the imagination, and near which people who like to have their souls invited and their aspirations stirred may choose to live. Any "improvements" that will mar the prospective beauties of this exceptional district will injure the city in one of the few places it has in which artistic considerations ought to be held superior even to convenience.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE GREAT QUADRIGA.

THE most imposing of all the groups of statuary to be seen at the World's Fair will be the great quadriga which will soon be in place on the top of the gateway in the peristyle called the Water Gate or the Discoverer's Gate. This quadriga is the joint work of Mr. D. C. French and Mr. E. C. Potter, the former executing the figures, the latter the horses. Briefly described it is a Roman chariot drawn by two pairs of horses, each pair led by a graceful maiden. In the chariot Columbus stands erect, typifying the spirit of discovery in the fifteenth century. Either side of the chariot is an outrider, a youth in mediæval costume on a sturdy horse. The whole composition is effective and noble in aspect, and when in place on the pylon above the grand archway will form the artistic climax, so to speak, of the whole group of buildings around the grand court. The figure of Columbus is about twelve feet high, and the horses and other figures in proportion.

The sketch Mr. De Thulstrup has made represents the horses and riders while the figures were still in the Forestry Building, and while they were receiving their finishing touches.

A WEEK WITH THE MORMONS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FINDING myself in Salt Lake City for the first time the other day, I went directly to the heads of the Mormon Church, and put myself in their charge. In all probability it was that indefinable thing called "the newspaper instinct" that made me do it—the same that once told me that a man I was hunting New York to find was just disappearing from sight behind a door, although the door was the entrance to an evil place and the man was a minister of the gospel. I had never seen him, but it was he. That is the same instinct that once caused a friend of mine, afterwards a distinguished editor, to bolt down the yawning staircase of an underground oyster saloon on Broadway. "A news current came up out of the cellar—a perceptible current of magnetism—and pulled me down there," he afterward said, gravely; "and just as I entered the restaurant one man shot another dead."

For further particulars as to this remarkable but undoubted mind current, the newspaper instinct, I refer the reader to the various psychical research societies, or to any newspaper man who really has a right to be so called. Should I preface my story with any more illustrations of its magic, the reader would prepare himself for a very different tale than the one I am now about to write down. It is, after all, only part of another of those studies of the far Western States which I have been making for the editors of the HARPER periodicals.

Being landed in Salt Lake City at daybreak not long before Election day, 1892, I was surprised and affected by the beauty of the city. Upon seeing Denver in the crystal-clear light of its atmosphere, and with its beautiful view of the Rockies always over my shoulder, I had for the first time acknowledged that it would be possible for me to live away from the sea with at least some degree of happiness. But Denver is only an appetizer to be taken before seeing Salt Lake City—at least so far as the beauty of its surroundings is concerned. Denver's mountains are distant, and sometimes have to be looked for 'round a corner, whereas Salt Lake City is right against its mountains, and they all but wall it in. Not only that, but it is so broad and open and clear a town, and it is so lavishly set with beautiful trees, that there is no comparing it with any other city. It is a city with country improvements. Of course it is not elegant and rich and bustling and crowded with all the latest elegances like Denver, and I have not pretended that it was, but it is first in its own class—a great tree-littered, elbow-roomy, overgrown village, if you please, with all its electric-light and car poles along the middle of its streets, so that the trees and the wires may not interfere with one another; with its everlastingly queer Tabernacle rounding up like a brown roc's egg, and its three-and-a-quarter-million-dollar Temple lifting its many towers of granite above all but the mountains, as if conscious that it and they both elevate the soul and eye alike.

Thinking thus pleasantly of the countrified capital of the Latter-Day Saints, I made my way—no cab or 'bus interfering to help me—down a very long, very broad street, under a splendid line of Lombardy poplars and box-elders, to the new hotel, which, by-the-way, is one of the two thousand really first-class hotels in which the West is so rich. I passed ever so many scores of tidy little boxlike dwellings, mostly frame ones as I recall them, and thought as I always do when I see many detached homes of a small size in a place, what a grand good thing it is that there is no other place in America like New York (where men and women and helpless little children are herded in barracks), and that there are so many cities in which whole families feel the pride and joy of independence, of all that goes with true homes. Why, I believe that no one thing contributes more to America's greatness than her unparalleled number of citizens who are their own landlords.

Thus farther delighted, I reached the hotel and was barbered, and got the morning paper and my breakfast. Then it was that I determined to go to the officers of the Church of Latter-Day Saints and give myself over to their care. Having so decided, the next thing was to think what I should say to the Mormons.

"I first noticed your people," I made up my mind to say, "when I first crossed the country years ago. I had come from San Francisco, and was in a train that was rolling over a particularly deserted and wretched desert, when all at once the waste, brown, dead-looking land became green with grain fields and pastures and hay meadows. Neat houses, prosperous-looking groups of out-buildings, flower beds, and happy-faced, well-clad persons sprang up as if I was riding on a magic carpet and had wished myself in Illinois. I was told that these were Mormon wonder-workers who had brought

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about this splendid transformation. Now here I am again in Mormonland, and I would like to see something more than an express-train view of you all."

Next I thought I would say that I recollected reading an account by one of Brigham Young's daughters of her schoolgirl days, in which account she sought to show how happy and human and gentle were the pleasures and the training of Mormon children. What she wrote did not affect the main question before the people at that time, which was the question whether polygamy should be practised in violation of our laws, but nevertheless she drew a very pretty picture of a very happy household of little folks, who might have existed in New England, except that they would have had more fathers had they been so much farther East. I promised myself I would tell the Mormons about that echo of in-door life in Utah, and would ask to see some of their homes—a good deal to ask if the reader loses sight of the fact that "journalistic instinct" was at work; but keeping that in mind such a request will seem quite moderate and in keeping.

I found Mr. Angus Cannon, and I said all that I had planned to say. Whether he is an apostle or a bishop or a plain saint I do not know, but he is a brother of George Q. Cannon, the wisest and most forceful man in the Mormon Church, and a counsellor to the head of that body. "I am not out here to open old sores," said I, "nor to stuff any controversial points with straw, and knock them about for the edification of either Gentiles or Mormons. I have seen all the rest of the people between the Mississippi and the Rockies, and now I want to see the Mormons. It is an old story to say that the results reached by your settlers and the changes brought about on your desert land are among the wonders of the West, but it will be a new story, perhaps, to tell what sort of folks you are, and how you live and think and talk. Therefore let me see some thoroughly Mormon community, where Gentiles have nothing to do with the public management, and introduce me so that I can see the home life of the people there."

Any one might have supposed that Mr. Angus Cannon had been approached in precisely that manner three times a day for many years, so entirely at ease was he, and so calmly and readily did he make answer,

"The only difficulty about that," said he, "is to hit upon the best town for the purpose."

Afterwards, when I employed a photographer and asked him if he was a Mormon, the man of the camera said that he was indeed, and why did I ask? Was it because I did not see his horns? Well, as to his horns, he was sorry to say he had none. He supposed they would begin to grow out when he got older.

"I told a man once," he added, "that I was a Mormon, and he said: 'You don't say so! I thought Mormons were queer-looking people and had horns.'"

Since my reader may wonder what sort of persons they really are, suffice it if it is noted here that they are precisely like the people of the West generally—the Americans being very American indeed, the Germans being more or less German, the Scandinavians being light-haired and industrious as they are at home, and so on to the end. But it is of especial value to say that Mr. Angus Cannon is of old Scotch stock, and that nearly all the leading men to whom he made me known were New-Yorkers or Virginians or Kentuckians or New Jersey born, or perhaps from one or another of the original thirteen colonies. I considered anew that such blood as that is apt to be good, and that this was why they were on top in that Church. Mr. Cannon would have passed for a Mississippi steamboat captain if he had been in St. Louis. He introduced me to his sons—four of them, I think—and one of them was an Ann Arbor graduate and a Democrat. The others were Republicans, and so was he. He introduced me to a Captain Young, a West Point graduate and son of Brigham Young, who looked the American army officer all over, though he has retired from the service. To each one of these persons Mr. Cannon told my story, and of each he asked where I had better go. Nearly every one said I had better go to the Cache (pronounced "cash") Valley, but one or two halted over a place called Provo.

Finally we met Bishop William B. Preston, and in his hands Mr. Cannon left me and went his way. Bishop Preston is a Virginian, and of a fine type of sturdy American manhood—a middle-aged, kindly man, gentle but firm and strong in appearance, speech, and methods. In Virginia he would be set down for a well-to-do man in a large country town—a country banker, for instance. His place in the Church is called "the Presiding Bishopric." He has two counsellors, sits in the counting-room of the great tithing depot in Salt Lake City, and I hazard the guess that he has charge of the property of the Church, and is the man of affairs who cares for the material possessions of the great organization.

He also seemed to take me and my errand as a matter of course, just as he would have regarded a flurry of snow or a request for the time of day. It is true that I had now explained myself to half a dozen men, and was going off with another who was also to hear me and judge me. It might be said that I was passing in review before all these persons, and yet that seemed to me to be mere accident. At all events we went to look at the Tabernacle, than which there is not, of all man's handiwork in America, anything more curious and unique. It stands on a square block of grass behind the mysterious but beautiful Temple which cost millions, and in which—though that is for another chapter.

"We used to meet in a bowery here," said Bishop Preston, "in the shade of foliage out-of-doors, but one day Brigham Young said we needed a more serviceable bowery, and he planned and built this Tabernacle. You would call it a church, but we call our society the church, and our churches we call tabernacles."

I turned and looked at the strange building, so familiar in pictures, with its long low walls cut by doors between each buttress of supporting stone-work, and upon its rounded domelike roof shaped like half of an egg that has been cut lengthwise.

"There never was a building like it in the world," said the bishop. "It was Brigham Young's idea."

In we went and stood in the enormous interior in which 6000 persons may sit on any day, and 10,000 can be seated if stools are brought in. Not even Henry Ward Beecher's old Plymouth Church is more plain and bare. It is just a great hall with a wide gallery around three sides, with little wooden posts, which look like marble, to support the gallery; with battalions of pews on the floors, and a gigantic organ at one end rising above the greatest choir space I ever saw in a church. And that, in turn, is above a terraced series of platforms leading down to the main floor, like a very broad but short staircase.

A man stood at the end of the church. He said: "Go up in the gallery and walk to the other end of the building. It is 250 feet long and 140 feet wide, yet when I whisper you will hear me, so perfect are the acoustic properties of the building. I walked the length of the church. My footsteps were repeated so many times in echoes that the reverberation sounded like a drummer's roll-call—almost as if 'twas a regiment a-marching. From where I stood at last the man who had spoken looked like a boy. He held up his hand. "Answer me in a natural tone when I speak to you. I am going to whisper." (Then the whisper came, distinctly, "Can you hear me whisper? I am going to drop a pin on this altar rail, see if you hear it.") He held the pin two inches above the rail and dropped it. I heard it as if—as I never supposed a pin could make itself heard a foot away. "And now," said the man, "see and hear what I do now." He rubbed his hands together, and a sound like a loud rustle of silk floated through the hall. Afterwards I sat by that amiable and ingenious man, and saw him go through the performance for others. The only trick was in the building. I offered the man half a dollar.

"Oh, no," said he; "we do not sell the attentions that visitors get from us."

I said I would like to give something to the church.

"We do not want it," said the man; "but you can pay it into the Temple Building Fund, and get a receipt for it."

I did so, and got a receipt on a printed blank like this:

$50/100	Series B 5 No. 307.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *Oct.* 15, '92.

Received from.....Julian Ralph.....

.....N. Y. City.....

.....50/100 Dollars, in Cash.

On Account Voluntary Offering to the Salt Lake Temple.

W. B. PRESTON,
By N. R.



OLD-STYLE HOUSE AT LOGAN, UTAH.

Bishop Preston, seated with me in the echo-haunted hall, then told me what I would see were it Sunday. In the choir space I would see 300 trained singers and the organist. At the top of the terraces of benches would sit President Wilford Woodruff (the Brigham Young of to-day), an aged man who knew the founders of the Church, was long an Apostle, and now is "Presiding High Priest." He has two counsellors, and all three compose what is called the First Presidency of the Church. Next below—one step down—I would see such of the Twelve Apostles as might be then in Salt Lake City and their President. These, I was told, are gifted eloquent preachers and theologians. Then would be seen on lower tiers "the Seventies," who now number 100 quorums of seventy ministers each. Every Seventy has seven Presidents, who are the directors of the group. The seven First Presidents of the Seventies are the directors of all the Seventies in the world. They are ministers, spreaders of the gospel. Their work is that of the Apostles, who are too few in number to do what is required, and therefore have this assistance. Next below would be seen, on a Sunday, the Presidents of Stakes—a stake being what we call a county. These diocesan rulers have spiritual control over all the bishops, whom they instruct and direct. Next would come the Eighties, or elders, of whom there is a host. They are often called upon to preach, and are preparing to become "Seventies," or full-fledged preachers. Next would be seen the Presiding Bishops in charge of the temporal affairs of the Church. The Presiding High Priest, his two counsellors, the Apostles, and the Presiding Bishops, are the general officers of the Church. On each side of these terraced platforms was an enclosure, railed off. One was for the Bishops of Wards, and the other for High Councillors and High Priests. Ending the series of departments, between the leaders and the plain saints, was the communion table, on which the bread and water rest every Sunday.

Bishop Preston went on to say that in addition to these officers were many others. Every bishop has two counsellors, for instance. Then there is an army of priests, teachers, and deacons. They are scattered in every ward. The teachers go from house to house among the saints, inquiring into the spiritual and worldly needs of the people. The priests follow if spiritual stirring is needed; others follow if worldly help is wanted. In every ward the women maintain their societies also.

"Why," said I, not irreverently, "it's like the Spanish army. Nearly every one wears shoulder-straps."

"Yes," said the bishop. "In the Mormon Church every man who is earnest and trustworthy and is possessed of ordinary sense is elevated to some office or other. Therefore all such are doubly spurred and interested."

I had been told by some Gentiles that I would not be allowed to enter the great Temple. I was therefore not surprised or disappointed when Bishop Preston said that the Temple was full of workmen, and could not then be seen. It is the *sanctum sanctorum*, and I never dreamed of entering it. But the bishop talked much about it, calling to my attention the fact that its name, "the Temple," was another name for that "Endowment House" of which scandalous things had been charged by the Gentiles in times gone by. It is there that the saints are sealed to their wives and the children are baptized when they reach eight years of age. There, also, the bishop told me, the saints pursue the trying course of being baptized over and over again for their ancestors, in order that the dead who had no opportunity to know the gospel may be saved after all. A saint, I was told, will undergo the ordeal for every ancestor of whom he can learn the name. To be sure, most of us are said not to know who were our grandparents; but, on the other hand, some of us are descended from Brian Boru. And in Utah there are men who trace their line back to famous men of England and Scotland, and must be baptized for scores of dead progenitors, each repetition of the ceremony taking the best part of a day, from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. Perhaps I was deceived as to this, but it will not be easy to make me think that those who were so undeviatingly kind to me for many days were deceivers at the same time.

After being introduced to many Mormons it came to be luncheon-time, and I was invited to join the family circle of one of my new-made acquaintances. I must draw the line at the door of a private house, and cannot say a word to indicate whose it was. The husband as he approached his garden gate called my attention to the sparkling water coursing down the street gutter, and then to a bit of board beside it. He took up the board, dropped it into a pair of slots in the side of the gutter, and thus dammed the flow, and turned it instantly and full head into his garden. The performance was a familiar one to me, but perhaps the reader does not understand it. The street gutter was an irrigation ditch. The water was that of a mountain stream, tapped high up in the hills. There was the secret of the rich greenery of Salt Lake City, and, for that matter, of the marvellous transformation of Utah from desert to garden. There, too, was seen the only, yet confident, hope of the people of the Dakotas, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Nevada—that vast empire of arid land that looks to irrigation to duplicate in the West the imperial wealth of the agriculture of the East. How simple it was! A stream tapped, a rivulet running in the gutter, a block of wood to dam it, and—result, a laughing garden full of grass and flowers and fruit.

Left alone in-doors in my first Mormon house, I noticed only one thing, at the outset, that I had never seen in any other house. It was a scroll of Mormon texts hanging in the hall. It displayed on the outer sheet a text from the book called *The Doctrine and Covenants*. Perhaps 'twas this:

"21. Take upon you the name of Christ, and speak the truth in soberness.

"22. And as many as repent and are baptized in my name, which is Jesus Christ, and endure to the end, the same shall be saved.

"23. Behold, Jesus Christ is the name which is given of the Father, and there is none other name given whereby man can be saved."

But presently being asked to amuse myself for a few moments, I discovered that the burden of literature on the centre table in the sitting-room was nearly all Mormon. Most interesting of all was a Mormon periodical aiming to publish the early records of the pioneers who came to Utah to escape annoyance and build a world of their own. Strange heroic stories they were—of caravans of Americans pushing out to a point half the width of the continent beyond civilization, to an alkali plain of which their leader said, "This is the place that was revealed to me." Tales of thirst, of Indians, of murder, of misadventure of every sort these were; followed by records of ship-loads of Europeans toiling along over the wilderness. What must have been the sensation of the men of Berlin and Edinburgh and London in that country in those days?

For the rest, the gay carpet, lace curtains, the piano, the canary, the furniture, and the pictures, were all very like the contents of an Eastern parlor in Gentiledom.

Called to follow the host to the dining-room, I confronted the first wife and daughter of a Mormon that I had ever met. The mother was an Eastern woman of prim and matronly appearance, and with great strength of character deep-lined in her face. I would have said she was a reformer, or a principal of a school. The daughter was very beautiful, of the type of which we think in New York that Miss Georgia Cayvan is the best representative. She was about twenty years of age, full but graceful of figure, with nut-brown hair and great dreamy eyes. She was spirited and witty; her mother was sober and practical. The daughter was already a leader among the women of the Territory in ways apart from the Church. Of the mother I learned nothing. The meal began with an offer of thanks to the Almighty, and was sufficiently bounteous to have warranted a longer and heartier grace. We talked of the Japanese, and I told how I had learned that the characters that stand for words with the Japanese were originally pictures.

"And what do you suppose was the sign for 'trouble'?" I inquired.

No one could guess.

"Two women in one house," said I.

"Ah," said the elder lady, gravely, while the others were still laughing, "our Mormon brethren have found out the truth of that."

Then the conversation turned upon other themes, and I learned that too many Mormon boys and girls were allowed to go to Garfield Beach—the Coney Island of Salt Lake—on Sundays, preferring music and gayety and Sabbath-breaking crowds to the peace of home and the lasting benefits of church attendance.

"This frivolity of the young is a new thing to us," said the father, "and I suspect it is in the air, for I hear the same stories among all people everywhere."

Out of-doors, I said to a Mormon, "You've dropped polygamy."

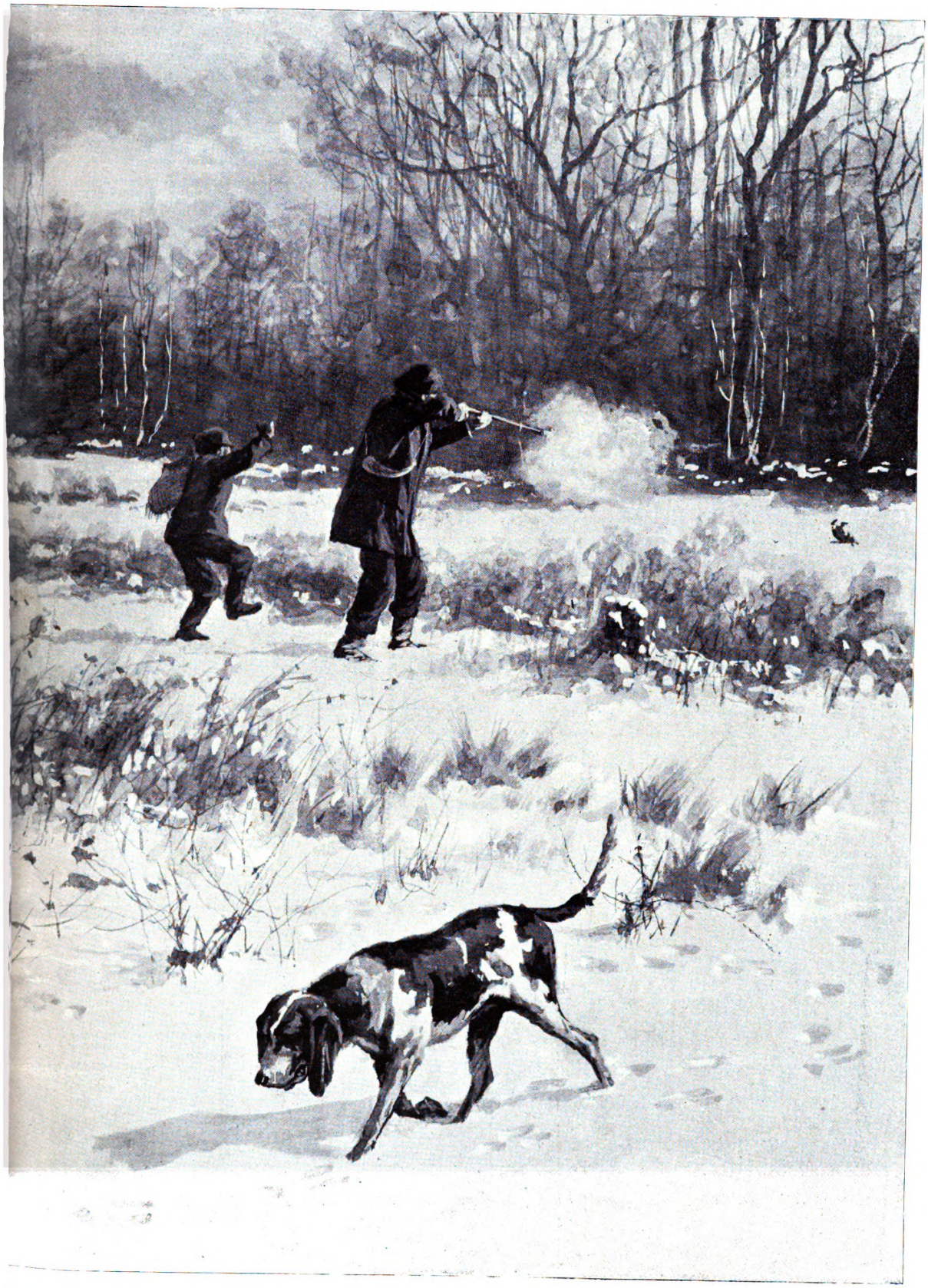
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RABBIT-SHOOTING.

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DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

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"Yes," said he; "we do not teach it any more. We have no wish to prolong the conflict, or to have any conflict, with our government."

"I have an idea it was not popular with your women."

"The women have never liked it or advocated it," said he; "but they understand that it was sanctioned by the Church, and that it was best for the race. It left no excuse for or possibility of a class of evil women in our communities, it left no surplus women uncared for, since men took wives according to their means; and there were other points to be urged for it in the direction of ensuing healthy offspring—the offspring of the sturdy instead of the offspring of the weak, as in monogamy."

"Were you married more than once?"

"No; but I never had one wife. I was married to two at once. I have been imprisoned for my course in that regard. The law has separated me from one wife, but it could not make me promise to abandon her to distress; it could not prevent me from taking care of her, and seeing that she never wants while she lives. You will not be believed if you quote me," he went on; "perhaps you won't believe me yourself; but we are as good Americans in our loyalty as any in the land. Your flag is mine, and we are the only people in the United States who call the Constitution an 'inspired document.' I would not do a thing hostile to the government any more than you would. Among us here are men whose ancestors helped to found this country. Can you say any more?"

Back through the streets, under the poplars and elders, the locusts and the cottonwoods, I made my way to the tithing-office and to Bishop Preston. The tithes are paid in kind; that is to say, of ten cows one is given, of ten tons of hay a ton is given. The tithing-place was enclosed by a stone wall, originally built for possible use as a haven from the Indians. In the enclosure and in the buildings there were cows and horses, kegs of honey, dressed meat, hay, bags of rag carpet, flour, bacon—a thousand kinds of produce. In one place was a sort of salesroom, and men and women were buying provender.

"Notice the money that they use," said the bishop.

I saw that it was green paper money. I changed a half-dollar for a shinplaster of it because of the fine picture of the Temple upon it.

"When we give aid to our poor," said the bishop, "it takes the form of that money. When the poor come here to buy what they need, they hold their heads as high as any. If we gave them orders on the store, they would be betrayed; but as it is, no one is the wiser."

Very pretty, I thought. The more I inquired, however, the more I was satisfied that these industrious, practical church folks have as little use for pauperism as the West in general has for drones. The poor are assisted only to the near limit of short patience. Then they are made to understand that they will do better by working.

The tithing system puzzled me. I could not, nor can I yet, understand how any organization could succeed in inducing its two hundred thousand members to give up a tenth of their capital or of their earnings. That it, like so very much else of Mormonism, is based on Old Testament writ, does not explain the latter-day application of the case. I said so to one saint.

"What do you give for a pew in your church?" he asked.

"Forty dollars," said I.

"Well, the average tithe among our people is not so much. We find it to be thirty-five dollars. And as you know what your money goes for, so do we trace ours. As a rule, the bulk of it is spread around among those who give it. It builds ward assembly-houses, temples, tabernacles, and so on; it buys land; it gives to the poor; it employs mechanics, laborers, teamsters—it is all scattered again. To be sure, there are saints whose tithes in a year may amount to a great deal. I have in mind a merchant who paid $2000 this year. But in the same way that he got rich he gets back his tithes—in great part, at least. He contracts to do the church work, to outfit a gang of laborers, to furnish or paint a building. There is no mystery and no hardship about it."

In the evening I went to Logan, in the Cache Valley, by means of a railroad run of a few hours northward from Salt Lake City, and near the Idaho line.

In all my Western travelling, Logan is the prettiest country place I have yet seen. It would be difficult for me to picture to the reader's mind a more charming, enchanting spot than this Mormon village, that dots a lovely park or bit of prairie that is walled around by chains of stately mountains, whose sides are all deeply furrowed and heavily ribbed. The valley was half sage-brush and half alkali forty years ago—an old lake-bed, no doubt—and yet to-day it is a glorious garden. Asbury Park, which has been built in a forest by cutting streets and building sites out from among the trees, has not a tenth so many forest trunks, and not a thousandth part such beautiful or such valuable ones. Trees which no man can reach around have been planted in lines along each curb and within each door-yard. Behind these, in every yard and garden, are still other trees, so thickly scattered that the pretty little cottages of the town are more than half hid among leafage, and a view of the town from the nearest mountain-side is a sight of clouds of foliage, broken only by the towering granite spires of the Mormon Temple and the massive bulk of the granite Tabernacle.

The sparkling water of the Logan River, tapped upon a mountain-side, is led so cleverly through the town that each gutter on each side of every street is a rushing, plashing mountain rill. Gates which look to the lay beholder like tiny cataracts are opposite each garden, and the melody of rippling, singing water fills the air—that air already so freighted with the sweet breathings of the trees and the mingling essence of a million flowers. The great broad streets, with the electric wires on poles in the middle of each roadway, the small and cozy dwellings, the thick orchards, the flower beds, the shade trees, the walled in tithing-house, the rat-tat of frequent saddle-horses, the cows streaming through town at dusk, the fierce glare of the sun in the clear sky, the purpling, blushing, ever-changing mountains—these are but a few of the details that memory sends leaping back to my eyes. The busy trading street, the neatly dressed hardy men, and plump and rather saucy-seeming Mormon lasses come next in view; and I think that if I had to describe both men and women, I would say that they form just such a population as one finds in out-of-the-way Eastern places like Gettysburg or Whitehall.

Ah! but to climb the near mountain and look down is the best of the things to do. Then the valley is seen to be checkered with villages and farms alternately—now a town, and now great tracts of farm land. There are twenty-one villages in sight, and each is but the huddling-place of so many farmers. They live as their kind do in Turkey and the Orient generally, building all together, and going to the outlying farms to do each day's work before returning to the houses, where the women have had each other's company and that of the old men and children. It was in 1859-60 that seventeen young men, with younger wives, and a baby that came at about the same time, moved into the valley, and built close by one another on both sides of what is now the depot street. Each took ten or twenty acres of farm land a mile or more up the valley, with five acres for pasturage in yet another locality. Some men wanted more land, even sixty acres.

"How will you cultivate it?" they were asked.

"Why, we are going to have sons," they said.

"Then wait till you get them, and there will be land for them in their turn."

All together the settlers built an irrigating ditch, each digging his part according to the land he held. They washed the salt out of the earth, and it blossomed under the same ditches thus led through the farms. And every year these men, with pick and shovel, cleared out each one his bit of the main ditch after the winter had heaped and choked and torn it. To-day that water goes with the land, and the hired men keep the ditch in repair for the owners. How different from the usual American plan, whereby one man seizes a water right, and calls his "grab" a dukedom, and extorts so many dollars a year from all the settlers—for himself and his children, even unto the fourth and fifth generation!

The Indians—magnificent big Shoshones—came once a week and demanded oxen, or flour, or whatever. They were treated kindly, because Brigham Young always taught that it was cheaper to feed an Indian than to fight him.

"What do they want? Cows?" he once inquired. "Well, is it not better to give up all your cows than to see a neighbor, or even a child, killed?"

But he believed the Indians seldom made exorbitant demands, whereas they certainly did so in Logan on a certain day, when 300 of them, in war-paint, demanded ten oxen and an immense amount of grain. After that the settlers had to loan their remaining oxen to one another—one working a team consisting of his own beast and his neighbor's one day, the other the next. Thus, from 1847 until now, and from Mexico to Canada, these peculiar people have got along with the Indians, and to-day they have tamed a half a thousand of them near this valley, and have actually taught them to farm in earnest.

It was Brigham Young's idea that the Mormons should remain a pastoral people. He taught that the surest wealth was in agriculture; and so it comes that one sees the valleys peopled and cultivated, while the mountains, that are full of metalliferous ores, are for the most part neglected—to an extent unknown in the neighboring States, each one of which, except Wyoming, was first opened and settled by miners. It was Young's idea to put the telegraph poles in the middle of the streets, but then he believed in enormous streets. In Logan the streets are six rods wide, and the blocks are six times as long. But in Salt Lake City the blocks are forty rods long. The effect is grand. The system has more merits than disadvantages.

I went to the Tabernacle on a Sunday. The general service is at two o'clock, and then at night the saints of each neighborhood assemble in their ward meeting-houses. The service in the Tabernacle disappointed me. The huge plain interior was peculiar in that the galleries were bent down at one end to meet the elevated choir space—which as yet contains no organ, by-the-way. Instead there was a melodeon, and two violinists stood beside the leader. There were thirty-five well-trained voices in the choir, and the singing was good. The service began with the song of "Home, Sweet Home," the words being altered. The President of the Stake sat up on top, and a dozen dignitaries sat below him. Below them, in a solemn row, were sixteen men behind a table on which stood sixteen silver ewers and sixteen plates of bread broken into coarse crumbs. The house was filled, and with a truly good-looking congregation, no whit different from an ordinary mixed Western Methodist assemblage. An old man prayed for a blessing on the bread, and around it went, in the hands of the sixteen. Then a young man blessed the water that symbolized our Saviour's blood, and round that went, in pitchers and goblets. The choir sang again, and then an elderly man made a brief but pointless address, it being a rule, as I understand it, that whoever is called upon may talk as he feels best able to, and on what topic he pleases. Another man—both sat among the officials—spoke about a great conference at Salt Lake City, and the earnest piety that moved it. Then up rose an apostle, a banker named Thatcher, who was evidently a popular speaker. He told how difficult it was to be a good Mormon, and how Mormonism enters every moment of life, and how a Gentile once said "he would rather be damned and go to hell than try to live up to the Mormon faith." Next the apostle spoke of material things, of the home industries—the saw-mill, the boot and shoe making, the necessity for more manufactures. He said the young Mormon men would do anything with their teams, but would not work with their hands, and that he did not blame them. At last he took up the topic of winter fun. He advised all the saints to have a good time, to hold parties and sociables, to gather the young together, and not to grudge them their pleasure or misjudge them for loving it. He liked to see them merry and joyful. It was good, he said. After the apostle came an old man, who read a notice calling upon the women to meet somewhere and vote upon a choice of a flower that should be the favorite and emblematic blossom of the Territory. The choir sang, and the meeting ended. Of course no collection was taken up; the tithes are enough. The service disappointed me. It was too practical for my old-fashioned ideas. The one good speaker simply made a business man's address; the others had no fervor. Possibly the fervor came at the ward meetings that night.

In the houses where I was guest I saw absolutely nothing peculiar, unless it was that it seemed to me there was a phenomenal number of excessively rosy and robust children. The wives were hearty and healthy, but it was very evident that motherhood brought an obligation heavier than usual upon their sex. Everywhere I was asked to note the children, to see how healthy and fine they were. Fifty times in one week in Utah that was the topic. Not once in any other State was it spoken of. And they may well be proud of their children, for never was solicitude and pride more richly rewarded.

"Our sons are free to fall in love," said one saint, "but they have no right to fall in love with flimsy, sickly girls. They know there is no excuse for that."

Are the Mormon girls pretty? Many are very pretty—mainly with rustic beauty, to be sure, and yet I saw a number who would be called belles in our largest cities. They were the daughters of the well-to-do, and had tasted travel and training in fashionable schools. Are they nice? That was the first question I asked of a young woman at the same hotel with me.

"You bet they are!" said she. "I'm one myself."

But she was not like one in that, for no other girl or woman that I saw in Utah was so enthusiastic or even a particle slangy in my presence.

I asked what pleasures the girls and boys had, of which the apostle had spoken. I was told that they maintain literary societies "to discuss the poets, and enjoy a light supper afterward"; that they not only give parties and dances at their homes, but that general assemblies are held in the tabernacles in the little towns and villages. A fee is charged, a supper is served, dancing is the chief delight, and an official of the Church is present to preserve order. These communities are little democracies. All work; all are land-owners, and independent in that respect. All are comfortable, and few are rich. Caste is unknown, and whole villages dance as they pray—in harmony together. For the little children are maintained just such party customs as our own little ones enjoy.

There are three colleges in little Logan—the State Agricultural College (officered by Gentiles), the Brigham Young College, and the New Jersey College (a Presbyterian institution). Four-fifths of the tax-payers are Mormons. They spent $5000 in lawyers' fees to keep liquor-selling out of the town, but the Federal courts ruled against them, and the best the Mormons could do was to put the license fee at $1200 a year. The next thing after that was to "taboo" whoever frequented the saloons. While I speak of these virtues, let me add that they are an honest people. They are taught that they must pay their debts. One of the chief financiers of the far West told me that the losses of his company had been less in Utah than anywhere else.

I asked what there was so trying in their tenets as to lead a Gentile to prefer damnation to Mormondom. I fancy I got only a partial answer. It was to this effect: The Church aims to produce a perfect race of men, and to make each generation more nearly perfect than the last. The perfection that men can reach is of the physical sort; the morals God looks after. He puts good souls only in fit bodies. Therefore Mormons may not drink or smoke or use tobacco in any form. They should not use tea or coffee. They should fast one day in every thirty—at least until dinner-time—and give to the poor what is thus saved. They should keep Sunday holy, and go to church twice on that day. That was all I heard. Alas! it was admitted that not all the saints are as strict as they should be.

"One thing you have not seen," said a Mormon lady. "At any moment a deacon may come to our door and join our family circle. He will ask us a number of questions as to our religious welfare if we are well to do; as to our worldly condition if we are struggling. Or perhaps it will be a teacher who will call. 'I wish to read the gospel to-night,' he will say; 'is it agreeable to you?' 'Well, no,' I would say, 'we have company this evening.' Then he would rise and bow himself out, saying that he had fifteen houses to visit this month, that he would go to another and come back to us at another time."

Perhaps if some politician reads what I have told of this Church, the case will strike him as it does me. Never was there a political organization so thoroughly managed as this Church. The socialist philosophers hold that Tammany Hall is the most thorough, self-renewing, and complete political machine known to man. But Tammany Hall is clumsy and superficial compared to this Church. Indiana, the State that is raked with a fine-tooth comb by two parties every year, is poorly looked after beside Utah. Mr. Platt thinks he has reduced organization and the supervision of voters to a science. He is a bungler compared to Brigham Young. What politicians do for a month, once every four years, this Church does all the time—endlessly. It never takes hand or eye off its people. Not even their houses are castles out of which the Church can be shut. With half the saints dignified by office, and all of the rest under constant scrutiny, conceive the power and order of the Church! Yet remember that nothing that is done is felt so as to be resented. All is as kindly as it is shrewdly devised. The Church of Latter-day Saints is the most complete and perfect human machine (if it is human, which the leaders deny), and Tammany Hall has not reached the primer of the science it illustrates.

I have said that there are two hundred thousand saints. They are by no means all in Utah. Their towns and districts almost form a chain north and south of that Territory from Canada into Mexico. They are in Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, the Sandwich Islands, and the countries of Europe. They have four palatial temples—the main one being at Salt Lake City, the Rome of that Church. There is a $600,000 one at Logan, and a more expensive one at St. George, in far southern Utah, where the colonists in the southern Territories and in Mexico must go to perform whatever rites are celebrated in those beautiful but mysterious buildings.

Down in the bottom of Utah the soil is found in little pocketlike valleys and small plateaux, just big enough for orchards or vineyards, but not for grain-growing. Cotton is grown there and coarse cotton goods are made of it. It is said that no other people would have gone there, yet the Mormons are all in comfortable circumstances. Out in the eastern desert end of Utah I heard of Mormons living where a jackal would go mad before starvation brought him an early death. They were huddled on little streams in the sage-brush desert, growing hay, and raising sheep that must possess microscopic eyes with which to see their food.

Utah contains nearly 85,000 square miles and 52,601,600 acres of land and mountains. It is almost 300 miles square, and is as large as New England and New York. Mining is now the chief industry, and gold, silver, lead, and copper are the chief metals that are mined there, the product in 1890 having been $14,346,783. It is the third mining region in the West, and it is said that of all the metals found in the Dakotas, Montana, and Colorado, only tin is lacking in Utah. Men who are familiar with all the new States and the Territories predict a golden and amazing future for Utah. There is water to irrigate thousands of square miles of good land that is embraced in three drainage systems. Wheat, oats, and rye grow well in all the irrigable lands and corn in some. Orchard fruits and small fruits thrive there. Three millions of acres are said to be irrigable and arable. There is a vast store of timber, and the cattle industry finds plenty of range land, now used for 300,000 horned stock, 100,000 horses and mules, and a million and a half of sheep. Precious stones, mineral springs, inexhaustible and vast beds of coal, natural gas, marbles and building stones of many sorts, health resorts, new mining regions, and a certain-to-be-formidable agricultural product, are the assets of the future in this majestic Territory which now holds but 200,000 population.

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WILFORD WOODRUFF,
President of the Mormon Church.

THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE.

"HERE is where we will build the Temple of our God." spoke Brigham Young, the Mormon "Prophet" and der, one summer evening forty-six years ago, accompanyg the declaration by thrusting his cane deep into the soil, ere it remained until the building was actually begun, six ars later.

The Mormons arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake July, 1847. Wearied with the long journey across the en trackless prairies, the little band were looking for the ost desirable location for their future homes. Brigham oung, Wilford Woodruff, now the President of the Mor- on Church, and a few others were reconnoitring for the ost favorable places. Upon arriving at the spot upon hich the stately edifice now stands, Brigham halted, and, ter gazing at the shimmering waters of the distant lake, e snow-capped peaks, and the broad valley in silence for moment, he seemed to catch a gleam of inspiration, and, the act and words referred to, began the work which has st been completed.

At that early date but little more than selecting the site uld be done. The small band which had braved the perils the "Great American Desert" found themselves in a untry where only by the most diligent effort could they pe to maintain themselves. The first decisive step was ken at the General Assembly of the Church held in April, 51, when it was voted to build a temple. The material reed upon was adobe, the only material available at that ne; but this was soon changed to granite, of which abundant supply was discovered in Little Cottonwood non, seventeen miles below the town. Two years later, in bruary, ground was broken and the foundation begun. April 6th, just forty years ago, the four corner-stones re laid with great pomp and ceremony. From that time the present, with the exception of one delay caused by the proach of the army under General Johnson, the work has gressed as fast as the means at hand would permit.

As an architectural design this Temple is one of the most nderful in the world. It is not duplicated by anything, cient or modern. The plans were drawn by a Mormon med Truman O. Angell, and he has been credited with ving designed the edifice; but there are not a few among e members of the association who declare that Brigham as the real architect, and that Angell merely perfected the eas of his superior. The structure is a most imposing one. tuated on an eminence, it commands a full view of the city oper, and is readily perceived from any point in the wn. Being constructed of a variety of granite almost hite, it looks in the distance as if built of pure marble. The sual observer, who glances at the structure while in close oximity, is apt to underestimate the proportions, and go way with a feeling that he has not seen anything remark- ble; but a close inspection works wonders, and after a half- our's survey one is always ready to change the opinion first pressed. The building is best appreciated at a distance ten miles from the city. Though not any higher than me of the leading business houses, except in situation, it is noticeable fact that when all the other buildings seem but confused mass before the eye, the Temple stands out promi- nt in every feature.

The entire length is 186½ feet; width, 99 feet. As will be en by the illustration, there are six towers, three on the st end and three on the west. The entrance is on the east d, and the main tower there is somewhat higher than the estern one, the former being 222½ feet, the latter 219 feet. he height of the building proper is 167½ feet. The walls e massive from foundation to turret. The former is 16 et in depth and thickness, and all the stones are laid in ement. The towers are cylindrical inside, 17 feet in iameter, and each has five ornamental windows. The roof flat, and covers, with the towers, an area of 21,850 feet.

Surmounting the towers, excepting the eastern main ower, are lights connected with an independent electric- ght plant, and when at night these are illuminated the effect more than pleasing; it is magnificent.

The main tower on the east end is surmounted by a work f art in the shape of the angel "Moroni," the spirit that ppeared to Joseph Smith, in the hill Cumorah, and inform- d him as to the location of the golden plates which contain, ccording to the doctrine of the Church, the "new and verlasting gospel." This statue is of copper, 12½ feet in eight, and was made by a Salt Lake artist named Dallin, young man who has achieved something of a reputation, ot only at home, but abroad. It is gilded over with pure old-leaf, and surmounting the crown is a 100-candle-power ncandescent light, which, after evening, is sufficient to illu- minate the figure, and cause it to stand out in the darkness vith an effect beautiful in the extreme.

The interior of the Temple has an air of mystery about it. Up to date none but the faithful have been admitted to its acred precincts, and as none of the inquisitive Gentile re- orters are allowed to enter, the newspaper descriptions of he inside are inaccurate, and chiefly the result of the im- gination of the ubiquitous scribes. As a matter of fact, here are portions of the interior which are as sacred as was 'The Holy of Holies" in the days of the Temple construct- d by the wise son of David.

The basement is divided into several apartments, the arger one being 57×35 feet, containing a baptismal font. The floor is tiled with marble, polished to the highest degree of perfection, while the ceiling is of a sky-blue tint. The ont is of bronze, and, like that in the Temple at Jerusalem, ests on the backs of twelve oxen, also of bronze, which stand with their faces to the east, west, north, and south. Grand and impressive as this apartment is, it is mediocre when compared with some of those on the upper floors. One in particular is deserving of special mention. Resplendent in blue and gold is this magic chamber, while the floor is of blocks of wood not more than an inch square, brought from all portions of the world by the missionaries sent out by the Church. Another apartment adjoining is still more beautiful. White and gold are used, and the effect is to dazzle the eye. The tapestries are all of the purest white, and are rare and costly. All the basins and ewers are of the finest onyx, delicate in tint, and in such profusion that the sight would drive a dealer in this product insane with envy. To be permitted to look upon the magnificent work for an hour is said to be worth a year of one's life and a trip across the world.

The beehive is the emblem of the Church, together with clasped hands, and the motto "Holiness to the Lord." Every handle of door and window has this design, all having been specially made for the purpose. In the basement all the fixtures, including the locks on the doors, the bolts, and hinges, are of brass. On the first floor they are of plated gold; on the second, plated silver; on the third, old-silver; and above that of bronze. The wood-work is of oak, all seasoned and massive in appearance.

The cost of the Temple is a question which even the most astute follower of Brigham hesitates to answer. It has been estimated all the way from $6,000,000 to $12,000,000. The latter figure is believed by those who are in a position to know to be the correct one.

One year ago, when the capstone was being laid, it was not generally believed that the building would be completed in a year more. But the President of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, now eighty-five years of age, addressing the people, said: "My brethren and sisters, we want to finish this Temple; we want to dedicate it to God as soon as we can, so that the vast host who dwell in this region of country can go into it, and attend to the ordinances for their living and for their dead. I hope we shall all lay this to heart, and try to furnish means as far as we may be able in order that the building may be speedily completed."

It was decided at one period of the construction that forty years should be used in building, as was the case in the days of old. Unforeseen events, such as the confiscation of large portions of the property of the Church, crippled the organization, and but for this address it is not likely that it would have been finished.

C. M. JACKSON,
Salt Lake City.

HAVANA.

THE entrance to the harbor of Havana is one of the most beautiful in the world. As the steamer passes along the coast, the traveller is regaled by the most delightful fragrance of flowers wafted on the breeze from land. The sea glistens under the rays of the tropical sun should it chance to be a bright day, and the atmosphere fairly glitters with that peculiar glimmer of the sunshine characteristic of the tropics, as though myriads of gold specks were floating in the air. The traveller is charmed with the balmy climate. The heavens are so blue that when a stranger who has never been to Cuba sees such a sky depicted in one of Chartrand's landscapes, he fancies that it is due to an exaggeration of the painter's brush. The sky is equal if not superior to that of sunny Italy, so celebrated in verse and prose.

The harbor is narrow at the entrance, and well guarded by the fortress Morro Castle on one side, with its bristling cannon, and the Punta on the other, while the city extends beyond, faced by another large fortress, La Cabaña, on the same side as the Morro, and the little village of Casa Blanca, as well as the towns of Regla and Guanabacoa. The Morro is surmounted by a round tower, with a revolving light which can be seen by mariners thirty miles at sea. As the steamer passes close under the battlements of the Morro, these are usually crowded with swarthy Spanish soldiers gazing down at the passengers. When the steamer anchors in the harbor, which widens out into a beautiful spacious bay, it is surrounded with boats of all sizes and descriptions, from the little skiff manned by one boatman alone to a steam-tug with its shrill whistle, while all clamor for the privilege of taking the traveller on shore, as ships do not go up to the docks.

The streets in the business portion of the city are narrow, with high buildings close together. The more modern part of the city has wide streets and handsome residences and numerous parks, where palm-trees grow, their slender trunks rising high in the air, adorned with a tuft of leaves, while the atmosphere is redolent with the perfume of jasmines, roses, irises of all varieties, and rich tropical flowers of every hue.

Some of the dwellings are very handsome, with a wide entrance which serves for man and beast alike, as houses usually only have one portal or large double doors. Houses are built around a court-yard, and the wire-barred windows expose the inmates to the view of the passers-by, who can look into the cool, well-furnished apartments, with marble floors, and into the court-yards, with their rippling fountains refreshing the air with silvery spray, and adorned with tropical plants, which furnish such a pleasant shade. Some residences are two or three stories high, but very few are built any higher.

One of the chief places of interest in Havana is the Cathedral, an old structure gray with age, where the ashes of Columbus, which were brought here from San Domingo, are buried. The Templete is a memorial chapel, and contains a large painting of the first mass ever said in Havana, in which are represented the ancestors of several of the leading Cuban families. The Government Palace is a large building, not very handsome, but quite spacious. The Teatro Tacon stands opposite the park, and is a large edifice, which, compared with the celebrated theatres of Europe, ranks as the fourth. It is a brilliant scene when the Coliseum is lighted up and filled with beautiful women elegantly dressed. The statue of Queen Isabella II. now stands in the park, but during the revolution of 1868 it was dragged from its pedestal and thrown into a ditch, where it remained until the restoration, and Alfonso XII. ascended the throne. Then Isabella was rubbed and scrubbed and reinstated in her post, though whether the inhabitants of the "Ever-faithful Isle," as the Spaniards call Cuba, have any greater regard for her now than then is doubtful.

Society in Havana is charming, and resembles society in Paris, for the Havanese are elegant and polished in their manners, while the men are vivacious, though the women are quiet and languid. Wealthy families usually send their children to Paris to be educated, the boys at the principal universities, and the girls at the most celebrated convents, so when they return home they have usually acquired French ways as well as French views of life. The Havanese are generally votaries of fashion, and the women order their gowns from Worth or some other famous artist. The Cuban dudes are fond of fencing and of all athletic sports, as well as of tripping the light fantastic toe, for they are adepts in the terpsichorean art.

Cuban women are beautiful, with an Oriental cast of features, although there are some lovely blondes with golden tresses, blue eyes, and fair complexion. One beautiful blonde we have in mind married Don Francisco de Bourbon, *Infante de España* and cousin to King Alfonso XII., some years ago. The real Cuban type, however, is a woman with languishing black eyes, rounded graceful form, small hands and feet, dark or pale complexion, with the peculiar waxy whiteness you see in the petals of a camellia, and an indescribable soft and charming manner, exceedingly fascinating.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

TOWING THE CARAVELS.

THE fac-similes of the smaller two of the three vessels composing the fleet with which Columbus made his first voyage of discovery, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, were built by Messrs. Frank Park and Miguel Cordona, at Barcelona, Spain, for the United States government, under an act of appropriation passed at the first session of the Fifty-second Congress. Their construction, from the most authentic plans and descriptions that could be procured, was supervised by Lieutenant William McC. Little, U.S.N. The *Pinta* is of about 110 tons and the *Niña* about 100 tons displacement. The two cost about $15,000 as they left the contractors' hands.

They were towed to Cadiz and Huelva, Spain, by the United States gunboat *Bennington*, and took part in the Columbus festivities at the latter place, October 10, 1892. They were regularly commissioned as vessels of the United States navy, and two commissioned line officers with ten men were assigned to each from the crews of the United States cruiser *Newark* and the gunboat *Bennington*. While lying at Cadiz their sailing qualities were tried, and, after some necessary alterations were made in their steering arrangements, they were fitted out for their voyage across the Atlantic.

On February 18, 1893, the United States cruiser *Newark*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U.S.N., took the *Niña* in tow, and in company with the United States gunboat *Bennington*, with the *Pinta*, left Cadiz. "Buen viaje" (pleasant voyage) wishes were signalled from the Spanish flag-ship *Pelayo*, anchored in the harbor. Lieutenant Thomas B. Howard, U.S.N., with Ensign Warren J. Terhune, U.S.N., was in charge of the *Pinta*, and Lieutenant John C. Colwell, U.S.N., with Ensign Charles A. Brand, U.S.N., was in charge of the *Niña*.

The first day out from Cadiz a strong southeasterly wind was encountered, which caused a short choppy sea that seemed to exactly fit the caravels, but had little effect on the larger vessels. The small vessels bobbed around like corks, with a very quick uncertain motion, much to the discomfort of their crews. This lasted for one day only, when indications of the northeast trade-winds were met with, as had been expected. On February 22d the fleet anchored off Las Palmas, Grand Canary Island, and it being Washington's birthday, the vessels were dressed with the national colors, and a national salute was fired at noon, a couple of small Spanish gunboats assisting in the ceremonies.

Here the *Newark* and *Bennington* filled up with coal and water, and on February 25th they again set sail, with their respective charges in tow. The course was set for the island of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, thus following a course a little more southerly than the one originally taken by Columbus. Light irregular winds were met with, the prevailing direction being from the northeast, but at times coming from the south and westward, with a continual large swell from the northwest. Several sail were sighted. One, the American ship *John McDonald*, of New York, bound probably around the Horn, changed her course and bore down to get a closer view of what probably first appeared to her as a couple of derelicts, or possibly pirates. During the night before reaching St. Thomas a short choppy head sea was met with, which carried away the head boom of the *Niña*, and made it necessary to reduce the sailing speed to about four knots per hour.

On Sunday afternoon, March 12th, St. Thomas was reached. The harbor was crowded with vessels of all descriptions, most of them having put in on account of bad weather. The first appearance of the caravels created no little excitement, the supposition being that they were wrecks which had been picked up in mid-ocean. They were soon surrounded by small boats of all kinds, containing curious crowds of whites, blacks, and intermediate shades of humanity, making inquiries as to "what they were," "where from," and "where for." Several foreign men-of-war were in port. National and personal salutes and visits were exchanged, and all things together, as a local paper remarked the next day, "made a very exciting Sunday afternoon, long to be remembered." Coal and water were here again taken by the *Newark* and *Bennington*, and on March 14th the vessels left for Havana.

The course taken was south of the islands of Porto Rico and Haiti, up through the Windward Channel, and then along the north coast of Cuba, arriving at Havana on the morning of the 21st of March, and thus ending what the writer believes to be the longest tour in regard to time and distance on record. The total distances and time travelled were as follows:

	Knots.	Days.	Hours.
From Cadiz to Canary Islands	710	3	20
" Canary Islands to St. Thomas	2940	15	10
" St. Thomas to Havana	1300	7	0
Total	4950	26	6

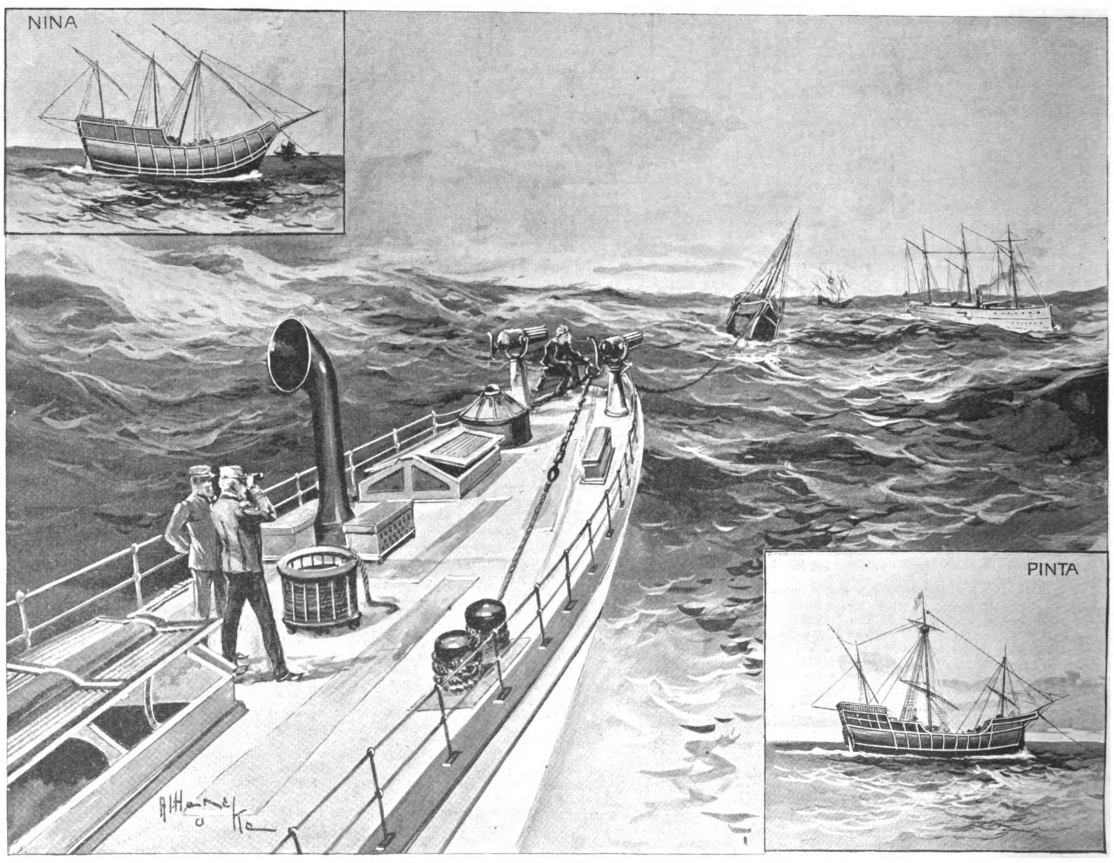
For the whole voyage this gives an average speed of 7.8 knots per hour. Exceptionally fine towing weather was experienced during the whole trip, there not being a day in which any anxiety was felt for the safety of the caravels. Constant care and watching were required to prevent chafing of the tow-lines, and the speed was limited by keeping the steaming capacity of the *Bennington* under half-boiler power. The vessels always kept within signal distance of each other, and with favorable winds generally made sail on the caravels to ease the strain on the tow-lines, and on the towing vessels to save coal.

Upon arriving at Havana crowds lined the shores and docks to see the expected strange-looking little vessels. The national salute of twenty-one guns was first fired by four Spanish gunboats at anchor in the harbor, dressed with the American flag at the main in honor of the arrival. The caravels will be temporarily turned over to the Spanish authorities, who will, upon the arrival of the *Santa María*, take them to the World's Fair at Chicago.

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THE HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.—[See Page 335.]

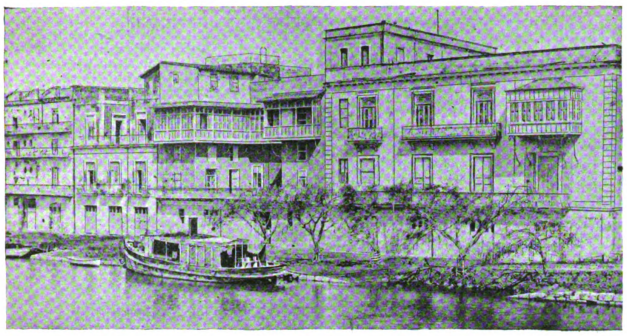


BRINGING THE CARAVELS FROM SPAIN TO HAVANA.

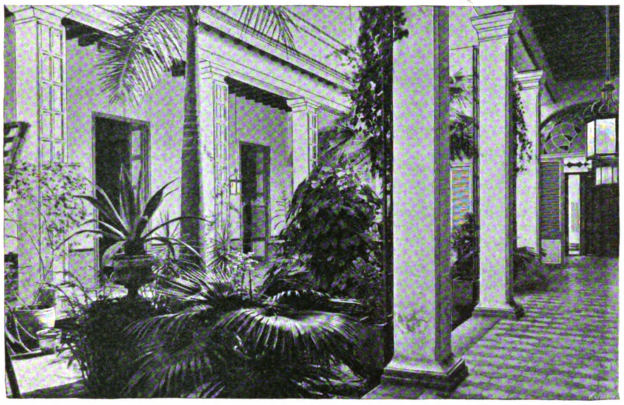
Drawn by Al Hencke after a Sketch by P. A. Engineer Stacy Potts, United States Steamship "Newark."—[See Page 331.]

The *Niña* in tow of the Cruiser *Newark*, and the *Pinta* in tow of the Gunboat *Bennington:* 4950 knots in 26 days and 6 hours.

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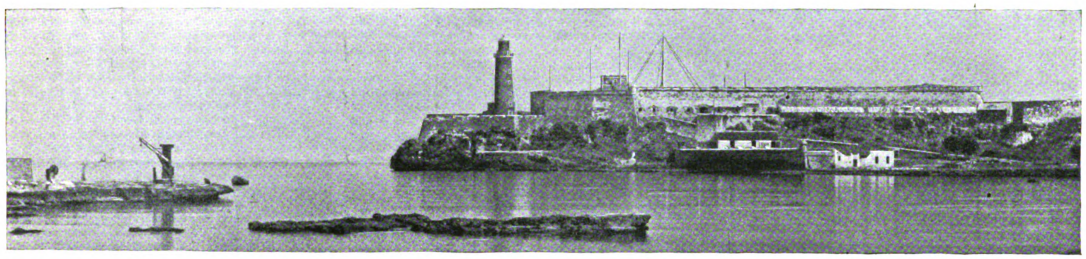
A VIEW OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER, MATANZAS.



COURT-YARD IN A CUBAN DWELLING.



CHURCH OF SAN AGUSTIN, HAVANA.



MORRO CASTLE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



THE CATHEDRAL IN HAVANA, CONTAINING THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA—SCENES IN HAVANA AND MATANZAS.—From Photographs.

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THE VOICE OF FAME.

BY JOSEPHINE BALESTIER.

"HAVE you met him? It really seems—doesn't it?—as if he never opened his mouth without making one laugh. This afternoon people are awfully amused from the minute he's introduced until Miss Prime carries him on to somebody else."

"Yes, Miss Berkeley," said Tyson, looking again towards the dining-room, where his *fiancée* and the man were shiftingly visible beyond the vivacious crowd of young girls and mammas and occasional men; "that's what one feels about these fellows, isn't it? With a reputation for being clever you may say anything. People will shout with laughter if you say 'Good-morning!'"

"Oh-h, Mr. Tyson! I'm afraid you're a cynic! Really, the papers haven't exaggerated his wit at all."

"You've talked with him, then?"

"Yes, indeed!" She spoke in shrill strife with the ceaseless rattle and confusion of tongues. "I'm supposed to be pouring to-day, and Mr. Crome came to me directly for a cup of tea, or rather two cups. It was very funny, his businesslike way about it. I wonder if they always treat it so seriously in England—at receptions, I mean?"

"I don't know," Tyson absently made answer, without discontinuing his intermittent regard of Janet and David Crome. His eyes pronounced upon the young painter's rounded shoulders and ill-fitting coat the New-Yorker's criticism of a man who has gained nothing by the advantage of being Poole's compatriot, and the college graduate's judgment of one who has neglected athletics for classics.

But every time that a break in the moving throng offered a glimpse of Janet's face he assured himself that he had never seen her more beautiful. Small wonder that an artist should be attracted by her, Tyson mused, as he made misfit responses to his companion's amazement that so young a man as David Crome should already be famous, and to her doubts about the fairness of a providence which had bestowed on one and the same person a shining wit and mastery in the great art. Had Mr. Tyson been to the exhibition of Crome's pictures, which was the talk of New York? He answered "no," and then "yes," while suggesting to himself darkly that next thing Crome would be wanting to paint Janet in that dress of queer green and that hat.

"Like to hear him propose it!" he muttered.

She was talking with a certain defiant ease, gayly, eagerly, and, her lover was confident, well. Crome laughed applaudingly, but Miss Erroll seemed to be leaving the famed wit meagre loop-hole for speech. It was borne in upon Tyson that the endeavor of a certain type of woman with a clever man is not so much to draw out his best talk as to convince him that she is as clever as himself.

"She never tried with me," reflected the man of her choice.

Mark Tyson was one of the men, incomplete by a stitch, whose pleasure in the art nearest akin to them is balked by a disquieting sense of their own dumbness in that art; voiceless, they yet have the instinct of expression, and they are not content to listen. In the painting, book, or symphony they find only unrest and a negative pain. Tyson coveted his neighbor's joke.

"We girls," Miss Berkeley was saying, having followed his gaze, "stand quite in awe of Janet. Mr. Crome was so attentive to her at Edith Mardon's, and now again to-day. You must be very proud of her—or, dear me!" noting his black look, "perhaps you are—"

But she caught herself back from the word.

Tyson, who had but half hearkened to her flipper-flapper, turned suddenly upon her. "Tell me, if I may ask, what clever things, now, did he say to you?"

Miss Berkeley whisked out of sight the smile with which she had been observing, through her talk, the contrast between Miss Erroll's gayety and her lover's melodramatic gloom, to answer him:

"Mr. Crome, you mean? Why, I don't know; he said wonderful things, of course, but I don't recollect them word for word. One never does remember such things, you know. We talked about the private view of his pictures, and I told him a lovely joke that has been in the papers about private views, and he led me on so that I told him a lot of stories, and—oh, I don't know; we had a delightful chat; but then Miss Prime wanted to introduce him to some lady, and he had to leave me—as," she added, with her perfectly dressed smile, "I must leave *you*. I ought to go back to my post. He might want a third cup, you know."

When she had resumed her sinecure at the tea table, Tyson, after a moment's hesitation, turned in the opposite direction, and slowly pressed his way with many bows and interruptions—the people closing buoyantly behind him like parted grain—to the end of the drawing-room where his hostess and her débutante daughter stood receiving. The girl, shaking hands with him, gave him a smile as fresh as if she had not been standing for two hours offering it to every coming and departing guest. While he paused at the next step to make his adieu to her mother, the ingenuous Bud selected from the score of bouquets on the mantle behind her one of white roses to match her gown, and skilfully exchanging for this the American Beauties she had been carrying, was prepared the next minute to greet a blond youth with, "You see, I am carrying *your* flowers!"

Tyson ran with angry firmness down the carpeted steps leading to the street, and had walked a block before he noted the premature darkness. His first thought was that he could not leave Janet to go home alone; his second, knowing little of English customs, that he would not leave Crome to accompany her.

He turned back, but at the awning halted abruptly, and was standing thus, irresolute, when an arm pushed its way through his, and Janet said, gayly,

"Is this the way you desert a girl who—"

"Who drags a man to a hot, noisy reception, where he's out of it—or wishes he were," he broke in, recognizing her in the diluted light from the house—"and when she's got him there, calmly drops him. It seems to me that *I'm* the one to talk of desertion."

He took her umbrella, holding it as if the flowers on her hat were natural ones in need of sprinkling, and they walked down Madison Avenue, past a long brown line of houses with closely drawn shades. The corner gas jets forced a blurred radiance through the snow.

Janet patted his arm in mock sympathy. "You poor dear!" she said, lightly. "I thought you'd like a little variety; I'm none. I saw you with Julie Berkeley, or I'd have introduced Mr. Crome to you."

"He, at least, seems to have *his* share of you."

"Yes," said Janet, laughing, "the Lion's share!"

He looked at her curiously. "You weren't afraid of him?"

"Afraid! Why, don't you remember being told as a child that whenever you met a lion the only thing to do was to face him without a twitch or quiver? My old nurse, I know, used to describe the effect on the beast by some long word I didn't know the meaning of, and was too proud to ask. What was it?—oh, 'fascinate'; 'What you got to do, honey, is to look him sq'ar' in de eye, and jest *fascinate* him!'" she mimicked.

Tyson laughed dryly. "Oh, you fascinated him fast enough."

"Why, Mark Wentworth Tyson!" she cried, struck by something in his voice; "let me look at you." She turned him playfully towards the street lamp they were passing. "I do believe you are *jealous!* Shall you challenge him? What a pretty romance it would make—The Lady or the Lion!"

"There's no danger of my being able to challenge him with words—though I should like to see him with men, once! However," he said, "you've probably heard a greater number of *mots* from him this afternoon than you'll hear from me in a lifetime. You ought to marry a clever man, Janet."

"Oh-h!" she returned, in the bantering tone that Mark knew; "it's cleverness, is it, one marries for? I *had* understood it was—"

"Yes, love."

"There, that counts you one."

"Ah, but if I were Crome, I'd be seeing a cat in the window every minute. That counts 500, you know—if you remember last summer," he added, bitterly.

"Yes, he *is* clever."

"I suppose you recollect them—all his fetching sayings?" asked Tyson, with a failing essay of indifference.

"No, goosie; of course I don't. It was charming and diverting, as they say his talk always is, but no more to be bottled up than the smell of a rose."

"But you can make an essence of that."

"I have. It's a laugh." She illustrated saucily.

Tyson felt that he had kept a tight hold on himself. But Janet was provoking.

"I am glad that *you* enjoyed yourself this afternoon," he said, coldly. "But as your pleasure seems to be quite independent of me, I sha'n't burden you with the necessity of looking out for me to-morrow."

"Mark, I won't allow you to speak to me in that way. You are positively—odious!" They had reached her home and were standing on the stoop.

"Well," he said, as he pulled the bell sharply, "Crome isn't."

The maid appeared at the door. Janet looked at Mark in the light that rushed out on them from the hall.

"No," said she, "he isn't," and passed into the house.

Tyson strode fiercely up the avenue, muttering uncomplimentary remarks about himself and the universe.

He meant to absent himself from Mrs. Carteret's reception next day.

But at five o'clock he entered her drawing-room with an air of purpose foreign to the occasion.

Mrs. Carteret's reception differed from Mrs. Prime's of the day before only in that the flowers were of other kinds, and that there were chocolate and bouillon instead of chocolate and tea. There were the same ices and cakes, the same clatter and crowd, and to a certain extent the same people. As, after greeting Mrs. Carteret and her daughter, he made his way towards an open space near the end of the long narrow parlor, Tyson noted, as he had the day before, that every one was asking questions and nobody answering them. He caught the phrases with which he had become familiar: "What a pity we don't see more of each other!" "*So* rushed!" "Have you met David Crome yet?—sparkling repartee—heard what he said about—" "Haven't time; every minute full." "Aren't these receptions a bore? Hope you are coming to mine!"

He was stopped by an acquaintance who wanted to know where he had been all this age, and when, having explained, he turned again towards the vacant spot, he saw Janet there in conversation with David Crome. She smiled over the man's shoulder, and after that Tyson fancied she became wilfully engaging.

He urged his way past her, then returned, and walked the length of the room and back again. He could see Crome's lips move, and though the words did not reach him, Janet's answering laugh did. It ended hesitation. He stopped in front of the pair, knitting his brows, and Janet had no alternative.

Tyson bowed formally as she presented him to the celebrated young R. A., of whom the world had been hearing for six months, and of whom he had been thinking for as many days.

After a few minutes of commonplaces, Janet wandered away with a young girl, and the two men were left in the seclusion of crowds. Tyson recollected as he looked into Crome's face that Janet had said it was made up of contradictions: fair hair and a determined mouth, a high forehead, and an aggressive, humorous nose, and in his eyes the sadness of success.

"How long do you expect to stay in New York?" Tyson asked, measuring his tone against the voices of the gathering. He leaned forward, but did not catch Crome's answer.

"A week, did you say? The papers were accurate, then?"

He looked restlessly about the brightly lighted, rooms as if searching help from their animation, and then, stoutly facing Crome, said, rapidly:

"There's a preposterous kindness I want to ask you. It isn't in the least justified by our acquaintance, and—I should hate myself if I asked it. But I am engaged to Miss Erroll, and—" He broke off with an uneasy laugh. "No, I won't do it; now, at any rate." There followed a moment's awkward pause, which Tyson broke by saying: "Won't you dine with me at my club Friday night? One can't talk in this babel. I should be immensely honored."

A courteous plea of consuming engagements from the man of many attractions would not have surprised Tyson, but he reddened under the mute, panting laugh with which his invitation was received. "Oh, of course—" he began.

Crome interrupted him by a waving gesture of the hand, as one who cannot gather breath for speech, seemed to hesitate, and then, still laughing, took a note-book and pencil from his pocket, wrote swiftly a few words, tore out the sheet, and putting his forefinger to his lips, handed the paper to his companion. Tyson took it with a bewildered, half-resentful scowl, and read these words:

"Very kind of you, my dear fellow. It's easy enough at receptions, but I'm declining dinners at present. Have had laryngitis. Haven't spoken a word for a week."

THE BERING SEA COMMISSION.

THE high court of arbitration which has just begun its sittings in Paris, and which will determine the merits of the controversy as to the jurisdiction in the Bering Sea, and the right to regulate the killing of seals in the waters and on the islands of that sea, is an imposing body. The questions that will come up before the court seem simple enough in their statement. The rights of the United States in the Bering Sea are the rights which Russia ceded to the United States with Alaska. What Russia owned, the United States now owns—no more, no less—and whatever rights England recognized as belonging to Russia the court will recognize as now belonging to the United States. It cannot recognize that the United States has greater rights, because the present claim must rest solely upon the cession from Russia, and that country cannot have transferred more than it possessed. The United States contends that the Bering Sea is not a part of the Pacific Ocean, and that in acquiring Alaska the United States acquired jurisdiction over the waters of that sea. The United States further claims that it has such a property interest in the herds of seals that it has the right to protect that property even on the high seas. England, on the other hand, maintains that the Bering Sea is an open sea, in which all nations have common rights and none exclusive rights. England says that when Russia claimed jurisdiction over Bering Sea this claim was opposed by both England and the United States. England affirms, however, a willingness to enter into a convention by which seal-killing shall be regulated and their extermination prevented. This is the official list of the members and officers of the court:

Arbitrators—on the part of the United States, Associate Justice John M. Harlan and United States Senator John T. Morgan; on the part of Great Britain, Lord Hannen and Sir John S. D. Thompson; on the part of France, Baron de Courcel; on the part of Italy, Marchese Emilio Visconti-Venosta; on the part of Sweden, Judge Gregero W. W. Gram. These are the judges of the court of arbitration, while the commissioners are these: For the United States, Professor T. C. Mendenhall and Dr. C. Hart Merriam; and for Great Britain, Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. George M. Dawson. The officers of the court are as follows: For the United States—agent, Mr. John W. Foster; counsel, Messrs. E. J. Phelps, H. W. Blodgett, and Frederic R. Coudert; assistant counsel, Messrs. William Williams and Robert Lansing; disbursing officer Major E. W. Halford, U. S. A. Besides these there are a number of secretaries, clerks, and stenographers. On the part of Great Britain the agent is Mr. Charles H. Tupper, and the counsel Sir Charles Russell, Sir Richard Webster, and Mr. Charles Russell, the latter having been appointed to take the place of Mr. W. H. Cross, who recently died.

The present interest in this country in the *personnel* of this court of arbitration centres about the American members. Associate Justice Harlan is a large fine-looking man, a native of Kentucky, and now in his sixtieth year. He has been a member of the Supreme Court since 1877, when he was appointed to the place by President Hayes, after serving on the Louisiana Commission. Previous to this he had been the Colonel of a Kentucky regiment on the Union side during the war, a judge of a county court, and Attorney-General of his State. He first attracted national notice at the Cincinnati Republican Convention in 1876, when he appeared as the chief advocate for the nomination of General Benjamin H. Bristow, whose law partner he was in Louisville.

The other American arbitrator is Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, who has served long on the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and has always taken a prominent part in the debates as to measures affecting the relations of the United States with other governments. Mr. Morgan is nine or ten years Justice Harlan's senior, and is a native of Tennessee, although he has lived in Alabama since he was a child. He was a Breckinridge Presidential elector in 1860, and a member of the secession convention in 1861. During the war he entered the Confederate service as a private, and rose to be a Brigadier-General and the commander of a division. After the war he practised law in Alabama, till his election to the Senate in 1876. He has been a member of that body ever since, and of recent years has been a prominent debater on the Democratic side.

The senior American counsel is Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont. Mr. Phelps is in his seventy-second year, but he does not look nearly so old. He was Second Comptroller of the Treasury during the administration of President Fillmore. He was President of the American Bar Association in 1880, and was chosen Professor of Law at Yale the next year. This professorship he has held ever since and still holds, though he did not officiate during the four years of Mr. Cleveland's first administration, when he was United States Minister in London, where he succeeded James Russell Lowell. Difficult though it was for any one to fill such a post with credit after so gifted a predecessor, Mr. Phelps succeeded entirely, bearing himself with so much tact, and speaking with so much eloquence and wit, that many Englishmen, through the native disposition to generalize, came to the conclusion that all Americans were learned and witty and eloquent. Judge Henry W. Blodgett, of Chicago, the second of the American counsel, has long presided over the United States Court for the Northern District of Illinois. Mr. Frederic R. Coudert is a prominent lawyer in New York, of French extraction. Mr. Coudert is President of the Manhattan Club and an active Democrat.

Mr. John W. Foster, the American agent, prepared the case on the American side. He is a native of Indiana. During the war he served in the army under General Grant, and became a Colonel. After the war he was an editor in Evansville, Indiana, and then postmaster of that city. He has served as Minister to Mexico, Minister to Russia, and Minister to Spain. While in Spain he negotiated a treaty, which was never ratified, as Mr. Cleveland withdrew it from the Senate. During the last Democratic administration Mr. Foster practised before the State Department as counsel for foreign legations in Washington. When Mr. Blaine retired from the State Department, Mr. Foster was appointed to the post, which he held until his departure for Paris.

Of the British counsel, Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster are both leaders of the English bar, and there are few cases of note in which either one or both do not appear. Lord Hannen, the senior British arbitrator, began to practise law in 1848, and has been on the bench for twenty-five years. In 1872 he became a member of the Privy Council. His most conspicuous service, perhaps, was as president of the Parnell Inquiry Commission. Sir John S. D. Thompson, the other British arbitrator, is a Canadian, and was born in Halifax in 1844. He has been a member of the Dominion Parliament, and was attached to the British Commission which arranged the fishery treaty in Washington in 1888.

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SOME NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sent to the Senate last week several very important nominations, as he named an Ambassador to Great Britain and Ministers to Chili, to Peru, and to Costa Rica and Salvador. Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, who was Mr. Cleveland's first Secretary of State, is named as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and is the first American to hold so high a diplomatic rank since the early days of the republic. Mr. Bayard will undoubtedly admirably maintain the dignity of the post which has been raised in public esteem, and in actual importance, by reason of the fact that it has rarely been held by others than men of the highest character and ability. Mr. Bayard's natural urbanity, which was severely strained while Secretary of State by the trials inseparable from high executive position in Washington, will probably expand into graceful geniality in the new and pleasant surroundings of diplomatic life. The first thing that strikes one when seeing Mr. Bayard is that he is a very handsome and high-bred man. After knowing him, while this pleasant first experience lasts, it is rather of his abilities, his sincerity of purpose, and his high and spotless character that one thinks. Mr. Bayard is sixty-five years old. He was born in Wilmington, and educated mainly at Dr. E. L. Hawk's school at Flushing, Long Island.

Mr. Bayard studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1851. Except for two years—1856 and 1857—when he lived in Philadelphia, Mr. Bayard has since made his home in Wilmington. When he had been a lawyer only two years he was made United States District Attorney for Delaware. He resigned a year later. At the breaking out of the war the Bayards of Delaware, though State's rights Democrats, were Union men, and it was mainly through their influence that Delaware was kept from seceding.

Mr. Bayard entered the United States Senate to succeed his father in 1869, and was re-elected in 1875 and 1881. When he entered that body he was one of only about half a dozen Democratic members. But from the first his reputation grew. In the Democratic convention of 1872 Mr. Bayard opposed the indorsement of the Liberal Republican ticket, with Horace Greeley at its head. At the next convention, which chose Mr. Tilden, Mr. Bayard was himself a candidate for the nomination. In 1880, when General Hancock was nominated, Mr. Bayard received 153½ votes on the first ballot. And again, in 1884, when Mr. Cleveland was named, Mr. Bayard received 170 votes. Following the example of many other Presidents, Mr. Cleveland invited his chief rival for the nomination to the premiership of his administration.

As Secretary of State Mr. Bayard's record is fresh in the public mind. He conducted the fishery negotiations with Great Britain with skill and good temper, and began the controversy in regard to the Bering Sea matter. His policy was followed by his successors. The most sensational event of his incumbency of the State Department was the sending of his passports to the Hon. Sackville West, the British Minister.

Mr. James D. Porter, ex-Governor of Tennessee, has been nominated to be Minister to Chili. Mr. Porter is past sixty years old, is a lawyer by profession, and was First Assistant Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's former administration. Mr. Cleveland is said to have a high appreciation of Mr. Porter's abilities. He is a large handsome man, and in his State is considered to be a natural leader on account of his forceful character and conciliating manners.

Mr. James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, has been nominated to be Minister to Peru. Mr. McKenzie has been long in public life, and has served in both branches of his State Legislature and in the Lower House of Congress. At the last three Democratic National Conventions he has been a prominent figure, and at all of them advocated Mr. Cleveland's nomination. Mr. McKenzie is an eloquent speaker and a humorist of the first order. At the last convention he carried a part of the State delegation away from Mr Watterson, and this part voted for Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Lewis Baker, of Minnesota, has been nominated to be Minister to Costa Rica and Salvador. Mr. Baker, like so many other men who have become distinguished in the Western States, is a native of Ohio. He has been a newspaper man pretty nearly all his life, as he became a printer while still a boy. He was the owner and editor of the Ohio *Statesman*, being associated in the management of that paper with the late S. S. Cox. Later he owned the Wheeling *Register*. While in West Virginia he became very active in politics, and headed the delegation of that State to the Democratic National Convention which first nominated Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency. Since then he has been one of the most devoted of Mr. Cleveland's political friends. He has, with one exception, hitherto declined office. The exception was when he took a nomination for the Minnesota Senate in a strong Republican district and won. Although a majority of the Senate were Republicans, Mr. Baker was elected President. He has been a zealous advocate of the improvement of the Mississippi River. He is well known by politicians and newspaper men East and West, and is everywhere quite popular.

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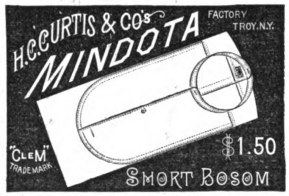
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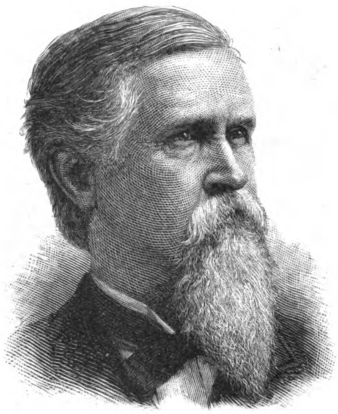
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THE HON. JAMES A. McKENZIE,
United States Minister to Peru.



THE HON. JAMES D. PORTER,
United States Minister to Chili.



THE HON. LEWIS BAKER,
United States Minister to Costa Rica and San Salvador.

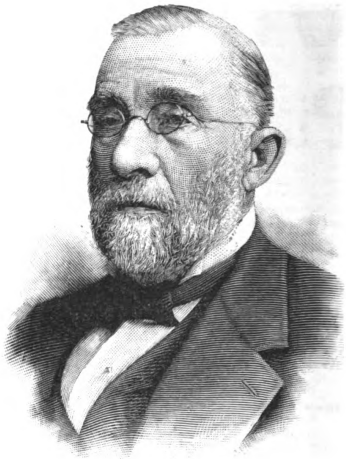
NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS.—[See Page 335.]



JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN,
Arbitrator on the Part of the United States.



HON. JOHN T. MORGAN,
Arbitrator on the Part of the United States.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



JUDGE H. W. BLODGETT.
Counsel for the United States.



HON. E. J. PHELPS,
Counsel for the United States.



HON. FREDERIC R. COUDERT,
Counsel for the United States.



HON. JOHN W. FOSTER,
Agent of the United States.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE UNITED STATES MEMBERS OF THE BERING SEA COURT.—[See Page 334.]

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brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

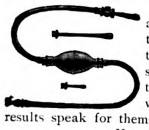
Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in **50 cent** and **$1.00** bottles, but it is manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name **Syrup of Figs**; and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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The Original Davidson Syringe.



In order that rubber articles should stand the test of time it is essential that only the very best stock be used. This is the plan we have always gone on, and the results speak for themselves.

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I desire no other goods for excellence, perfection, and durability. I have used them for nearly 25 years.

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WE guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

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Special Poudre de Riz

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Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

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TOOTH POWDER

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AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
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Absolutely Pure and Soluble.

NO ALKALIES or OTHER CHEMICALS or DYES

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POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK,	$10.00
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Each guitar is standard size, has nickel-plated patent heads and tail piece, pearl position dots, Orange polished sound boards, fancy-wood inlaid sound hole, hard-wood polished neck, rosewood finger board. The Rosewood guitar has an inlaid edge, also.

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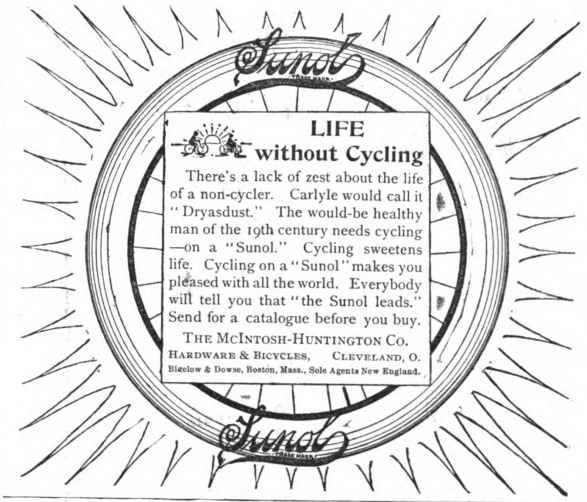
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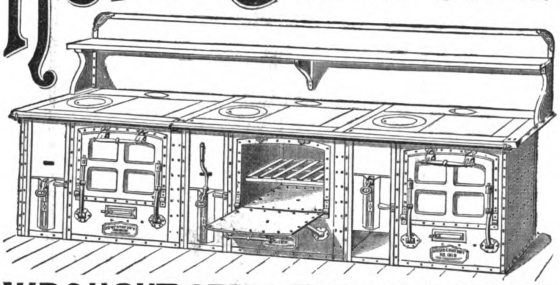
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WARRANTED to wear 25 years.—HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks.



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WROUGHT STEEL FRENCH RANGES

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HOTEL and KITCHEN OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

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The following is an **EXTRACT** from same:

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A Copy of the Complete Article will be Mailed Free.

On receipt of price we will ship, express paid, our "White Label" Soups in case lots to any part of the United States reached by express. Delivered prices: Quarts $3.00 per dozen. Pints $2.00 per dozen, ½ Pints $1.50 per dozen.

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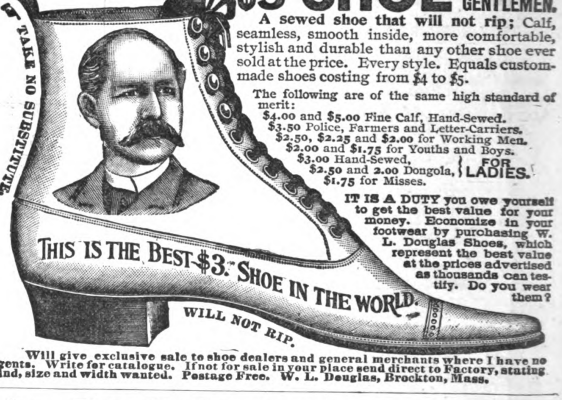
Send 10 Cents and the name of your Grocer for Sample Can.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
SOUP DEPARTMENT,
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RETAIL 25c PER QUART

BEWARE OF FRAUD.
Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.



A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
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$3.00 Hand-Sewed, } FOR LADIES.
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.





The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is **A. W. GUMP & CO.,** DAYTON, OHIO. **$30 to $50 saved** on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over **2000** in stock. Cash or time. **Agents wanted.**

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*



The olden Sports on their heads used ice,
But ice is "not in it"—it will melt, sir;
The modern Sports use something very nice,
The world-renowned BROMO-SELTZER.



AGENTS making from $5 to $15 per day. Sample knife and particulars sent for 50c. to any one wishing to act as agent.

THE WONDERFUL CHRISTY KNIVES CUT Bread and Cake without Crumbs, Meat without Shreds, Fruit without waste. That "Arched bevel edge" does the work easily, perfectly, artistically. Cuts thin slices as well as thick. Cuts hot bread and cake as well as stale. Keeps sharp longer than any other knife in the world, and can be re-sharpened by regular steel or whetstone. Sold everywhere.
THE CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, O.

IT IS THE EDGE THAT CUTS

Made FROM THE FINEST OF STEEL.

THE CHRISTY KNIVES ARE PATENTED: Any one selling an imitation will be prosecuted.

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A SOLITARY EXILE.

THERE is a remarkable recluse on the top floor of the big six-story building No. 87 Gold Street. For nine years he has not left his quarters, or gone down a flight of stairs even. All his food is carried up to him, and he rounds out the years in uneventful solitude.

The hermit is a big gray horse, seventeen years old, and weighing over 1300 pounds, and he earns his keep by going ceaselessly round and round a tan-bark ring pushing a sweep, and furnishing power for hoisting bales of leather to different floors.

Few busy New-Yorkers know that a few years ago horse-power was almost entirely used for hoisting purposes in the leather district popularly known as "the Swamp." The story goes that a short time back a gentleman who lived at an uptown hotel, and who was chiefly noted for his conviviality, found himself by some unaccountable means on Spruce Street at an early hour on a Sunday morning. Looking up at the sky, through which the dawn was just breaking, he saw, or thought he saw, a horse's head projecting through an upper window of a tall building. He could hardly believe there was a horse there, and he looked again, and saw a white equine head clearly outlined against the sky. Thoroughly alarmed as to his condition, he hurried to a cab, drove to his hotel, and hastily rousing some friends who worshipped Bacchus only to a moderate degree, returned with them to Spruce Street. Much to his relief, his friends too soon saw the horse's head, and the party returned uptown, one of them at least in much better spirits than he came.

The horse at 87 Gold Street is the only remaining equine elevator in the Swamp. Nine years ago he was hoisted to the top floor, and every working day since then he has earned his daily oats by walking round and round his tan-bark ring. He has never left the top floor, and he probably never will till his body is taken away for burial. He hears the neighs and whinnies of other horses far below him in the busy streets, but he cannot respond; he cannot rub noses with other horses, and he has forgotten what it is like to be turned out to pasture and feed on fresh green grass.

His owners estimate that he travels nine miles a day, on an average. According to this estimate he has covered 21,000 miles around his ring, and if he lasts eight years more, as is expected, he will at the end of his service have covered 40,000 miles in round numbers.

The sweep is connected by shafting and belting with a hoisting-rod which passes each floor through a hatchway. The horse is started by putting the main belt in motion by a pull, and he is stopped at any desired floor by the ringing of a bell which is close by him, and connected with a rope which also runs through the hatchway.

Ten or fifteen years ago there were many hoisting horses in the leather district, but they have been supplanted by steam and electricity. The latter power is not much cheaper, but more reliable, as the horses soon learned the ropes and went on strike, so to speak.

The pulling of the belt starts the sweep, in a sense, and if the horse is so disposed, starts him as well. It starts the horse the same as letting go the brake of a street car starts the horses up. They know it is the signal to go, and that if they don't start they will get a cut of the whip. But the hoisting horses soon learned that the pulling of the belt alone did not compel them to work, and they soon got to doing as they pleased.

It was a common thing for a man to pull the belt on the second floor repeatedly and ineffectually, and then rush up to the top floor and find the horse sitting complacently on his haunches, with an air of calm indifference on his face. When a horse reached this stage of knowledge and independence it was necessary to have a boy stand near him with a whip, and this materially increased the expense.

Blind horses were usually used, as they were cheaper, and did their work as well as if not better than those that could see.

Mr. William Palen, as one of the firm which owns old Peter, the animal in question, says: "Peter is a good worker, and is apparently thoroughly satisfied. He eats well, is in good health, and was never known to complain. He never went on strike, and when the belt doesn't start him we know he is asleep, and the ringing of the bell always wakes him and starts him in motion."

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE YALE SIDE OF THE ATHLETIC QUESTION.

BY WALTER CAMP.

WITH the first of this year the Yale captains, after consulting with the captains of former Yale teams and crews, decided that some immediate action must be taken to bar out from college athletics the steadily increasing semi-professional element in the shape of imported athletes. The rule they determined upon, and by which each agreed to conduct his own organization, was as follows: "No member of a graduate department or special student shall be eligible, nor any undergraduate who has registered or attended lectures or recitations at any other university or college, nor any undergraduate who is not pursuing a course requiring for a degree attendance for at least three years."

In defining Yale's position upon this question it is only fair to preface that definition with the statement that there is at New Haven, beside the majority who passed the rule which set this discussion moving, a very respectable minority who voted against that rule, but who, meeting with defeat, must therefore bear the burden of that defeat in the form of seeing their opinion ignored. In defining Yale's position, therefore, as I am requested to do, I shall give the opinions of those who were the leaders in this reform movement. Primarily, they enjoy the distinction of being the pioneers of a much-needed reform, and it is always an admittedly courageous thing, either in college athletics or in the world at large, to take the first step toward the extinction of evil practices. The desirability of action could not be better proved than by the headlong haste with which other universities and colleges followed with rules bearing upon the same issue.

The difficult step, and the one which was sure to be met with bitter opposition, was the first step taken. Probably no men knew this better than these pioneers, the captains of the four important athletic branches at Yale, when they met and decided upon it. Certainly their fears might have been well founded, as after-events showed; for not only abroad but at home they met with the most violent opposition. But when a college baseball captain has faced the fact that to act according to his lights he must give up his pitcher, his second baseman, his probable best batsman, and first baseman, together with other lesser candidates, for the good of a principle, it is not likely that he will be deterred by any cowardly fear of what people will say. When the captain of the crew knows that it will sacrifice two of the best men in his boat and of a winning crew, when the captain of the football team knows that it will cut off his best half-back, each has already faced the, to him, hardest feature, and the after-events come with gradually lessening force. All these men had come, from their peculiarly close relations to college athletics, to appreciate the fact that the insidious evil of professionalism was gaining such a hold that none but the most sweeping legislation could make a successful stand. They met together and adopted such legislation, neither publishing it broadcast nor courting notoriety in any way, but agreeing that at Yale this reform should be attempted, and that special students, graduates, and men who had been members of any other college, should be barred. It should be in the future a strictly Yale team, Yale crew, Yale nine, and Yale athlete, and that, too, an undergraduate who should carry the blue to victory or defeat. No importations, no athletes for revenue only, and no perpetual athletes. The football officers being the first who should go out of office, wishing to face the results of their own actions, and not leave them as a cowardly legacy to their successors, called a meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Association, and there fought their case. Then the gathering storm broke, beginning at home. Their power was impeached, a thing never before heard of, and they were practically arraigned before the college. But they stuck to their post and their measure, and have made the imported, paid, and perpetual athlete an impossibility at Yale, until January 1, 1894. After that the deluge, perhaps. But meantime other universities and colleges will have taken such steps that, no matter what may be the calibre or the backbone of the successors of the present Yale captains, the college world will have been made no place for the professional athlete.

Now a word regarding the man who admittedly has received or does receive money for his prowess—the undisguised professional—for I see that some of the resolutions adopted by others bring in a rule barring him. Such a rule already exists in every constitution Yale competes under, and it is but fair to note Yale's position regarding those rules. In football the rule is that no professional or man who is paid, or receives, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument as present or past compensation for, or as prior consideration or inducement to playing, unless the same be received from or paid by or at the instance of the football association, athletic committee, or faculty of such university or college or any individual whatsoever, shall be eligible.

And Yale not only called the meeting that adopted that rule, but also proposed the rule, and fought it through to a successful issue in spite of a similar tirade of abuse based upon the argument that it affected men already upon teams. In baseball, when the original Intercollegiate Association was formed, Yale delegates attended with the others; but when the others refused, in the drawing up of the constitution, to insert a rule barring out professionals, the Yale delegates withdrew, and it was only upon the adoption of such a rule the following year that Yale joined the association. Nor was it from any ulterior motives; for Yale, although refusing to become members of any association not barring professionals, met every nine with a strictly amateur nine in that association, and defeated them one after the other. The Intercollegiate Association has been swept away, but in the individual agreements there still remains that rule barring the professional. In the Track Athletic Association a similar rule barring the professional obtains, as also in all the boating agreements. And the very reason for the still more sweeping legislation now advocated—not alone by Yale, but all the others—lies in the fact that it has been the experience of every one who cares to face facts rather than promulgate high-sounding rules, that no rule requiring the proof of money received has ever been sufficiently operative to cleanse from the professional element or to debar them from further entrance. Particularly in college athletics the rule will never be more than a bugbear, because no gentleman cares to do the sneaking work required to trace out the concealed recompense, and that recompense is offered and received in the majority of cases without the sanction of the captain, and in so indirect a way as to deceive almost every one. But the suspicious characters, while some of them may enter the regular undergraduate departments, have been nine times out of ten either special or graduate students, because the study part and the examination part are in those departments either more optional or not of necessity required.

Professor E. L. Richards, of Yale, whose opinion upon college athletic questions is based upon a longer intimate knowledge of the facts with which this rule deals than the opinion of any other man, is the stanchest supporter of the undergraduate rule. In fact, it has been a belief of his for many years, and these are the arguments he advances in its favor. He says that allowing graduates to play has led to the importation of players, and that this importation can be divided into two classes—those entering the departments of law, medicine, and theology, and special students in other departments.

This importation leads: 1. To the presentation in collegiate contests of teams, crews, and nines which do not represent the university, but the university re-enforced by players from other colleges.

2. It deprives the athletic contests to a great extent of their educational power by discouraging the undergraduate from trying for the positions so likely to be filled by these special experts.

3. It checks the development of athletic ability in the undergraduate department in a similar fashion.

4. It makes the competition for places unfair, because the graduate students are more masters of their own time, as their work is more of an optional nature.

5. It makes it impossible to purify athletics from the suspicion that these imported players come for pecuniary considerations, and so degrades the standing of the sports.

6. The loose system of registration in graduate departments would make a time residence clause inoperative.

For these reasons he believes that the rule admitting to eligibility only those men who have never attended any other college, and those who are undergraduates studying for a degree, is the one needed in the present crisis. Yale has adopted this at home, and has voted for it at every meeting of associations or leagues of which she is a member. Beyond this she cannot go except at the expense of saying that her rule is the only possible one, and the spirit which has led her for years to meet her two strongest rivals, even though they did not meet each other (and thus rendered it necessary for Yale to win two hard-fought contests to reach the nominal championship, while either rival had to win but one), rather than to refuse to play unless a fairer arrangement was effected, will undoubtedly keep her in the lists, whether at a disadvantage or not. Moreover, there has never yet been an occasion when differences of opinion between Harvard and Yale have kept them apart for more than a season, so that it is fair to assume that in the present instance, though each may have her own publicly and privately expressed views, the fact that they compete with one another will go far toward an eventual yielding by both sides to a compromise meaning still one more step in the encouraging progress of athletic sports among gentlemen.

THE SUPPLY OF GAME.

INFLUENCE OF CLUBS AND PRIVATE GAME PRESERVES.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

IT has been the custom lately for unthinking sportsmen to denounce the formation of private shooting and fishing clubs in a manner more vigorous than just. It does seem hard that we should be shut out from shooting and fishing over grounds that from time immemorial have been open to us; but experience proves that in every case where the public has had free access the supply of fish and game has rapidly become exhausted, for the reason that the public is always more or less selfish, and will not give the game or fish a fair chance. For instance, in no case have I ever known a trout stream to be fished out that was fairly fished. It is the set lines, nets, and dynamite that play the mischief, to say nothing of the foolish habit of catching fingerlings for count. If people would stop to think a moment, or take the trouble to inform themselves, they would find that clubs do a wonderful deal of good, for not only are members of clubs close observers of the game-laws, but they spend much time and money in restocking barren localities, and introducing new and valuable varieties. Take, for instance, the Adirondack Club. When they first took possession of their property on the head-waters of the Hudson River, deer had been killed off so close that it was almost impossible to start one, no matter how many hounds were put out, while now, after a few years of protection, they fairly swarm, and not only afford abundant sport for the members, but have restocked the surrounding wilderness. Does are never allowed to be killed on their grounds. The first thing all such clubs do is to put a reasonable limit on the amount of fish or game to be killed or taken by their members.

When the Indians were banished from the plains they left a stock of game that seemed practically inexhaustible. Bison, elk, and antelope swarmed on the prairies in countless thousands. And now, after a few years, they have utterly passed away, the few scattered individuals that have escaped to the secluded valleys among the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains are being followed up, and are rapidly being exterminated by the taxidermists to supply sportsmen from the East and abroad with trophies. These countless herds were not killed for food, as the Creator intended, but for the sake of the few dollars their skins would fetch. Fortunately there are a few private preserves and parks where public-spirited sportsmen have managed to keep together and protect a few specimens of bison, elk, etc.; and in Yellowstone Park a few small herds are closely protected by the government, so that these grand animals will not become utterly extinct.

Mr. Austin Corbin has a fine preserve in New Hampshire. He has now a herd of thirty-three American bison, and is doing his best to save a few specimens of our big game for the next generation. Dr. William Seward Webb has purchased an immense tract of land in the Adirondacks, and intends to give the deer and trout a fair chance. Hounds, nets, and set lines will be unknown. His nearest neighbors, Colonels Brandreth and McAlpin, are too good sportsmen to allow their stock of deer and trout to be diminished by unfair means. Blooming Grove and Tuxedo Parks are also doing their share of restocking their woods and waters, and in doing this of course they naturally restock the whole neighborhood.

During the last few years the formation of clubs has gone on with wonderful rapidity, not only in the States, but up in the Canadian wilderness. Their membership runs up into the thousands, and miles upon miles of territory have been secured. Thinking people see that it is the only way that they can secure sport in the near future, and already the prices of shares in these clubs have rapidly increased in value, as in the Restigouche Salmon Club and South Side Sportsmen's Club, where they have already risen beyond the reach of moderately wealthy sportsmen, and are passing into the hands of millionaires. The only trouble with some of these clubs is that they are entirely too comfortable and luxurious; no sleeping on hemlock boughs with the whole of Canada or Maine for a bedchamber, but as fine quarters and table as one can find in a first-class New York hotel.

One of the oldest and most influential associations is the New York Association for the Protection of Game, formerly the old New York Sportsman's Club. This association is exclusively a club to enforce the game-laws in New York city. It was started May 20, 1844, by a few prominent New York gentlemen interested in field sports. This association has been the model and parent of hundreds of similar associations throughout the States, and has been the means of procuring and enforcing proper legislation for the protection of game and fish in this State. Its present officers are: Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, president; Colonel Alfred Wagstaff, vice-president; Thomas N. Cuthbert, counsel and treasurer; Wakeman Holberton, secretary; Robert B. Lawrence, assistant counsel. When first started there were no game-laws in existence, and the markets supplied game all the year round, regardless of the close or breeding season. It has been found that one of the best methods of protecting game is to prevent the sale during the close or breeding season.

Tons of game are stored during the open season, and kept frozen, to be peddled out illegally by restaurants and caterers during the close season. Game so preserved is usually unfit for food and often dangerous. It would be a great public benefit if the Board of Health would put a stop to the sale of this stale and tainted stuff, which some people will buy because they think it is a smart thing to do, and not because they like it.

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IMMIGRATION AND ANNEXATION.

THERE are many good citizens among us who watch the influx of large numbers of immigrants, especially those coming from the south and east of Europe, with serious alarm. They think that these people, having grown up under the influence of political and social institutions, customs, ways of thinking, and habits of life widely different from ours, are not only utterly ignorant of the nature and working of our system of government, but presumably incapable of understanding and appreciating it; that they threaten to remain an unassimilable element in our population, calculated to deteriorate our social condition, and that it will, therefore, be a highly dangerous experiment to endow them with political rights enabling them to take part in governing the republic. It will, indeed, hardly be denied that many of the new-comers, especially those of the Latin and Slavic races, appear at first sight in a high degree unfitted for the enjoyment and exercise of the rights and privileges of American citizenship, and that not a few of them will remain a distinctly foreign element among us as long as they live. But no candid observer will fail to recognize the fact that however intractable the original immigrants may be, the process of assimilation in a large majority of cases tells very forcibly upon their children, and that the third generation is likely to be but little, if at all, distinguishable in their habits, intelligence, ways of thinking, and fitness for American citizenship from other members of the community in the same walks of live. This is the general rule. There are exceptions, no doubt, but certainly not enough to put our institutions to any dangerous strain.

This assimilation is facilitated by an interesting combination of influences. The immigrant finds here a people busily at work under local conditions which promise, not a comfortable sustenance without an effort, but ample reward to vigorous exertion, and which at the same time are most favorable to the steady exercise of the physical as well as the mental forces. Our people are accustomed to the use of self-government, and to the habits of order and law-abiding self-restraint, which make self-government possible. Free institutions, the protection of individual rights, submission to the legally expressed will of the majority, and government by public opinion have been found by our people to be a necessity of their existence, and as to the maintenance of these free institutions they are naturally and instinctively conservative. A society so occupied and animated has great power of assimilation and absorption, for it is a great educator. If it does not wholly assimilate those of the original immigrants who are of the very ignorant or stupid or perverse kind, it is at least very apt to make their children, who grow up under its influence, its own. That after the absorption of foreign elements on a large scale the character of the population will not remain the same it was before is undoubtedly true. But in the crossing of nationalities those elements that have the greatest vitality under the surrounding circumstances, and are the most congenial to the conditions under the influences in which they live, will be the most potent force. In a climate which requires as well as encourages vigorous activity and stimulates the energies of human nature we observe the elevation of lower types to a higher one, or assimilation upward.

It is different in tropical latitudes, where nature is so bountiful in its production that man can live without steady work, and where, moreover, the influences of climate impede and discourage vigorous exertion. While the countries under a temperate climate are the home, the natural field of activity of, roughly speaking, the Germanic race, of which the Anglo-Saxon is the most vigorous branch, and while here Germanic vigor is the absorbing element, the assimilating force, the tropics are the home of the African and Indian races, and there they flourish best. The Anglo-Saxon may appear there as a conqueror and a ruler, as the Englishman appears in India, holding other races in subjection with a military and administrative force, which, so to speak, acts as a garrison. But the Anglo-Saxons, with all their native vigor and vitality, have never been able to found and maintain anywhere in the tropics populous commonwealths of their own stock with free political institutions. Even their military and administrative garrisons have to be renewed from time to time, because the tropical climate is so unsuitable to the man of Germanic origin that he inevitably degenerates under its enfeebling influence. It is much more congenial to the Latin races, but even they do not preserve there the best traits of their original character. They, however, commingle readily with the native populations, and thus grew up that Latin-Indian-African mixture which we find in the Central and South American states and on some of the West Indian Islands. This population is on its tropical soil the assimilating force, and if Anglo-Saxons go among them to stay they will appear there as exotic plants, and in the process of assimilation the Anglo-Saxons will lose more than the Indian-African-Latin mixture will gain. It will be assimilation downward, degrading the higher type to a lower one. It is hardly necessary to elaborate how the population flourishing in the American tropics has indeed succeeded in founding commonwealths with nominally free institutions, but how these commonwealths have drifted into a chronic state of lawlessness and revolution. There never was a stable democracy in the tropics. Tropical republics have continually oscillated between two extremes—liberty which meant anarchy, and order which meant despotism. As BOLIVAR himself once said, the attempt to plant democratic institutions in those tropical regions is like ploughing the sea.

Nothing is more curious than to hear serious men, who are terrified at the perils brought upon this republic by the immigration of a few hundred thousand Italians and Hungarians, speak with the utmost coolness of the annexation of tropical countries as a thing devoutly to be wished. It is true they ask at present only for the annexation of Hawaii, because it is the "key" to the interoceanic canal in particular and the Pacific Ocean in general; or for Cuba, or San Domingo, because it is the key to the Gulf of Mexico, and necessary for the security of our coast, and so on. But they forget that a key needs another key, an outpost another outpost, for its protection, and that if we need them we must encircle the globe with our possessions, and require a large fleet to protect them, like Great Britain. In other words, one annexation will call for another, that for another, and there will be no visible end. For instance, if we possess Cuba, we shall find that the other West India islands in the hands of other powers "threaten" Cuba, and to secure what we have we must have the other islands too; we must "command" the Gulf of Mexico, and to that end possess the western shores of it—that is, Mexico and Central America. We shall not stop north of the Isthmus of Darien. If we possess those countries, we shall have to embody them in our political system, that is, make States out of them, and permit the people of those States not only to govern themselves, but to take part in governing the United States, in governing *us*, through their Senators and Representatives. While entertaining serious apprehensions as to the safety of the republic in admitting to our shores a few hundred thousand Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians, who may be absorbed by our people under the favorable conditions of our Northern climate, we are to add to our population by annexation many millions of people of the Latin-African-Indian mixture who have nothing in common with us, neither language, nor habits, nor ways of thinking, nor political institutions, nor morals; and these people, too, by the baneful influence of the tropical climate, rendered incapable to acquire those habits of calm reasoning, of sober self-restraint, of orderly acquiescence in the will of the majority, which are necessary to true democratic government. Nor can we hope to fill those countries by migration with a population of the Germanic race, for it is a well-known fact that the migration of large masses of people follows certain isothermal lines, and that the Germanic race never goes in masses to the tropics for permanent settlement.

We may sometimes be told that such people wish to be annexed to the United States. What does such a wish mean? Not only the desire to be a part of this republic, but also to have their proportionate share of power in governing it. If the people of the Canadian Dominion expressed such a wish, a people who speak the same language with us, have the same code of morals, the same ways of thinking, the same habits and experiences of self-government—well and good. But as to the people of the tropics, no commercial advantages, no addition to our natural resources and our wealth, no increase of external power, can pay for the dangers they would bring with them. May a benignant fate save us from such acquisitions! May the American people well beware of the beginning!

AMBASSADORS AND THEIR PAY.

THE difficulty under which our important foreign ministers have always labored, unless they happened to have independent means, is straitened circumstances. Their salaries have not been sufficient to meet the demands made upon them. The answer to this that is frequently made is that the ministers of the United States should be of sterner stuff than to yield to social and fashionable demands. This is all very well, but human nature is such that when a man, or woman either, finds himself or herself in certain conditions of life, surrounded by people living in a certain way, the temptation to live up to the common standard is almost irresistible. Moreover, there is a patriotic sentiment which induces those who represent the country to try at least to make as good an appearance as their neighbors of the diplomatic corps. And, as a matter of fact, no one is more likely to criticise the penurious spirit of the minister who attempts to live on his salary than the man who objects to increasing it.

The leading missions of Europe must now be filled by men who possess incomes beyond their salaries. Recent American ministers to Paris have had command of large fortunes and have lived in princely fashion, but the time is not long gone by when an American representative to France, a poor man, who had served the country gallantly in the war, was obliged to live in humble lodgings over a grocery store. It is often said that a foreign minister can transact his business as well whether he is a social factor or not, but this is very far from being true. A diplomat out of society is at a great disadvantage, for the simple reason that he does not learn the secrets of his craft.

How pinched our diplomatic agents are was well illustrated in Mr. LOWELL'S time. A rich American, proud of his country, and wishing to leave a monument to his liberality and patriotism, decided to purchase a fitting legation-house in London for the American minister, but Mr. LOWELL begged him not to carry out his generous intention during his term of office, for the cost of maintaining such a house would have been nearly three times his salary. Mr. LINCOLN has lived becomingly but modestly during his tenure of the English mission, but he recently stated to a friend that his annual expenditure has been $35,000, or just double his salary.

What the expenditure of an embassy will be depends on the means of the ambassador, but if our ambassador to London or to Paris were to be paid a salary equal to that of the President, he would not be able to do more than return the official courtesies of the country to which he was accredited, and of his fellow-members of the corps.

All of this means that an American ambassador who has no private fortune will be unhappy, and unhappy men cannot successfully transact business. If present pay is inadequate for ministers, it is absurd for ambassadors, and yet Congress is not likely to increase salaries. It has sanctioned a title authorized by the Constitution, but is unwilling to pay for what the title calls. For several years the fact has been recognized that only rich men, or at least men who had something beyond their pay, could afford to accept the London, Paris, or Berlin mission, Mr. LOWELL and Mr. PHELPS being exceptions. The raising of the grade to an ambassadorship makes the obstacles to poor men all the greater. An impecunious ambassador would be ridiculous, and as the increased rank is practically of no benefit to the country, the sooner we return to the old rank the better. The country will be better represented by a self-respecting minister than by an ambassador who is the object of universal commiseration because his meagre salary compels him to live in lodgings.

A MAN AND A MAID.

THE poet has already called attention to the satisfactory attitude of coy uncertain woman when pain and anguish wring the brow. The poet is right. Not only is she on such occasions a ministering angel, but she is often a great deal more. Take, for instance, the recent case of a young lady in western Minnesota, reported in the newspapers. Here was a woman who was a ministering angel, a rescuing party, a team of horses, and a justice of the peace—to continue speaking in the figurative language of the poet.

The incident to which we refer took place as long ago as last February, but news of it seems only now to have penetrated to the outside world. But a tale like this can never grow old. It appears that at Bird Island, Lac Qui Parle County, a few miles from the South Dakota line, there lives a young man named SAMUEL CARPENTER. He deserves no better description, however, than the play-bill one of "lover to MAUD DASSETT." For this young lady, also a resident of Bird Island, is the real hero of the occurrence—if a lady can be a hero, as we suppose she can in these days of woman's rights. It further appears that SAMUEL has long loved MAUD with an ardor which nothing could cool. Indeed, the late winter could not cool it, which is the most we can say. He told his love, as young men sometimes will when properly managed, and after much persuasion he succeeded in getting a bashful promise from the young lady to be his wife. But she was coy, coy and uncertain, and he sometimes doubted if he should ever be able to lead her to the altar. As events showed, he never was able.

Of course the lady's father was opposed to the match—well-regulated and self-respecting ladies' fathers always are. Notwithstanding this the young couple decided to be married in the spring—this present spring, which has crept upon us and found our street-cleaning department asleep. That is, SAMUEL CARPENTER decided on the spring—the shy MAUD could not be brought to fix upon any certain date. In February the hair of SAMUEL CARPENTER was caused to stand on end by hearing a report that Miss DASSETT'S father was about to send her away to Europe, or seal her up hermetically in a convent—the details of the report varied. The young man instantly sought the lady and implored her to fly with him. He pointed out that nothing but an elopement could save them. She was much perturbed at the prospect, and for a long time she hesitated. At last she consented to go with him the next morning at four o'clock. She seemed half stunned at the prospect, and she almost fainted as he told her good-by. As he hurried down the street to engage the fastest team in Bird Island, he asked himself, with trembling lips, "Shall I ever hear those hea-

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venly words which shall pronounce us man and wife?" He never did.

It appears further—the account bristles with facts like a novel with a purpose—that a marriage license is necessary in Minnesota, but that none is required in South Dakota. Miss DASSETT was not of age, therefore no license could be obtained in Minnesota; so the young people were obliged to elope to the more liberal sister State, some fifteen miles distant. They got off at a little before five o'clock, the frightened lady fainting three times before she came down the ladder, and going back up twice after something which she had forgotten. Their objective point was Squire GARY's house, a quarter of a mile beyond the State line. The morning was clear and cold, and the road filled with snow. The sun arose, but the air remained frosty. When about three miles from the State line the young man was startled to see the girl's father coming, a half-mile behind, with his team on a fast run. He urged his own horses along the drifted road at the top of their speed, while the timid creature at his side went from one swoon into another. But gradually she grew calmer, and when, a half-mile from the squire's house, the road ceased entirely, with nothing visible ahead but three feet of untrodden snow, she did not faint at all. The young man tried to drive on, but the horses sank and were unable to rise. The old gentleman was not forty rods away. "We are lost!" cried SAMUEL CARPENTER. "We are not," answered the shy young girl. "We will walk it!" She leaped out, and SAMUEL followed her mechanically. They clasped hands and floundered away through the snow. The enraged father was soon close behind them, also on foot. "We can never reach the squire's," groaned SAMUEL. He was a true prophet—they never did.

While still over a quarter of a mile from the house the young man sank down in the snow, almost exhausted. He felt a tug at his arm which nearly wrenched it from its socket. It was the shrinking creature who had gone back up the ladder after her glove-buttoner. "Come on," she said, in a firm, commanding voice. She dragged him to his feet, and half pulled him through the snow for fifty yards. Here he collapsed, utterly unable to move, still a full quarter of a mile from the house. The father was not a hundred yards behind, and coming like a rotary snow-plough. "We are across the State line," cried the timorous girl; "yell for the squire." With an almost superhuman effort the young man shouted. The squire heard and came out of the door. His quick eye took in the whole situation. There was no wind, and the cold air had a sound-carrying capacity truly wonderful. "Jine hands!" roared the justice across the snow. The girl grasped her lover's hand. "Will you have that air woman to be yer beloved wife?" shouted the squire. "What did he say?" feebly asked the bridegroom from the snow. "Holler 'yes'," said the bride, sternly. He obeyed. "Do you take the cuss in the snow for yer lovin' husband?" howled the official. "I do," came the voice of the blushing bride, in a high but penetrating soprano. "I pronounce you man and wife!" bellowed the squire, solemnly. "What did he say?" inquired SAMUEL CARPENTER. "He says we are married," answered the girl. "Papa," she added, as she turned to the old gentleman, who had just struggled up, "let me present my husband, Mr. CARPENTER." The simple but impressive ceremony which makes twain one flesh was over.

This artless account of a clinging maiden and a strong man teaches many things, but they are all so obvious that we shall not stop to point them out. It teaches us nothing, perhaps, which the poet has not taught us, but it does it in such a graphic manner that the poet himself would have been astonished at it.

SOCIETY IN SPRING.

IN the spring society has something new to say and do, as well as the people of the working world. The birds sing as well as build, and men and women turn to new pleasures with the first warm days, as well as arrange for the sowing of grass seed and the repair of broken-down fences.

All winter, at least until the incoming of Lent, there have been long dinners and late dances, stately functions in warm rooms and in the glare of gas and electricity. Lent has gone, and with the Easter gowns and bonnets have come desires for different things. Society is thinking of out-of-doors—of lawn parties, of picnics, of feasts that have the gentle grace of spring in their delicate composition, of the substitution of moonlight for gas and electricity, of a nearer approach to Nature now that the dame is growing kindlier.

The great Easter parade after morning church may be said to be the function which heralds in new devices in the way of social pleasures. Society approaches summer perhaps somewhat rashly, and throws off the outer garments that protected it from the colds of winter somewhat recklessly; but its eagerness to change its clothes and its daily habits is as intense as the longing of the sportsman of whom discourse was made last week.

Trips into the country have been planned, and some of them have been taken. Country houses that have been closed since they were opened for the Christmas holidays are being aired. The chill is being taken off of them. A desire to see the year come out of its hibernation in the country finds an excuse for a luncheon party at the homestead in the necessity of seeing what is to be done to make the house comfortable for the summer. Soon, very soon, the coaches will begin to rattle over the familiar roads; men will go a-pigeon-shooting at the country clubs, and will induce the women to come down too for a dinner and a dance. Every woman in the new gowns will take quick advantage of every opportunity to show them in the bright sunshine.

But the leading feature of spring society is marriage. The air is filled with the sound of wedding bells, and the streets and railroad trains and hotels with brides and grooms. And while the young people are off for the honey-moon, grown-up society is planning how to make life happy for them when they get back.

To use their own idiotism, society people are, after all, not a half bad lot.

A NOTABLE WEDDING, AND WHY.

IF there is anything that is more talked about just for the moment than the fair, or the struggle of the office-seekers, or the spring fashions, it is an impending wedding in high life in this metropolis. April is a favorite month to get married in, and there are a lot of pretty weddings every spring, where the brides are lovely and the surrounding circumstances all jocund and blithe. So, New York being pretty well used to lively weddings after Easter, it takes something very much beyond the common run of nuptial celebration to agitate Father Knickerbocker or make his eyes pop out. But this impending marriage *is* uncommon. It is an international marriage, for one thing. The carpers like to carp at the international marriages, and the sporting gentlemen regard them as extra-hazardous, and like to lay wagers about them, but it is suspected that girls and women, who dote upon all weddings with a catholic ecstasy, regard international weddings as a good many points more ecstatic than the common kind, and swirl about them with a proportionately quickened flutter. Even among international weddings this coming one ranks very high, for the groom is not an ordinary European, but an earl, and neither old, nor impecunious, nor matrimonially second-hand, but young and excessively well-to-do, and of no previous matrimonial experience, detrimental or otherwise. So, while all weddings are interesting (except to men), this one is doubly so, for while in ordinary weddings the whole interest of the performance centres in the bride, in this wedding it is different; for the groom, who ordinarily is merely the groom, in this case is an earl also, and as such fairly shares with the bride some of the glory of the occasion. It is well-known that all men want to marry American girls, if possible, but for Englishmen it is comparatively difficult to do it, because American girls are scarce in England. And for English earls the difficulty is vastly increased (especially if they are young and very well-to-do), because of the unusual temptations to which they are exposed to marry other persons. It is evident, therefore, that an earl who comes to New York to marry an American girl represents exceptional success in a recognized field of endeavor, so that it is right and reasonable that a wedding in which the bride is lovely and the groom is an earl should excite more interest and make a much greater stir than one in which the groom is merely the groom, and entitled to nothing more than the ordinary amount of credit.

THINGS TALKED OF

MR. BRENNAN has had an experience that most officials would give a year's salary to escape. He has been forced to sit at a table in the Mayor's office, with a stenographer pitilessly at work at his side, the one listening and the other recording, while one of the foremost citizens and lawyers of New York told the Mayor why Mr. Brennan was utterly unfit for the office he holds. Mr. Choate spoke for the City Club, for the Good Government clubs, for the women who are working for clean streets, and for that vast voiceless multitude the poorer people of New York. He did not mince matters. He plainly told the Mayor that if he kept Brennan, he must take the chance of cholera with him. He submitted evidence of his charges, and declared that he did not care what Mr. Brennan might say or do, the charges could be proved to be true, and every man and woman who heard him knew that he was entirely correct. The amazing thing is that the Mayor should wait for such a delegation with such a spokesman to proclaim these facts, when he could not take a circuit of a half-mile from his office without learning them for himself. Having eyes and a nose, it is almost unthinkable that he should be ignorant of them. Why, then, has he refused for so long to act upon them? Simply because the requirements of the spoils-fed organization to which he (in more than one sense) belongs compel him to do so, and because the anger of that organization is more terrible to him than the resentment of his fellow-citizens or the rebuke of his own conscience. No one doubts that Mr. Gilroy would greatly prefer to do his plain duty, and would do it, were he free. That he fails, neglects, refuses to do it is the most striking and instructive lesson in the power of Tammany, and the impotence, largely voluntary, of the people of the city of New York, that this year has afforded.

The restless beneficence of Mr. John S. Kennedy has again manifested itself. The singularly valuable portion of the late George Bancroft's library of books, pamphlets, documents, letters, and maps, which were particularly used in the preparation of his history, and may be generally described as "Americana," was offered to Congress for the sum of $75,000. That this was not an extravagant price, considering the intrinsic and relative value of the collection, is shown by the fact that Mr. Kennedy has purchased it for $80,000, and given it to the Lenox Library. This noble institution has thus its usefulness definitely enlarged, a fact of especial importance, considering the recent change in its general management, which was intended to increase, and does increase, the advantage of the library to the public. Henceforth no one can write or even study adequately the history of the United States without consulting the treasures of the Lenox.

It is now published that two professional pugilists, one of whom holds what is known as the champion belt, and the other of whom came near winning it from its former possessor, have arranged to "box" each other for $40,000 at a sea-side resort near New York in December next. Some weeks ago when one of these fellows lauded on our shores with the avowed purpose of arranging this speculation, he was, according to his own story, compelled openly to repudiate all such intention, because he was warned by the police that the law did not allow any one either to arrange for such a performance or to leave the State in order to arrange for it. What will the police do about the present situation? Will they ignore what appears to the common mind not only a violation of the law, but an open defiance of its officers? Will the consummation of an agreement be permitted when the agreement itself was forbidden and prevented? These queries ought to be peculiarly interesting to Mr. Byrnes.

Reading the Paris papers on Egypt just now leaves one in much the same bewildered state produced by reading the Democratic papers in the "reconstruction" period on the treatment of the negroes in the South. The Parisian journalist, in his own inimitable way, and with the lightest and most delicate irony, conveys the impression that the British officials in Egypt are manufacturing mare's-nests of a most startling character in order to excuse the strengthening of the English garrison, while the unfortunate fellaheen are living in a state of profound peacefulness, tinged with melancholy at the exactions of the English, and relieved by a faintly cherished hope that the return of the beloved French may yet come about. The unfortunate Khedive is alternately bullied and deceived by the British agent, "Sir Cromer," and is wearing himself out in trying to keep his amiable subjects from driving the English into the Nile. Meanwhile the English keep on steadily, almost stolidly, at the work that they have undertaken, which is not easy, but which no other government either could or would perform, and France least of all. That work is, on the one hand, to establish gradually a decent administration in Egypt, and, on the other, to train a native army fit to cope with the invasion that is forever threatening in the south. France had the chance to share this work with England, but refused it. Her journalists will hardly gain any respect for her by scolding England, however wittily.

The battle for freedom of the press in England has been a very long and arduous one. Most people have supposed that it was finally won by the last generation of fighters, but there is one place in the kingdom where clearly something remains to be done. That, curiously enough, is in the House of Commons. A writer in the *Chronicle*, of London, who has a seat in the press gallery, recently alluded to the personal peculiarities of a prominent member, and also referred to him as a "mercenary." The matter was called to the attention of the House, with special regard to the epithet, which, we should say, might justly be resented, unless the writer could support it with solid facts. But the House refused to take action. Thereupon the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the approval of the Speaker, wrote to the editor of the *Chronicle* and warned him that the writer was abusing the privilege of the House, and was in danger of serious treatment if the offence was repeated. Now, it may be bad taste to comment on personal peculiarities in a public journal, but it is very bad judgment for the highest officer of the House of Commons to seek to regulate such comments. He might have done it had he lived fifty years ago. He cannot do it now with any safety to his own dignity or comfort. Conditions have changed, and the surest way to foster a practice which careful journalists would avoid is to make too much of it.

We are happy to be able to announce that the admirable bill for the suppression of corruption recently passed by the Legislature of Missouri, the provisions of which were noted in these columns, has been signed by the Governor of that State and has become a law. It is fortunate that the State has in the Civil Service Reform Association, which drew up and urged the bill, an organization that may be depended on to secure its enforcement so far as possible. Should this be done, Missouri will add one more to its claims to be considered one of the most progressive States of the Union.

The confidence in Mr. Morton, the new Secretary of Agriculture, awakened by his previous career, has been confirmed by the first weeks of his administration. One of the first steps he took was to promote a botanist who had been doing excellent work in botany and who had neglected politics, and he made this appointment the occasion to announce that he very much preferred efficiency in the department to party zeal. He has now relieved the former statistician of the department, and appointed Judge Robinson, the present Commissioner of Labor for the State of Michigan. This gentleman enjoys a reputation of the highest character, not only for the fairness of his work, but for rare skill and intelligence in his peculiar line. No one who has had anything to do with the use of statistics is ignorant of the exasperating nature of bad work in their compilation. When they are not collected and collated with intelligence their quantity only makes them worse. Judge Robinson has the happy faculty of arranging them on the lines where they not only do not deceive, but where they throw the greatest light on the points of real importance. He will have a very broad and difficult field in the Agricultural Department, but it is a most fertile one for a competent cultivator. It now looks as if a part of the government work which has heretofore been a source of amused wonder more than of anything else to sensible men is to be made really useful. The farmers' substantial and permanent interests are to receive more attention than their votes.

Why should drunkards necessarily be confused with criminals in the eye and by the hand of the law? A man who gets drunk and appears in public unable to control himself is of course a violator of the law for his offence provided. But he is quite a different source of disturbance and danger from the man who robs or assaults peaceful and orderly citizens. But the courts can only dismiss him or send him to "the island." There he consorts with real criminals, and his self-respect being broken down by his disgrace, he may easily become a permanent and dangerous member of that strange fraternity. A bill has been introduced in each House at Albany authorizing the purchase of land in Westches.er County for the purpose of founding what is called a drunkards' colony. Offenders who are guilty of drunkenness not accompanied by distinct crime are to be sent to this place and subjected to a course of really corrective discipline, including regular and sufficient labor, while every effort will be made to win them to give up their vicious habit. Naturally the percentage of recoveries, if we may use that term, will not be large, but whatever it is it will be clear gain. And if no good is done, at least there is the inestimable advantage over the present barbarous and wicked method that there is no harm done. With good management a colony of this sort may be of incalculable benefit.

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PENN STATE



REAR-ADMIRAL A. E. K. BENHAM, U. S. N.
From a Photograph by TABER, San Francisco.

THREE AMERICAN FLAG-OFFICERS.

GREAT differences of opinion upon the subject of promotion exist among the officers of our navy. By law and regulation an officer is now advanced step by step, grade after grade, solely by a seniority rule. All other things being equal, the man who is graduated head of his class remains head of his class, and the order of precedence from top to bottom goes on until death as it was regulated by the scholastic achievements of boyhood.

An active minority believe this to be all wrong, and are never weary in asserting that seniority promotion is detrimental to the best interests of the service. Their remedy lies in some form of selection which will enable the amplest equipment and the finest aptitudes to attain rapidly the higher grades, where, should occasion arise, the government will have at its disposal the best material.

A majority of the officers oppose selection with a bitterness and a contumely that would appall less *débonnaire* and undaunted advocates. They deny that the evils exist, and hold that seniority promotion must give and has given the average man mentally and the best man physically, and all that is needed is such a readjustment of the laws as will enable the flag and commanding grades to be reached earlier. Between both these classes are the cynically philosophical trimmers, who claim that theoretically the selectionists are all right, but practically the non-selectionists have the cold end of the poker. These concede that selection will undoubtedly result in the discovery and employment of the best, but who, they ask, with a fine humor—who are to do the selecting? Surely not the men who want to be promoted over the heads of their seniors, and as certainly not the seniors whose heads ache at the mere suggestion. They scoff at boards, and point to the blighting influences of other Star Chamber organizations in the past, and hint that only when the cherubim and seraphim consent to act can true selection—oh, always the best!—be attained.

The question is still an open one, but that the existing system is not without merits is amply proved by the records of the three men who by its operation have risen to command our representative squadrons in the Columbian Naval Review.

Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi is the senior officer of the United States navy, and as the commander-in-chief of the fleet of reception flies at his mast-head the blue flag of seniority. Gherardi was born in Louisiana in 1832, and at the age of fourteen received from his uncle, then Secretary of the Navy, his warrant as a midshipman, the appointment being credited to Massachusetts. His first service was on the ship of the line *Ohio* in the Pacific, and on the steam-sloop *Saranac* of the home station. After passing his examination he was attached to the *St. Louis*, of the Mediterranean squadron, and there took part in that memorable assertion of the rights of American nationality by Captain Ingraham when the Austrian officials refused to give up the revolutionist Michael Kosta, who had already taken out his first papers as an American citizen. The captain of the *St. Louis* became the popular hero, and even after the lapse of forty years the incident is still regarded with pride by every American sea officer. In 1855 Gherardi was commissioned Master, and soon after Lieutenant, and after service on the home station, found himself at the outbreak of the civil war on board the *Lancaster* in the South Pacific. In 1862 he was made Lieutenant-Commander, and after most active and useful duty was appointed at the age of thirty to his first command, the *Chocura*. He was constantly employed under Farragut, took part in all the memorable battles of that famous leader, and was conspicuous for his energy and activity in all the duties assigned him. He was commissioned Commander in 1866, attached to the Pacific squadron, where he again returned when promoted to Captain in 1874. From 1877 to 1880 he commanded the flag-ship of the Mediterranean squadron, and after being made a Commodore in 1884, was on duty as member of the examining board and as governor of the Naval Home. In 1887 he was promoted to Rear-Admiral, and ordered to the command of the Navy-yard, New York. In 1889 he was detailed for the command of the North Atlantic station, and his conspicuous services in Haiti and in command of the squadron sent east from the Pacific are too recent to need recapitulation. His total service extends over forty-seven years, during which time he has been nearly twenty-six years at sea, fifteen and a half years on shore duty, and only six years on leave or unemployed.

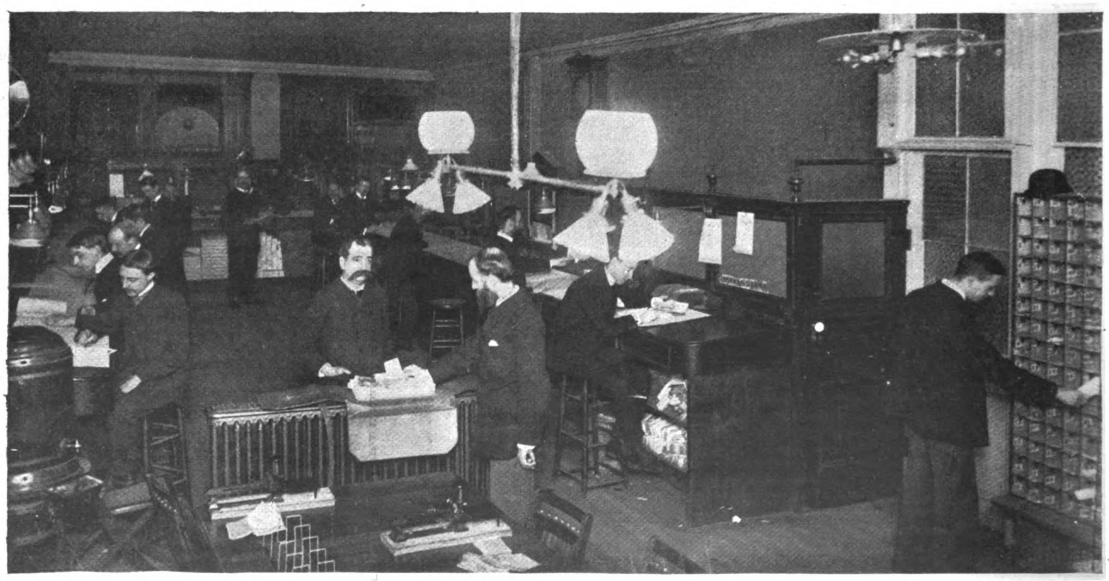
Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham is the fourth ranking officer of the United States navy, and was appointed to the service in 1847 from the State of New York. His earliest services were in the East Indies and in the home squadron. He returned to the Naval Academy for his final examination, and was graduated and promoted to passed midshipman in 1853. From this date to the beginning of the civil war he served in the Pacific, on the Coast Survey, and in the memorable Paraguayan expedition. In 1855 he was promoted Lieutenant, and in 1860–61 was attached to the *Crusader*, of the home squadron. He took part in the battle of Port Royal, was attached to vessels performing blockading and cruising duties, and in 1862 received his promotion to Lieutenant-Commander. He served with the famous West Gulf blockading squadron, sharing its fortunes and participating in all its excellent work, and after the close of the war was detailed to the *Susquehanna*, then employed on special service. In 1867 he was promoted to Commander, and after duty at the navy-yard, New York, and as Light-house Inspector, was ordered to the command of the monitor *Canonicus*, and subsequently of the monitor *Saugus*. After being promoted to Captain in 1875 he commanded the *Richmond*, on the Asiatic station, and when his cruise was done returned home, and was assigned to duty at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and later to the command of the Light-house district, New York, the most important assignment in that line. In 1885 he was made a Commodore, and commanded the navy-yard at Mare Island, and upon his promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral was ordered to the command of the South American station. Circumstances have prevented him reaching the limits of his station, as he was ordered to Europe in connection with the Spanish Columbian celebration, and upon the completion of this he was actively engaged in various duties up the Mediterranean. His latest duty was to tow to Havana from Spain the caravels, and this was most successfully performed. Out of his forty-six years' service he has been twenty-two years at sea, eighteen years on shore duty, and five and a half years on leave or unemployed. There is a common belief in the service that every man who has served with Benham wants to serve with him again, and there is no duty wherein he would be asked to lead where volunteers would not throng.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER, U. S. N.

Popularity is sometimes meanly bought, but the affection and service regard for Benham are as sincere as the character which has evoked them.

No officer is better known at home and abroad than Commodore and acting Rear-Admiral John Grimes Walker. For many years he has been a most important and influential factor in naval affairs, and has been gladly accepted by the service at large as one of its foremost representatives. He was born in New Hampshire, and in 1850 was appointed a midshipman from Iowa. After a year's service at the Naval Academy, he was detailed to the Pacific squadron, and upon his return in 1856 was graduated and promoted to passed midshipman. He saw service in Brazil and off our coast, receiving his commission as Lieutenant in 1858. His first war service was in the West Gulf blockading squadron, and he took part in Farragut's passage of the forts and the capture of New Orleans. For the next two years he was engaged in all the hot work upon the Mississippi and adjacent rivers. In 1862 he commanded, as Lieutenant-Commander, the *Baron de Kalb*, took part in the operations against Vicksburg, in the two attacks on Haines Bluff, in the engagement at Arkansas Post, in the expedition up the Yazoo, the attack on Fort Pemberton and the capture of Yazoo City; commanded the naval battery ashore at the siege of Vicksburg, and was soon afterwards transferred to the North Atlantic squadron. He assisted in the capture of Wilmington, and until the end of the war was as actively and honorably engaged on the Atlantic coast as he had been on the Mississippi River. He was advanced certain numbers for conspicuous service, and was commissioned a Commander in 1866. After duty on board the *Shawmut* in Brazil, and with the *Sabine* on special service, he was detailed for duty at the Naval Academy, as Light-house Inspector and as Secretary of the Light-house Board. He was made a Captain in 1877, saw two years' work subsequently in connection with a Western railroad, to which he brought his characteristic energy and ability, and was then ordered to sea in command of the *Powhatan* on the North Atlantic station. In 1881 he was made chief of the Bureau of Navigation, held the office for eight years, and then, with the acting commission of a Rear-Admiral, was assigned to the command of the well-known squadron of evolution. When this was dispersed, he was given the command of the North Atlantic station. In his forty-three years' service he has been seventeen years at sea, twenty years upon shore duty, and but five years on leave or unemployed.



THE CLEARING-HOUSE OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 357.]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE "GLORIA SCOTT."

"I HAVE some papers here," said my friend Sherlock Holmes, as we sat one winter's night on either side of the fire, "which I really think, Watson, it would be worth your while to glance over. These are the documents in the extraordinary case of the *Gloria Scott*, and this is the message which struck Justice of the Peace Trevor dead with horror when he read it."



"FIXED HIS LARGE BLUE EYES UPON ME WITH A STRANGE WILD STARE."

He had picked from a drawer a little tarnished cylinder, and undoing the tape, he handed me a short note scrawled upon a half-sheet of slate-gray paper.

"The supply of game for London is going steadily up," it ran. "Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen pheasant's life."

As I glanced up from reading this enigmatical message I saw Holmes chuckling at the expression upon my face.

"You look a little bewildered," said he.

"I cannot see how such a message as this could inspire horror. It seems to me to be rather grotesque than otherwise."

"Very likely. Yet the fact remains that the reader, who was a fine robust old man, was knocked clean down by it as if it had been the butt end of a pistol."

"You arouse my curiosity," said I. "But why did you say just now that there were very particular reasons why I should study this case?"

"Because it was the first in which I was ever engaged."

I had often endeavored to elicit from my companion what had first turned his mind in the direction of criminal research, but had never caught him before in a communicative humor. Now he sat forward in his arm-chair, and spread out the documents upon his knees. Then he lit his pipe, and sat for some time smoking and turning them over.

"You never heard me talk of Victor Trevor?" he asked. "He was the only friend I made during the two years I was at college. I was never a very sociable fellow, Watson, always rather fond of moping in my rooms and working out my own little methods of thought, so that I never mixed much with the men of my year. Bar fencing and boxing I had few athletic tastes, and then my line of study was quite distinct from that of the other fellows, so that we had no points of contact at all. Trevor was the only man I knew, and that only through the accident of his bull-terrier freezing on to my ankle one morning as I went down to chapel.

"It was a prosaic way of forming a friendship, but it was effective. I was laid by the heels for ten days, and Trevor used to come in to inquire after me. At first it was only a minute's chat, but soon his visits lengthened, and before the end of the term we were close friends. He was a hearty, full-blooded fellow, full of spirits and energy, the very opposite to me in most respects, but we had some subjects in common, and it was a bond of union when I found that he was as friendless as I. Finally he invited me down to his father's place at Donnithorpe in Norfolk, and I accepted his hospitality for a month of the long vacation.

"Old Trevor was evidently a man of some wealth and consideration, a J. P., and a landed proprietor. Donnithorpe is a little hamlet just to the north of Langmere in the country of the Broads. The house was an old-fashioned, widespread, oak-beamed brick building with a fine lime-lined avenue leading up to it. There were excellent wild-duck shooting in the fens, remarkably good fishing, a small but select library taken over, as I understood, from a former occupant, and a tolerable cook, so that it would be a fastidious man who could not put in a pleasant month there.

"Trevor senior was a widower, and my friend his only son. There had been a daughter, I heard, but she had died of diphtheria while on a visit to Birmingham. The father interested me extremely. He was a man of little culture, but with a considerable amount of rude strength, both physical and mental. He knew hardly any books; but he had travelled far, had seen much of the world, and had remembered all that he had learned. In person he was a thick-set, burly man, with a shock of grizzled hair, a brown weather-beaten face, and blue eyes which were keen to the verge of fierceness. Yet he had a reputation for kindness and charity on the country-side, and was noted for the leniency of his sentences from the bench.

"One evening shortly after my arrival we were sitting over a glass of port after dinner when young Trevor began to talk about those habits of observation and inference which I had already formed into a system, although I had not yet appreciated the part which they were to play in my life. The old man evidently thought that his son was exaggerating in his description of one or two trivial feats which I had performed.

"'Come, now, Mr. Holmes,' said he, laughing good-humoredly, 'I'm an excellent subject, if you can deduce anything from me.'

"'I fear there is not very much,' I answered. 'I might suggest that you have gone about in fear of some personal attack within the last twelvemonth.'

"The laugh faded from his lips, and he stared at me in great surprise.

"'Well, that's true enough,' said he. 'You know, Victor,' turning to his son, 'when we broke up that poaching gang they swore to knife us, and Sir Edward Holly has actually been attacked. I've always been on my guard since then, though I have no idea how you know it.'

"'You have a very handsome stick,' I answered. 'By the inscription I observed that you had not had it more than a year. But you have taken some pains to bore the head of it and pour melted lead into the hole so as to make it a formidable weapon. I argued that you would not take such precautions unless you had some danger to fear.'

"'Anything else?' he asked, smiling.

"'You have boxed a good deal in your youth.'

"'Right again. How did you know it? Is my nose knocked a little out of the straight?'

"'No,' said I. 'It is your ears. They have the peculiar flattening and thickening which mark the boxing-man.'

"'Anything else?'

"'You have done a good deal of digging by your callosities.'

"'Made all my money at the gold-fields.'

"'You have been in New Zealand.'

"'Right again.'

"'You have visited Japan.'

"'Quite true.'

"'And you have been most intimately associated with some one whose initials were J. A., and whom you afterwards were eager to entirely forget.'

"Mr. Trevor stood slowly up, fixed his large blue eyes upon me with a strange wild stare, and then pitched forward with his face among the nutshells which strewed the cloth in a dead faint.

"You can imagine, Watson, how shocked both his son and I were. His attack did not last long, however, for when we undid his collar and sprinkled the water from one of the finger-glasses over his face, he gave a gasp or two and sat up.

"'Ah, boys,' said he, forcing a smile, 'I hope I haven't frightened you. Strong as I look, there is a weak place in my heart, and it does not take much to knock me over. I don't know how you manage this, Mr. Holmes, but it seems to me that all the detectives of fact and of fancy would be children in your hands. That's your line of life, sir, and you may take the word of a man who has seen something of the world.

"'And that recommendation, with the exaggerated estimate of my ability with which he prefaced it, was, if you will believe me, Watson, the very first thing which ever made me feel that a profession might be made out of what had up to that time been the merest hobby. At the moment, however, I was too much concerned at the sudden illness of my host to think of anything else.

"'I hope that I have said nothing to pain you?' said I.

"'Well, you certainly touched upon rather a tender point. Might I ask how you know and how much you know?' He spoke now in a half-jesting fashion, but a look of terror still lurked at the back of his eyes.

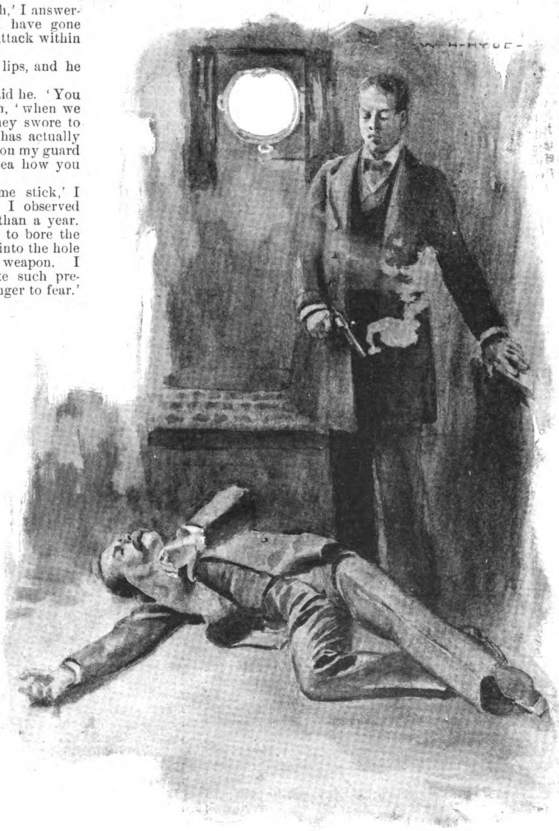
"'It is simplicity itself,' said I. 'When you bared your arm to draw that fish into the boat I saw that J. A. had been tattooed in the bend of the elbow. The letters were still legible, but it was perfectly clear from their blurred appearance and from the staining of the skin round them that efforts had been made to obliterate them. It was obvious, then, that those initials had once been very familiar to you, and that you had afterwards wished to forget them.'

"'What an eye you have!' he cried, with a sigh of relief. 'It is just as you say. But we won't talk of it. Of all ghosts the ghosts of our old lovers are the worst. Come into the billiard-room and have a quiet cigar.'

"From that day, amid all his cordiality, there was always a touch of suspicion in Mr. Trevor's manner towards me. Even his son remarked it. 'You've given the governor such a turn,' said he, 'that he'll never be sure again of what you know and what you don't know.' He did not mean to show it, I am sure, but it was so strongly in his mind that it peeped out at every action. At last I became so convinced that I was causing him uneasiness that I drew my visit to a close.

On the very day, however, before I left an incident occurred which proved in the sequel to be of importance.

"We were sitting out upon the lawn on garden chairs, the three of us, basking in the sun and admiring the view across



"WHILE THE CHAPLAIN STOOD WITH A SMOKING PISTOL IN HIS HAND."

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the Broads, when the maid came out to say that there was a man at the door who wanted to see Mr. Trevor.

"'What is his name?' asked my host.

"'He would not give any.'

"'What does he want, then?'

"'He says that you know him, and that he only wants a moment's conversation.'

"'Show him round here.'

"An instant afterwards there appeared a little wizened fellow with a cringing manner and a shambling style of walking. He wore an open jacket, with a splotch of tar on the sleeve, a red and black check shirt, dungaree trousers, and heavy boots badly worn. His face was thin and brown and crafty, with a perpetual smile upon it which showed an irregular line of yellow teeth, and his crinkled hands were half closed in a way that is distinctive of sailors. As he came slouching across the lawn I heard Mr. Trevor make a sort of hiccoughing noise in his throat, and jumping out of his chair he ran into the house. He was back in a moment, and I smelt a strong reek of brandy as he passed me.

"'Well, my man,' said he, 'what can I do for you?'

"The sailor stood looking at him with puckered eyes, and with the same loose-lipped smile upon his face.

"'You don't know me?' he asked.

"'Why, dear me, it is surely Hudson,' said Mr. Trevor, in a tone of surprise.

"'Hudson it is, sir,' said the seaman. 'Why, it's thirty years and more since I saw you last. Here you are in your house, and me still picking my salt meat out of the harness cask.'

"'Tut! You will find that I have not forgotten old times,' cried Mr. Trevor, and walking towards the sailor, he said something in a low voice. 'Go into the kitchen,' he continued, out loud, 'and you will get food and drink. I have no doubt that I shall find you a situation.'

"'Thank you, sir,' said the seaman, touching his forelock. 'I'm just off a two-yearer in an eight-knot tramp, short-handed at that, and I wants a rest. I thought I'd get it either with Mr. Beddoes or with you.'

"'Ah!' cried Mr. Trevor; 'you know where Mr. Beddoes is?'

"'Bless you, sir, I know where all my old friends are,' said the fellow with a sinister smile, and slouched off after the maid to the kitchen.

"Mr. Trevor mumbled something to us about having been shipmates with the man when he was going back to the diggings, and then, leaving us on the lawn, he went in-doors. An hour later when we entered the house we found him stretched dead drunk upon the dining-room sofa. The whole incident left a most ugly impression upon my mind, and I was not sorry next day to leave Donnithorpe behind me, for I felt that my presence must be a source of embarrassment to my friend.

"All this occurred during the first month of the long vacation. I went up to my London rooms, where I spent seven weeks working out a few experiments in organic chemistry. One day, however, when the autumn was far advanced and the vacation drawing to a close, I received a telegram from my friend imploring me to return to Donnithorpe, and saying that he was in great need of my advice and assistance. Of course I dropped everything, and set out for the north once more.

"He met me with the dog-cart at the station, and I saw at a glance that the last two months had been very trying ones for him. He had grown thin and careworn, and had lost the loud cheery manner for which he had been remarkable.

"'The governor is dying,' were the first words he said.

"'Impossible!' I cried. 'What is the matter?'

"'Apoplexy. Nervous shock. He's been on the verge all day. I doubt if we shall find him alive.'

"I was, as you may think, Watson, horrified at this unexpected news.

"'What has caused it?' I asked.

"'Ah, that is the point. Jump in, and we can talk it over while we drive. You remember that fellow who came upon the evening before you left us?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'Do you know who it was that we let into the house that day?'

"'I have no idea.'

"'It was the devil, Holmes,' he cried.

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Yes, it was the devil himself. We have not had a peaceful hour since—not one. The governor has never held up his head from that evening, and now the life has been crushed out of him, and his heart broken all through this accursed Hudson.'

"'What power had he, then?'

"'Ah, that is what I would give so much to know. The kindly, charitable, good old governor; how could he have fallen into the clutches of such a ruffian! But I am so glad that you have come, Holmes. I trust very much to your judgment and discretion, and I know that you will advise me for the best.'

"We were dashing along the smooth white country road, with the long stretch of the Broads in front of us glimmering in the red light of the setting sun. From a grove upon our left I could already see the high chimneys and the flagstaff which marked the squire's dwelling.

"'My father made the fellow gardener,' said my companion, 'and then, as that did not satisfy him, he was promoted to be butler. The house seemed to be at his mercy, and he wandered about and did what he chose in it. The maids complained of his drunken habits and his vile language. The dad raised their wages all round to recompense them for the annoyance. The fellow would take the boat and my father's best gun, and treat himself to little shooting parties. And all this with such a sneering, leering, insolent face, that I would have knocked him down twenty times over if he had been a man of my own age. I tell you, Holmes, I have had to keep a tight hold upon myself all this time, and now I am asking myself whether if I had let myself go a little more I might not have been a wiser man. Well, matters went from bad to worse with us, and this animal Hudson became more and more intrusive, until at last, on his making some insolent reply to my father in my presence one day, I took him by the shoulders and turned him out of the room. He slunk away with a livid face, and two venomous eyes which uttered more threats than his tongue could do. I don't know what passed between the poor dad and him after that, but the dad came to me next day, and asked me whether I would mind apologizing to Hudson. I refused, as you can imagine, and asked my father how he could allow such a wretch to take such liberties with himself and his household. "Ah, my boy," said he, "it is all very well to talk, but you don't know how I am placed. But you shall know, Victor. I'll see that you shall know, come what may! You wouldn't believe harm of your poor old father, would you, lad?" He was very much moved, and shut himself up in the study all day, where I could see through the window that he was busily writing. That evening there came what seemed to me to be a grand release, for Hudson told us that he was going to leave us. He walked into the dining-room as we sat after dinner, and announced his intention in the thick voice of a half-drunken man. "I've had enough of Norfolk," said he. "I'll run down to Mr. Beddoes in Hampshire. He'll be as glad to see me as you were, I dare say." "You're not going away in an unkind spirit, Hudson, I hope," said my father, with a tameness which made my blood boil. "I've not had my 'pology," said he, sulkily, glancing in my direction. "Victor, you will acknowledge that you have used this worthy fellow rather roughly," said the dad, turning to me. "On the contrary, I think that we have both shown extraordinary patience towards him," I answered. "Oh, you do, do you?" he snarled. "Very good, mate. We'll see about that." He slouched out of the room, and half an hour afterwards left the house, leaving my father in a state of pitiable nervousness. Night after night I heard him pacing his room, and it was just as he was recovering his confidence that the blow at last fell.'

"'And how?' I asked, eagerly.

"'In a most extraordinary fashion. A letter arrived for my father yesterday evening, bearing the Fordingbridge post-mark. My father read it, clapped both his hands to his head, and began running round the room in little circles like a man who has been driven out of his senses. When I at last drew him down on to the sofa, his mouth and eyelids were all puckered on one side, and I saw that he had a stroke. Dr. Fordham came over at once; we put him to bed; but the paralysis has spread. He has shown no sign of returning consciousness, and I think that we shall hardly find him alive.'

"'You horrify me, Trevor!' I cried. 'What, then, could have been in this letter to cause so dreadful a result?'

"'Nothing. There lies the inexplicable part of it. The message was absurd and trivial. Ah, my God, it is as I feared!'

"As he spoke we came round the curve of the avenue, and saw in the fading light that every blind in the house had been drawn down. As we dashed up to the door, my friend's face convulsed with grief, a gentleman in black emerged from it.

"'When did it happen, doctor?' asked Trevor.

"'Almost immediately after you left.'

"'Did he recover consciousness?'

"'For an instant before the end.'

"'Any message for me?'

"'Only that the papers were in the back drawer of the Japanese cabinet.'

"My friend ascended with the doctor to the chamber of death, while I remained in the study, turning the whole matter over and over in my head, and feeling as sombre as ever I had done in my life. What was the past of this Trevor—pugilist, traveller, and gold-digger, and how had he placed himself in the power of this acid-faced seaman? Why, too, should he faint at an allusion to the half-effaced initials upon his arm, and die of fright when he had a letter from Fordingbridge? Then I remembered that Fordingbridge was in Hampshire, and that this Mr. Beddoes, whom the seaman had gone to visit, and presumably to blackmail, had also been mentioned as living in Hampshire. The letter then might either have come from Hudson, the seaman, saying that he had betrayed the guilty secret which appeared to exist, or from Beddoes, warning an old confederate that such a betrayal was imminent. So far it seemed clear enough. But then how could this letter be trivial and grotesque, as described by the son? He must have misread it. If so, it must have been one of those ingenious secret codes which mean one thing while they seem to mean another. I must see this letter. If there were a hidden meaning in it I was confident that I could pluck it forth. For an hour I sat pondering over it in the gloom, until at last a weeping maid brought in a lamp, and close at her heels came my friend Trevor, pale but composed, with these very papers which lie upon my knee held in his grasp. He sat down opposite to me, drew the lamp to the edge of the table, and handed me a short note scribbled, as you see, upon a single sheet of gray paper. 'The supply of game for London is going steadily up,' it ran. 'Head-keeper Hudson, we believe, has been now told to receive all orders for fly-paper and for preservation of your hen pheasant's life.'

"I dare say my face looked as bewildered as yours did just now when first I read this message. Then I re-read it very carefully. It was evidently as I had thought, and some secret meaning must lie buried in this strange combination of words. Or could it be that there was a prearranged significance to such phrases as 'fly-paper' and 'hen pheasant'? Such a meaning would be arbitrary, and could not be deduced in any way. And yet I was loth to believe that this was the case, and the presence of the word Hudson seemed to show that the subject of the message was as I had guessed, and that it was from Beddoes rather than from the sailor. I tried it backwards, but the combination 'life pheasant's hen' was not encouraging. Then I tried alternate words, but neither 'the of for' nor 'supply game London' promised to throw any light upon it.

"And then in an instant the key of the riddle was in my hands, and I saw that every third word, beginning with the first, would give a message which might well drive old Trevor to despair.

"It was short and terse the warning as I now read it to my companion:

"'The game is up. Hudson has told all. Fly for your life!'

"Victor Trevor sank his face into his shaking hands. 'It must be that, I suppose,' said he. 'This is worse than death, for it means disgrace as well. But what is the meaning of these "head-keepers" and "hen pheasants"?'

"'It means nothing to the message, but it might mean a good deal to us if we had no other means of discovering the sender. You see that he has begun by writing "The.... game.... is," and so on. Afterwards he had, to fulfil the prearranged cipher, to fill in any two words in each space. He would naturally use the first words which came to his mind, and if there were so many which referred to sport among them, you may be tolerably sure that he is either an ardent shot or interested in breeding. Do you know anything of this Beddoes?'

"'Why, now that you mention it,' said he, 'I remember that my poor father used to have an invitation from him to shoot over his preserves every autumn.'

"'Then it is undoubtedly from him that the note comes,' said I. 'It only remains for us to find out what this secret was which the sailor Hudson seems to have held over the heads of these two wealthy and respected men.'

"'Alas! Holmes, I fear that it is one of sin and shame,' cried my friend. 'But from you I shall have no secrets. Here is the statement which was drawn up by my father when he knew that the danger from Hudson had become imminent. I found it in the Japanese cabinet, as he told the doctor. Take it and read it to me, for I have neither the strength nor the courage to do it myself.'

"These are the very papers, Watson, which he handed to me, and I will read them to you as I read them in the old study that night to him. 'They are endorsed outside, as you see, 'Some particulars of the voyage of the barque *Gloria Scott* from her leaving Falmouth on the 8th October, 1855, to her destruction in N. Lat. 15° 20', W. Long. 25° 14', on November 6th.' It is in the form of a letter, and runs in this way:

"'MY DEAR, DEAR SON,—now that approaching disgrace begins to darken the closing years of my life, I can write with all truth and honesty that it is not the terror of the law, it is not the loss of my position in the county, nor is it my fall in the eyes of all who have known me which cuts me to the heart, but it is the thought that you should come to blush for me—you who love me, and who have seldom, I hope, had reason to do other than respect me. But if the blow falls which is forever hanging over me, then I should wish you to read this that you may know straight from me how far I have been to blame. On the other hand, if all should go well (which may kind God Almighty grant!), then if by any chance this paper should be still undestroyed and should fall into your hands, I conjure you by all you hold sacred, by the memory of your dear mother, and by the love which has been between us, to hurl it into the fire, and to never give one thought to it again.

"'If, then, your eye goes on to read this line, I know that I shall already have been exposed and dragged from my home, or, as is more likely, for you know that my heart is weak, be lying with my tongue sealed forever in death. In either case the time for suppression is past, and every word which I tell you is the naked truth, and this I swear, as I hope for mercy.

"'My name, dear lad, is not Trevor. I was James Armitage in my younger days, and you can understand now the shock that it was to me a few weeks ago when your college friend addressed me in words which seemed to imply that he had surprised my secret. As Armitage it was that I entered a London banking-house, and as Armitage I was convicted of breaking my country's laws, and was sentenced to transportation. Do not think very harshly of me, laddie. It was a debt of honor, so called, which I had to pay, and I used money which was not my own to do it, in the certainty that I could replace it before there could be any possibility of its being missed. But the most dreadful ill luck pursued me. The money which I had reckoned upon never came to hand, and a premature examination of accounts exposed my deficit. The case might have been dealt leniently with, but the laws were more harshly administered thirty years ago than now, and on my twenty-third birthday I found myself chained as a felon with thirty-seven other convicts in the 'tween-decks of the barque *Gloria Scott*, bound for Australia.

"'It was the year '55, when the Crimean war was at its height, and the old convict ships had been largely used as transports in the Black Sea. The government was compelled, therefore, to use smaller and less suitable vessels for sending out their prisoners. The *Gloria Scott* had been in the Chinese tea trade, but she was an old-fashioned, heavy-bowed, broad-beamed craft, and the new clippers had cut her out. She was a 500-ton boat, and, besides her thirty-eight gaolbirds, she carried twenty-six of a crew, eighteen soldiers, a captain, three mates, a doctor, a chaplain, and four warders. Nearly a hundred souls were in her, all told, when we set sail from Falmouth.

"'The partitions between the cells of the convicts instead of being of thick oak, as is usual in convict ships, were quite thin and frail. The man next to me upon the left side was one whom I had particularly noticed when we were led down the quay. He was a young man, with a clear, hairless face, a long thin nose, and rather nut-cracker jaws. He carried his head very jauntily in the air, had a swaggering style of walking, and was above all else remarkable for his extraordinary height. I don't think any of our heads would come up to his shoulder, and I am sure that he could not have measured less than six and a half feet. It was strange among so many sad and weary faces to see one which was full of energy and resolution. The sight of it was to me like a fire in a snow-storm. I was glad, then, to find that he was my neighbor, and gladder still when in the dead of the night I heard a whisper close to my ear, and found that he had managed to cut an opening in the board which separated us.

"'Hullo, chummy!" said he, 'what's your name and what are you here for?'

"I answered him, and asked in turn who I was talking with.

"'I'm Jack Prendergast,' said he, 'and, by God! you'll learn to bless my name before you've done with me.'

"I remembered hearing of his case, for it was one which had made an immense sensation throughout the country some time before my own arrest. He was a man of good family and of great ability, but of incurably vicious habits, who had by an ingenious system of fraud obtained huge sums of money from the leading London merchants.

"'Ha, ha! You remember my case?' said he, proudly.

"'Very well indeed.'

"'Then maybe you remember something queer about it?'

"'What was that then?'

"'I'd had nearly a quarter of a million, hadn't I?'

"'So it was said.'

"'But none was recovered, eh?'

"'No.'

"'Well, where d'ye suppose the balance is?' he asked.

"'I have no idea,' said I.

"'Right between my finger and thumb,' he cried. 'By God I've got more pounds to my name than you've hairs on your head. And if you've money, my son, and know how to handle it and spread it, you can do *anything*. Now you don't think it likely that a man who could do anything is going to wear his breeches out sitting in the stinking hold of a rat-gutted, beetle-ridden, mouldy old coffin of a China coaster. No, sir, such a man will look after himself and will look after his chums. You may lay to that! You hold on to him, and you may kiss the book that he'll haul you through.'

"That was his style of talk, and at first I thought it meant nothing, but after a while, when he had tested me and sworn me in with all possible solemnity, he let me understand that there really was a plot to gain command of the vessel. A dozen of the prisoners had hatched it before they came

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board. Prendergast was the leader, and his money was he motive power.

"'I've a partner,' said he, 'a rare good man, as true as a tock to a barrel. He's got the dibbs, he has; and where do ou think he is at this moment? Why, he's the chaplain of his ship—the chaplain, no less! He came aboard with a lack coat and his papers right, and money enough in his ox to buy the thing right up from keel to main-truck. The rew are his, body and soul. He could buy 'em at so much gross with a cash discount, and he did it before ever they igned on. He's got two of the warders, and Mercer, the econd mate, and he'd get the captain himself if he thought im worth it.'

"'What are we to do, then?' I asked.

"'What do you think?' said he. 'We'll make the coats f some of these soldiers redder than ever the tailor did.'

"'But they are armed,' said I.

"'And so shall we be, my boy. There's a brace of pis- ols for every mother's son of us, and if we can't carry this hip, with the crew at our back, it's time we were all sent to young misses' boarding-school. You speak to your mate pon the left to-night, and see if he is to be trusted.'

"I did so, and found my other neighbor to be a young fel- ow in much the same position as myself, whose crime had een forgery. His name was Evans, but he afterwards hanged it, like myself, and he is now a rich and prosperous an i. the south of England. He was ready enough to oin in the conspiracy, as the only means of saving ourselves, nd before we had crossed the Bay there were only two of he prisoners who were not in the secret. One of these was f weak mind, and we did not dare to trust him, and the ther was suffering from jaundice, and could not be of any se to us.

"From the beginning there was really nothing to prevent s from taking possession of the ship. The crew were a set f ruffians specially picked for the job. The sham chaplain ame into our cells to exhort us, carrying a black bag sup- osed to be full of tracts, and so often did he come that by he third day we had each stowed away at the foot of our eds a file, a brace of pistols, a pound of powder, and twenty lugs. Two of the warders were agents of Prendergast, nd the second mate was his right-hand man. The captain, he two mates, two warders, Lieutenant Martin, his eighteen oldiers, and the doctor were all that we had against us. 'et, safe as it was, we determined to neglect no precaution, nd to make our attack suddenly by night. It came, how- ver, more quickly than we expected, and in this way:

"One evening, about the third week after our start, the octor had come down to see one of the prisoners who was l, and putting his hand down on the bottom of his bunk he elt the outline of the pistols. If he had been silent, he ight have blown the whole thing, but he was a nervous ttle chap, so he gave a cry of surprise, and turned so pale hat the man knew what was up in an instant and seized im. He was gagged before he could give the alarm and tied own upon the bed. He had unlocked the door that led to he deck, and we were through it in a rush. The two sen- ries were shot down, and so was a corporal who came run- ing to see what was the matter. There were two more oldiers at the door of the state-room, and their muskets eemed not to be loaded, for they never fired upon us, and hey were shot while trying to fix their bayonets. Then we ushed on into the captain's cabin, but as we pushed open he door there was an explosion from within, and there he ay with his brains smeared over the chart of the Atlantic which was pinned upon the table, while the chaplain stood rith a smoking pistol in his hand at his elbow. The two nates had both been seized by the crew, and the whole usiness seemed to be settled.

"The state-room was next the cabin, and we flocked in there nd flopped down on the settees, all speaking together, for re were just mad with the feeling that we were free once nore. There were lockers all round, and Wilson, the sham haplain, knocked one of them in, and pulled out a dozen of rown sherry. We cracked off the necks of the bottles, oured the stuff out into tumblers, and were just tossing hem off when, in an instant, without warning, there came he roar of muskets in our ears, and the saloon was so full f smoke that we could not see across the table. When it leared again the place was a shambles. Wilson and eight thers were wriggling on the top of each other on the floor, nd the blood and the brown sherry on that table turn me ick now when I think of it. We were so cowed by the ight that I think we should have given the job up if it had ot been for Prendergast. He bellowed like a bull, and ushed for the door with all that were left alive at his heels. but we ran, and there on the poop were the lieutenant and en of his men. The swing skylight above the saloon table ad been a bit open, and they had fired on us through the lit. We got on them before they could load, and they tood to it like men, but we had the upper hand of them, nd in five minutes it was all over. My God, was there ver a slaughter-house like that ship! Prendergast was like raving devil, and he picked the soldiers up as if they had een children and threw them overboard, alive or dead. There was one sergeant that was horribly wounded and yet ept on swimming for a surprising time, until some one in ercy blew out his brains. When the fighting was over here was no one left of our enemies except just the warders, he mates, and the doctor.

"It was over them that the great quarrel arose. There were nany of us who were glad enough to win back our freedom nd yet who had no wish to have murder on our souls. It vas one thing to knock the soldiers over with their muskets n their hands, and it was another to stand by while men were being killed in cold blood. Eight of us—five convicts nd three sailors—said that we would not see it done. But here was no moving Prendergast and those who were with im. Our only chance of safety lay in making a clean job of it, said he, and he would not leave a tongue with power o wag in a witness-box. It nearly came to our sharing the fate of the prisoners, but at last he said that if we wished we might take a boat and go. We jumped at the offer, for we were already sick of these bloodthirsty doings, and we saw that there would be worse before it was done. We were given a suit of sailor togs each, a barrel of water, two casks, one of junk and one of biscuits, and a compass. Prender- gast threw us over a chart, told us that we were ship- wrecked mariners, whose ship had foundered in lat. 15° and ong. 25° west, and then cut the painter and let us go.

"'And now I come to the most surprising part of my story, my dear son. The seamen had hauled the fore-yard aback during the rising, but now, as we left them, they brought it square again, and, as there was a light wind from the north and east, the barque began to draw slowly away from us. Our boat lay, rising and falling, upon the long smooth roll- ers, and Evans and I, who were the most educated of the party, were sitting in the sheets working out our position and planning what coast we should make for. It was a nice question, for the Cape de Verdes were about five hundred miles to the north of us, and the African coast about seven hundred to the east. On the whole, as the wind was coming round to the north, we thought that Sierra Leone might be best, and turned our head in that direction, the barque being at that time nearly hull down on our starboard quarter. Suddenly, as we looked at her, we saw a dense black cloud of smoke shoot up from her, which hung like a monstrous tree upon the sky-line. A few seconds later a roar like thunder burst upon our ears, and as the smoke thinned away there was no sign left of the *Gloria Scott*. In an instant we swept the boat's head round again, and pulled with all our strength for the place where the haze, still trailing over the water, marked the scene of this catastrophe. It was a long hour before we reached it, and at first we feared that we had come too late to save any one. A splintered boat and a number of crates and fragments of spars rising and falling on the waves showed us where the vessel had foundered; but there was no sign of life, and we had turned away in de- spair when we heard a cry for help, and saw at some dis- tance a piece of wreckage with a man lying stretched across it. When we pulled him aboard the boat he proved to be a young seaman of the name of Hudson, who was so burned and exhausted that he could give us no account of what had happened until the following morning.

"It seemed that after we had left, Prendergast and his gang had proceeded to put to death the five remaining prisoners. The two warders had been shot and thrown overboard, and so also had the third mate. Prendergast then descended into the 'tween decks, and with his own hands cut the throat of the unfortunate surgeon. There only remained the first mate, who was a bold and active man. When he saw the convict approaching him with the bloody knife in his hand, he kicked off his bonds, which he had somehow contrived to loosen, and rushing down the deck, he plunged into the after-hold. A dozen convicts, who descended with their pistols in search of him, found him with a match-box in his hand, seated beside an open powder-barrel, which was one of a hundred carried on board, and swearing that he would blow all hands up if he were in any way molested. An in- stant later the explosion occurred, though Hudson thought it was caused by the misdirected bullet of one of the con- victs rather than the mate's match. Be the cause what it may, it was the end of the *Gloria Scott* and of the rabble who held command of her.

"Such, in a few words, my dear boy, is the history of this terrible business in which I was involved. Next day we were picked up by the brig *Hotspur*, bound for Australia, whose captain found no difficulty in believing that we were the survivors of a passenger ship that had foundered. The transport ship *Gloria Scott* was set down by the Admiralty as being lost at sea, and no word has ever leaked out as to her true fate. After an excellent voyage the *Hotspur* landed us at Sydney, where Evans and I changed our names, and made our way to the diggings, where among the crowds who were gathered from all nations we had no difficulty in losing our former identities. The rest I need not relate. We prospered, we travelled, we came back as rich colonials to England, and we bought country estates. For more than twenty years we have led peaceful and useful lives, and we hoped that our past was forever buried. Imagine then my feelings when in the seaman who came to us I recognized instantly the man who had been picked off the wreck. He had tracked us down somehow, and had set himself to live upon our fears. You will understand now how it was that I strove to keep the peace with him, and you will in some measure sympathize with me in the fears which fill me now that he has gone from me to his other victim with threats upon his tongue.

"Underneath is written in a hand so shaky as to be hardly legible: 'Beddoes writes in cipher to say H. has told all. Sweet Lord, have mercy on our souls!'

"That was the narrative which I read that night to young Trevor, and I think, Watson, that under the circumstances it was a dramatic one. The good fellow was heart-broken at it, and went out to the Terai tea-planting, where I hear that he is doing well. As to the sailor and Beddoes, neither of them was ever heard of again after that day on which the letter of warning was written. They both disappeared utterly and completely. No complaint had been lodged with the police, so that Beddoes had mistaken a threat for a deed. Hudson had been seen lurking about, and it was believed by the police that he had done away with Beddoes and had fled. For myself, I believe that the truth was ex- actly the opposite. I think that it is most probable that Beddoes, pushed to desperation, and believing himself to have been already betrayed, had revenged himself upon Hudson, and had fled from the country with as much money as he could lay his hands on. Those are the facts of the case, doctor, and if they are of any use to your collection, I am sure that they are very heartily at your service."

THIS BUSY WORLD

It would add not a little to the attractiveness of the Chicago Fair if a side exhibition could be made there of Mr. George W. Smalley, as the man who can keep an eye on two continents at once. The responsibility of pointing out the errors of Mr. Gladstone would be enough, in the season, for most men, but Mr. Smalley can do that now with one hand tied behind him, and finds abundant leisure besides to point out what Mr. Cleveland is up to that is amiss. The other day he sent over a crushing criticism of Mr. Cleveland's inaugu- ral address, and last week he specified several bad blunders which Mr. Cleveland had made in connection with Mr. Bayard's appointment. It is not necessary to rehearse them, but they make one feel more than ever assured that if Mr. Smalley would come home and be shown at the fair in the original cage in which the late Artemus Ward exhibited his original kangaroo (the same that was "an amoosing little cus"), the "attraction" would be one which very few Ameri- can citizens would pass by.

There are a lot of interesting exhibits that the people would like to see at the fair, and which will not be made because they will not be thought of in time, or for other reasons. Who can doubt, for instance, that very few spec- tacular items would excite more continuous enthusiasm than a few cages of desperate villains, carefully chosen from the best American collections? William Curtis Perry, the express-robber, in a cage with Senator Hill and Carter Har- rison, would draw excited crowds all day long, as would ex- Czar Reed and Colonel Ingersoll, behind the bars with Dr. Briggs. Some of these individuals might deny that they were desperate villains, and demur to the exhibition, but that would be mere prejudice on their part, for there are columns and reams of the most explicit newspaper evidence against every man of them, and hosts of believers in their villany.

As the opening of the fair approaches, and plans for get- ting to it begin to take definite shape, brows are bent in in- creasing numbers over the question, "How much will it cost?" It is understood that Chicago has invested about fifteen millions in the fair, and shivers have run up and down the spines of a good many intending visitors at the prospect of contributing even one family's share toward making good that considerable outlay. Recognizing this detail of the public anxiety, the intrepid fair-managers have lately taken pains to allay it. Officially and through the newspaper cor- respondents they solemnly aver that the fair is not going to be run by brigands, and that the population of Cook County has not been organized for systematic pillage. Rooms, they declare, will be absolutely procurable in sufficient numbers at from two to four dollars a day, while the fair restaurants will provide unlimited food at such various cost that the sojourner can choose for himself whether to pamper his jaded appetite or his jaded purse. It will doubtless take a first-rate manager to see the fair for nothing, and induce the management to pay him for coming, but few people expect to succeed as well as that, and for the multitude of the rea- sonably thrifty there is much of comforting reassurance about these official declarations that they are not going to be plundered, and that a moderate investment will enable them to see a great deal more than they can possibly remember, and to have a good time while they are about it. Certainly it does not seem too much to say that any individual who can lay hands on a hundred dollars can travel a thousand miles to the fair, stay there a week, see everything that can be seen in that time, and get home again without practising unwholesome self-denial, and without enduring any priva- tions, or suffering from anything worse than fatigue. That many thousand people will travel farther than that and stay longer and see much more for less money is much easier to believe than to doubt.

It is announced that the Congress of Representative Wo- men at Chicago next month is to devote part of one day to dress reform, with exhibitions of reformed costumes in active use. It is even hinted that some of the more enthusiastic reformers are going to wear the reformed garments in public at the fair for the benefit of the visiting public. But that is not the way to advance the cause. The true way to help the dress-reform idea is to talk about it, and to show pictures of displaced ribs. That induces more or less dis- satisfaction with the garb of extreme fashion, and helps to make women moderate. But to put on the shapeless waists and short skirts of the reformers spoils everything. So long as woman continues to be built on her present lines, short skirts and bag waists and masculine jackets will not be becoming to her. Doubtless Worth and all fashionable dress-designers are sinful creatures, and responsible next after the brewers and distillers for the sufferings of man- kind, but it only takes one sight of the dress-reform clothes to make the observer appreciate how much, after all, the Paris dressmakers know about their business. The re- formed clothes are so mortally plain, and good-looking women look so like guys when they get them on!

But one kind of dress reform would be welcomed by the wise everywhere. That would be an edict forbidding any radical change in the fashions oftener than once in about three years, thereby giving good dresses a chance to get worn out before they are thrown away. But even such a reform as that would be bad for trade, and, after all, it would affect only the rich, since the poor have to wear their clothes out, style or no style, as it is.

A worthy gentleman, a staid bachelor, who died last week, was the hero of a particularly delightful tale, which, possibly, has not yet got into print. He was sitting in his office in Twenty-third Street one day when a very respectable-seem- ing woman came in and sat down. He turned to her and bowed, when she said that she had thus and so the matter with her. He expressed polite regret, and she went on with a prompt category of symptoms and ill effects, together with information as to what had been attempted so far for her relief. He said he was very sorry to learn of her ailment, and wished that he could do anything to abate it.

"But can't you?" she asked, with visible astonishment.

"I think not," he said. "Why don't you see a physician?"

She started to her feet. "Why, isn't this the dispensary?"

"No, madam! The dispensary is on the other corner. This is the National Academy of Design."

In a spirited article in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* Mr. Lester W. Clarke protests against the employment of salaried graduate coaches in college athletics. One of his arguments against it is that it would be ominous to a man's career to hire out for four or five years after graduation to coach undergraduate athletes. Mr. Clarke thinks it most ob- jectionable to tempt a college graduate, with money, to do what is contrary to his true interests. He is earnestly op- posed to hired coaching on other and familiar grounds, which appeal more or less strongly to every one who has the interest of college athletics sufficiently at heart to care more how races and games are won than who wins them. Nevertheless the question is perplexing, and there is some- thing to say on the other side. For it seems sadly wasteful of energy and devotion to let a crew of stout young fellows toil through the winter and spring, and finally go to New London predestined to defeat, because there was no one to teach them the best method of rowing. What is worth do- ing is worth doing well. It is even worth while to row well, and it is excusable to wish to learn. But to make a business of teaching men to row well is apparently discred- itable to a college graduate.

What seems to be needed at Harvard is a vice-president of the University, who shall receive a salary as such, but shall have leisure, when the president can spare him, to pur- sue the athletic devil around the stump. If the vice-presi- dent of the university should coach the crews and teams in his spare time, it is hard to see wherein the most elevated sentiments would suffer. It might be necessary to have several vice-presidents, but that would be only a detail, the main point being to have enough of them, and to have them competent, and to have them take rank and pay as vice- presidents, without reference to any use that they may make of their leisure.

E. S. Martin.

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THE HON. JAMES O. BROADHEAD.
United States Minister to Switzerland.



WILLIAM EDMOND CURTIS,
Recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.



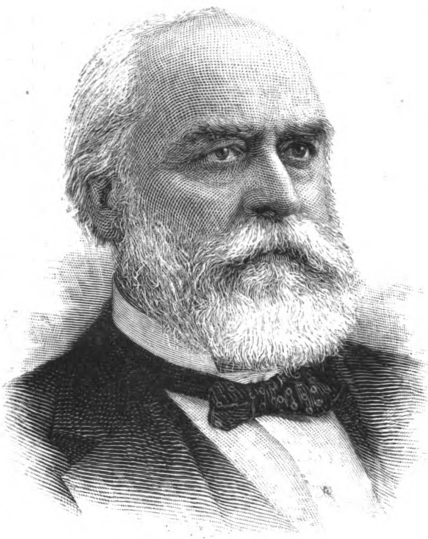
THE HON. EDWIN DUN.
United States Minister to Japan.

SOME NEW APPOINTMENTS.

WILLIAM EDMOND CURTIS, who has been appointed one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, is among the strongest young men of the anti-snappers of New York. He is a lawyer by profession, being the son of the late Chief Justice Curtis of the Superior Court. He was one of the original committee of fifty which began what is known as the May movement, resulting in the Syracuse convention. He has a very large and lucrative practice; in fact, his business is of such importance that it was very difficult to persuade him to accept the office which he now holds. It was only after Mr. Cleveland insisted that it was Mr. Curtis's duty to come to the aid of the administration that he consented to make the necessary sacrifice involved in giving up his business for four years. Mr. Curtis is thirty-seven years old, and was graduated at Trinity College in 1875. Mr. Curtis, like other anti-snappers, supported Grant for Mayor against Scott. He is secretary of the Democratic Club, a member of the Reform, Manhattan, and Century clubs, and of the Bar Association.

In selecting a new Minister to Japan, Mr. Cleveland has departed somewhat from the usual custom in such cases, as he has not chosen a political adherent, but has promoted a gentleman already in the diplomatic service, and peculiarly fitted for the post by his training and long residence in the country to which he is now accredited. Mr. Edwin Dun, of Ohio, the new Minister, has lived in Japan since 1872, when he went to the East as an assistant to General Horace Capron, then the agricultural adviser to the Japanese government. Later, Mr. Dun was placed in charge of the government farm at Sapporo in the Island of Yesso. This position he held for several years, and for his ability and fidelity in the management was decorated by the Emperor. During General Arthur's Presidency Mr. Dun was made Second Secretary of the United States Legation, and promoted to be First Secretary when Mr. Cleveland became President eight years ago. In this position he has continued till now. He was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1848. The members of his family in Ohio are Democrats, but he has lived so long abroad that it is not likely that he is a very zealous partisan.

James O. Broadhead, who has been named as Minister to Switzerland, has long been a familiar figure at the national capital. Something like twelve years ago he was a member of the House of Representatives from St. Louis, and was considered then to be one of the leading lawyers of the popular branch of Congress. He is about sixty-five years old. In 1861 he espoused the cause of the Union against the Southern Confederacy, and was a member of the constitutional conventions of 1861 and 1863 which deposed the Confederate Legislature. He has not been in active politics recently, and, indeed, was never what might be called a practical politician. He has always been a



THE HON. CARTER H. HARRISON,
Elected Mayor of Chicago.—[See Page 349.]

stanch Democrat, of the kind that accepted the teachings of Thomas H. Benton, and consequently is an earnest tariff-reformer. He is a member of the National Democratic Committee, and was a delegate to several national conventions, being recognized rather for solidity of judgment [illegible] for brilliancy. He was not presented by the Senators Congressional delegation of Missouri, but was selected the President himself.

Pierce M. B. Young, who was appointed as Min ter to Guatemala, is one of the best-known men Washington. Some years ago he served in Congr from the State of Georgia, and was one of the pr inent members of the House. He is a tall, handso soldierly man, and moves a good deal in the old Sou ern society of the capital. During the war he was very gallant and widely known cavalry officer of t Confederate army, and was a soldier of great dash brilliancy. When Mr. Cleveland was first elected Pre dent he made Mr. Young Consul-General at St. Peter burg, and he performed the duties of that post satisfa torily to his government. There is probably no m in Georgia whose selection will give more gener satisfaction to the State than that of General Yo

Mr. Bartlett Tripp, of South Dakota, is appointed Minister to Austria-Hungary. He is probably one the most accomplished men in the new Northwest, whe he has long resided. He was one of the pioneers Dakota before the Territory was divided into Nor and South Dakota. He is forty-eight years old, a obtained his first political preferment from Mr. Cle land during that gentleman's first administration. served then as Chief Justice of the Territory of Dak He was very active in the last campaign as a speak especially on tariff questions, and was urged by friends for the place of Commissioner of the Gene Land Office, but Mr. Cleveland found in him a re foreign minister, and has sent him to the most soci and elegant court of Europe.

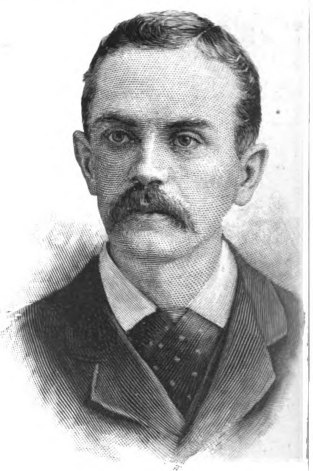
The appointment of Eben Alexander as Minister Greece is another of the President's personal selecti Professor Alexander is not a politician, although politicians of North Carolina have not only acquiesc but were in advance of the appointment enthusiastic in favor of it. Mr. Alexander is a scholar and Profes of Greek in the North Carolina University. He is graduate of Yale College, and has been a professor acting President of the University of East Tennes It was largely due to the fact that Professor Alexan was personally interested in Greece and its people language that Mr. Cleveland appointed him. Besides being a scholar, he is a man of first-rate executive ability, as he showed when he was acting as the head of Tennessee institution. He is a man about forty years age, and is described as of fine manner and personality pressing himself favorably.



THE HON. BARTLETT TRIPP.
United States Minister to Austria-Hungary.

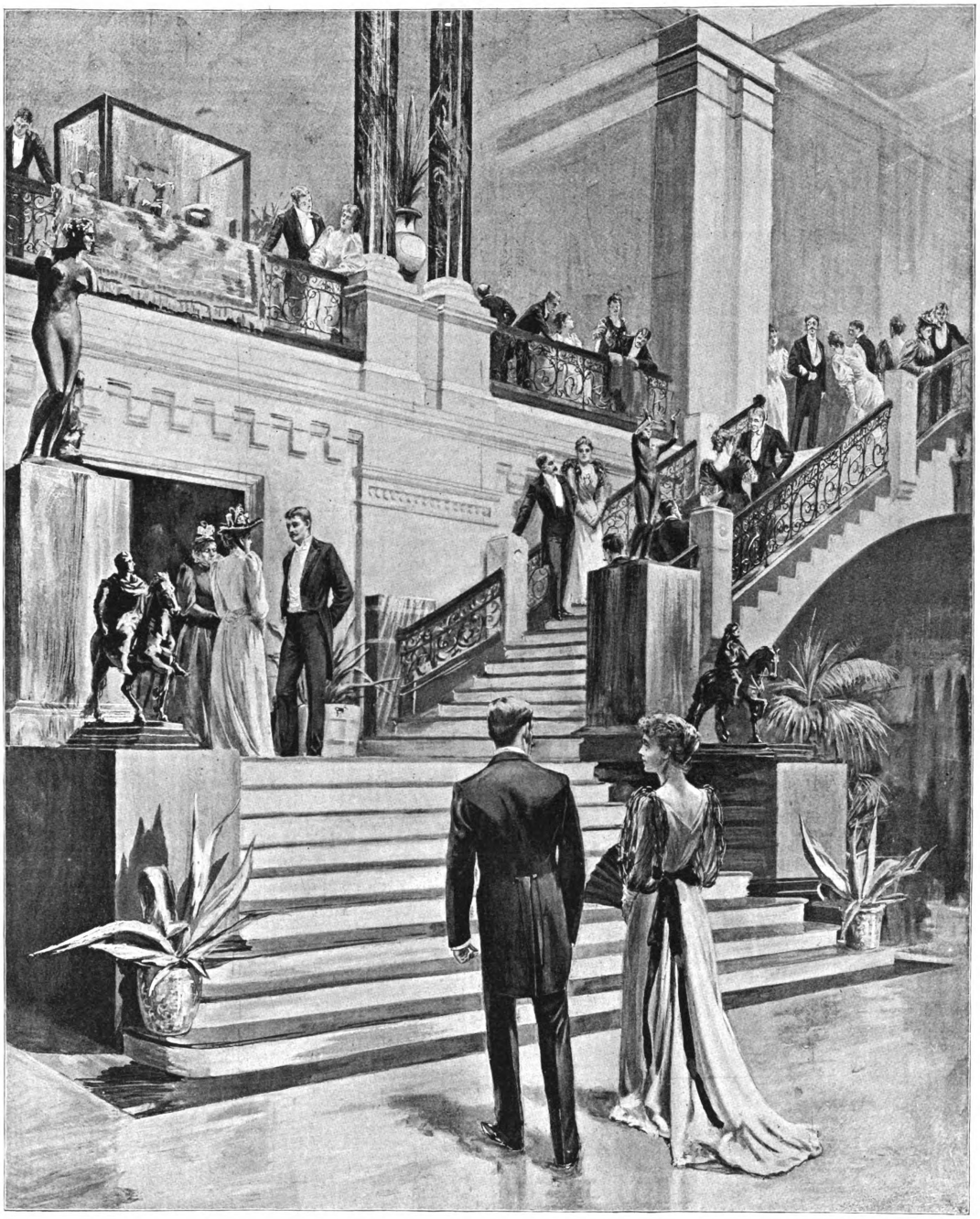


THE HON. P. M. B. YOUNG.
United States Minister to Guatemala and Honduras.



THE HON. EBEN ALEXANDER.
United States Minister to Greece, Roumania, and [illegible]

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A RECEPTION AT THE ART MUSEUM, CINCINNATI.—Drawn by Frank O. Small and W. A. C. Pape.

AN ART MUSEUM RECEPTION.

The Cincinnati Art Museum is a creation of the private liberality and public spirit for which the "Queen City" is noted. It was founded by the late Charles W. West, a bachelor citizen, who gave $300,000 for the purpose, on condition that $300,000 more be contributed by others. This condition was promptly fulfilled, and the present building has one wing and central edifice of the entire plan. It stands in Eden Park, which is upon high bluffs of the Ohio, reached from the basin of the city by an inclined plane, upon the trucks of which electric cars are run, lifted to the hill-top, and sent anew upon their journey through the park.

The art galleries are already rich in contributed treasures, and although paintings preponderate, there are many choice specimens of sculpture, while the museum proper is fairly illustrative of the art industrial work of all lands and ages.

The receptions given at the museum are almost unique in character, inasmuch as they combine an official tone with social exclusiveness. They take place once or twice a year on general principles, and the attendance is representative of all that is best in Cincinnati society, intellectual, artistic, and fashionable. It is upon occasions when large national conventions, such as the medical associations of the United States, or the American Institute of Architects, are being entertained in the city that the academy receptions are most important.

The receptions are by card, and there has been a disposition to criticise the fact that any entertainment at a public institution should not be open to all. To this it is answered that the Board of Trustees assumes personally the extra cost of the music and refreshments, and that the affairs are given at hours at which the museum would otherwise be closed to the public, and that therefore it is within the discretion of the trustees whom to invite. The invitation list is usually large, several thousand cards often being issued, and the ample halls and art galleries afford plenty of room for the gatherings. The scene in the illustration is the vestibule of the central building. The stairway to the left leads to the main picture-gallery, where the receiving line of prominent matrons is usually formed. When a light collation is served, which is not always the case, the rooms in the basement are utilized. There are several hundred annual contributors to the museum and art school endowment fund, and these are the basis of the local invitation list, and assemble to aid in entertaining the guests from abroad.

Among the important pictures are the Longworth and Springer collections, which were bequeathed to the museum almost entire. The art school, endowed by practically the same people as the museum, stands near by on a site dedicated by the city in the park grounds.

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Mr. Carter H. Harrison has just been elected Mayor of Chicago for the fourth time. It was his fifth race for the office. Two years ago he ran against Mr. Washburne and Mr. Cregier, and was defeated by the former. This year his opponents were Mr. Cregier and Mr. Samuel Allerton, a wealthy packer of pork. Mr. Harrison was elected by a plurality of 19,000. The canvass was active and bitter, and, moreover, it was nasty, as Mr. Harrison's opponents, with the aid of all the papers in Chicago except his own paper, the *Times*, accused him of pretty nearly every sin in the calendar. The election is conceded by all to have been entirely fair, and to have demonstrated that a majority of the Chicago voters preferred Mr. Harrison over either of his opponents.

Mr. Harrison is in his sixty-eighth year, and a native of Kentucky. He comes of the Harrison family of Virginia, of which ex-President Harrison is also a member. He was graduated from Yale College in 1845, then he studied law, but he has never practised that profession. He farmed in Kentucky for several seasons. After two years spent in foreign travel he settled in Chicago, and went into the real-estate business, in which he has accumulated an ample fortune. He has served two terms in Congress, to which he was elected as a Democrat. His first term as Mayor began in 1879.

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"ALL HANDS TO SKYLARK."

WITHOUT his breathing-spaces and his play-time, naval Jack would be the dullest of all dull boys. At the best, sea-life is so filled with perils, self-denials, and hardships that if it were unlightened the strongest and best would bend under its strain. Even on the tautest ships this is recognized, and always the routine of work, watches, and drills is interrupted by recesses the sailor may call his own. In these seasons of rest he gets his share of such maritime cakes and ale and ginger—hot i' the mouth, too—as time and tide may dole; then he may weave and twist the undisputed yarn in the lee gangway to an audience that never tires nor dares to doubt; then may he pull placidly at the unvexed pipe loaded to the muzzle with the strongest tobacco in the world; then may he swing doloroously into the dreary variety-hall ditties, which haplessly have sunk fathoms deep the dear old sea-songs; or, if wind and weather permit, he may bake on the fo'c's'le in the sunlight, and overhaul with minute care his clothes-bag and his ditty-box.

As a rule, the man-o'-war's man takes his pleasures seriously, soberly, and in discreet company; for the old tar of fiction and of song, like Great Pan, is dead. You will see him no more fresh from the Spanish Main, garbed quaintly, striking attitudes like a master of dance and combat, shifting quids, hitching trousers, damning eyes, and scattering double handfuls of doubloons and moidores—you will see him no more cross-gartered and pigtailed, sword-girded and bepistolled, save in the weird melodrama, where the gods still love and believe in him. He is no longer a dual-natured being, a man with the virtues of a child, a child with the vices of a man. He is alert, vigorous, self-reliant, frank, modest, brave, sober. The type figuring in the popular mind as a die-hard is the exception; and be sure that the shore rovers carrying lee gunwales under with a press of canvas and backing and filling—filling especially—along the hospitable channelways of the Bowery, are not true representatives of our Yankee tars.

Week after week I have seen the watches of a ship of war go ashore with the utmost regularity, and return clean and sober, usually before their liberty had expired, and rarely over time. I believe no other class of similar station can compare with sailor-men; and if you doubt this, take a Jackie's Saturday night ashore and ask the policemen along the Bowery, or search the police records, and the inquiries will convince you. Though there is no such regular spree as the Blue Monday of other working-men, lapses are natural enough. When a bluejacket strikes the beach he has often so many lost opportunities of conviviality to make up, and land-keeping people are so apt to view him with a regard and a forgiveness yielded no other class, that sometimes his good resolutions scurry whistling down the wind, and his natural qualities are eclipsed by the gayetics of the run ashore.

The naval seaman of our day has to think as well as pull and haul, and must keep a sharp lookout to windward if he seeks advancement in a trade where the specialties are many, and the rewards are great for aptitude and good behavior. Then, too, he has been advanced to a higher plane, for he lives better, is better clothed and housed, than in the days of carronades and stunsails. Save in exceptional voyages to distant stations, he is more often if not so long in port, and he has greater opportunities for shore-going—more liberty, as he calls it—and more systematic discipline. To see him at his best is in the open, in an emergency calling for brain and brawn, and next, perhaps, in a port drill, when a rival ship is pressing hard in a hot race against time. Then will be revealed a type of honest, hard-working, patient, yet eager manhood that is an honor to the calling and the country.

Jack's life is set about with metes and bounds, as the requirements of modern war machines can leave unconsidered but few half-hours. Usually he is called at sunrise, and from then until four in the afternoon he is busy with the persistency of a mechanic, and alert with the readiness of a doctor for an unexpected duty. During each meal hour he is allowed to smoke within his prescribed limits, and so jealously are these times of rest guarded that a red pennant flying aloft shows to the outside world he may not be disturbed, even were it to receive the Admiral. After supper there are minor details to be finished—once a week in port a routine drill perhaps, at sea often a sail exercise, but always when hammocks are piped down and until tattoo is done the cherished leisure hours are made as much his own as the cares of the ship permit.

This is his season of merriment, and his pleasures run the gamut of many physical bouts. He boxes, gives play with single-stick and quarter-staff, both vigorous and determined, and honestly punctuated with resounding whacks and grinning acceptances of pain. The bear is chased amid much license of noise, and Jack swims, dives, rows, wrestles, and dances. And how he dances! Save on board flag-ships, bands are extemporized affairs, for the sailor loves his music dearly, even when he has to pay his piper, and is a prentice hand with various instruments, though I think there is an unwritten law against the wheezy and soul-venoming concertina and a respected prejudice concerning the piccolo.

I do not know that he hornpipes it so much as he jigs it, but when he does go in for form and style his traditional performance is filled with all the strength and grace and honest delight Mr. Zogbaum gives us in his beautiful picture of real sea-life. Study the types well, for here you have our sailors as they are, and I recall nowhere another illustration which reproduces with equal fidelity, knowledge, and sympathy American man-o'-war's men. I envy the gift shown here, and it will surely be the artist's fortune to find that in many ports and on many seas, in cabin, wardroom, and fo'c's'le, the cockles of sailor-men's hearts will be warmed by their appreciation of the work he has done so well.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

STOCKHOLM.

BY MAURICE BARRÈS.

THE modern taste for simplifying criticism and condensing it into a single sentence has led people to call Stockholm the Venice of the North, and the Swedes the French of the North. The truth is, if we must express that truth in two lines, that intellectual culture is more widely spread in the Scandinavian states than anywhere else, and that Stockholm may take rank among the most picturesque cities of the world.

Situated as it is, partly on islands, partly on a plain, and partly on hills, the general appearance of Stockholm is extremely diversified and beautiful. The quays and bridges are a very fine feature; but the wooden houses, so often and so easily burnt down, are now replaced by stone buildings, many of which are absolute palaces. It is when the sun is setting on a summer evening that a trip by sea to the deep fjord of the Baltic, known as Lake Mälaren, is most charming. All the islands and peninsulas are dotted with pretty villas, and the wide stretch of water forming the Archipelago is bright with little steam-yachts scudding about amongst the large steamers which also put in here. The original city of Stockholm, of which the great docks are the most noteworthy feature, has altogether outgrown its mother island. The oaks of Djurgarden and the rocky heights on the horizon form a fitting frame-work to the fascinating panorama, which, the very first time I saw it, made an indelible impression upon my memory.

I went to the Moselocke Garden, where there is a steam-lift, and in the vast sea of houses, viaducts, roads, quays, and jetties connecting the scattered islands, two buildings especially arrested my attention, the Royal Palace and the National Museum, significant monuments bringing into marked prominence the chief characteristic of this city of the north, which has been idly compared to similar cities in the south of Europe. Stockholm really is the outcome of the slow growth of a nation, the result of a prolonged effort, the history of which is epitomized in the huge mass of the Royal Palace overlooking the Amphitheatre. As for the National Museum, it reminds us of what the religion of Sweden is—indeed, of the whole of Scandinavia—a religion of love, a love which even affects the treatment of her national antiquities. If you are fortunate enough on your arrival at Stockholm to be present at one of the numerous concerts, and hear the exquisite popular melodies, of which Sweden possesses so fine a collection, and which are loved so passionately by her people, and you note the melancholy music, the light gayety and patriotism of the words, you will get a very fair impression, to begin with, of the charming and picturesque, town set in its lovely frame-work, and rich in national memories alike prehistoric and historic.

The whole of Stockholm is overlooked by the majestic residence of the royal family, the palace, about which gather the most valuable and noble historic memories. This great mass of stone occupies the site on which, in 1235, Birger Jarl built a fortress which may be looked upon as the origin of Stockholm. Close beside it is the Storkyrka, or Great Church, which an inscription and many historians date from that remote epoch, and claim as the most ancient edifice in the town, though it has been so much restored that the visitor is more likely to take it for a building of the last century, more especially as there are but few relics of ancient art even in the interior.

The Royal Palace was built by Nicholas Tessin, in the style of the Renaissance, at the end of the seventeenth century. It is a huge building, and is said to contain eight hundred rooms, wandering through which many and many a dramatic scene rises up before our mind's eye, in spite of the usual ignorance of southern races of Scandinavian history, imbued though they be with a certain amount of legendary lore relating to the North. Was it not in the very earliest years of its existence associated with a terrible accident worthy of the fifth act of a tragedy? King Charles XI. had just died before the completion of the Monument, which he had prided himself on making as magnificent as possible. His corpse had but just been laid out in state, when a fire broke out, and the flames raged so furiously that it was only with the greatest risk to life that the dead monarch's body was flung out of the window. May we be allowed to remark, *en passant*, that the objection to cremation at that period appears to have been carried to an extreme, and that, after all, it would have been preferable to this flinging out of the window? Fires have been more frequent and fatal in Stockholm than in any other town, and it has been so often badly injured, and more than once completely destroyed by them, that stone has at last been used for building instead of the resinous wood so long exclusively used.

The Royal Palace is rich in fine easel pictures, painted ceilings, sculptures, and stucco decorations, but it is in its tapestries that it excels all other collections; even the private galleries of France have not so fine a series of Gobelins. Gustavus III., who was such a great admirer of France until the Revolution, brought a number of fine tapestries from that country. He was a generous prince, fond of display, and not caring very much where the means for it were obtained. He did not much respect the constitution, but as he violated it to make a war which flattered the national sentiment, the masses of the people remained true to him when his nobles abandoned him, and after his death the burghers put up a monument to him, which is a fine example of the work of Sergel, who is generally considered the best Swedish sculptor of that time.

It may not be unnecessary to remind our readers that Gustavus III. was assassinated at a masked ball, though we are familiar enough with the gallant figures of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII., so ably criticised by Voltaire, and, above all, Charles John Bernadotte, who was of French birth. The whole palace is full of memories of the last-named monarch, and his rooms are still shown, though now converted into reception halls. A mere cadet in the army of Napoleon, he quarrelled with that great general, and after various vicissitudes he was elected in 1810 Crown-Prince of Sweden, and on the death of Charles XIII. became king, founding a dynasty, which is now one of the most respected in Europe.

It was in the salon of Madame Récamier that Constant saw Bernadotte on the eve of the eighteenth Brumaire, and it is to the pen of Monsieur Amédée Clausade that we owe a portrait of him when he had been on the throne of Sweden for some time. "When I was introduced," he says, "Charles XIV. was standing in the centre of his salon, wearing a coat of blue cloth, with collar and trimmings of velvet and gold braid; on his boots were silver spurs. Of a good height.... not too stout, his hair was already white; but the expression of his face was full of youth and vivacity, and his conversation always fluent and rich in grand memories of the actions of which he could say, 'Et quorum pars magna fui!'" In spite of the difference of time at which these portraits were taken, the original of both can be easily recognized; it is the artist, not the model, who is different.

Clausade had a long chat with the old monarch, who seemed very anxious not to have his name mixed up with those of Moreau and others who had fought against their country in the ranks of the foreigner. He dwelt long on this point, and made his visitor sit down beside him in an embrasure of the window lined with purple satin, looking out upon the Lejonbocken and the Norrbro. Bernadotte declared that he was altogether devoted to Sweden, and served her interests loyally. As for the difficulties in which he found himself involved with regard to France, he explained them away by arguments which seem to me very well summed up in the Proclamation to the German Army of the North in 1812, when he was Generalissimo. "Soldiers," he said, "the same sentiment which guided the French in 1792, and which led them to unite against the armies invading their territory, should to-day direct your valor against those who, after having invaded the soil on which you were born, still enslave your brothers, your wives, and your children!"

As King of Sweden, Bernadotte wished to prove himself still consistent with the feelings of the Adjutant who sang the "Marseillaise" on the eve of fighting Ney. However that may be, Charles XIV., though he never learned the language of his people, died King of Sweden in his beautiful Royal Palace, beloved by the whole of Sweden, and even of Norway, and his successors have been worthy of him, highly cultivated themselves, and eager to promote the culture of their subjects. The son of Bernadotte, King Oscar I., composed some fairly satisfactory music, and wrote a good book, *Des Peines et des Prisons;* and the present King, Oscar II., has inherited his gifts, and has published two volumes of different kinds—*Traduction de Poésies espagnoles et portugaises; Souvenirs de la Flotte suédoise*, the latter being his impressions when he was a young naval officer. Some of his historical essays, notably his *Dissertation sur Charles XII.*, are also very good, inculcating good political economy.

To complete our survey of the political history of Stockholm, we must visit several other monuments. The fine Knight's House, or Riddarhus, contains a beautiful room adorned with armorial bearings, in which the Swedish nobles met, and the Church of Riddarholm is a regular Pantheon, in which are the tombs of the kings and chief great men of Sweden. There are also a number of statues commemorating the past in various parts of the town.

All these stone relics, however, sink into insignificance before those which we may characterize as the outcome of the intellectual progress of the Scandinavian race, which are collected in the various museums of Stockholm.

The National Museum, with its galleries of painting and sculpture, might more aptly be called the Museum of Gustavus III., that prince having bought, at the end of the last century, a number of fine French pictures by Chardin, Lancret, Oudry, Desportes, and Boucher, with others of the Flemish and Dutch schools. Of these the Rembrandts appear to us the finest. Gustavus was certainly a man of taste, as proved by the fact that he brought a number of remarkable antiques from Italy, which it is truly surprising to find at Stockholm, when we remember how eagerly Swedish patriots protested, in the name of the whole of Scandinavia, against the Greek and Latin civilizations. Did not the distinguished Dane, Grundtvig, wage against them an eloquent, almost religious, campaign, in which he wound up by suggesting the substitution of the Sagas and Eddas for the works of Homer and Virgil as models for young students?

Great is contemporary Sweden's zeal for archæology, and many a happy and profitable hour may be spent in that part of the national collection which is called the Historic Museum, in which Herr Hildebrand has admirably classified thousands of objects found in Sweden, including inscriptions, weapons, personal ornaments, ceramic ware, etc., giving us an insight alike into prehistoric and historic times.

To complete this notice of a collection unique in Europe we must go to the Ethnographical Museum, founded in 1873 by Doctor Hazelius, which contains everything connected with the life, costumes, industry, and art of Scandinavia and Lapland, all most interesting to the foreigner, but at which he finds it difficult not to smile, with such minute care is everything classified and sorted. It is a fact that there are very severe laws forbidding the private appropriation of a flint implement or a rusted weapon of the slightest archæological interest; it must neither be sold nor kept, but handed over to be placed in these vast museums, and with the aid of all these relics the Swedes have been able to put together a complete picture of the mode of life of their most remote ancestors.

Competent authorities are of opinion that prehistoric studies cannot be pushed too far, especially as there is no written history of Scandinavia going back farther than twenty generations. Early chronicles, dating from the end of the eleventh century, have been almost completely lost, and nothing but vague traditions, embodied in the Sagas, remain relating either to that time or to earlier ages; so that, except the relics left beneath the soil by prehistoric peoples, we have scarcely anything left to aid us in the study of the remote past. Truly valuable to the student are the objects displayed to him in the glass cases of the Archæological Museum of Stockholm, which awoke the admiration of the Anthropological and Archæological Congress of 1874. Interpreted by Nilsson, of Lund, in his fine work, and confirmed by the laborious decipherment of Runic inscriptions, they have thrown a very unexpected light upon the origin of the Scandinavian race.

Whilst speaking of contemporary Scandinavians of eminence, we may also mention the historian Munk, of Christiania, who died a few years ago, and the philologist Madvig, of Copenhagen. In fact, in the two universities of Upsal and Lund we find in every branch of human knowledge worthy successors of Berzelius.

The National Library contains manuscripts and archives which have already been utilized by several scholars. Most of these documents come from convents, and were taken from them by Gustavus Vasa at the time of the secularization of religious houses. We must add, however, that a good many volumes have disappeared, having been given to the libraries of universities or burnt; whilst others, amounting to several thousands of books and manuscripts, were carried off by that eccentric lady Queen Christina when she deserted her kingdom for Rome, and are now in the Vatican.

Amongst the manuscripts of Stockholm the *Devil's Bible* is the most famous, and is said to be the largest manuscript known. It consists of three hundred asses' skins, and includes the Bible, the works of Joseph, several writings of St. Isidor, a Chronicle of Bohemia, and several Magic Formulæ. The devil, with an enormous head and emaciated limbs, is represented on the last leaf, and has given the name to the book. Another famous work is the *Codex aureus;* whether printed or manuscript is a matter of dispute. One thing is certain, that it has foretold events for many years. It is made up of alternate red and white leaves. Those who consult it

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STATUE OF CHARLES XII.

will have their wish if they open it at a white leaf, but will be disappointed if they light upon a red one. If, however, the consulter of the oracle were very powerful, or paid well, he might still cherish hope even if he did open the book at a red leaf, as it is always possible to get a propitious oracle out of an unlucky page.

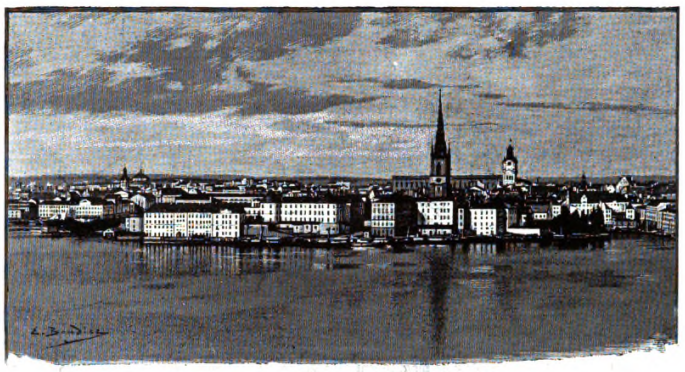
A magic book truly, but it has of late lost its prestige amongst amateurs, who would rather turn to the library of the Academy of Sciences, which contains the complete manuscript works of that strange and powerful genius, Swedenborg. We long to trace here the interesting biography of this great spirit, but our readers would, perhaps, not share our enthusiasm, and would rather that we turned to pay our respects to the Herbarium of Linnæus, which is indeed a precious relic.



STOCKHOLM FROM SKEPPSHOLMEN.

Cogordan has given a very good picture of Swedish intellectual development which it may be well to quote:

"It was in the reigns of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina that Swedish savants began to attract attention; at the same time the University of Upsala, which had been under a cloud throughout the sixteenth century, was reorganized, and took the first steps in the brilliant career before it. It was at this period that Messenius published his *Scandia illustra*, and the brothers Petrus and Olaus Magni composed their vast works on ancient Scandinavian history. A little later, Rudbeck, extending the field of his mythological and historical researches, produced his great *Atlantica*. Whilst protecting native-born men of note, the sovereigns of Sweden also attracted to their court illustrious foreigners; Descartes died at Stockholm; Saumaise and Naudé, two French scholars, were invited by Queen Christina; under Charles XI. the German Puffendorf, the rival of Grotius, and one of the founders of the science of the Rights of Humanity, occupied a chair at the then infant University of Lund.



STOCKHOLM—VIEW FROM LAKE MÄLAREN.

"In the eighteenth century one grand intelligence seems to have concentrated in himself all the scientific genius of Sweden; we allude to Linnæus, the Father of Botany. At the same time French influence became more and more apparent; Stockholm already had an Academy of Sciences, as well as one corresponding with the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris. Gustavus III., an enlightened prince, an enthusiastic lover of all things French, although he became a declared enemy of the Revolution, founded in 1786 a Swedish academy in imitation of that already existing in France. For all that, however, this period, perhaps because of its very infatuation for French taste, left no durable literature behind it; and of the writers contemporary with Gustavus III. we need only mention Bellman, the light-hearted singer of Stockholm. A powerful reaction marked the commencement of the present century, the signal for which was given by a professor of Upsala, Atterbom. The Phosphorists, so called from the name of their journal, the *Phosphorus*, went for their inspiration to the then but little explored sources of Scandinavian antiquity. They gave life once more to Swedish literature, hitherto condemned to sterility; and their influence was great, as they spread among the people a taste for national history, which nourishes patriotism better than any other aliment.

"The great writers of this time were Tegner, Bishop of Vexiö, and long professor at Lund University; Franzen, Bishop of Hernösand, in Norrland; and lastly, Runeberg, of Finland, the greatest poet of Sweden, author of the national song of the sad Suomi. All are now dead, and have not been replaced; some romances, most of them in the true and temperate style of Madame Bremer, with a few dramatic pieces, are all that Swedish literature has produced at the present time. It is the Norwegians, a young people, full of youth and vigor, who now carry off the palm in literature. In science, on the other hand, Sweden has no cause to envy any one. To complete this picture of the intellectual life of Sweden, we may add that the young University of Stockholm has taken first rank in mathematics."

(*Continued on page 354.*)



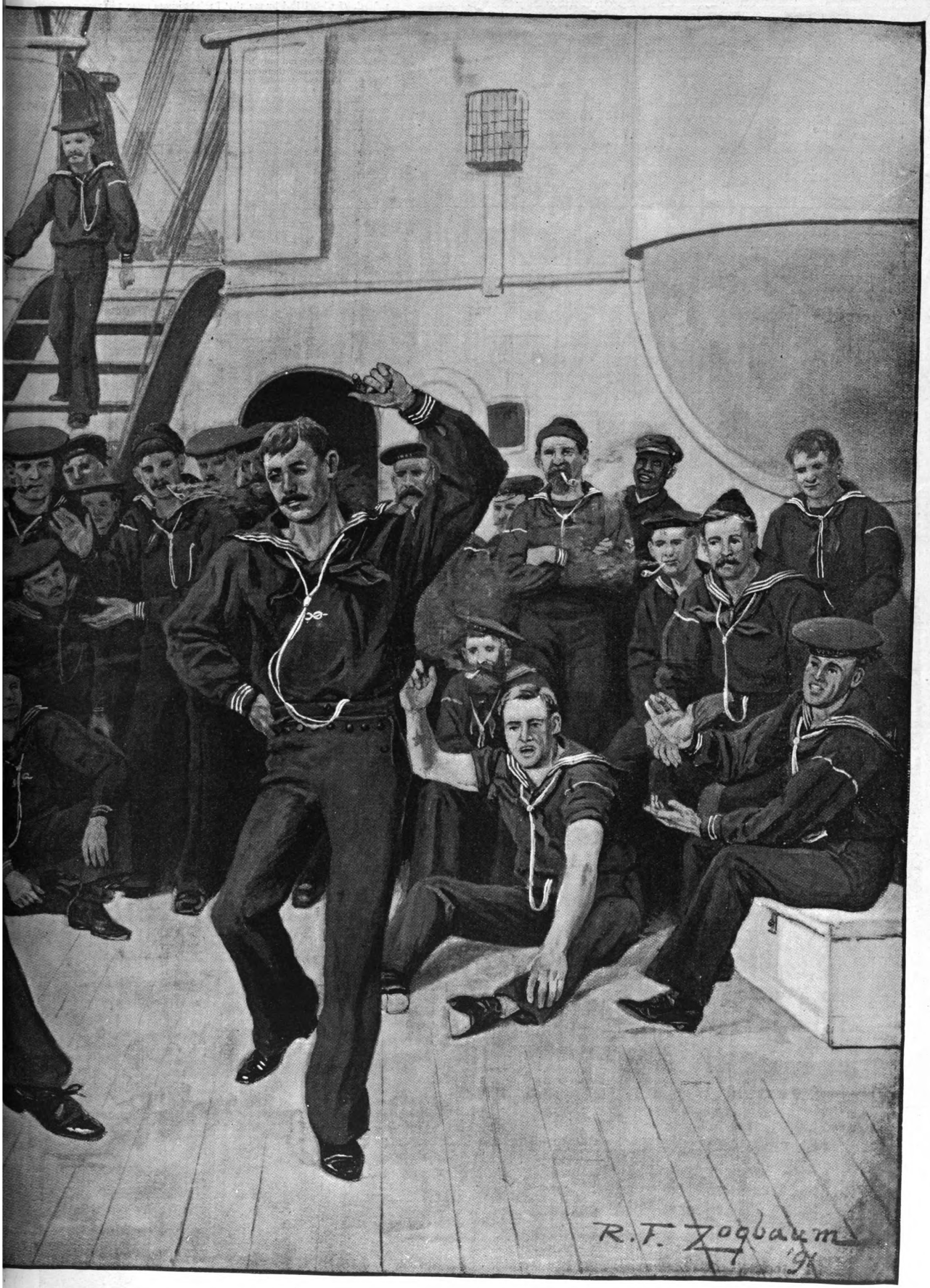
THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM IN WINTER.

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"ALL HANDS TO SKYL

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DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

[SEE PAGE 350.]

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ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

(*Continued from page* 351.)

Cogordan adds: "This would seem to be the place to notice those national rivalries which are matter of common knowledge, and a very important element in public feeling. True, all Scandinavians agree in the cultivation of national archæology, but they remain very suspicious of each other in other matters. Scandinavism, a dream, copied from Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism, is still a thing of literature only. In 1869 Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian scholars met at Stockholm with a view to the adoption of a common orthography for Scandinavian languages; but they could not make absolutely indispensable concessions. Talk to a Norwegian, and his suspicious patriotism could rank nothing above 'old Norway'; with a Swede, and he would dwell with emotion upon the time when Gustavus Adolphus, with six thousand men, made the holy Roman Empire tremble; with a Dane, and the burden of his discourse would be the time of Valdemar the Great, when the Baltic was a Danish lake, and the conclusion was inevitable that no Scandinavian will ever accept the union of the three kingdoms except on the condition that his own country takes first place in the confederation." *



THE ROYAL PALACE.



ENTRANCE TO THE PORT OF STOCKHOLM.

refined. I wish I had by me, that I might quote them, the verses of Paul Bourget, the theme of which is the love of a Parisian for a young Swedish girl passing through Paris. They would give a very good idea of the impression made on the French by these charming Scandinavians.

The people of Stockholm are extremely sociable, and some people say that the town is second only to New York in its culture of the telephone, adding that it is used there more to indulge the people's passion for conversation than for business. As for myself, I shall merely observe that living at Stockholm costs about half what it does at Paris.

There is a good deal that is very delightful at Stockholm in the summer, and there are plenty of pleasant excursions to be made in its environs. Naturalists say that the forests of Sweden are more silent than the woods of Germany, which is probably the result of two-thirds of the country being occupied by forests. Unfortunately, recently there has been so much cutting down of trees—which is to be regretted on other grounds—that singing-birds have had to take refuge in the woods that are left.

Three excursions certainly ought to be made, and would be thoroughly enjoyed by the visitor to Stockholm. He must go for a walk in the park of Djurgarden, outside the gates of the town; he must visit the huge palace of Drottningholm, and the historic palace of Gripsholm. Djurgarden is of a natural beauty, and peculiarly fitted for the embellishments of art. It consists of a rocky peninsula covered with a mass of oaks, pines, and hawthorns, such as can only be produced in a northern climate. Like sensible people, the Swedes thoroughly enjoy their park, and have set up beneath the plantains a statue of the most popular of their poets, the song-writer Bellman. Pretty and elegant houses are dotted about amongst the trees.

The palace of Drottningholm, which is built after the model of that of Marseilles, occupies one of the thirteen hundred isles of Lake Mälaren. Many are the pictures contained in this palace, and some of them are certainly very piquant, if nothing else. I am not sure whether there is very much to admire from the point of view of art, but it would not be fair to pass over without a word those Swedish landscapes, made up of green trees and water, and bathed in a soft and tender light which can never be forgotten.

The Castle of Gripsholm is generally called the Swedish Versailles. Its chief claim to this title is its Historical Museum, which is much richer in national relics than is the French palace. Many a good drama has been produced in the round towers of Gripsholm which has been adapted for the French Odéon Theatre.

To sum up, lovers of nature will find, near Stockholm, much that is most picturesque, perhaps even grand. In the long winters the clearness of the twilight especially produces grand effects. Swedish tales are essentially dramatic, and remind us of those of Spain and Italy, introduced to us by Stendhal and Mérimée. Education is and has long been universal in Sweden. Every peasant can read, and the communal schools are regular palaces. Archæological studies are more eagerly pursued and held in higher esteem in Sweden than in any other country. As a sea-board and commercial city, as well as the owner of great art treasures, Stockholm, in the opinion of competent judges, takes high rank; and the natural courtesy and tact of the Swedes make a visit to their country very pleasant for the foreigner.



STATUE OF BERNADOTTE.



STOCKHOLM—THE CITY QUAY.

The best time to live in Stockholm is the winter, which is *the* season; it can only be compared with that of St. Petersburg when sledge and skating fêtes and balls are the order of the day. Balls and skating are everywhere looked upon as the best possible opportunities for flirting, and we may add that in Sweden the young girls are generally pretty and

* "L'Instruction supérieure en Russie," by Georges Cogordan. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1875. The whole article is excellent.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

'as a noble office-seeker went to Washington
get rewarded for the work he'd been and gone and done.
first of all he thought that he would ask the President
out him in the cabinet; but ere a day was spent,
n a circuit judgeship all his energies were bent.

second week he thought that he would quite contented be
were made a consul in some town across the sea;
when he found he could not have an office of that kind,
a post-official place he turned his agile mind—
not much to encourage him in this quest could he find.

reon he said a clerkship in the War Department would
features in it that he thought held quite a deal of good;
added, if there were no place among the men of war,
even serve his country as a public janitor,
s the keeper of some big official's office door.

n blust'ring March was over, he put in a new request;
idership in Lo's supplies, he said, would suit him best.
when his application for that office was denied,
howed himself a person to arouse his country's pride,
with a free pass to his home, he went there satisfied.

which the world must gather that the office-seeker's not
enture to be laughed at by the unambitious lot;
though his heart on lofty place the office-seeker sets,
ettle up his party's and his nation's little debts,
apt to be quite happy over anything he gets.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

UNPACKING ART EXHIBITS.

ANY kinds of skilled labor have been required at Jackson
, where an army of men are now busy putting the fing touches on the buildings and installing the exhibits.
ack a piece of sculpture or a painting so that no injury happen in transit requires both experience and practice.
same kind of instructed skill is required in unpacking works of art when they arrive at their destination. The
om has been in Chicago to have competent men for this
, and to have these men always under the watchful eye
superintendent, who could also check off the invoices
ie cases were relieved of their valuable contents. For
ral weeks past the works of art have been arriving in
ago from all parts of the civilized world, and it has not
seldom the case that the foreign commissioners have
ed into a kind of race so as to see which would have
exhibits first unpacked and in place. Packers of works
rt, and even of less fragile things, might learn many
ns from the patient and careful Japanese, who do this
g to perfection. Not only is each article put away so
there is no chance for breakage, but after the case is
ned tightly, provision is made against mishaps from
h handling. Not only is the side that is to be upper- indicated by marks, but, that there can be no excuse
arelessness, handles are placed on the cases, so that the
men or stevedores can conveniently move the cases as
should be moved.

ere is no longer room for doubt as to the great success
ie fine arts exhibits. Students and connoisseurs of art
be afforded the best kind of an opportunity to compare achievements of the modern masters and schools with another.



point of distinct and suggestive novelty in both design treatment the first production of *The Poet and Puppets*, irlesque on Mr. Oscar Wilde and his play, *Lady Windere's Fan*, produced at the Garden Theatre by one of Mr. hman's numerous excellent companies, was unquestion- the central point of interest of an unusually busy dra- ic week. At a time when they were still friends, and ore Mr. Whistler had written his brilliant monograph on *Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, he one day, when Mr. de was by, got off a singularly witty remark. Quoth Wilde, "Jimmy, I wish I had said that." "Never d, Oscar," returned Mr. Whistler; "you will." The rary attitude suggested by this eminently Whistlerian rt is the one which Mr. Charles Brookfield satirizes in undeniably clever skit on Mr. Wilde and his play. This resty, which for want of a better name is called burlesque, n its way unique, and defies classification. There is hing that the philosophy of dramatic art has known erto, at any rate in this country, to which it may be ned or compared. There is in it, and especially in the logue, a more than strong resemblance to that most airy l intangible of dramatic nothings, the French "*Revue*." those who have seen *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Poet l Puppets* puts a finger on the dramatic weaknesses, inconencies, unconventionalities, and improbabilities of that her overestimated play with unerring precision, in a y which, though tellingly sarcastic, is not on the whole kindly. The bare bones and creaking joints of the conional dramatic skeleton, which Mr. Wilde has covered h the flesh of epigram and caustic comment, stand plainly revealed. To those who have not seen Mr. Wilde's play the travesty is possessed of sufficient independent humor and oddity to make it interesting. The prologue, in which by the aid of a kindly fairy Mr. Wilde summons well-known dramatic and managerial shades to assist him in inventing (?) a drama, for which his reputation will not allow him to accept any material which has not been already tried and proved by previous use, and the scene in Lord Pentonville's chambers, where, each carrying his own chair, the gentlemen of the company arrange themselves in the familiar semicircle of the negro minstrel stage and get off time-honored and moss-grown jokes, are the best in the piece, and are intrinsically and ingeniously witty and amusing. One would think that the burlesque had been considerably revised, adapted, and localized for the American stage, and what is and what is not Mr. Brookfield's is fairly apparent. Still, the local allusions are cleverly introduced, and being in keeping with the general spirit of the piece, detract in no way from its distinctly original flavor. Any one who enjoys a distinctly new dramatic sensation—and who does not?—should see *The Poet and Puppets*. It contains hints in many and suggestions not a few for future work along the same lines, which, if they are wise, American dramatic writers will take advantage of.

It has been said above that *The Poet and Puppets* suggests the French "*Revue*." Mr. Brookfield's travesty, in so much, furnishes a suggestion and indication as to how this French "*Revue*" might be successfully transplanted to the American stage. The company presenting *The Poet and Puppets* certainly developed undeniable capabilities and qualifications as burlesquers, which fact furnishes another suggestion as to where the necessary material to adequately present those delightful little frothy comedies with music attached, which have far too long been confined to the Parisian stage, might readily be obtained. As the Poet, Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde, Mr. Henry Miller not only resembled the whilom æsthete and apostle of the sunflower in appearance and manner, but fulfilled all the necessary requirements of a singing and dancing comedian, and was at the same time artistic and legitimately amusing. The same may also be said of Mr. Roberts as Lord Windermere. Miss May Robson sang a very funny song in her very funny way, and did a skirt-dance with high kickings which appeared amazing, until she disclosed a third leg, which she worked from her pocket. Mr. Brown's take-off of Mr. Holland was startlingly exact and humorous; and Mr. Figman, burlesquing Mr. Daly and Mr. Tree, contributed some excellent work. Miss Irwin was, as usual, sprightly and nimble-footed; and the other ladies of the company generally worked with evident appreciation of the situation and in thorough harmony with their surroundings. Mr. Clyde Fitche's *Frédéric le Maître* replaced the one-act farce, *His Wedding-Day*, which preceded the burlesque when first produced on the third night.

The Lyceum Theatre this season seems determined to show its audiences Americans as they appear abroad, rather than as they appear at home, though the "American Girl in London" of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh's play, *The Guardsman*, produced there on Monday night, is an infinitely more natural, possible, and interesting individual than the high-flown, sentimental heroine of M. Sardou's play. If, as we are told, *Americans Abroad* was a typical Lyceum piece, *The Guardsman* is not. For the former piece was decidedly wishy-washy; the latter is decidedly and genuinely amusing. It is unnecessary to apply severe critical tests to a play like *The Guardsman*. Its authors have described it as "a humorous play," which is evidently their notion of a piece which begins like a comedy and ends like a French farce *au tiroir*. *The Guardsman* is decidedly and typically English in tone, and yet the characters are true enough to nature to be familiar, and just enough caricatures to allow us to laugh with and at them. So long as one can laugh at all, one is not tempted to stop and investigate the means by which that merriment is produced. It is, therefore, quite immaterial if in *The Guardsman* there is rather more action than story, if the situations and incidents are largely conventional, and present nothing particularly novel, and if the methods employed to produce the desired effect savor rather of farce than of legitimate comedy. Possibly the piece is rather too British in tone to be quite appreciated by an average American audience, and for this reason, perhaps, many essentially London localisms really funny to those initiated into London life did not apparently appeal as strongly as they might have done to a Lyceum first-night audience. Anybody who is neither cynical nor misanthropic can go to *The Guardsman* and laugh heartily, and what more need be required of a piece which invites public patronage as "a humorous play." The complications which grow out of the story, if not novel, are decidedly amusing, and the dialogue throughout is crisp, telling, and witty, and for the first time we see on the stage an American girl who is neither a prude nor a Daisy Miller, and who is a sketch from life rather than a caricature. And for this we are indebted to English authors! Will wonders never cease? The piece is admirably acted in all important respects, and as it is produced at the Lyceum, it is almost needless to say that it is thoroughly well staged, with both taste and effect. By his impersonation of Mr. Hanbury Hakes, a pickle merchant with social aspirations, Mr. Williams showed himself to be a character actor who can take rank with the best. This character type, though it seems impossible on this side of the water, is one frequently met with in England, and was depicted by Mr. Williams with great tact, self-restraint, and humor. Both Mr. Kelcey and Mr. Walcot were good as the Guardsman and the marriage-hating uncle, though the former was rather overweighted in the extreme farcical situations of the last act by former and more legitimate experiences. Miss Maud Harrison made a natural, gracious, and dainty American girl, and played with a nice sense of humor, constant spirit, and a sure and appreciative touch. Mrs. Whiffen, Miss Shannon, and Miss Tyree all did well. Mr. Ratcliffe was distinctly undercast, while Mr. Cook as an Irish servant was objectionably over-boisterous. Altogether one would venture to think that *The Guardsman* would prove a decided attraction during its limited stay at the Lyceum.

Last week, too, the musical candle flickered up brightly before going out for the season, as it shortly must do. Tuesday night the Brodsky Quartet gave their last concert of the season, playing a Beethoven quartet very badly, and a Schumann quartet very well. Mr. Plunkett Greene was the soloist. This gentleman also gave the first of a series of four song recitals on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Greene has in many respects a charming voice, and sings at all times with great taste and evident appreciation, but does not at all times seem to have the requisite vocal means for carrying out his artistic intentions, which fact might suggest overwork or a lack of self-restraint. His selections, too, seem at times monotonous, being too little varied in sentiment and general style. For all this, Mr. Greene can always be heard with pleasure. The important events of the week were the performance of Dvorák's cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*, by the Church Choral Association and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Richard Henry Warren; and Saint-Saëns's dramatic oratorio, *Samson and Delilah*, by the Oratorio Society and Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch. Both these works are masterpieces in their way, and both received an adequate and, in the main, excellent production. *The Spectre's Bride* was given for the first time in New York, and one welcomed the charitable intent which afforded the opportunity of hearing so masterly a work, and one so typical of a composer who is at present so nearly associated with our national musical present and future. Charity and music certainly moved hand in hand last week, as charity was again the motive of the Wagner concert by the Symphony Orchestra on Friday night, and of M. Paderewski's concert on Saturday, which completed the tale of musical events of the week.

We shall have the pleasure next week of hearing military music of the highest class interpreted by two representative German military bands, cavalry and infantry, who will give a series of concerts at Madison Square Garden previous to their departure to Chicago, where they are to discourse sweet strains during the course of the exposition. Miss Alice Mandelick, a young singer who has been winning golden opinions from both press and public during the past season, assisted by Mr. Rieger, tenor, Mr. Graham Reed, barytone, and others, gave a concert last week. Miss Mandelick herself has a low mezzo voice of rarely beautiful quality in the lower register, and smooth, sweet, and sympathetic throughout. Her artistic appreciation also is strongly marked, and she sings with constant taste, understanding, and effect. Altogether Miss Mandelick is a singer of exceptional promise, and much good work may be expected from her in the future, either in concert or in opera, as she may elect.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

A GENTLEMAN speaking of this institution the other day called it the "People's College," and with reason. Education belongs to the people; education is only possible through teachers, and teachers in the truest sense are benefited and helped by the Teachers' College. An outgrowth of the earnest work of a few men and women who believed in practical training for the development of boys and girls, the college has evolved, not been created. It has met the growing needs of the times, and is the result of combined efforts of many experts in different subjects. Its circular of information defines its aim as a professional school rather than a normal school in the usual sense of that term. The elements of a secondary education are not taught at the college, but are required of applicants for admission. The college is designed to equip students thoroughly for the profession of teaching, and the course of study is drawn up with this end in view. While students who desire to fit themselves as teachers of particular branches may pursue special courses for that purpose if they choose, yet it is strongly recommended that all pupils follow the general course first, and fit themselves for a specialty afterwards.

A school of observation and practice is maintained, and in this students acquire skill in dealing with the different branches. This school is unique in its character, as it is complete from a Kindergarten class of little ones under four to the high-school where young men and women come to prepare for further studies or for life. All is under one able head, and through observation of its organization and methods the college classes learn how a school should be graded and arranged as well as taught.

Over seventeen States are represented in the 900 graduates and students. Their average age is twenty-five years, proving that men and women of maturity come for instruction as they would go to other professional schools. An increasing number of college graduates also seek here further opportunities for preparation for their life's work. Teachers who have taught—some as many as twenty years—come for six months or a year, and go out with fresh inspiration and skill. Boards of education, superintendents, heads of large schools, etc., come to learn how to adapt the new manual training systems to school needs.

Manual training or practical education has been from the outset the key-note of the college work. This in its twofold aspect—viz., the one, based on the social conditions and needs of modern life, which claims that every boy and girl should learn to use hands and eyes, and be trained in the use of tools, as well as to sew, cook, and take responsibilities in the home; the other, which is more important, the psychological: this asserts that the mind of the child requires at every stage of its development the practical exercises afforded by contact with clay, paper, cloth, wood, and iron in the processes of modelling, drawing, and construction in its various forms.

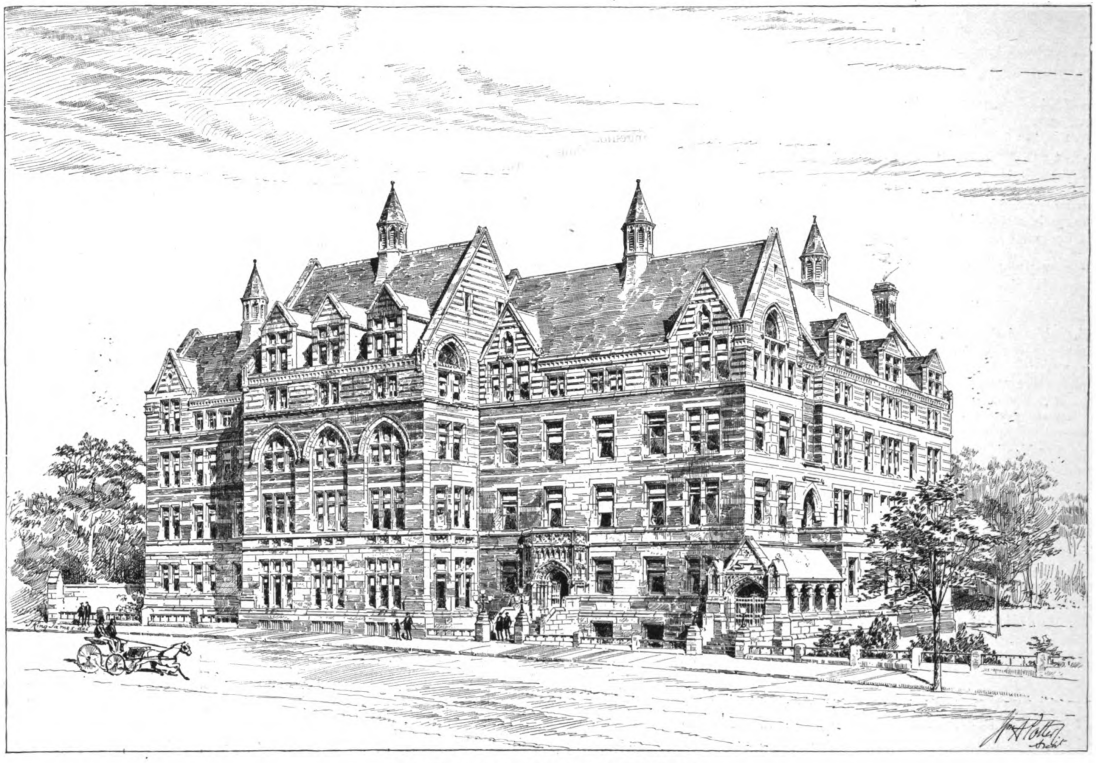
A college president defines the value of education as follows:

"In manual training there are no rules, no facts to be memorized. There can be no rote work. The pupil can deceive neither himself nor his teacher. His work, not his words, is the sole test of the truth of his thought. If true, it needs no proof; if false, it is false on its face. This training in exactness, order, precision, training in power to think, to judge, to execute, training in truth and honesty with self—this is manual training."

The Teachers' College has exerted a steadily widening influence in connection with the philanthropic work of the country.

In the fall of 1891 the institution celebrated its fifth anniversary, and the fifth year in its present quarters at 9 University Place. It had grown so quietly that few outside of the educators of the country knew of its power and usefulness. A large number of students had flocked to its thirty-six special courses, grouped under ten departments. The number of professors and instructors had grown to thirty-two. The financial success of the five years was proved by no debt having been incurred, and by the treasurer's statement, which showed that from the small annual budget of $2000 the expenses had grown to $63,000; further, by $30,000 having been earned annually by the college itself. Great interest in the work had also been expressed by broad thinkers. These facts as well as others made the trustees appreciate that the college was of special value to the community, and that effort on their part was needed to make the institution permanent, and to secure for it buildings worthy of its great work. To meet the first requirement it

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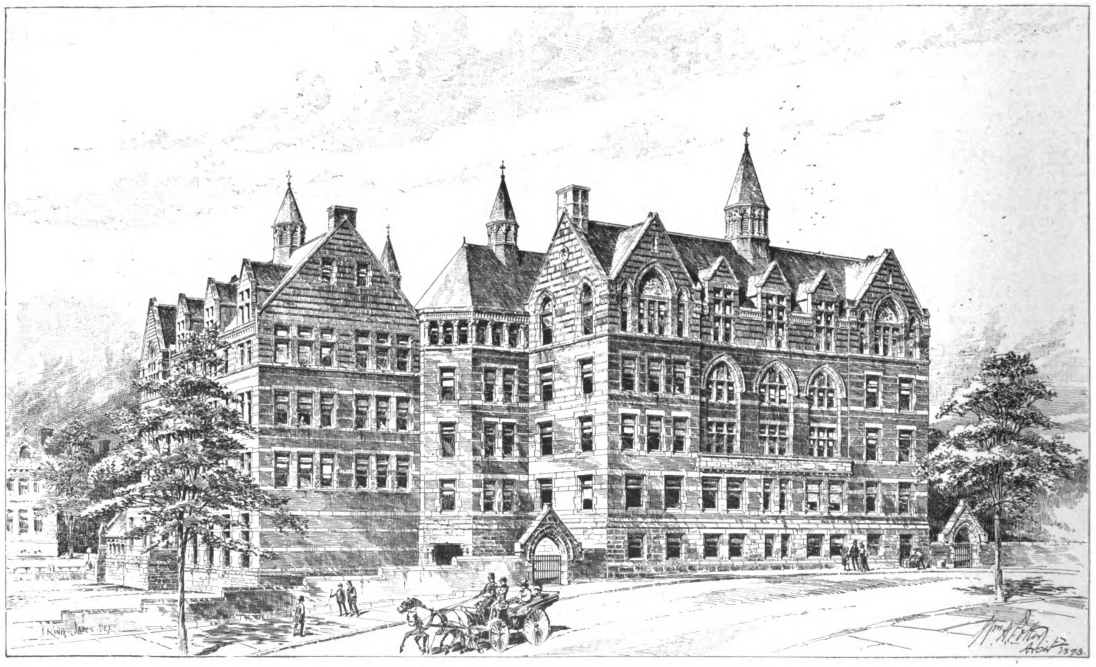
TEACHERS COLLEGE—MAIN BUILDING.
120th Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

was realized that a professional school should be affiliated with a university, and conferences were held with representatives from the Board of Trustees of Columbia College. After careful consideration and deliberation an alliance was completed in February of this year, by which all courses leading to a degree are placed under the control of Columbia University, and students in Columbia and Barnard colleges are allowed to elect courses in the Teachers' College as part of their regular work. A permanent charter was also granted by the State Regents in place of the temporary one previously given.

A start upon fulfilling the requirements of the second need was met by the presentation to the college by one of its trustees, Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, of twenty lots on 120th and 121st streets, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. This will bring the college opposite to the new grounds of Columbia, and in close relationship to other great institutions. Plans of buildings were prepared by the architect, Mr. William A. Potter, working with the heads of the several departments, and last spring contracts were made for the erection of the main building, after $125,000 had been given or pledged. This building will contain, besides a hall and lecture-rooms, the kindergarten, the school of observation and practice, the Bryson library, and the laboratories of the departments of psychology and science.

In February of this year a friend of the college, whose name is withheld, presented $225,000 to use in the erection and equipment of the Arts Building, for the departments of mechanic arts, and of form study and drawing, and their appropriate museums, exhibits, and libraries. Certain gentlemen have also promised $60,000 on condition that $140,000 additional is secured by July 1st, the $200,000 being needed to finish the main building. There still is required that portion of the building which is for domestic science, and other needed rooms for the girl and women students. It is much hoped that some one may desire to give this building to the girls of New York, as another has given such a grand opportunity to the boys. Nowhere does effort tell more than in a teachers' college, for each student represents the future training and development of hundreds of young lives. Theoretical training alone is not so valuable as practical laboratory methods, where prospective teachers can do and see as well as learn, and where they gain skill in methods of teaching all subjects, especially of those directly related to the training of the hand and eye as well as the brain. The Teachers' College has a grand field of usefulness in just this direction, and it is hoped that many more thinking men and women will wish to co-operate with such a unique and powerful agency, which is telling and must tell more and more upon the educational thought of our city and country.

GRACE H. DODGE.



TEACHERS COLLEGE—THE MECHANIC ARTS BUILDING.
121st Street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, New York City.

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THE IDAHO STATE BUILDING.

THE pride of the people of Idaho at the World's Fair will be their State building. To decide upon an edifice that could be erected for the limited sum appropriated for this purpose, and at the same time have a building that would do credit to the State, was a troublesome problem to Commissioner James M Wells, who alone has charge of Idaho's interests at the World's Columbian Exposition. It was desired to have a typical home production, something illustrative of the life, soil, and climate of this young Western commonwealth, and yet a building which would not seem out of place alongside of the elegant structures erected by the older and wealthier States. It is frequently remarked by travellers that high up among the mining camps of the mountains the rough logs and weather-beaten "shakes" of some pioneer's abode often conceal luxurious interior appointments, and a life of refinement which is as agreeable as it is unexpected. This thought was no doubt in mind when it was decided to build a structure of logs in the style of a Swiss chalet. Messrs. Cutter & Poetz, of Spokane, are the architects of the building, and have ably carried out the conceptions of Commissioner Wells.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE IDAHO BUILDING.

Of the $50,000 appropriated by the State to make an exhibit of the products and resources of Idaho at the World's Fair, $15,000 were used in the construction of the building. But this does not by any means represent its actual cost. The people all over the State have contributed with a liberal hand towards this fund. The ladies of Boisé City alone have raised about $2000 for furnishing the ladies' reception-room in the Idaho building. The owners of the McConnell mica mine, in Latah County, have donated $3000 worth of mica, to be used in furnishing a room to be known as the Mica Hall. Nearly every town in the State is represented in some way, and some whose purses are not in keeping with their enthusiasm have contented themselves with presenting to the commission solid silver drinking-cups, of which there will be a half-dozen or more for use in the building. Thus it is estimated that the State appropriation for the building will be nearly doubled by donations from the people.

Idaho's building will be a log cabin, built of tall and stately cedars from forests which cover millions of acres, and make this one of the wealthiest lumber regions in the West. It will be roofed with cedar "shakes." It will make no pretensions to grandeur. In magnificence it cannot be compared with those costing ten times as much. Some of its features, however, are worthy of special notice. There is found in this State a lava rock, like slate, of a red-brown color, scattered loosely over the surface of the ground, and the homesteader has only to pick it up to have an excellent building material. Several car-loads of this lava have been sent to Chicago for use in the Idaho building. The building itself has a frontage of 50 feet, with a total depth of 80 feet. The main entrance is through a loggia, or open vestibule, 7 by 10 feet. The first floor is divided into four office-rooms and two toilet-rooms. These office-rooms will be known as the Fir Room, the Cedar Room, the Tamarack Room, and the Pine Room, each one being furnished in the wood which gives it the name. The second floor will be occupied by the two reception-rooms, one for the gentlemen and one for the ladies, separated transversely by the Mica Hall. The gentlemen's room will be typical of a hunter's lodge, and here will be on exhibition all that is needed to make the life of a Nimrod in the far West seem romantic. The fireplace, built of Idaho marble, will have huge bear-traps for andirons. The trophies of the chase, hung profusely around the walls, will be sufficient to arouse a desire in the tamest resident of the East for a chance to hunt in the forests of Idaho. The ladies' reception-room will be noted for its luxurious appointments and the delicate handiwork of those who have its furnishing in charge. A pure white marble fireplace from Idaho quarries, with andirons of pick, shovel, and hammer, emblematic of a miner's tools, will be one of the features. The second floor will also be extended to form a roof garden. In this will be grown the wild flowers of the mountains. The third floor will be used as an exhibition-room, and here will be made a display of taxidermy. Many a bird that one would expect to find only in a more Southern clime makes Idaho its home, and efforts have been made to secure a pair of each variety.

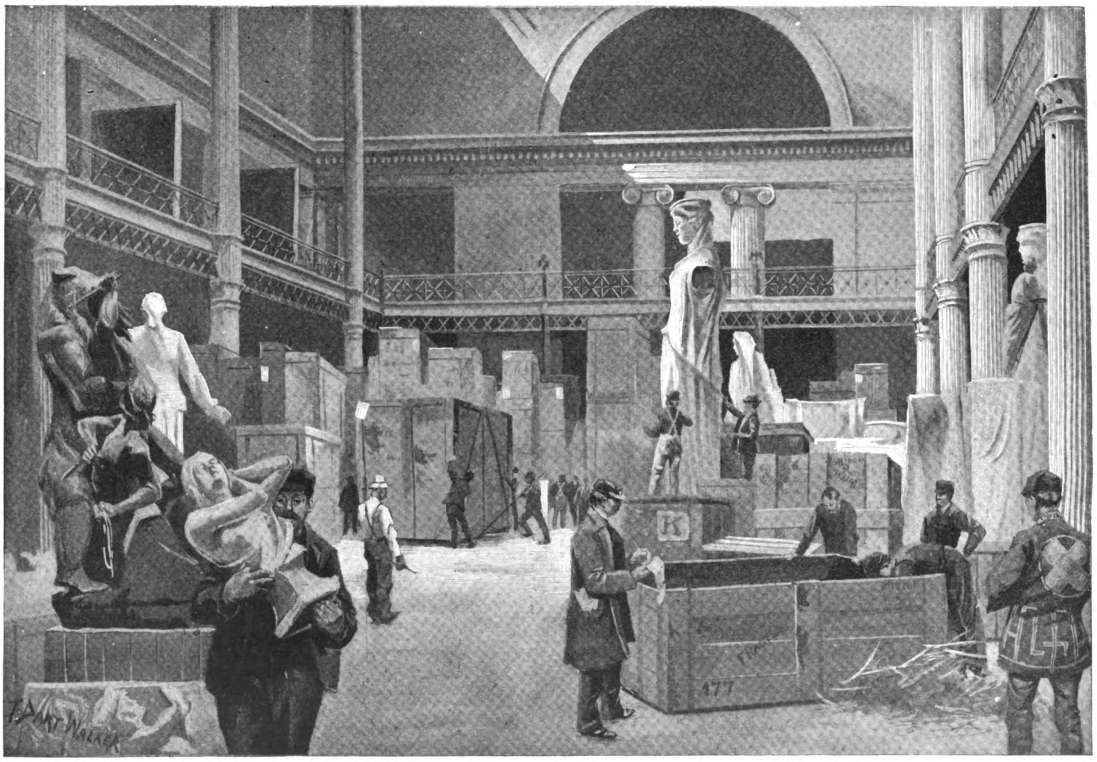
THE STOCK EXCHANGE CLEARING-HOUSE.

ANY institution which simplifies and safeguards great financial operations in a money centre is a public boon. It is not too much to say that the Clearing-house of the New York Stock Exchange prevented a financial panic at the time of the great break in Reading last February, by the mathematical certainty as well as the swiftness of its work in handling the tremendous volume of its business at that sensitive period. The Clearing-house is only a year old, while its namesake of the banks is forty years of age. The latter deals with only one article—money, while the former deals with that, and also with twenty-one other factors, that being the number of securities that it clears. The general principles governing both institutions are practically the same; they simply act as intermediaries to avoid the necessity of bringing together in every transaction those immediately concerned in them. Thus, through the New York Clearing-house Association an exchange is effected every day of the checks and bills held by each bank against all the others, and a balance made up and notified to every bank, whereupon the banks send legal tenders or gold to the Clearing-house and pay these balances. The Clearing-house of the Stock Exchange effects precisely this purpose in regard to the stock transfers of each day. There are sixty-five banks in the New York Clearing-house Association, and the daily business done through its means averages over $100,000,000. The largest amount ever handled by the Association in one day was $295,821,422 37, on February 28, 1881. The Stock Exchange Clearing-house handles twenty-one different stocks, including sometimes as many as twenty thousand transactions in one day, and including also very much of the business formerly done by the New York Clearing-house Association.

The result often figures up to from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 per day. At the height of the Reading excitement the value of the stock clearances was upwards of $200,000,000, and amounting to more than four million shares of stock.

The idea of a Stock Exchange Clearing-house had been applied in Philadelphia and Boston prior to the organization of the one in New York, but of course with transactions bearing no proportion to those handled by the one under consideration. In no Bourse or Exchange in Europe is any precisely similar adjunct employed; the use of the establishment for the purpose of "clearing" money exchanges between brokers being purely an American invention. The New York Stock Exchange Clearing-house was organized May 17, 1892, under the direction of a special committee of the Stock Exchange, of which Mr. F. L. Eames was the leading spirit and active worker. From the beginning it has been under the immediate direction and management of Mr. W. V. Carolin. That it has answered the purpose for which it was organized goes without saying, as also that its conduct is as like clock-work as can be predicated of any intelligent human organism whatsoever. The tremendous relief on the strain of Wall Street in periods of great excitement is one of the chief marvels of the enterprise. Whereas formerly no broker knew before noon exactly what was his financial status, now he is thoroughly informed regarding it at the hour when business begins. It is demonstrable that the reduction in the labor and risk of stock transactions is as much as 80 per cent., while the reduction in the amount of bank certification amounts to not less than $400,000,000 per month. Here, it will be seen, the labors of bank tellers are reduced by an amount of very serious importance. Then, also, the unerring certainty of the Clearing-house work, where every computation is made over and over again, is in itself a great relief to those engaged in stock-dealings.

The plan of the Clearing-house is very simple. Brokers send in statements and tickets covering the day's transactions, with drafts or checks to pay balances. The statements are footed and sorted, about twenty tellers and clerks only being employed in these duties, and by 9.45 A.M. of the following day every broker gets an exact rendering of his situation — as to whether he is to deliver or receive stocks, and to or from what other party. Our illustration gives an exact picture of the scene when the Clearing-house is in full operation; certainly one widely different from the apparent confusion and disturbance which usually characterize the transaction of business in Wall Street. The Stock Exchange Clearing-house is at No. 37 New Street.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—UNPACKING EXHIBITS IN THE ART GALLERY.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

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CAPTAIN STEPHEN DECATUR.

NAVY COSTUMES.

ALTHOUGH no branch of American history has more attraction for the popular mind than the navy, yet little seems to be known about the manner of dress or the style of uniform worn by the officers and men of either the United States or English navies a hundred years ago, and even as late as 1816. What little information we have on this subject comes from a few paintings showing the uniforms of some of our naval commanders, but these are frequently inaccurate and misleading.

Sully has presented Captain Stephen Decatur to us in a uniform somewhat like that of a British admiral of that period, with not quite so much gold lace and braid, but with the tight cassimere trousers and Hessian boots and tassel of gold and full-size epaulets; therefore, whenever this hero comes before the public eye it is always with a halo of tailor-made glory about him. As a matter of fact it is extremely doubtful if Decatur had ever worn a captain's uniform before the battle between the *United States* and the *Macedonian* in 1812, for up to that time the navy had been neglected by the government, in spite of the warnings of the French and Tripolitan wars, while the pay of our commanders was only $100 a month, with which they were expected to support their families and clothe themselves. One thing at least is certain, that during the cruise in which Decatur captured the *Macedonian* he did not wear a uniform, for, according to an eye-witness, he wore "an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, which made him look more like a farmer than a naval commander." Sully was a young man when he painted Decatur's portrait, but he evidently understood human nature quite as well as portrait-painters before and after his time, so he gave us Decatur posing for a portrait instead of Decatur covered with the blood and grime of battle, fighting the battles of his country.

Such being the erroneous impression existing in regard to the style of dress worn in the early days of the navy, it will be interesting to learn just how our officers and seamen really looked when they so gallantly and successfully fought the English in the war for independence, the French in the war of 1798–1801, the Turks in the war of 1802–5, and the English again in the war of 1812.

At the beginning of the war of the Revolution, the Marine Committee, on the 5th of September, 1776, designed what was known as the "paper uniform" of the Revolution, for it seems that the uniform did not get beyond a series of resolutions except in one or two cases. This committee "resolved" that the uniforms of the officers of the United States navy should be as follows: Captains, a coat of blue cloth with red lapels, slashed cuffs, a stand-up collar, flat yellow buttons, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat with yellow lace. The lieutenant's uniform was to consist of a blue coat with red lapels, round cuffs faced, a stand-up collar, yellow buttons, blue breeches, and a plain red waistcoat. The master's uniform was a blue coat with lapels, round cuffs, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat. The midshipman's uniform was a blue coat with lapels, a round cuff faced with red, a stand-up collar, with red at the buttons and red at the button-holes, blue breeches, and a red waistcoat.

The officers of the marines were to have a uniform consisting of a green coat faced with white, round cuffs, slashed sleeves and pockets, with buttons around the cuff, a silver epaulet on the left shoulder, skirts of the coat turned back, buttons for the facings, white waistcoat and breeches edged with green, black gaiters and garters. The men were to wear green shirts "if they could be procured."

It is exceedingly improbable that these uniforms were realized by our gallant naval officers of the Revolution, for besides the doubt in the mind of the Marine Committee, expressed by the significant "if they can be procured," most of the articles of dress enumerated in the resolutions were imported, and the beginning of hostilities promptly cut off such importations. Furthermore, Congress had more than it could do to provide arms, ships, food, and ammunition for the officers and seamen, to say nothing about uniforms. In April, 1776, the Massachusetts State Council resolved that officers commanding the State cruisers should have a uniform of green and white, and that "they furnish themselves accordingly."

John Paul Jones, of course, is the best-known figure in the navy during the war for independence. What paintings we have of him represent him in a unique dress, partaking extensively of the accoutrements of the French naval officer of that day, and including a part of the Russian uniform, so that in all his exploits while in the service of the United States the popular fancy has him rigged out in some such dress. When we consider, however, the general lack of organization in the administration of American naval affairs at that time, and that the pay of captains commanding ships mounting from ten to twenty guns was only $48 a month, with which they were expected to "find themselves," we must come to the conclusion that it is extremely unlikely that they had any uniform at all, except such as they chose to get up when sitting for portraits.

If the pay of captains at that time was too small to enable them to enjoy the luxury of a uniform, the pay of officers of lower rank rendered it even more difficult for them to supply themselves with such outfits. The pay of lieutenants was $24 a month, and that of midshipmen only $12, while surgeons got only $21⅓ a month, and chaplains received nothing, except in ships mounting over twenty guns, when they received $20 a month.

The prosaic facts of the case seem to be that the redoubtable Jones achieved his greatness dressed in a red shirt of no special pattern, plain civilian clothes, selected more from the necessity of keeping warm than for the fitness of things or harmony in colors, and trousers that were hitched together at the waist with a leather strap. Instead of the epaulets, gold braid, and point-lace which in paintings adorn the uniform of the *Bonhomme Richard's* commander, it is more likely that his clothing was decorated with patches put on by the ship's tailor; and if the ship's tailor of that day was in keeping with his surroundings—and there is no reason for believing to the contrary—the celebrated Jones undoubtedly had his clothing patched with pieces of oil-soaked tarpauling, fastened on by means of a marline-spike and spun yarn. His lieutenants were undoubtedly clothed in the same style, but graded down in proportion to their rank.

As for the other commanders in the navy during the revolution, such as John Barry, Abraham Whipple, John Foster William, James Nicholson, Alexander Murry, Hoysted Hacker, and John Manly, and their lieutenants and midshipmen, it is still less probable that they had any kind of a uniform. Nearly all of these men served in the commercial marine as masters of merchantmen and as mates, and on being called upon to man the war-vessels of the rebelling colonies, they assumed their positions while still having the merchantman's prejudice and dislike for man-of-war discipline and uniform.

The seamen who fought so gallantly under our commanders during the war of the Revolution were even more picturesquely attired than their officers. The crew of the *Bonhomme Richard* must have been a sight well worth seeing. The muster-roll of that ship showed that the men hailed from Russia, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Ireland, England, Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Finland, Malaya, Tripoli, Africa, and from different parts of North and South America. As the men wore the same clothing they had on when they enlisted at L'Orient, the ship must have presented a highly cosmopolitan appearance. Few of them understood the English language. It was with such a crew as this that Captain John Paul Jones won the most remarkable and brilliant action between single ships of the eighteenth century.

The crews commanded by Lambert Wickes, Gustavus Conyngham, Richard Dale, and all the American officers who cruised in European waters were made up of such material, while the crews enlisted even in American ports, although being more homogeneous, were perhaps attired with quite as little regard to uniformity. Many of them had the canvas petticoat reaching down to the knee, and painted in whatever color the wearer's fancy dictated or his means permitted, while the remainder of their attire was made up from what they could buy cheap in whatever port they happened to be in, or what they could appropriate from prizes, whether they were colliers from Newcastle or corsairs of Barbary.

The only uniformity that can be said to have existed among the seamen of the American Revolution was the pigtail, which was formed by letting the hair grow long and binding it together in a cue down the back, with just enough wax in it to make the end curl up like a fish-hook.

But Americans need feel no mortification over the dress of their early naval officers and seamen, for those of other nations at the same period were quite as shabbily clothed, and in some instances British officers invented uniforms for their crews that were ridiculous. Even as late as 1853 Commander Wilmot, of the English cruiser *Harlequin*, dressed the crew of his gig as harlequins, and it is said that the port watch sported around as pantaloons. In the following year, 1854, Captain Wallace Houston, of the *Trincomalee*, had his crew attired in red shirts and fancy caps; while the crew of the British cruiser *Tulip* is represented as being dressed in green, "with an imitation tulip reversed for caps, and the boats' crews clothed in tiger-skins to resemble Zulus, with short paddles instead of oars."

It is not likely that during our two years and a half of war with France, 1798–1801, uniforms were worn to any extent by American officers, for in 1804 we find that Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, while commanding the *Intrepid* before Tripoli, was dressed in nankeen trousers and a sailor's jacket. Some of the commanders, however, had the crews of their gigs dressed in some kind of uniform, that of Captain William Bainbridge, of the 32-gun frigate *Essex*, while at Barcelona in 1802, being dressed in white duck. Captain Glasscock of the English navy in 1800 records that at least one naval



SEAMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

lieutenant was to be seen in a blue, white-edged coat with straggling anchor buttons of different dies, a buff vest, tarred trousers, and a broad-brimmed leather hat, showing that much indifference existed in the British navy also at that time in the matter of dress. In Nelson's time no regulation existed as to how the British tar should dress, but the general costume then was a tarpauling hat, a blue jacket, and white trousers, but this was by no means uniform. British commanders paid little attention to the dress of their men, and if not shockingly ragged, they were allowed to retain the clothing they wore when they were enlisted or impressed, no matter whether they were tailors, farmers, blacksmiths, or shopkeepers.

The whim of the commanders also tended to a diversity of dress. Anson had his boat crews attired in scarlet jackets, blue silk vests, and silver badges on the arm. Even as late as 1840 the crews of the British frigate *Vernon* wore red serge frocks and red woollen comforters, "but," says Commander Robinson of the royal navy, "when the ship had been in commission a short time the early foreseen difficulty of keeping up the supply arose, and was eventually solved by appropriating all the remaining red frocks to one watch, the other donning the blue, which were obtainable from the purser. The checkered appearance of the men when on the yards furling sails can be well imagined." In 1845 the crew of the British cruiser *Blazer* was dressed in blue and striped guernseys.

The dress of the crew that manned the *Guerrière* when captured by the *Constitution* in 1812 is described by an eye-witness: "After breakfast on Sabbath morning it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers, with bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and the name of our ship painted on them."

The uniforms of the American captain in the war of 1812, according to the paintings of Jarvis and Sully, consisted of a navy-blue double-breasted coat with the lapel edged with a single gold braid, and the standing coat collar also edged with gold braid. Gold epaulets were placed on both shoulders, while a double row of buttons with an anchor on each ran down the coat. The skirts of the coat also were edged with gold braid. The waistcoat and close-fitting trousers were white, while the foot-wear consisted of Hessian boots with gold tassels. But it is doubtful if this uniform was worn except on rare occasions. The officers performed the regular duties of the ship in any clothing that came handy. The concurrence of the expression "he donned his uniform" might indicate that the officers put them on for great occasions only. In the memoirs of Sir Philip B. V. Broke, Captain Lawrence is spoken of as being fatally conspicuous "by the white vest and other habiliments he had assumed," while Sir Philip himself went into the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* in



CAPTAIN HOPKINS.

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SEAMAN OF 1812.

the dress of a civilian, with a high silk hat, and a "gentleman's sword" instead of the regulation naval blade.

That American officers could not have been particular as to the uniformity of their own dress or that of their crews is seen in the journal of one of the seamen in the United States brig of war *Siren*, in 1814, where he says: "Lieutenant Nicholson (who had assumed command of the *Siren*, owing to the death of Captain Parker) seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft, and presented me with one of his own but little worn."

In this war many of the American crews were provided with stout leather caps something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two straps of iron covered with bear-skin, and were designed to defend the head, in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them, with the fur still attached, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing the men to look as fierce as hungry wolves.

When the *United States* reached New York with her prize the *Macedonian*, the American officers and seamen received many thousands of dollars in prize-money, and as the city of New York was to give them a banquet, the entire crew were put in new uniforms in order to make a good showing on the occasion. It is probable that this was the first instance in which the whole crew of an American frigate (aside from the crews of the captains' gigs) were in uniform, for the papers of the day gave prominence to the "new uniforms," and described them as consisting of a "blue jacket, a scarlet waistcoat, neck-handkerchiefs, and glazed hats." Decatur is spoken of as wearing a full uniform at this celebration, while at Algiers in 1816 he is described as being dressed in a blue coat and hat, tight cassimere trousers, long boots bound at the top with gold lace, and having tassels of gold hanging down in front.

The only uniformity that existed in the dress of the American seamen so as to distinguish them from the British seems to have been in wearing the shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back, and on these corners were embroidered the stars of the American flag, with the British flag underneath. The seamen of both countries at this time allowed their hair to grow long, and tied in a cue behind. EDGAR S. MACLAY.

GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.

GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH, the last Confederate commander to surrender an army after Lee's capitulation at Appomattox and the fall of Richmond, died the other day at his home in Sewanee, Tennessee, where he was Professor of Mathematics in the University of the South. General Kirby Smith was born in Florida, and was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1845. He took part in the war with Mexico, and rose to be Major before the civil war begun.

In the Confederate service he was rapidly promoted, as he was made a Brigadier-General in June, 1861, Major-General in October of the same year, Lieutenant-General a year later, and a full General in February, 1864. At the first battle of Bull Run he was severely wounded in the beginning of the engagement. When he had recovered he was put in command of the department embracing East Tennessee, Kentucky, North Georgia, and western North Carolina. He led the advance of General Braxton Bragg's army in the Kentucky campaign, and at Richmond, in that State, he met and badly defeated the Union forces under General William Nelson. In February of 1863 he was given the command which he held till the close of the war. This was the Trans-Mississippi Department, and included Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. He maintained his communications with Richmond by running the blockade out of Galveston and in again at Wilmington, North Carolina. He established factories and furnaces, opened mines, made powder and castings, and had his district self-supporting when all other parts of the South were suffering most acutely. In 1864 he opposed General Banks in the Red River campaign, and beat him badly.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox General Kirby Smith still had an army in comparatively good condition. He issued an order to his men intended to encourage them not to despair even at such a time. "The crisis of our revolution is at hand," he said, in the beginning of this remarkable document. But he could not fire his men to continue in so unequal a war, and when he realized this he surrendered. This was on the 21st of April, 1865, a fortnight after the surrender at Appomattox.

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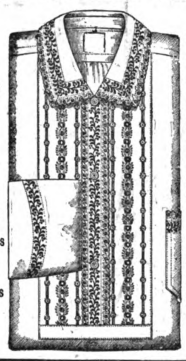
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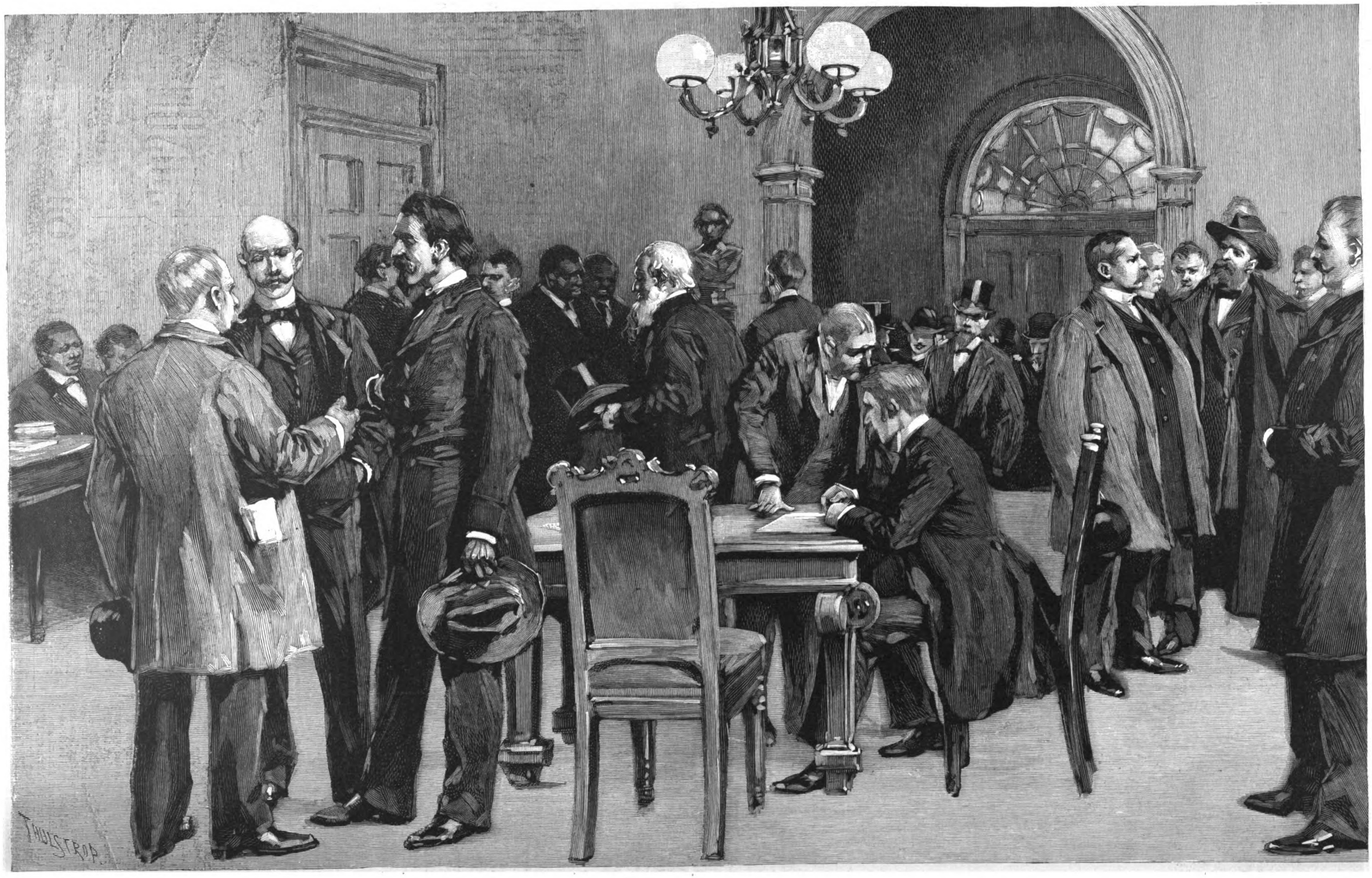
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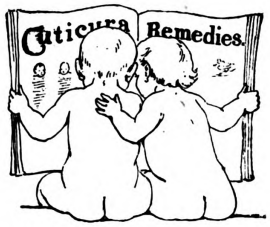


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THE LATE GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.—[See Page 359.]

OFFICE-SEEKERS.

It is too trite to say that Washington is full of office-seekers. Everybody knew that it would be the moment Mr. Cleveland's election was announced. It is a trait of American character, this longing for the honors of office. Men rush for place who might be better attending to their own business. For the sake of the glamour of public life men give up established businesses, assured incomes larger than their prospective salaries, and exile themselves in foreign countries, where they become either homesick or denationalized.

It is a queer lot of humanity that is filling the streets and hotels of Washington and daily invading the White House and the departments. There is the smug man of fashion who whispers confidentially to the heeler who is supposed to have a "pull," and for the sake of an office is on familiar terms with a man to whom he will hardly speak if he is successful. There is the struggling lawyer who wants an office with its income in the line of his profession, but who is willing to throw his professional future to the winds if he can only draw a salary from the government. He who wants to be a district attorney becomes a Treasury official; he who would go on the bench accepts a foreign mission, fondly hoping that he can do what no one of his predecessors has been able to do, and save money out of the inadequate salary. There are politicians of local fame, who find how attenuated their reputation is when they undertake to spread it out over the whole country, and how much more serious is a national than a county competition. There are nervous, anxious men who have not got on in the world, and whose comfort depends upon securing something from the government. Occasionally there is a man whose past has been shady, but who has prospered and grown rich, and who wants to gild his damaged reputation with a small foreign mission. Then there is the great horde of active political workers whose whole existence is in politics, who are efficient lieutenants of Congressmen whose standing at home depends largely upon the successive "placing" of their henchmen.

The procession makes its rounds every day. Mr. Cleveland receives them with unfailing good-nature, often encouraging those who make a good impression on him, and sometimes definitely telling an applicant or his supporter, the Congressmen, that he cannot appoint him. Nothing like Mr. Cleveland's frankness and independence has been known in the White House by the politicians of this generation. He says precisely what he means, and appoints men to office on the basis of his own judgment of them. If a man asks for one office and Mr. Cleveland, liking him, concludes that he is better fitted for another, he gets what the President thinks he ought to have.

The change that comes over the spirits of most of the office-seekers is the most pathetic thing about this sad spectacle, the most serious reflection on frail humanity. They are so cheerful when they reach Washington, so full of hope and confidence, so content in each other's society, so abounding in good wishes for one another. And then they become so suspicious when they learn of their concrete competitors, and then so worried and anxious, some of them drifting downward from first-class hotels to last-class boarding-houses. Finally, when hope is gone or nearly gone, they come to hate the party in whose behalf they struggled, to rail at the President in whose triumph they exulted, and to fume in fury at the successful seekers of offices for which they have not asked.

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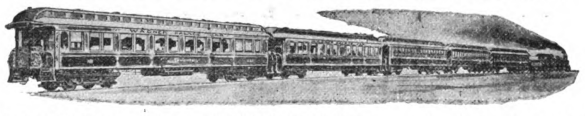
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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

AMERICAN CARRIAGE HORSES.

BY J. R. ROOSEVELT.

FIFTEEN or twenty years ago the following, without exaggeration, would have been a tolerably accurate description of the average American carriage-horse: a long, leggy, narrow-chested animal 16 to 17 hands high, with flowing mane and tail, a neck set almost perpendicularly on the body, and kept so by the tightest of bearing-reins; a long back, generally roached; a badly ribbed up body, light-waisted and tucked up; nine times out of ten goose-rumped quarters; straight, slovenly action; speed, about six miles an hour; and a lazy, sluggish disposition. Who does not remember seeing dozens of such pairs before the glass-fronted family coach or rockaway in New York and elsewhere?

The accepted type of the carriage or harness horse of to-day in this country is certainly a very different animal.

No better description of it, I think, can be found than the one contained in *Youatt on the Horse:* "An animal of good height, deep-chested, rising in the withers, slanting in the shoulders, with substance well placed, a deep and well-proportioned body, flat in the legs, and sound, open, tough feet." Add to this a fine and finely set on head and neck, high well-rounded knee and hock action, with speed and endurance, and we get, perhaps, a somewhat ideal description.

But we have come at last to learn that this is the type required; and that we are not so very far from it, is proved by the class of horses exhibited at the recent New York Horse Shows, and by a comparison, often quite favorable to us, of the horses and turnouts in Central Park with those of Paris or London.

Just how we have been educated up to the point of knowing that our old type of coach and harness horse was all wrong, and that what we now want is an entirely different article, it is hard to say. I am inclined to think that the introduction of public coaching in New York had a good deal to do with it, and, more recently, the annual shows of the National Horse Show Association.

The first public coach, the Tally-ho, was started in 1876, and ran daily from New York to Pelham. For this coach small, compact, well-ribbed-up horses, with good substance and bone, were purchased. Many of them came from Maine, and though rather coarse, and what we should to-day call "chunks" and "blocks," they accomplished their work so easily, and were so evidently superior for speed and endurance to the old style of leggy, long-backed animal, that they at once took with the public, and when sold, at the end of the season, brought good prices.

Since then public coaches have been put on the road out of New York during the seasons of 1877, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1887, 1890, 1892, by Colonel Kane, Colonel Jay, Messrs. Fritsch, Bronson, Iselin, Rives, Beach, Tailer, and others.

Each year has seen a vast improvement in the stamp of horses purchased by these gentlemen and dispersed at the auction sales at the conclusion of the season, the type of horse not only gaining in conformation, substance, and endurance over those first used in a public coach, but showing also a remarkable advance in quality, style, and action, the highest average ever made at an auction sale of coach-horses being the last sale of the Fantivy horses in 1890.

Perhaps it may be going too far to say that the success of the class of horse used in the coaches was the cause of the change in popular opinion, but certain it is, that this change began shortly after the introduction of public coaching in New York, and has steadily grown, up to the present time.

The dealers very soon discovered the drift of the public, and the whole country is now ransacked and scoured for "knee actors," and horses showing substance, style, and quality.

This brings us to the subject of breeding, and of the best localities in which to look for the finest examples of the American coach-horse. These questions are, indeed, difficult ones to deal with. That there is a type we all know, but that there is any particular part of the country or particular cross in breeding which is producing that type, is very doubtful. Some localities are undoubtedly better than others, and yet good horses come into the New York market from almost all parts of the United States, and it is utterly impossible in many cases to attribute their fine qualities to anything but chance.

The difficulty in breeding lies to a great extent with the average American farmer's mare, which, as a rule, is a coarse, long-backed, clumsy-barrelled, and round-legged animal. These defects it is almost impossible for any amount of blood on the part of the stallion entirely to overcome.

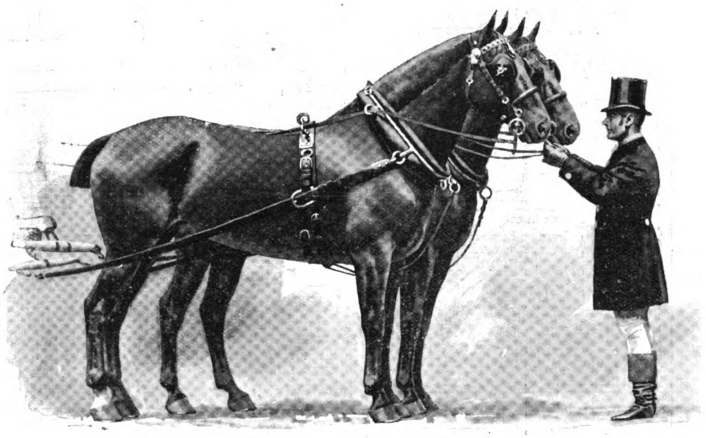
Another difficulty is the ordinary breeder's intense desire to breed a phenomenal "trotter," and make his fortune thereby. He reads and dreams of Maud S. and Sunol, and breeds his mares year after year to the trotting stallion with the best "record" in his vicinity, often paying highly for the service. He gets, as a rule, a three-cornered, leggy, light-waisted "runt" that will not trot, and that is of no earthly use for the track, the market, or the farm. While the same mare, if properly bred to a fine coaching stallion, hackney, or thoroughbred, would produce at least something readily marketable, and very often horses which would yield him a large return. But no; he will hear of nothing but "trotting stock," and will refuse to take his mares to a stallion having the quality, shape, and action necessary to counterbalance the coarseness of the dam, and to produce a saleable horse. I do not mean to disparage trotters when properly bred, for nothing is more beautiful than the movements of a purely bred trotting-horse when speeded, or the action of such a stallion as Mambrino King. But what I do wish to disparage and condemn, is the hopeless striving of the small breeder and farmer to produce a "wonder," in competition with the best breeding establishments for trotters, when by crossing his mare differently, he would be almost certain to obtain a horse fit for the market, and, with a good mare, one on which he would realize a large profit.

What could be more likely to give such a result than a cross between some of our best mares and such horses as the coaching stallions Javanais or Isigny, the hackneys Beau Lyons, Matchless, or Courier, or some of the best-shaped, good-actioned, imported thoroughbreds? And yet some of these very stallions stood last year in country towns at a nominal price for farmers, and were entirely ignored.

It will be observed that I mention only the hackney stallions standing 15.3 and over; for, though an ardent admirer of the hackney type, with its perfect action and conformation, I believe that the ideal horse of our hackney friends is somewhat lacking in size for general utility, and is also perhaps a trifle deficient in the matter of speed. But there can be no question that their largest stallions, mated with any of our big, roomy native mares, or, better still, if I am not uttering what may sound like rank blasphemy to the trotting man, crossed with some of our very best-bred trotting stock, would produce something very near the absolutely perfect carriage or harness horse of the future. Until the breeder realizes, however—which, I am thankful to say, he is beginning to do—that there is more money in a good, showy, five-year-old carriage-horse than there is in a trotter that cannot trot, and is good for nothing else, we shall still have to search all over the land, and ransack the New York and Chicago markets, for the right sort of animal.

And now as to the best localities to look for, or to buy from, the type of horse we require. I should roughly place them in the following order by States, though, as I mentioned before, good horses sometimes come in from the most unexpected places, and it is as yet difficult to locate them in any particular part of the country:

Maine (for small horses), Vermont, northern New York,



A GOOD TYPE OF LEADERS.

Canada, Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia, Iowa and Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, Dakota, Montana, the Territories, etc. These are about all the localities from which the majority of animals are shipped to the New York and Chicago markets.

I have, I must confess, a strong liking for the State of Maine horses, though it is difficult to find them over 15½ hands in height. Owing to their native climate, and the manner in which they are fed—the use of corn as feed being unknown in Maine—they are always tough and rugged, with plenty of bone and muscle, and with better and truer action than any other horses coming to market. Well ribbed up, with good shoulders, legs and feet, plenty of style, and a capacity for any amount of work without tiring, they are as attractive from the first to a would-be purchaser as they prove to be after years of service. Their sole defects are a trifle of coarseness in the head and neck, which, however, disappears to a great extent with proper conditioning and bitting, and, as I said, a lack of size.

The brood-mares and stallions have almost all a trace of Clay, Messenger, Knox, Lambert, or Patchen blood, and in many instances of a thoroughbred strain from over the Canadian border. Every small breeder or farmer in the State is a thorough horseman, and is never satisfied unless in possession of one or two good horses or colts. Not to show against time on the tracks, but to drive in his sleigh in friendly competition with his neighbor during the long winter months. In consequence, no horses are so well broken as the Maine horses, and it is rare indeed to find a bad-tempered or vicious brute among them.

The Vermont animals are very much of the same class as those from Maine. Breeding, however, is not so universal or so systematically carried on, and good ones are harder to find. The predominance there some years ago of the Morgan type has tended to give more weight, without, perhaps, quite the compensating amount of style and action. But they have all the toughness and endurance of the Maine horse, though, unfortunately, as I have said, it is next to impossible to procure many of them.

Northern New York still sends us a few good ones, but nothing like the number in former years. Here, as in Vermont, comparatively little attention is now given to breeding, as it is cheaper for the farmer to buy what he wants out of the car-loads of low-priced horses shipped from the West than to raise them for his own use or the market. There are, however, many descendants of Ethan Allen and Daniel Lambert to be found, and if the mares were now crossed with coaching, hackney, or thoroughbred sires of good size, they should produce harness-horses of a high class.

Canada shows perhaps more breeding and contains more thoroughbred stallions and mares than any other section of our continent, except Kentucky. We find invariably in these horses the beautiful head and neck and conformation produced by thoroughbred blood, but it is comparatively rare to see a Canadian harness-horse with exceptionally marked or high action. Their movements in the trot seem to lack the rounding-up of the knees of the hackney, the coaching stallion, or the trotter, and to have more of the straight, easy, but in harness displeasing, action of the thoroughbred.

As saddle-horses and hunters they are better than anything we have got, but they can generally be outdone in style by many of our American horses. The mares would undoubtedly cross well with the best of our harness stallions, as their conformation is invariably good, and provided with high action; on the part of the sire the result could not fail to be satisfactory.

Missouri is sometimes ignorantly classed with Iowa and Illinois as showing lack of breeding and predominance of draught stock, but to those who have been in the State it is well known that this is not the case. Any one crossing the boundaries will be at once struck with the superior stamp of horse exhibited, even the most ordinary showing a certain amount of breeding. Thoroughbreds and half-bred stallions and their descendants have stood in the State since before the war, and during that period many of the best Kentucky mares were driven over the line for safety. There is therefore a strong strain of thoroughbred blood throughout the country, and the farmers, for the most part Southerners of the old type, cling to it, and hold in abhorrence anything that is devoid of breeding. The horses are generally large and well-shaped, with well-cut-out necks and thoroughbred heads—a little light in bone, but showing, as a rule, great quality and endurance. They make perhaps better hunters and hacks than harness-horses, as their action is not generally high, though true and easy. Occasionally one comes across, however, a Missouri horse combining breeding with exceedingly high action, and it is then difficult to find anything better. Among the thoroughbreds which have stood, and some of which are still doing service, in Missouri, I may mention old Intruder, imported by Mr. Withers; War Sign, by War Dance; Glendower, by imported Knight of St. George; Free Stone, by Ten Broeck, etc., etc. Here again, as in Canada, the mating of the native mares with stallions showing high and perfect action would undoubtedly produce the best results.

Kentucky and Virginia send very much the same class of horse to market, though the latter is more often represented than the former. The Virginia horses show excellent breeding and quality, but action is rare, and they are, as at present bred, more useful for the saddle than for harness work.

Iowa and Illinois I have already mentioned as the home of the draught-horse and Percheron, and it is seldom that high-couraged, well-bred horses are found among the thousands shipped monthly to the New York and Chicago markets from these States. They are generally heavy, dull, and coarse, tiring out completely after being driven any great distance, and if showing any action at all, showing it by lifting the feet almost vertically, and bringing them down again in nearly the same spot, with but little rounding of the knees, no shoulder action, and a short jerky motion, than which nothing can be more unsightly. They make good cheap animals for the farm, the street car, or the business wagon, but until bred away from the Percheron or the Shire stallions, now so generally used there, they can rarely rank as good carriage or harness horses.

Michigan and Wisconsin, especially in their northern counties, where a certain number of good coaching stallions have been in use, send us a somewhat better class of horse than the two States mentioned above.

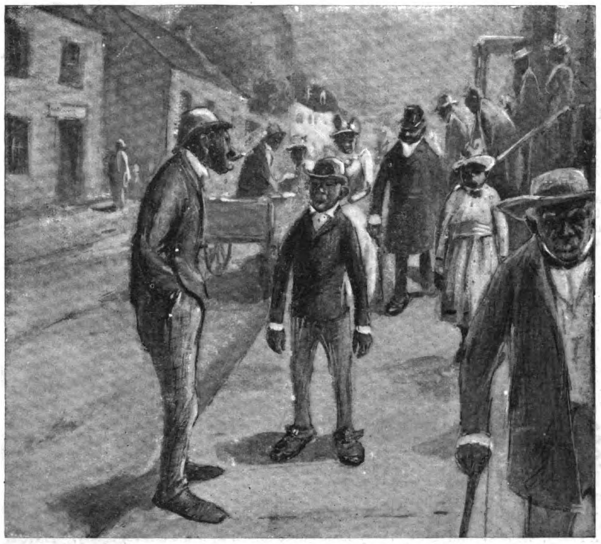
In Dakota, Montana, and the Territories much more attention is being paid to breeding than in former years, and this is already apparent in the horses sent from there to the East. With their bracing, hardy climates they should in time be able to produce good results.

It cannot but be seen that there are immense possibilities open to us in the way of breeding and of a market for our horses. Not only is the demand in our own country very great, and ever increasing, for harness horses of a high grade, but European buyers are constantly shipping abroad the best we have, and would send more if they could find them. There is no reason why the American breeders should not in time almost control the markets of the world, if they would breed with some system, and with a proper idea of what stamp of horse it is necessary for them to produce. Certainly our climate in many States is most advantageous.

We have already many of the best imported and native coaching, hackney, and thoroughbred stallions, and there is no obstacle in the way of our getting the very finest class of harness-horses if we go about it properly. Let us hope that this will be appreciated more and more every year, and that the high-class carriage-horse, bred up to the accepted standard, instead of being as at the present moment the exception rather than the rule, will be found in continually increasing numbers throughout our farms and breeding establishments, to the profit and pleasure of his breeder and owner.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—By "C. de Hurst."—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

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"Henry, wot's all de folks got dey rubbahs on fo', nice day like dis?"
"Kase, sah, de preachah ax um to weah dey rubbahs till dey gits de new ca'pit down, soze not ter mek so much noise wid dey feet."

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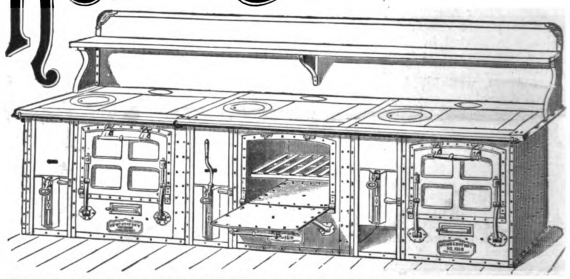
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

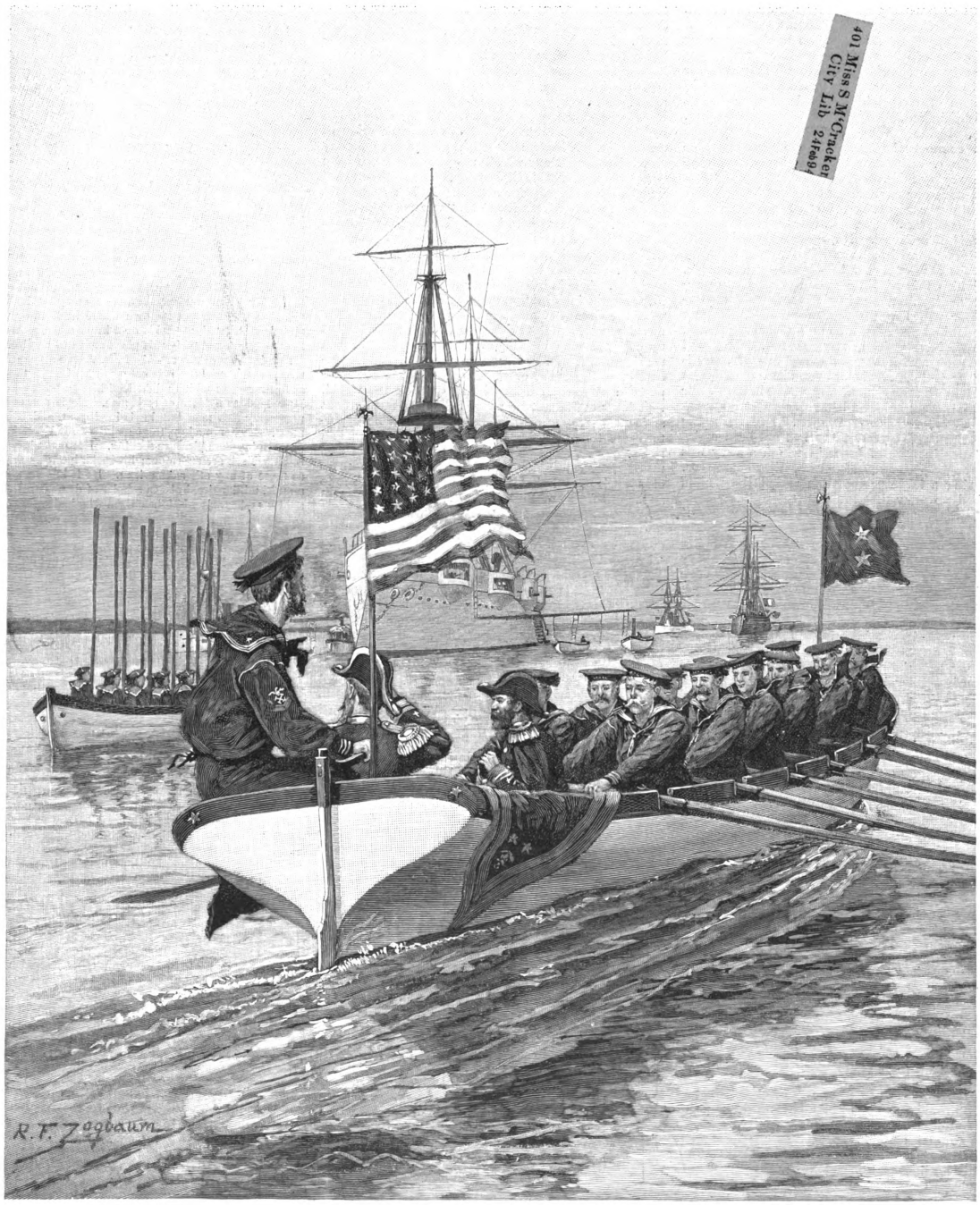
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

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SALUTING THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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OUR NEW NAVY.

THAT the United States should have a serviceable fleet of ships of war is generally admitted. That these ships in point of construction, equipment, and efficiency should satisfy modern requirements, and be, in their way, a credit to their country, may also be looked upon as a matter of course. The only question is for what purposes we need a navy, and of what strength and quality it should therefore be.

We are frequently told that we need a navy for the protection of our maritime commerce, and that consequently we should have enough ships of war to afford prompt succor to our merchant marine in all quarters of the globe, or at least to be about everywhere in sufficient force to command respect. This is a delusion. Who is there that threatens our maritime commerce? There are no longer any Barbary States, or any other kind of pirates or buccaneers, to waylay and rob our ships. The only thing that threatens our commerce at present is the legitimate business competition of other nations. And against this the strongest fleet, armed with the heaviest guns, is of no avail. No other serious interference with our maritime trade is to be feared, hardly even in the case of a war between foreign powers, during which this republic would occupy the position of a neutral, for the simple reason that no foreign power will run the risk of provoking a war with the United States by such an act of interference, whether we have a strong navy or not. They will not run such a risk because every one of them is watched by jealous rivals, or even bitter enemies, at home, while we are substantially unassailable in our continental stronghold, and have comparatively inexhaustible resources to draw upon. In fact, during the last seventy-five years there has not been a single instance in time of peace in which a navy was needed for the protection of our maritime commerce. And during a large part of this period the United States had no navy that counted for anything compared with the navies of other nations. The respect, we might say the awe, this republic inspires among the powers of the world never has depended and never will depend upon the armament it has actually at command, but it is owing to the general knowledge of the impregnable strength of our position at home, and of the immense resources we can make available in case of emergency.

A strong navy not being needed for our protection in time of peace, is it advisable to build one with a view to the probability of war? Owing to the facts here mentioned, foreign powers are likely in the future, as in the past, to go to the utmost limit of honorable concession in order to avoid a quarrel with the United States. War is therefore not among the probabilities, unless it be of our own seeking. Let us admit, however, that the apparently impossible may happen. Would it be wise to hold ourselves in a state of great preparation looking to so remote a chance? Should we do what the much-to-be-pitied European nations do, who drain their vitality to keep numberless battalions on foot and great arrays of ships afloat? With regard to the navy, this question has peculiar significance. The modern man-of-war, with its ponderous armor and its heavy ordnance, is still in the stage of progressive experiment. No sooner is a costly battle-ship finished according to plans which but yesterday appeared superior to anything yet conceived of, than it is put in the shade by some new contrivance that seems to make the paragon of yesterday comparatively useless. The invention of an armor so thick and hard that no existing missile will penetrate it is quickly succeeded by the invention of a gun that will send a steel bolt through it with ease. All manner of protection is devised for the floating monsters against torpedoes, when some devilish under-water apparatus is set going that baffles all. Thus the whole matter of naval structure is in a process of evolution and change so rapid that for hundreds of millions spent on the building of new ships but a few years ago in various countries nothing can be shown to-day but long lists of vessels which have become superannuated after an incredibly short life, and without having rendered the slightest service. There is no admiral living to-day who can tell with any degree of certainty how these tremendous battle-ships will behave in actual combat. The next naval war will be full of the most startling surprises, not unlikely to upset many of the present theories of naval architecture; and a nation not pressed by immediate danger will certainly do well to wait for those developments before sinking mines of money in the construction of a battle fleet.

There are two kinds of vessels which will probably preserve their usefulness, whatever changes may take place in other directions. One is the very swift cruiser capable of preying upon the enemy's commerce, and of quickly attacking an armed adversary when an advantage offers, and of nimbly running away when overmatched. And the other is the floating battery, in various forms and under various names, which remains near the shore, and is used only for the immediate protection of coasts and harbors. When we have a moderate number of ships of these two classes, and a good supply of torpedo-boats and other contrivances for coast defence, we shall be sufficiently provided for all emergencies likely to arise, and may with equanimity watch other nations making experiments with great battle-ships at their own expense.

Nor is the financial side of the matter the only one to be considered. It is in other respects by no means desirable that we should have a large naval armament. If we had it, there would be a constant temptation for using it, and thus it would be apt to become, instead of a protection of peace between this country and foreign powers, a dangerous menace to that peace. Many a young man who would otherwise have remained a peaceable law-abiding citizen has been seduced to manslaughter by the possession of a revolver. Many a nation has rushed into bloody wars about questions which might easily have been composed by amicable diplomacy, because it possessed an armament ready for a fight. It is a notorious fact that whenever we hear of a "war party" in any country, that party is to be found among the officers of the army and of the fleet, who long for opportunities to distinguish themselves and to earn quick promotion. We are now going through a similar experience. The building of our new ships of war has inflamed the imagination of many of our navy officers with the dream of making this republic a first-class naval power, equal or superior to any rival. That they do not consider the cost is not surprising. But this is not all. There is no scheme ever so adventurous, of annexation, or of the acquisition of "outposts" and naval stations in any part of the world, that does not find among naval officers its most ardent advocates. Some of these gentlemen lose no opportunity to tell the American people, in interviews and newspaper and magazine articles, that the wise and time-honored teachings of WASHINGTON are mere old-fogyism, and that it is time for this republic to strike out for something like world dominion. And the more ships we have, the more we are likely to hear of this sort of talk, and, what is more, the more our navy officers will feel an itching for doing "brilliant things" on their own motion.

We have repeatedly pointed out how strong the position of this republic is on account of the impregnability of its continental situation and the immensity of its resources. It can exercise a moral influence among the nations of the world superior to that of any other. This influence will be most potential and most salutary if this republic exercises it not as a war power but as a peace power. The United States will degrade themselves if they ever yield to any temptation to act the bully. We are so situated that no just demand of ours will ever be denied by anybody, although we have no fleet to support it. We shall lose rather than gain in dignity as well as influence if our navy officers, inflated with the new sensation of having a big armament behind them, were to go swaggering around the globe with chips on their shoulders. The Secretary of the Navy can do no better service to the country, while adding some new vessels to our naval force, than to cause those who are to command them to be imbued with that modest dignity which is the true sign of conscious strength, and to have them carefully instructed in the principles of international law and comity, and in the teachings of WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

THERE is a mystery about the Russian extradition treaty which the administration and the Senate do not seem inclined to clear up. It has been ratified by the Senate, and steps have been taken looking to the formal exchange between the two contracting powers.

The treaty, the first of the kind that was ever negotiated between the two countries, has had an extraordinary history. It was suggested by the Russian government a number of years ago. All efforts to secure such a convention failed, notwithstanding the importunities of the Czar's representative to the United States, because of the unwillingness of our own government to concede that Russia could insist upon her views of citizenship, and demand the right to consider her people as subjects of the Czar even after they had been naturalized in this country.

Mr. BAYARD and Minister STRUVE, however, finally negotiated a treaty in 1887, and it is this treaty, with some modifications, which has been ratified after it has been pending in the Senate for six years. The treaty is the most complete of its kind that the United States has ever made with any European power except Belgium. It contains clauses and privileges which we have refused to enter into with Great Britain and Germany. It provides that political offenders shall not be extraditable, but excepts from political offences assaults upon the Czar and the imperial family. It provides that forgery shall be an extraditable crime, although forgery of passports is the necessary recourse of all political offenders who undertake to escape from Russia.

On its face the treaty is perfectly proper. It cannot be denied that the murderer of a crowned head ought not to be able to plead patriotism in his own defence. But this treaty is made between a country whose constitution and laws guarantee a fair trial to every person accused of crime, and a power whose judicial proceedings are in the hands of an absolute ruler. It is the practice of the courts and executives the world over in extradition cases to surrender fugitives if the papers of requisition are regular. An American fugitive thus surrendered is tried for the offence charged under well-defined laws enacted by the Legislature, fixing a penalty. He is tried by a jury, faced by his accuser, defended by counsel, and confronts and cross-examines the witnesses against him. In Russia the trial may take place in the private chamber of a police magistrate, and the punishment may be fixed for the special case by edict, and executed secretly. In a word, forgery, embezzlement, counterfeiting, or any other extraditable offence may be punished by the terrible penalties visited upon Russian political prisoners. Russia, under this treaty, can make the United States its high sheriff for the apprehension of political offenders. No treaty involving personal liberty ought to be entered into between a republic and a despotism.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF EXPATRIATION.

THE purchase by our late fellow-citizen Mr. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his reported purpose to publish that and two other periodicals in London, have been interpreted, in connection with other of his reported movements, to indicate his intention of making London his future home. This apparent purpose on his part has excited much interest and some discussion among his fellow-countrymen. It has been hinted that Mr. ASTOR is not over-fond of having his movements discussed, and that he thinks it nobody's business but his own where he lives or why. If that is so, he underrates his own importance, as well as the legitimate interest which his plans are fit to inspire.

For, in view of the extent of Mr. ASTOR'S proprietary interests in this country, it is not an impertinence to speculate as to the causes which might lead him to prefer London to New York as a place of residence. He is not only a phenomenally rich man, but he is intelligent, and of a serious mind. He is not a boy, to go and live in London on grounds of mere heedless pleasure-seeking. His pecuniary interests in New York are enormous; his social interests are as great as those of any other American. He is known not only as a multi-millionaire, but as a scholar of demonstrated literary ability, and as an ambitious citizen who had creditable political aspirations, ran earnestly though unsuccessfully for Congress, and was American minister for a time to Italy.

Why should such a man expatriate himself? It has been said that he always preferred English life, but did not feel at liberty during his father's lifetime to act upon his preference. Again it has been suggested that a question of precedence in the ASTOR family was at the bottom of his departure. If he went for such reasons as these, his going is, in truth, a mere personal matter which only the gossips need discuss. But if, being the man he is, and having the opportunities that his fortune gives him, he determined that London offered greater rewards than New York did to such endeavors and such expenditures as he could make, that is decidedly an interesting conclusion, and one that is fit to be discussed.

It is pretty generally conceded that in this generation the opportunity of the very poor man lies in the United States. Are we to argue from Mr. ASTOR'S apparent migration that the opportunity of the very rich lingers in England? Let us consider. What are we to suppose that Mr. ASTOR wants? Not luxury, nor varied pleasures, nor ordinary social recognition, for he can get all these at home. More likely he wants distinction, and that of a personal kind. It is conceivable that, recognizing the pleasures of acquisition, and having all material things already in abundance, he should wish to be where he can acquire the highest obtainable degree of influence, respect, and power. If such were his desires, it is possible that in going to London he has made an advantageous move. What career was possible for him in this country? Could he have succeeded in political life? Probably not. His education had not fitted him to win votes. He tried to get into Congress, where he was well enough qualified to go, but had a disagreeable and costly canvass, with the result of merely winning fame for Mr. FLOWER. Could he have got into the Senate? Could he have been Mayor of New York? Everybody knows he could not. Money has bought political opportunity for many Americans, but it could not buy it for Mr. ASTOR. As a hereditary millionaire, three generations removed from trade, he was out of touch with the American voter. American politics had no place for him that was worth the seeking. He wrote a book, and it was a very fair book, but it brought him not so much literary fame as a reputation for eccentricity. Why should an American millionaire write novels, when he is so well able to hire his novels written? Then came a difficulty about family precedence, and the newspapers poked fun at both the parties to it, and at the whole idea of social precedence in a republic. So, altogether, it is conceivable that Mr. ASTOR got the impression that his countrymen had condemned him to a state of dry-rot, and that he was not getting as large a share of the fun as he was entitled to.

In England they take their millionaires more seriously

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than we do, and are much readier to give them a chance and fit them out with a suitable rank and proper employment. If Mr. ASTOR had been born in London, as rich as he was born in New York, he might very possibly by this time have been a peer. At any rate, with his character and abilities, he would have been a member of Parliament, of definite social rank, knowing his place, and with an eye on the places higher up, with possession of the means of advancement, and accurate knowledge of the proper way to use them. Starting in London as a middle-aged American citizen, he can hardly hope to achieve so much, nor is it likely that he will swap his allegiance even to make himself available in English politics. But with two newspapers and a magazine, it is easily credible that he will be useful to some one in England, and proportionately influential and distinguished. Nor is it hard to imagine that he may find life more remunerative over there than he found it at home.

It isn't a serious matter with us. We can spare a man at a pinch, even a very rich one. Still, Mr. ASTOR's case, with all the concomitant conjectures, does furnish food for thought, and encourages us to reflect whether we ought not to make more effort to make our very rich fellow-citizens more useful, and therefore more contented at home. Mr. ASTOR is not the only one who has transferred his chief expenditures across the water. The list is a pretty long one already, and seems much likelier to lengthen than to dwindle.

IT MUST BE RESTORED.

IN dear old Mr. Felix Oldboy's delightful *Tour Around New York* he mentions a certain former New York institution the restoration of which deserves the earnest consideration of all. We even make bold to rank the matter above rapid transit or the condition of petrified stagnation which exists in our Street-cleaning Department. For transit we have, if not very rapid; and when it rains heavily, the streets are, in a measure, cleaned. But this other thing we positively have not, not even in a modified form; nor does there exist an imitation of it. Indeed, there could be no modified form of it; an imitation is unthinkable. We do not exaggerate when we say that every man in New York is interested in seeing this institution restored. And since this is for the eyes of men alone, we will venture to say that the ladies, too, will welcome it. We cannot longer conceal the fact that we refer to that glorious old-time structure, that pride of other days, the bewitching Kissing Bridge.

Of course many of us have always known, in a vague way, about the Kissing Bridge, but Mr. Oldboy brings it to us anew. That it ought long ago to have been restored is beyond question. Mr. Oldboy himself would have approved of it—ay, the sly old fellow would have used it. Now that we have brought the matter still more prominently before the public, we shall look to see a general appearance of interest in its revival—especially among the gentler sex. We speak much more openly than we should were it not for the fact that we know, after what we said above, that no woman will read this.

Perhaps, for the benefit of those unfortunates (all of them men, we presume) who don't understand what the Kissing Bridge was, a few words about it may not be out of place. There have been, in fact, several Kissing Bridges—for our sagacious forefathers knew enough, when the city encroached upon so important a structure, to build another further up town. As to the exact purpose of the Kissing Bridge, if there be any absurd man who pretends he doesn't know, we can do no better than follow Mr. Oldboy's example, and quote from the Rev. Mr. BURNABY, who seems to have visited this neighborhood in 1759 to some purpose. "In the way," gravely and with apparent approval writes this good man, "there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, where you always pass over as you return, called the Kissing Bridge, where it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." Experienced traveller! When he was in Rome he did as the Romans did. But we do not understand this "where you always pass over as you return." Did you not also always pass over as you went out? We venture the guess that you did.

This Kissing Bridge which was on the Eastern Post-road at Fifty-fourth Street, and between Second and Third avenues, was at least the second one set up by the guileless old Knickerbockers. The first authentic Kissing Bridge, according to a contemporaneous Dutch historian of the seventeenth century, was where what is now Park Row crossed the little stream which ran along Pearl Street to the East River. Next we find it as far up as Fifty-fourth Street, as we have seen. This was in 1759. We next hear of it about 1809, when, as Mr. RANDEL tells us, a genuine and popular Kissing Bridge existed across a creek called the Sawkill, at Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue. Here we lose sight of the Kissing Bridge as a city institution. The Sawkill was filled up, and the degenerate men who infested the other end of this century allowed the Kissing Bridge to vanish from the face of the earth.

In restoring the Kissing Bridge you must first, as it were, catch your site. The Harlem River naturally suggests itself. It does not seem that any of the present bridges are available. Such a bridge as the Third Avenue one would not do at all, with one policeman shouting "Move on!" and another bellowing "Go slow!" The Washington Bridge is quiet enough, and is not blighted by policemen, but it seems rather too big and bald for the purpose. The old McComb's Dam bridge might perhaps have done on a pinch, but it is gone, and the new one will have too much iron about it; the trail of the civil engineer will rest too heavily on it. In fact, come to think of it, a drawbridge is out of the question. To drive up to a Kissing Bridge and find the draw open, and a canal-boat stuck in it waiting for high tide, is something which cannot even be thought of without emotion. On the whole, we fancy that the Harlem is not available. Some bubbling, laughing brook in the Annexed District must be sought out by the committee for the restoration of the Kissing Bridge. Here must be raised a rustic, bowery bridge, with no hint about it of vulgar iron or gross and treacherous draw. Vines must clamber over it, and roses, instead of policemen, must grow about its abutments; broad tree-arched driveways must lead up to it from either side; and if one bridge won't accommodate the rush, two or more must be provided. New York is a bigger place than it was a couple of centuries ago, and what was sufficient then is often utterly inadequate now.

THE WHISKERS QUESTION AGAIN.

THE Liberty Dawn Association of Free and Independent Hackmen, which is a branch of the Knights of Labor, has put itself on record and out of temper touching an order recently promulgated by certain hotel proprietors and the keepers of a few livery-stables. This order requires all men who expect to drive public "cabs," as Anglomaniacal employers call them, or "hacks," as the plain American drivers say, to shave their faces every day as a necessary preliminary to mounting the box. The hackmen are defiant—as, indeed, they generally are—and have passed a great many resolutions and expended a great many cubic feet of breath in denouncing their oppressors.

Among other things, they say that the health of many of them will be endangered by the compulsory shaving of beards, whether the hirsute ornament be known as "Burnsides," "Dundrearys," "side-lights," "chin-whisker," "half-moon," or "Galway twist," which have been worn as by hereditary right, in many cases, for a quarter of a century. Now herein do the hackmen make a mistake. There is no valid appeal to public sympathy on a question of physical health. There is nothing thrilling or impressive in the idea of a hackman with bronchitis. There is nothing touching or glorious in the idea of a hackman who never had bronchitis. Nobody cares about such things. There is no "patch of the purple" in consumption. Neither is there anything romantic in freedom from pulmonary disease. If hackmen are afraid of falling ill, let them seek other employment. But when the hackman declares that by the order to shave he is compelled, as the resolutions say, "to disfigure his countenance and distort his features" so that his wife will not let him into the house and his children are afraid of him, then the hackman plants his feet upon a high ground of vantage. The appeal to æsthetics is the only appeal which counts with the public.

The Waiters' Protective Union has struck hands with the Liberty Dawn Association, and together these devoted persons declare that they will fight the abhorrent order, as they say, "to the bitter end." It must be admitted as a matter of record that employés usually do carry such fights to the bitter, not to say hungry, end, while the employer usually keeps a good grip upon the other (and longer) end of the stick. Waiters and hackmen make few friends. Both the hotel waiter and the public hackman must stand, generally speaking, as individuals. They are devoted to the service of no one family; they have no traditions but their rate-book and their scale of extra prices. They must serve the ordinary casual, be he native or Western, man or woman, drunk or sober, statesman or dude. It is certainly wearing upon the disposition. It must be so. With a shaven face it is difficult to dissemble what is known as "that tired feeling," which must often come to waiters and hackmen. Who can blame them for longing for the friendly capillary cloak? They would fain go bearded like the pard—very probably like one of Mr. BRET HARTE's "pards"—and no wonder.

THINGS TALKED OF

ON the first day of April, in accordance with an order given by Commissioner Blount, the American flag was lowered on the building occupied by the Provisional Government of Hawaii in Honolulu, and the United States marines and sailors returned to the war-ship *Boston*, whence they had been brought on the request of United States Minister Stevens. There is room for any amount of comment on this action of the American Commissioner by those who care to ignore the plain facts; for those who prefer to adhere to facts, the action, we should say, would seem unavoidable. The flag was hoisted on the government building in Honolulu as a sign of a "protectorate," which the United States Minister undertook on his own responsibility without authority from his government to establish. Now, a protectorate is at best a very indefinite thing, conferring powers and involving duties that depend entirely on the interpretation of the protecting government. Its establishment in Hawaii, or anywhere else, if made at all, should be by the government of the United States, and not by a minister with no authority or instructions in the premises. Mr. Harrison ought to have put an end to the one set up by Mr. Stevens so soon as he heard of it. Mr. Cleveland would have been justified in doing so immediately. He preferred to send a trustworthy agent to inquire into the situation, with power to act, and the agent has acted. That is all there is to it. So far from any discredit attaching to this act, it was highly honorable. Add to this statement of the case the fact that it is obviously absurd to consider the proposition for the annexation of Hawaii from a government that is maintained by the armed force of the United States and sheltered under its flag, and the situation becomes still more clear. Mr. Cleveland's government has simply pricked the bubble of jingoism which had been so elaborately inflated in the last days of the Harrison administration.

One evening last week two of our most gifted and highly trained artists, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Low, addressed a leading club of New York in behalf of the new enterprise, the "Municipal Arts Society." The purpose of the society is a novel and interesting one. It is to form an annual fund for providing some work of art that shall add to the attractions of the city of New York as a place to live in or to visit. The form this annual contribution may take may be any one of many. It may be the decoration of a public room in the city buildings in a manner representing the art of the time, or the carving of some portion of a façade, or a window, such as New York artists can now produce as superbly as those of any city in the world, or a statue, or a fountain, or the laying out in accordance with the best principles of landscape art of some park, or part of a park. If the direction of the work of the society shall fall, as doubtless it will, into the hands of able and judicious men, it may do much for the city and the dwellers therein for generations, its chief advantage being the permanent provision of a considerable annual expenditure under intelligent control.

The Scripture counsels us, when we go out into society, to take a low place, and conduct ourselves humbly until some one who can appreciate our merit comes along and gives us a lift. It is possible that the admirers of Mr. Conkling had this admonition in mind when they proposed to put his statue as low down in New York as Union Square. But what is good advice for men doesn't always apply to statues. If Mr. Conkling's effigy were allowed to make a third with those of Washington and Lincoln, it would not be gratifying, but the reverse, to have men say that it was out of place and ought to go up higher—to Madison Square, anyhow, and probably to the Park. It is not just to Mr. Conkling to contrast him with the two greatest Americans of the first century of the republic.

The question of "cuts" in the columns of the daily newspapers, if not exactly a burning one, excites more animated comment than many of more importance. It has been settled in favor of their use now by every considerable morning paper in New York, and the report reaches us that an "art plant" has been arranged for the most conservative journal in that most conservative city Philadelphia. In the calmer atmosphere of weekly journalism the problem has long since been solved by the adoption of the apparently simple principle that "illustrations" should illustrate. There is no more reason why the reader should not receive accurate information or pleasing or satisfying impressions through the fruits of the engraver's art than there is why he should not be given, in legible type, the printed matter that is suited to his needs and tastes. That the business of printing pictures, whether once, or seven times, or thirty times a month, may be conducted in a manner to make the judicious grieve, or even swear, is something of which the general reader does not need to be informed. He cannot pass an elevated railroad station without having it forced on his weary and wounded mind. But no general business practice is to be judged by its abuses alone, or condemned on account of them. The one thing that the last half-century of publishing, in this and in other countries, has established very clearly is that good pictorial work justifies itself wherever it can be achieved, and with this solid fact to go upon, the timid, or over-sensitive, or desperate critic of bad pictorial work may wait with patience for its disappearance.

"La Famille française" is not, as might be supposed, the name of one of M. Zola's peculiar novels, nor, on the other hand, is it the subject of a prize essay. It is an insurance company, the ingenious invention of some excellent gentlemen who wish to augment the notoriously low rate of increase of the population of France, and to add modestly to their own incomes. They propose, in return for a proportionate payment, either at one time or in annual premiums, to secure for any female child insured in their company either a fixed sum, not over $400, when she shall become a mother; or a dowry of not over $2500 when she shall marry; or an annual sum for education. Naturally the statistics for calculating these "risks" are not the most complete, but they are believed by the founders of the company to be adequate for safe operations. One feature of this novel insurance company is that the greater the business it does, and the more it realizes the benevolent purpose of its founders, the more sure it is to have to pay the sums it promises, because the more marriages and mothers will arrive. But this contingency is very remote, and may safely be disregarded during this generation. Probably it is in France only that an institution of this sort could prosper at all. It is agreed that in other countries, and notably in England, the birth rate is highest among those least able to support a family. The only class particularly economical of offspring is that of the very rich, whose self-indulgence takes a different direction. In France, however, the equal division of property after death is believed to exert a distinct restraint on the growth of population. If this be so, "La Famille française" will contribute only a slight counteracting influence.

Twice within the last three years the Lower House of the Legislature of New York has passed a bill abolishing the death penalty for murder, only to have it promptly killed in the Senate. In both cases the action of the Assembly has been hasty and ill-considered, and in the last the bill was almost avowedly rushed through in order to prevent the execution of Harris, condemned for the murder of his wife. Now whatever arguments there may be for abolishing capital punishment, it is plain that no such legislation should be enacted without the utmost deliberation, or without the substitution of a carefully devised system of punishment for crimes now capital. Above all, no such change in the penal code of a great State should be made to defeat the operation of the existing laws in the case of a particular offender. The force and authority of criminal law in deterring crime, which is its main purpose, lie in the regularity and certainty of its action. It is the general feeling that the law will punish a crime if it be discovered that hinders men from committing crime, and to the degree that that feeling is weakened crime is promoted. Nothing could weaken it so much as for the Legislature to use its power to save any one criminal on whom, after all the forms of law have been observed, judgment has been pronounced. Every vote given in the Legislature with any reference to Harris's fate was a vote to encourage wife-poisoning. It makes no difference whether Harris be really guilty or innocent. His innocence in any man's mind is purely an assumption, with no reasonable ground. By the only tests known to modern civilization, by a fair jury trial with skilful defence, by condemnation after appeal to the highest tribunal of the State, he is guilty. To vote for the abolition of the death penalty on the theory of his innocence is to vote that the whole system of jurisprudence of New York is worthless. Once let that impression get abroad, and murder is made easy and attractive.

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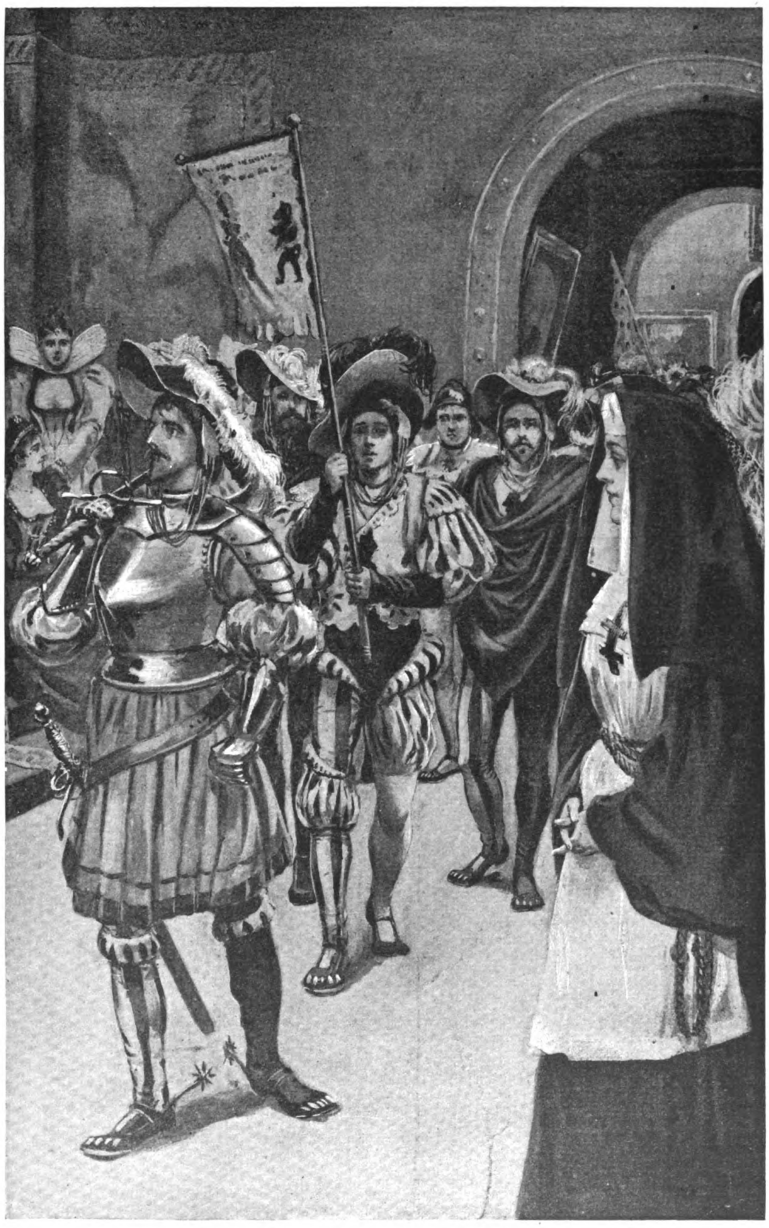
THE HON. JAMES S. EWING.
United States Minister to Belgium.—[See Page 370.]



THE HON. LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JUN.
Solicitor-General of the United States.—[See Page 370.]



THE HON. DANIEL N. MORGAN.
Treasurer of the United States.—[See Page 370.]



MEMBERS OF THE TAVERN CLUB AS ITALIAN MERCENARIES OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

THE BOSTON RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.—[SEE PAGE 383.]



THE HON. HANNIS TAYLOR.
United States Minister to Spain.—[See Page 370.]

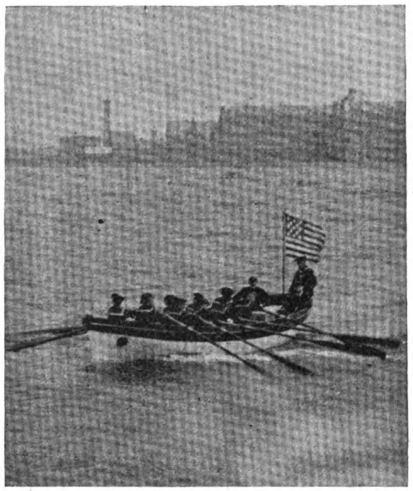


THE HON. CONRAD N. JORDAN.
Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York.—[See Page 370.]

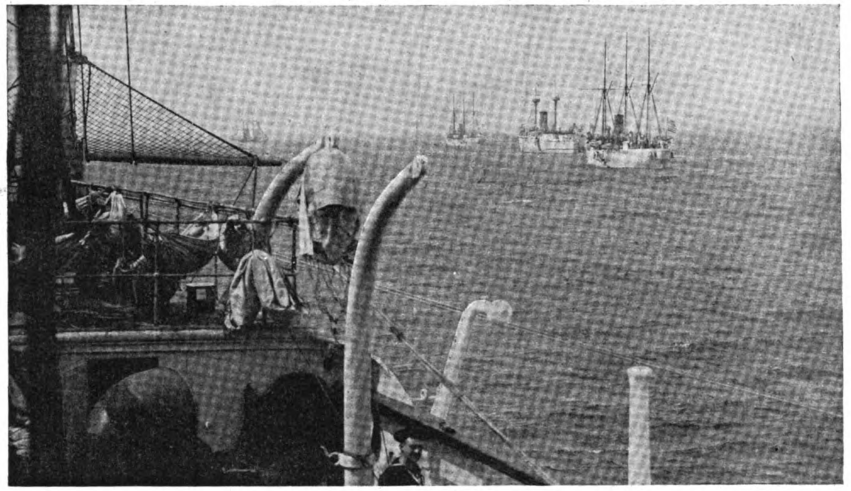


THE HON. WILLIAM LOCHREN.
Commissioner of Pensions.—[See Page 370.]

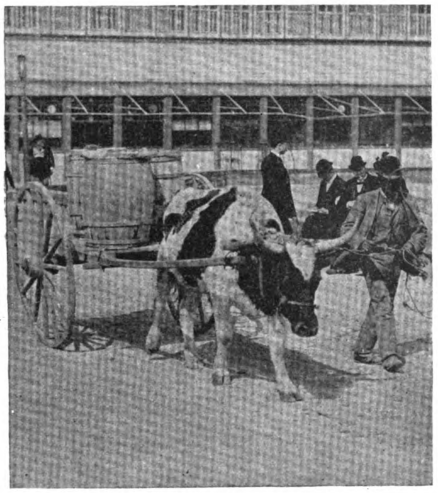
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GETTING IN STORES.



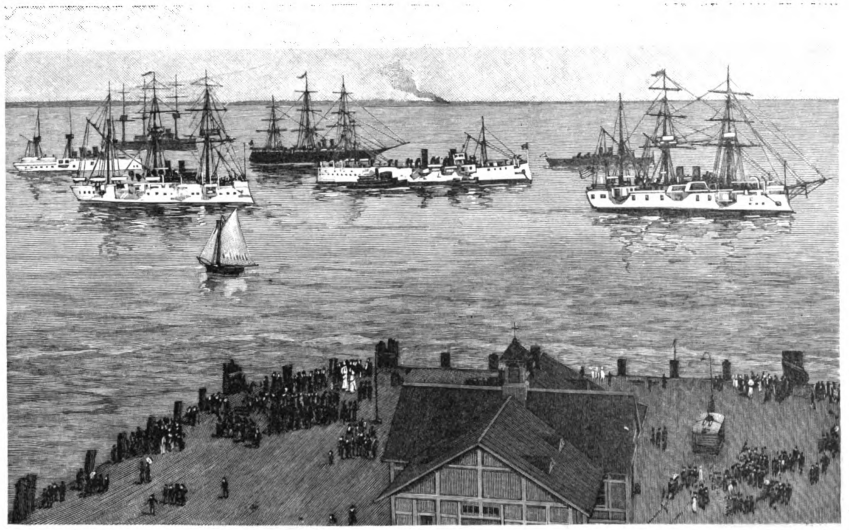
FROM THE DECK OF THE "CHICAGO."



AUNT CHARLOTTE'S HUSBAND AND HIS MARKET WAGON—BRINGING IN SUPPLIES.



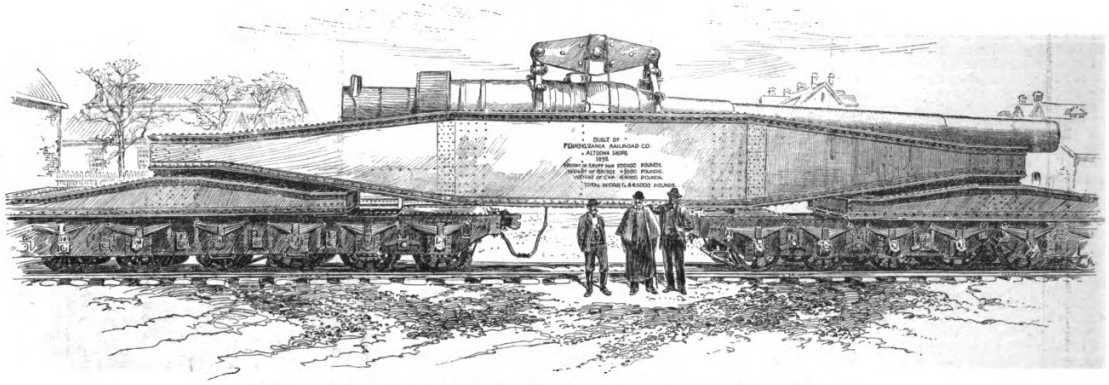
THE RENDEZVOUS AS SEEN FROM THE HYGEIA HOTEL.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE COMING NAVAL REVIEW—WITH THE RECEIVING FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS.—From Photographs by Hart.—[See Page 370.]

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THE GREAT KRUPP GUN FOR THE CHICAGO FAIR.—From a Photograph by Bendann, Baltimore.
47 feet long, 16¼-inch bore, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the thickest part. Weight 270,000 pounds.

THE KRUPP GUN.

To handle the largest gun ever seen on this continent is no small matter. The steamship *Longueil* brought the great Krupp gun which weighs 270,000 pounds from Hamburg to Baltimore a little while ago, and then the engineering problem of taking this gun from the ship and putting it on the cars for transportation to Chicago had to be solved. Of course arrangements to do this had been made long ago. A bridge had been built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company so that the weight could be distributed over a distance, and rest upon more than the usual number of wheels of a single car. The picture in this paper will show how the gun looked after it had been taken from the ship and was ready for the railway journey to Chicago. The task of unloading the gun from the ship and putting it on the cars was regarded as so difficult that a number of officers representing the army and navy went from Washington to Baltimore to see the task performed. The contract to do this had been taken by the Maryland Steel Company, and the work was done on the 7th of this month, the time occupied in the job after the hoisting began being only thirty-three minutes. This gun was built seven years ago, and has been fired about fifty times. Such guns are not fired for the mere fun of the thing. The amusement would be too expensive, as this gun requires a charge of powder that would cost a large sum of money. The gun is 47 feet long, 16½-inch bore, and takes a conical shell weighing 2200 pounds. The gun is 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the thickest part, and can be moved on its carriage by hydraulic or electric power. The bridge shown in the picture weighs 47,000 pounds, and each of the two cars 64,000 pounds. This makes a total weight of 445,000 pounds. Mr. Gildehausen, the Krupp representative, was extremely relieved when the immense gun was safe on land. He will probably feel very much better, even, when the gun is safely in place at Jackson Park. He joined with the army and navy officers in congratulating the engineer who so successfully performed the transfer.

The trucks on which the gun has been taken to Chicago are similar to those used in the journey from Essen, where the Krupp works are, to Hamburg. It was feared by some railway men that it would be difficult to get the gun through railway tunnels, and specially so if any one of these tunnels had curves in it. But the Pennsylvania Company knew its own route so well that these difficulties did not deter it from taking the contract to deliver the large gun safely on the grounds of the World's Fair. When the gun is in place at the fair visitors will be able to form some idea of the vast preparations that the larger countries in Europe feel required to make for offensive and defensive warfare. No ship afloat could well afford to get within range of a monster gun like this, and a harbor defended by several of them placed in commanding situations would be impregnable to attacks by sea.

AWAITING THE FOREIGN SHIPS OF WAR AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Even to the initiated it must seem there are many worse places than Old Point Comfort at this particular period of this special year. Of course this may be condemned as a mild way of putting a fact which might be stated with more enthusiasm, and may serve to recall the clever woman who once said that "optimists asserted most things were good, while pessimists acknowledged that some were not bad." Still, in order to prove that no perfervid patriotism is running riotous with judgment, it may be best to go slowly with adjectives, especially to capture the attention of those flitting Northerners who usually desert their happy Southern hunting-grounds when Lent is over, and who are hard to convince that anything is worth lingering for when once Easter has come and gone. So it will be well to commence with a mental reservation, and then to add that were it not for the push and hurry and crowd, these shores about the Virginia waters have been rarely more attractive. Many things conspire to this end, and, indeed, when one looks about him, ashore and afloat, he must consider that his lines at Old Point are cast in pleasant places. A fine Americanism has been inspired by the gathering of the fleet, a definite acquaintance is being made with the progress of the country in naval affairs, and as both services are for the time being tangent to ideas hitherto more or less remote, the effect upon the civilians is that of a happy awakening to the possibilities of the nation. The most potent factor, next to the occasion itself, is the influence of the women, who have made a special holiday of the season. Their number is legion, and they are such delightful, pretty women that it will be a reflection upon the traditional appreciation of sailors if the officers of the combined fleets sail without agreeing that never before was there such a gathering.

There was a serene wisdom, therefore, in the selection of Hampton Roads as the place of rendezvous for the international squadrons which are to honor the opening of the Columbian Fair. Perhaps it would have been better had circumstances permitted a later date to have been appointed; the chances of good weather would have been surer, and, more important than all, the splendid Russian fleet would have found open water in the Baltic, and have been enabled to send such a representation as might have spurred the other nations into increasing the strength and quality of their squadrons. Not that the nations have not done well, but it will always be a regret that in such an array no battleship will be mustered. Nearly all the vessels in line, save for a few exceptional types, contributed mainly by ourselves, belong to the cruiser class. True, there is such a diversity among these that the display will be far from monotonous even to technical criticism, for in the foreign column will be found representatives of the armored cruisers, which so nearly equal battle-ships, of the protected and partially protected cruisers, and of those other constructions—less in strength, but no less efficient for the work expected of them—which form a part of every modern fleet. Still, battle-ships are the highest developments of a nation's power, and typify so much more clearly than any other a country's maritime grade, that in their absence the review will fall a little short of what was hoped for it.

For more than a century Hampton Roads has been a favorite rendezvous for the fleets, home and foreign, friendly and hostile, detailed for duty upon our Atlantic seaboard. This choice was governed by the strategic value of the situation, and so much has flowed logically from this condition that the waters have a sentimental, a historic, interest for all Americans. During our late war its early possession was worth a dozen fortified towns to the government, and between the shallows fringing the limits of the roadstead, from the Middle Ground of Newport News, by Hampton Bar and Thimble Shoal, and so seaward clear of the Horseshoe and its Tail, some of the most famous expeditions have been gathered and despatched. In one season sixty odd vessels of war and dozens of transports have swung together expectantly in its anchorages, or when, as during the week that is past, the wind blew out of the nor'east, and a strident leeward ebb was making, have tugged and strained viciously at moorings that would bother the best of sailors even in such holding-grounds as these. In the past the waters have suffered from the battledoor and shuttlecock of international politics. In two wars, England, yielding her grip upon the colonies by nail and joint and knuckle only, harried the Roads bitterly; and all the tide-waters about it, from Lynhaven to Norfolk, from Old Point to the Nansemond, and to the upper channels of the James, from York Spit to Washington, and from the Virginia capes to Baltimore, have smarted from the dashing forays of her sailors and marines. In the war of independence England held it almost without dispute. In 1813 an English fleet, composed of seven sail of the line, seven frigates, and eleven sloops and gun-vessels, took the Roads, seized Hampton, and raided wherever tides and people permitted. In the end, though, they had enough of it, for they were so worried and fretted by what they called "picaroons and bargemen" that they made an unsuccessful assault upon Craney Island, and then tripped killicks for harbors further seaward. In Revolutionary days two French fleets rendezvoused here, one doing but little in our behalf, and the other so much that its memories should own perpetual remembrance. In August, 1861, Commodore Stringham sailed from here for the attack on Hatteras Inlet with a squadron which included such well-known vessels as the *Minnesota, Pawnee, Monticello, Harriet Lane, Susquehanna, Wabash, and Cumberland*—*Cumberland* the immortal. Later, Commodore Dupont left the Roads with eighteen ships of war and thirty-three transports, carrying 15,000 men for his fight at Hilton Head and subsequent occupation of the extreme southeastern coast and rivers. In January, 1862, Flag-officer Goldsborough took out of the estuary eighteen light-draught steamers and many transports, which seized and held the inlets and sounds of North Carolina. Here, in March of that year, the *Monitor* drove back the *Merrimac*, and reconstructed the war naval architecture of the world; and from here, in 1864, there steamed for Fort Fisher the largest fleet ever shepherded by an American admiral. Not even New York Bay nor the matchless Long Island Sound has known such war fleets. And yet of all gathered here none ever equalled in strength, in gun energy, in battle efficiency, the forty vessels which are now assembling to commemorate the genius of Columbus.

To this fleet our contribution is a notable one. Indeed, I know of few finer marine spectacles than that, unfolding new delights each day for the past fortnight to the lucky ones who have watched the Roads from the sea-front of the fortress, or from the esplanade of the Hygeia Hotel and from the wharves about it. From below old Point Comfort Light westward, well into the bight about Hampton Bar, stretches the receiving fleet. This includes eighteen vessels, and these are disposed along the four-fathom curve on the northern side of the channelway, fairly well inshore, and are extended east and west from the *Philadelphia* as a point of departure. The flag-ship is anchored off the government wharf, and to the southward and on the other side of the channelway lie the black-hulled and yellow-funnelled Russians, that were the first to arrive. Furthest seaward is the *Atlanta*, next come the *San Francisco, Baltimore, Bennington*, and *Bancroft*, and then the *Newark*, flying the red flag of Rear-Admiral Benham, second in rank, and commanding the first squadron. Westward of the *Philadelphia* is the *Chicago*, flag-ship of Acting Rear-Admiral Walker, and then succeed the *Yorktown, Charleston, Vesuvius, Concord*, and *Miantonomoh*. The torpedo-boat *Cushing*, lying closer to the beach, and as jaunty and trim as a seaman apprentice on his first leave home, is painted an olive green, which is said to be an ideal color for war purposes, but which more surely strikes a discordant note in the color-scheme of the fleet. Off shore, in the prolongation of the line already taken by such foreigners as have arrived, the visitors will anchor, but when under way each nation will be assigned a position from van to rear in accordance with the rank of its senior officer, priority of arrival determining precedence when the rank is equal.

Nothing can well surpass the appearance our line presents. Point-device in trim and equipment, the ships ride at single anchor easily and with a stately grace. Silhouetted against the sky you may trace their spars and rigging, and when the water is smooth the day sends back to you their reflection, floating ship and shadow double on the side; with some the hulls seem lifted airily and mightily like forts in cloud-land, and as they take the sunlight on their sides, and deepen their lines with softened shadows, the effect comes to you as a gleaming mass of silvery white and warming yellow, of burnished brass and glistening steel.

The graceful sheers and curves are accentuated by the gear stretching tense as harp strings to the tapering mast-heads from rails and channels, by the poise of yards and rake of masts on such as have them—and these surely are the most picturesque—and by the protruding muzzles of guns that run the gamut of calibres now in service use. Little wisps of smoke flutter skyward from the funnels, and jets of steam fret and whiten and fade above the water-line. Great ensigns float from the peak when the weather is fair; the blue, red, and white flags of the three admirals soar high, and blow out their folds until the double stars are half revealed, half hidden; and from the mainmast-heads or signal-spars of the other vessels the coach-whip pennants of government commission coil and uncoil their long lengths sinuously. There is a sense of pleasure, of joy, on the air—a holiday feeling which mates ilfy with the routine work and special drills that go on unceasingly. For drills are plenty, and work is steady, and twice since its arrival the fleet has been sent to sea for exercise in the manœuvres most likely to be demanded. Still, to the on-looker who sees only the surface of things, and is apt to measure the demands upon all by the leisure of the few, it appears to be easy and jocund enough. Boats laden with visitors ply between the shore and ships, and no weather is foul enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the American girl and her chaperon—for does not the order go that way?—and no perilous leaps from bobbing small boats to slippery gratings, from pile-driving cutters to groaning floats, can subdue the ardor of ship-visiting. And why should they hesitate? For they are certain of a cordial greeting; the more often they go, the better their welcome, for such are the fashions of sailors.

Occasionally a bull of bunting puffs itself into a pennant under an admiral's flag, showing that he is afloat, and then come the hurry and scurry on other ships to give him as he passes or boards them the honors of his rank. Boats meeting his toss their oars on end, and officers in them bring their hands to the cap smartly in the salute provided. As a ship is passed the marines parade, bugle at their head, carry their rifles to a quick present, and the trumpeter blows vigorously, if not melodiously, the flourishes demanded. Other boats headed the same way yield the *pas*, saluting the flag as it sweeps by them. And so it goes, ship after ship, boat after boat, until what with the banging of guns, the blaring of horns, and all the rest of it, it would seem as if a flag-officer could be nowhere so comfortable as in the well-trodden bear-walk of his own quarter-deck.

All this will be multiplied when the visitors arrive, but fortunately these things are ordered by a formula, are hedged in by occult rites, which descend from Benbow or Jean Bart, or, for all I know, from the Grand Admiral of the Indies himself—and naval customs work in grooves that rarely rust. As the work increases for our ships, so will grow the pleasures for the shore, for there are to be boat-races, dinners, a ball, it is hinted—though this is doubtful—and, in general, such a spell of mild festivities as will, let us hope, make the foreigners glad they have come to us.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Hannis Taylor, of Alabama, who has been appointed Minister to Spain, is a comparatively young man, being forty years of age. While practising law he found time to engage in literary pursuits and to prepare a work, of which the first volume has been published, on the *Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*. He came originally from North Carolina, but removed to Alabama at a very early age. While he is known very well at the local bar, he has appeared only recently but brilliantly at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, where he argued against the constitutionality of the anti-lottery law. This argument,

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perhaps, more than his work on the English constitution, has led to his appointment as Minister to Spain, for it attracted the attention of Senator Morgan of his State, and induced him to recommend him for the post. Mr. Taylor takes one of the prizes of the diplomatic service, and is sent to a post where he can do the government great service.

Mr. James S. Ewing, of Bloomington, Illinois, has been appointed Minister to Belgium. Mr. Ewing is the law partner of Vice-President Stevenson, and also a cousin. Mr. Ewing was a candidate for a judgeship in the new District Court of Appeals, and is said to have very much preferred to receive an appointment in the line of his profession than in the diplomatic service. His appointment to the bench was asked for by the Vice-President and others of Illinois, but Mr. Cleveland appears to have had other views. Mr. Ewing is a native of Kentucky, but has lived in Illinois for thirty years, and during all that time he has been associated with Mr. Stevenson in the practice of the law.

The new Commissioner of Pensions, Judge William Lochren, is apparently one of the best appointments that the President has made. Mr. Cleveland was very careful in his selection of this officer. It was his desire to procure a man who would fulfil to the fullest extent the obligations which the administration has assumed for the reform of the pension list, and he found his task a very difficult one, owing especially to the small salary, $5000, which the Commissioner of Pensions receives. Judge Lochren is one of the most popular and esteemed citizens of the State of Minnesota. He has been a judge elected by the people in a Republican district, and was endorsed for the office to which he has been appointed by the unanimous vote of the Legislature of Minnesota, which is largely Republican. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country early in life. He was brought up and educated in Vermont, and is fifty-seven years of age. Since 1857 he has resided in Minnesota, and has been twice the caucus nominee of the Democratic party for United States Senator. When he was twenty-four years old he enlisted in the First Minnesota Volunteers, and was soon made a First Lieutenant. It was his regiment that was put into the gap to meet the charge of Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg, and when the charge was over he and one or two others were all the officers that were left of the regiment. Notwithstanding the fact of his wounds, received in the discharge of his duties in the war, he has never applied for a pension. His old captain, Martin Maginnis, of Montana, says that he was the best man of his regiment, not barring himself, and he was and is a very good man.

The Solicitor of the Treasury, Lawrence Maxwell, Jun., received his appointment on account of the legal abilities in public litigation that he has demonstrated in the department. He is a comparatively young man, but before he came to Washington he had demonstrated that he was possessed of large professional capacity as a member of the firm of Ramsey, Maxwell, & Ramsey, in the city of Cincinnati. He comes from a well-known family in Cincinnati, prominent in business and in society, and it is one of those appointments which are to be credited peculiarly to the President. Mr. Maxwell's duties as solicitor will make him the attorney of the government, the Attorney-General being the barrister or counsel who appears in court.

The President's selection for Treasurer of the United States was Mr. Daniel N. Morgan, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and for Assistant Treasurer at New York city Mr. Conrad N. Jordan. Mr. Morgan is a prominent citizen of Connecticut, and is now a State Senator. He served as Mayor of Bridgeport for three terms, and in that town he is held in high regard as a man of business, society, and politics. For ten years he has been the president of a national bank in Bridgeport. Though Mr. Morgan's appointment is credited as belonging to the President personally, he was not without endorsements in his candidacy for the place. These endorsements were from leading bankers of the State, and also from men of political influence. Mr. Morgan is about fifty years old, and is in the very vigor of his maturity.

Mr. Conrad N. Jordan is about sixty-five years old, and for quite forty years has been engaged in business in the city. He began business life as a clerk in the Hanover Bank, and rose to be general bookkeeper. Then for a very little while he took a position in a bank in Fishkill. In 1864 he became cashier of the Third National Bank in New York, and staid there four years. When the Gold Exchange Bank was ruined by the gold panic, Mr. Jordan became auditor to the receiver, and performed his duties with much credit to himself. About twelve years ago Mr. Jordan became secretary and treasurer of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad Company, having been put in the place to represent the interests of the late Samuel J. Tilden, with whom Mr. Jordan had been associated politically. In the campaign of 1884 Mr. Jordan took an active part, and when Mr. Cleveland took office Mr. Jordan was appointed Treasurer of the United States.

MUNICIPAL ART.

THE Municipal Art Society of New York will hold its first annual meeting on April 24th. At that time the officers and an executive committee will be elected. The present officers of the society are Richard M. Hunt, president; Edward H. Kendall, vice-president; Edward Hamilton Bell, secretary; and William B. Bigelow, treasurer.

This society has for its object the provision of "adequate sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks in the city of New York." It was first organized in the studio of Mr. William Vanderbilt Allen, at the Sherwood, 58 West Fifty-seventh Street, on March 22, 1893, where several preliminary meetings had already been held. At the meeting of March 22d Mr. Richard M. Hunt took the chair. Nearly a hundred prominent men signed the roll, letters being read from others expressing their interest in the objects of the society, and their desire to be enrolled among its members. Among these names are those of R. M. Hunt, Charles F. McKim, Russel Sturgis, H. J. Hardenbergh, John La Farge, Will H. Low, Kenyon Cox, Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, Michel Le Brun, Edwin H. Blashfield, F. D. Millet, Howard Russell Butler, William M. Chase, W. B. Tuthill, E. H. Kendall, William A. Coffin, John M. Carrère, Thomas Hastings, Thomas Dewing, George W. Maynard, and R. M. Upjohn. A few days later a meeting of ladies was held, at which a large number of well-known women became members.

The society proposes to "secure a membership of at least two thousand, both men and women being eligible for membership, who shall pay annual dues, or a membership fee of five dollars each. Out of the funds thus accumulated, and such gifts of money as may be made to the society, it is proposed to pay for competitions to be held under the direction of the society, and for the execution of such works of art or decorative projects as may be chosen. The competitions, which will be open to artists of both sexes and without regard to membership in the society, will be held at least once a year."

As a rule, the artist who is to execute a given piece of work will be chosen by competition. Committees have already been appointed to consider the best way of conducting these competitive exhibitions. They will submit their reports at the coming annual meeting. As far as possible, however, the lines of those held in Paris for the decoration of her public buildings will be followed. They will be managed by large advisory and executive committees, who will be elected by the society itself at its annual meetings. The municipal authorities will be duly acquainted with the purposes of the society, and their co-operation will be sought from the first. Men or women desiring to become members of the Municipal Art Society of New York have only to send their names to Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street; checks being drawn to William B. Bigelow, treasurer. All members whose names are on the roll will have the right to vote at the annual meeting.

Interest in municipal art is everywhere growing. Mr. J. McNeill Whistler and Mr. Puvis de Chavannes having offered to decorate certain rooms in the Boston Library, at a dinner given in the Union League Club by Mr. Alfred Parsons to the painters, architects, and sculptors of New York and Boston, a letter was framed, signed by all the guests present, and addressed to the Mayor of Boston, urging upon that gentleman, in the interest of art in America, the acceptance of this proposition.

It is in Cincinnati, however, that the best results in the way of municipal art in America have until now been attained. In their new City Hall, erected by Samuel Hannaford & Sons, the problem presented was the filling of five windows, on each of the three landings, belonging to a grand staircase in white marble. These windows opened on an inner court devoid of sunshine. The Common Council, with rare enlightenment, threw the designs for these open to competition. Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell was successful. A detailed description of these five windows—each series consists of one broad window, with four narrower lights, two by two, on either side, but lately on exhibition at Pottier & Stymus's—is interesting, as showing the quality of the work now being used in the decoration of this building. The subjects chosen are allegorical of the city—historical and legendary. Thus, among the five recently on exhibition—from which our illustrations are selected—Cincinnati, as the Queen City, sits enthroned, wearing a red robe, in which some interesting effects are produced among the high lights by the bleaching out of the glass by chemicals. She wears a crown of towers, and carries in her hand the caduceus of Mercury, the caduceus being part of the city's coat-of-arms. On either side of this figure are Law, in a purple robe, and Order, clad in lion-skin and a blue tunic. At the foot of her throne sits Commerce, with Mercury's wings on her head, a rudder in her hand. In the distance flows the Ohio River. In the smaller pictures, to the right, are Liberty and Peace walking together, Liberty bearing a flaming torch; Agriculture is attended with the genius of pastoral life. To the left are the windows, with Abundance scattering fruits, and attended by Industry; Labor at his forge smiling at Education, who teaches a child.

The historical windows illustrate the arrival of the early settlers by wagon, then by boat, the first landing with the flag, in which picture portraits of the pioneers are reproduced; the building of the city in log huts; and the first Sunday morning service under the guns of Fort Washington. The fact that Cincinnati, formerly Losanteville, the capital of the Northwest Territory, received its name from Governor Sinclair, who in 1790 called it after the Order of Cincinnatus, of which he was a member, gave Mr. Bell opportunity to introduce in one of his groups that scene in the life of the great Roman general when, while ploughing with his oxen, he was summoned to defend his country.

Mr. Bell's borders present some charming designs, in which the buckeye, the apple-tree, and the corn of Ohio are interwoven.

In these windows one finds probably the first example in America of strictly municipal art, as it was understood by the great commonwealth of Renaissance Italy.

LILLIE H. FRENCH.

THE LATE GEORGE I. SENEY.

IN the veins of George I. Seney ran some of the best blood of this country. His grandfather was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and afterward a member of Congress from Maryland from 1789 to 1792. His great-grandfather, on his mother's side, was James Nicholson, first Commodore of the United States Navy. His father was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an alumnus of Columbia College. Able to estimate the advantages of a collegiate course, he gave his children the best education which the times afforded, and George I. Seney was graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1847.

As he preferred the banking business to a profession, after some experience in Brooklyn, and in the Gallatin Bank and the Bank of North America in this city, in 1853 he entered the Metropolitan Bank as paying-teller, afterwards becoming cashier, and finally president. The institution under his management had extraordinary prosperity until "the bank panic" of 1884.

Having accumulated a considerable fortune, which he employed in large railroad enterprises, about 1875 he began to attract attention by unusual exhibitions of public spirit. Born of a line so closely connected with the early history of this country, such studies had a peculiar charm for him, and he gave $100,000 to the Long Island Historical Society. His father having been a minister, and his mother long surviving as a widow, he was continually desirous of promoting the welfare of aged and infirm ministers, and the widows and children of such as had died in the ministry, and for more than twenty years annually contributed more than any other person connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church to their relief.

An educated man, he was solicitous for the welfare of institutions designed to promote the highest culture. To the Wesleyan University, of which he had been for a short time a student, he gave more than half a million dollars. To Emory College, of Oxford, Georgia, and the Wesleyan Female College, of Macon, in the same State, he gave $125,000 each. His motive in these gifts was patriotic, for he maintained that the best means of cementing the unity of the States lately estranged was for Northern capital to take a lively interest in Southern enterprises, and for philanthropists to make no sectional distinction in their benefactions.

Perceiving that the Methodist Episcopal Church, absorbed in evangelical and educational efforts, had not done its share in the humanitarian work of caring for the sick, he gave more than $400,000 toward the erection of a hospital, and in so doing gave rise to a movement from which already ten Methodist hospitals have arisen.

He was a munificent patron of art, and a wide and discriminating reader of the best literature.

At the time of his financial embarrassments he supposed himself secure, and always believed that the panic was



THE LATE GEORGE I. SENEY.

caused by interested parties who for their own purposes misled many others. His efforts to discharge his obligations were heroic and successful. The value of his gifts was enhanced by the spirit in which he made them, and he has earned a place in the catalogue of public benefactors. The union of the denominational, non-sectarian, patriotic, and philanthropic elements in the manifestations of his generosity stamps him a man of unusual breadth of view, and caused general satisfaction when it became apparent that his financial difficulties had been greatly relieved, and he was again able in a measure to gratify his beneficent impulses.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

IN these festive days of spring, when strangers are flocking to New York on their way to the World's Fair, it verily behooves our artists to put their best foot forward in honor of the nation's art. It will not do to echo the modern masters of Europe, and spread for Europeans the same old feast of art objects painted and modelled which they know at home. Neither shall it avail them to say that their best has been drafted off to represent them at Chicago. The guild of painters and sculptors is so large in the seaboard cities that there should be enough good material to furnish all demands. This is a year of crisis in which everybody shall be critical, or else renounce forever the pretension of knowing good art from bad. We have been measuring the spring exhibit at the National Academy of Design. What has the Society of American Artists to say for itself?

Very little in sculpture. As the Academy is lamentably weak in this regard, so the Society has a very slender budget to unpack, but at any rate a better. Mr. Wellington Ruckstuhl, a pupil of Mercié, carries off the honors with his life-size nude in marble, called "Evening," a symbolical nymph who stands shading her face with her arms, to signify in no unpoetical manner the closing of petals and the end of day. Very pure in sentiment and very chaste, this nude is yet very human; perhaps too human in its liberal feminine curves for the delicacy of the thought. The modelling of legs and torso is exquisite; that of the back is beautiful enough to carry the statue on the rear view alone.

Mr. Olin L. Warner has a heroic bust of Governor Flower, of New York, modelled for the State's headquarters at the World's Fair. It is a dignified work. Mr. Herbert Adams has a relief called "The Orchid," showing the application of color to statuary. The lady, seated in profile, who holds an orchid, relieves against a gold background her faintly colored face, yellowish hair, and dark red gown. All is delicately modelled, but the coloring is experimental rather than a true success. Miss Caroline W. Peddle has a life-size "Virgin Mary in Youth," the eyes cast down and the hands crossed in devotion on her breast. Mr. Sergeant Kendal has a pleasing little head of a Breton peasant girl, and Mr. J. S. Hartley a little boy's head.

The paintings, however, go far to condone this defect. The north and south galleries have a smiling, victorious air, a consciousness that no better exhibit has ever been made before in New York—which is the same as saying in America. The large committee on acceptance of pictures has worked to good purpose, and the little hanging committee has done wonders in their ungrateful but most important office. Though but little more than half as many pictures have been hung as the Academy contains, the collection seems larger, and is far more impressive, not merely in ableness and technical brilliancy, but in variety and imaginativeness. A dozen canvases boldly attempt the supernatural, and often with success; some half-dozen tread the perilous path of the religious picture. The landscapes are many which rise to a very high level of beauty, and they tell the changes of season with great sweetness, and in certain cases with subtlety.

One such is figured here, Mr. Horatio Walker's "Morning in Spring," a landscape with a tender background, sweet tones in the sky, and touches of sunlight falling on the backs of oxen and ploughman, and dissipating the morning mists beyond them. The tones suggest the sweetness of pastel. "Deerfield Valley," by Henry G. Dearth, which received from the jury the Webb prize, is a really masterly landscape. "A Midsummer Night" by Charles Warren Eaton is darkly luminous and has the uncommonly bold attempt to represent fire-flies gleaming over river and marsh. William A.

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Coffin's "Autumn Evening," J. Appleton Brown's "June," Theodore Robinson's "Valley of the Seine," Robert Van Boskerck's "Rolling Clouds" may stand for landscape, while snowy scenes are led by Walter L. Palmer's "Snow-Laden Pines."

The gay effect of these galleries is largely due to portraits in full length of young women in bright costumes. Witness Mr. Robert Reid's sketch-portrait in pink tones of Mrs. Bettini; Mr. W. M. Chase's "An Artist's Wife," the lady turning her face round from the picture she has been examining, and his Velasquez lady, "Portrait of Miss C.," in pink-lined opera cloak, white gown and white feather trimming. As the picture here sets forth, Mr. William H. Hyde has in "Place du Carrousel" a pretty, slender young lady, tripping along in the shadow of the Louvre, with the arch of the Carrousel Court in sunlight beyond.

A half-dozen nudes brighten the Vanderbilt Gallery, among which is "The Bath," bought by the jury for Mr. Samuel T. Shaw with his annual sum of $1500. It is by E. C. Tarbell, but the method is not so thick and solid with paint as his out-door pieces. A handsome young woman lounges on her boudoir divan with her feet in a bath, while a maid, kneeling with back turned, dries her arms. Though the brush-work is more dainty than usual, it is still rather coarse, and the picture itself is a trifle coarse, too, not because of its nudity, but its handling. Perhaps there is too strong an impression of an effort on the painter's part to be realistic; at any rate, the charm is absent which one expects in such a subject to relieve its animality. In a different way the same lack of charm and nobility is seen in Mr. Kenyon Cox's "Sleep," a woman flung down in a difficult foreshortened position, with eyes closed and a poppy in her hand. It is too suggestive of the Bacchante overcome by strong drink or by opium. Mr. Robert Reid's "Study of Nude," a young woman on a Polar-bear skin, with

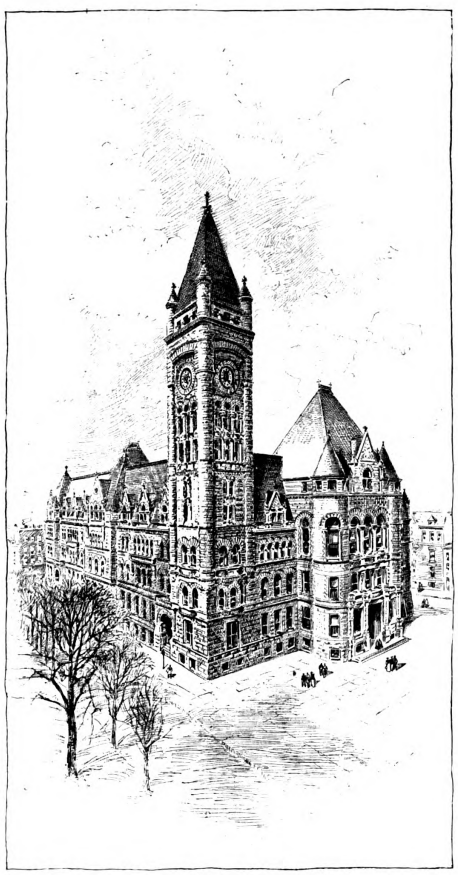


THE VIRGIN.—Abbott H. Thayer.—By Permission of Charles L. Freer. 5.9×6.11 feet.

firelight playing on face and figure, has less of this quality. Mr. Herbert Denman's "Voice of the Spring," is a half-nude nymph with antique lyre, seated on a stone bench and overshadowed by a peach-tree in full blossom. The flesh painting here is not so luminous as Mr. Reid makes it; there are more greens and olives in the skin; but the impression is that of a being less fleshly human.

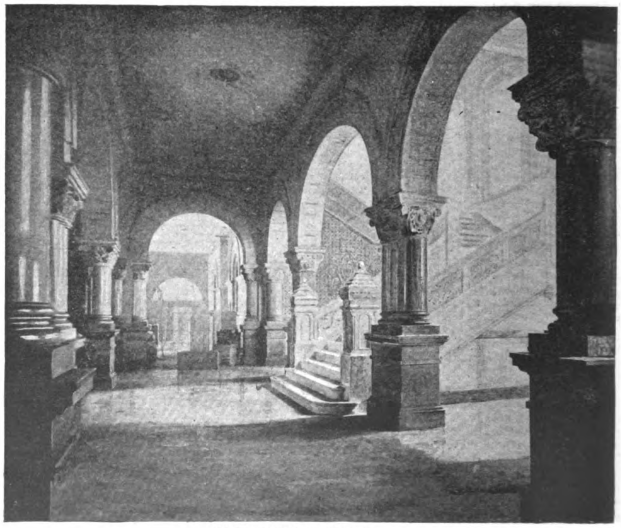
In the supernatural section one may place a pretty fancy from Mr. F. S. Church, "The Lotos Eater," a fairy maid overcome by drowsihead and cradled in a lotus blossom; also "Psyche" by Mrs. Louise Cox, rather masculine in face and figure; also "The Autumn Haze," graceful and poetical fancy of much originality, by Mr. C. C. Curran, being a nymph bearing a green stand with flame and wreaths of mist rising from it. In the religious line there is a noteworthy "Christ in the Boat on Gennesaret," by Professor John F. Weir of Yale; a predella for altar by Mr. Kenyon Cox, antique in its arrangement, giving the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the tree, and the expulsion on the other; and a "Flight into Egypt," by Mr. Guy Rose.

Mr. Childe Hassam has beautiful work in "The Last Light of the City," a garden on a roof, with two graceful women. But to many the large painting by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer called "The Virgin," here reproduced, will seem the most important in the exhibition. A young woman with a severe startled look steps briskly forward, leading a little boy and a still smaller girl. The boy has the same intense, almost fierce, expression, and his tumbled hair and gypsylike wraps add to the uncanny effect. The flesh tones are not good, but they harmonize with draperies, and the whole group seems to be possessed of some fear, or some terrible knowledge which hurries them along in a speechless agony. What the picture means is not unfolded, but it has the merit of presenting that question, and the further interest—shall we call it a merit also?—of never giving an answer.



EXTERIOR.





THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

THE NEW CITY HALL, CINCINNATI.—Samuel Hannaford & Sons, Architects.

See Article "Municipal Art" on Page 371.

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2.8×5.7 feet.

THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.—W. H. HYDE.



2.6×3.4 feet.

THE $1500 PRIZE PICTURE "THE BATH."—EDMUND C. TARBELL.



2×3 feet.

MORNING IN SPRING.—HORATIO WALKER.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[SEE PAGE 371.]

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IN HAMPTON ROADS, APRIL, 1893.

BLUE sky above, blue sea below,
A rainbow flutter from fort and fleet,
Flashing of signals to and fro,
And the ocean highway a thronging street.

Banners flung on the April air,
Thunder of cannon in brave salute,
The drum's deep note and the trumpet's blare,
The mellow music of pipe and flute.

Seafaring men, with faces tanned
By sun and tempest and windy weather,
A chain of commerce that land with land
Links the states of the world together.

And back of it all, to-day, one sees
The swart, stern brow of the Genoese;
And under it all, to-day, one hears
The diapason of time's long years.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

ACCORDING to one of the London society journals, "the American colony in London wish very much that some man of really good American family, with a wife of really good American family as well, could be sent over here to represent the States." There is an air of patience under exasperating experiences about the expression of this desire which is hardly warranted by the facts. If Mr. Lowell, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Lincoln were not representatives of really good American families, the American colony in London ought to define its notion of what a really good American family is. It is a comfort to reflect, however, that Mr. Bayard and his wife are both prepared to meet the most exacting demands of the colony. If there is anything in American lineage that can fairly entitle a family to be considered really good, it is "signers"; and Mrs. Bayard's family, the Clymers, have them in most exceptional profusion and variety. If there happened to be no signers among the Revolutionary Bayards, it is because they were fighting or otherwise actively engaged for the colonies at the time the signing was being done. For the Bayards are a really good American family, as either of the Sons of the Revolution societies will admit.

It is possible that there are Americans living on this continent who derive from ancestors who came over with Columbus, but if so, they are unknown, and are probably classified in the census returns as of aboriginal descent. In order to get a specimen of the stock of the discoverers for exhibition at the Chicago Fair it has been necessary to send back to Spain and borrow the Duke of Veragua, thirteenth in descent from Columbus himself, and heir to his titles. The Duke is chief of the Spanish World's Fair Commissioners, and at this writing is on his way to New York. He is a successful farmer, and makes a specialty of quarrelsome bulls, which bring a high price in Spain for use in the ring. He is fifty-six years old, a statesman of reputation, and constitutionally friendly to the United States. He is American not only in sympathies, but in appearance, since his portrait shows a striking resemblance to that of Dr. Depew.

Another visiting representative of a house to which our country owes much is Prince Roland Bonaparte, grandson of Lucien, a brother of that Napoleon Bonaparte who gave President Jefferson so excellent a bargain in Southwestern lands. It was Lucien who gained a unique distinction among the Bonapartes by refusing to abandon his wife when the Emperor commanded it. His obduracy cost him a kingdom and much personal discomfort, but enhanced his value as an ancestor. Prince Roland is going to the fair, like every one else, but his coming has other purposes, since he wishes to study the anthropology of some of the Indian tribes, and to view the antiquities of Colorado and Mexico. He takes a lively interest in scientific investigation, as befits the grandson of a man who did not care to be a king, but was proud to become a member of the Institute.

Just now when we hear of the French Institute it seems usually to be in connection with some candidate who does not get in. Zola makes a vast deal of gossip every time he contests a chair, and it must be admitted that he has raised the Institute's character by demonstrating the quality of its discrimination. The latest candidate who has failed to arrive is M. Brunetière, who was two votes short of a majority for the chair of John Lemoinne. But M. Brunetière is young, and will doubtless become an Academician in good time. He is a student of enormous diligence, and is credited with knowing more than any one else about the classical seventeenth-century period of French literature. He is a critical writer, and a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and is described as a critic who cares more for ideas than for style, and who repudiates the chatter of "art for art's sake," and denies that a writer has any business to be indifferent to moral considerations.

A London correspondent remarks with a despondent air that a copy of the first edition of Hardy's novel *Tess* has been sold for $25, while the grave of George Eliot, at Highgate Cemetery, is allowed to fall into a shameful state of decay. These facts are both interesting, but are wholly unrelated. The fact that Mr. Hardy's first editions bring good prices does not prove much except that they are already scarce. The fact that George Eliot's grave is neglected throws no light whatever on the current status of appreciation of her books. If graves of eminent persons were open to the rapacity of collectors, as first editions are, there is no doubt that George Eliot's grave would bring a very large price, and would be carefully kept in a glass case and dusted every morning. As it is, desirable graves, not being transferable, often fall to the ownership of persons who do not value them, and who take no pains to keep them up. In such cases, inasmuch as it savors of impertinence to meddle with another family's burial lot, it is customary to allow the grave to be neglected for a generation or two, till the rightful curators have disappeared, and then to look after it at the public expense. So Shakespeare's grave is cared for; and so George Eliot's grave will presently be repaired—unless, indeed, the opinion should come to obtain that no grave is so objectionable as a nice new one, and none so attractive as a neglected one, and that there is no one so admirably tender and judicious in the care of graves as Nature. There are some things—such as patent-leather shoes—on which moss should not be allowed to collect, and some surfaces—such as the human scalp—to which a growth of long grass is not becoming. But grass-grown—or even overgrown—graves and mossy head-stones have their own charm, and in many cases it is a doubtful advantage to meddle with them.

People are very different, anyway, about their enjoyment of cemetery privileges. Some people like to frequent their burial lots much more than others do. Some associate the departed with their graves much more closely than others. So also some persons, when they do visit their cemetery lots, like to stir around and tidy things up. Others prefer to sit down and invite their souls and meditate. It is just as well in these matters to let everybody go his own gait. In these days of household sanitation, when the dwellings of the living are loaded with plumbing and conveniences that have to be watched with sleepless care, it is a blessed relief sometimes to find a habitation that will stand neglect without any deleterious consequences to its tenant.

It is reported that ammonia is to furnish the coming street-car motor. Now the chemists may not admit it, but it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. Is it not immensely clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and made it go on wheels? It is Nature's own way. When there is an able-bodied effluvium anywhere it is a sure sign that she is busy with something, and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision. Nature is enormously effectual, but she will not work for man unless he makes her. She discriminates, but her point of view is not man's. She is a wonderful scavenger, but she is just as ready to carry off a live baby as a dead horse. Everybody knows her method of cleaning the streets. The more colossal the odor, the harder she is at it. It is not our way, or ought not to be if it is. It is a glad thought that now that some one has found out how to put smells to work we may hope that presently the spring filth in city streets can just be geared to a proper apparatus and made to carry itself away. Soon it may come to pass that the farmers will plough their land with the smell of the phosphates they use to fertilize it, and the musk that the girl wears on her handkerchief at the theatre will be taught to hold her hat, instead of being, as now, a mere idle vanity and an offence to her neighbor.

E. S. MARTIN.



AN OLD DUTCH LANDMARK.

THE Lansing house, erected in 1710, is the oldest building left standing in Albany, and it will be left standing but a few weeks longer, since before 1894 a large commercial building will stand upon the site. With the old house will go one of the very few remaining links that connect the Albany of to-day with the Fort Orange of two centuries ago.

Albany—or Fort Orange, as it was called before 1686—was surrounded by a stockade, which was intended to protect the settlement from invasion by the Indians, and the Lansing house was erected a short distance outside the wall, to be used as a trading-store, where goods could be bartered with the Indians for "good, whole, and merchantable" beaver-skins. The building is two stories high, with a long low addition, and was made of bricks, which the owner, Jacob Lansen (since changed to Lansing), brought over from Holland in a sailing vessel. Fox Kill, now covered over, ran near the north side of the house, and a picket fence enclosed his property, which he used as a pasture-land for his cows and goats.

The widow Visscher was the next owner, and she permitted the house to be used by the Indians as a lodging-place while staying over to sell peltries and buy stores. Many an exciting scene was witnessed there after the red men had traded their skins for rum. The red men became uproarious, and it is related that the widow "used her broom freely upon such occasions, and it was a potent sceptre in her hands in restoring order."

The interior has been changed from time to time, and in various places embedded in the whitewashed walls are to be seen the ends of ten-inch beams as sawed off when the level of the flooring was changed. The ground-floor has been utilized continuously since 1810 by Pemberton, father and son, who have almost concealed the rough thick walls by piling upon the shelves family groceries, while from the beams hang strings of garlic, bags of smoked meats, and even a few roots and herbs, which, being seldom called for now, might have hung there since the beginning of the century.

There are several curious relics about the structure. On a large oak joist hangs an oil-painting of the house itself, done over a hundred and fifty years ago, of which the illustration is a copy, but the coloring in part is dim, and the artist's name is too faint to be deciphered. There is an assortment of the various old locks and keys, which are of quaint and curious design, and two tiles which originally decorated the first fireplace, around which the Indians sat and smoked their pipes with the Dutch traders, are still preserved. One illustrates "MAT. 26, 75," and shows Peter crying when he hears the cock crow, and the other, "LUC 15, 17," showing the return of the prodigal son. Both tiles are well preserved, and the coloring is a deep blue upon a white ground. On the north side, although now boarded up, can be seen the small door, but eighteen inches wide and five feet high, which was made thus to prevent more than one assailant passing through at a time in case of an attack by the savages.

Upon the second floor are two commodious rooms—or garrets, for the ceilings of both slope on all four sides to meet the walls at a height of five feet. The windows are high and narrow, and arranged in pairs, the window-panes being small and numerous. There is an open fireplace in the larger room, and the mantel is supposed to be the original one, although the carved columns would indicate a later period, when people had the time and money to devote to in-door decorations.

High up in the gable side can be seen the old iron crane that was formerly used in hoisting heavy articles to the second story, and from the street is noticeable a large door opening upon the second floor. This door is divided through the middle, each part swinging on a pair of iron hinges. In the upper half is a square hole, which was used by those within to see what was going on in the direction of the stockade. All the windows were furnished with solid wooden shutters, in the upper part of which were crescents cut to admit light when they were closed. Both the crane and the divided door were placed there when the building was erected, but neither has been used for many years.

THE LOVE OF A GOD.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

THE green jade eyes of Kwon-Guet, the god of might, rolled in his head, then the wooden eyelids blinked twice, and a sigh came out from between the wooden teeth. The hohn-shau-yan of the temple, lazily swinging the bronze jar of incense, looked up sharply and glanced about him, not like a man in fear, but like a man whose mind is alert. He saw nothing, and continued his chant:

"I am the slave of the god of happiness;
I give fine wine that he may drink deeply and be happy.
To the god of goodness I bow myself down.
Hau, hau, hau!"

A maiden of the rich house of Shum Lea had just left the Temple of the Sun, which stands near the west wall of the city of Quang-Tung. Long had she prayed before Kwon-Guet, the great god of might. She was lonely, and she prayed that he would send her a young man for a lover.

"I will sing love-chants to him; I will make him happy; and I shall love him, O, Kwon-Guet! good Kwon-Guet!" she prayed, and as she bowed low on the prayer-cloth the big round green eyes of the god looked down upon her. He saw how white and small her hands were that were laid on the mat; he saw how shapely the little neck was; and something moved inside him—something he had never felt before. It was his heart. For centuries it had not stirred, but now it began to beat, and it seemed to him as if blood was trickling through his wooden veins, and his cheeks were becoming warm.

He was in love. He loved a little t'uung-nue, no higher than his knee, whose hands were like two white butterflies, and whose form was frail and slight. He, looking down, saw her cast the wine at his feet and light the fire of sandal-wood chips. The smoke of incense went up in a straight line. The perfume was grateful to him. And she clapped her hands, as maidens will, for it seemed as though her prayer was granted. She gave cash to the keeper, and when she went out of the big door on the south side it seemed to Kwon-Guet as if his heart had stopped beating and the blood had become wood again. Then he sighed, and his eyes rolled, and the keeper had stopped his chant to listen.

The temple was closed; the city had passed to sleep. The green eyes of Kwon-Guet were staring at the stone floor where the maiden had knelt. His heart was still. When the night is half spent the gods in the temple are permitted to hold converse with one another, but they can only talk of those who have knelt and prayed before them. This hour was near, and as the sacred bell struck, the wooden frame of Kwon-Guet trembled as if a woodsman had driven an axe into his side. He spoke to Moo-Shuut, the god of magic.

"I am in love," he said; "I love the little maiden who prayed before me when the sun was almost set. Tell me, Moo-Shuut, is there no magic that you have that can make me human?"

"My magic is all-powerful, but if the maiden do not her part, I am useless as clay."

"What must the maiden do?" asked Kwon-Guet, eagerly, leaning forward just a little.

"When she prays before you, if by chance or design her naked hand touches your foot when she expresses her wish, then will you become human and like other men; but it is decreed that no god may stay away from the temple at one time any longer than from the rising until the setting or from the setting until the rising of the sun."

"Ah!" returned Kwon-Guet, despondently, "perhaps she may never touch my foot. No one has ever touched my foot. See," and he moved it forward; "the dust of centuries is upon it."

"But if the prayer-sticks should fall, and if she were to reach for them, might she not touch your foot?"

"Yes, yes, if they would only fall," replied Kwon-Guet.

"When she comes to-morrow to pray I will make them fall," said Moo-Shuut. "I will—"

The sacred bell tolled; the hour of life had passed, and the dim temple lights cast shadows among gods that were of nothing more than wood and clay and stone.

The next day, one hour before the setting of the sun, came the maiden of Shum Lea to the temple to pray for a lover. She put her offering in the hand of the hohn-shau-yan, and then she laid her mat before Kwon-Guet. She kneeled so low that her forehead touched the ground, and as the eyes of the god looked down upon her, the warmth of love came again into the wooden cheeks. Long she prayed, but never once did her hand stray near the wooden foot upon the low pedestal. So deep was she in prayer that the prayer-sticks lay unheeded at her side. Once she looked up, and seeing that the temple was deserted, arose to go, but Moo-Shuut, the god of magic, had cast a spell about her, and she crouched closer to the mat.

The temple was deserted; even the keeper had gone to his little room far off in the southwest corner to eat his bowl of fon.

"Thy servant prays for a lover," she said. "Of all the

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"'THY SERVANT PRAYS FOR A LOVER,' SHE SAID."

men in the city there is not one who comes to gaze upon the charms of the maiden of Shum Lea."

As she spoke she picked up two of the prayer-sticks, and held them toward the urn of ashes. The breast of Kwon-Guet moved like the frame of a man who breathes heavily. She put the wooden end of the sticks in the urn, and with a taper she lighted them. The mouth of the god of magic closed; the cheeks stuck out big and round, like two moon cakes; and then he blew, softly at first, like a spring zephyr, then harder and harder, until the wind swept around the maiden, and made the smouldering sticks flame up like eyes in the head of an angry beast. The ashes flew up out of the urn like a storm-cloud, and the sticks, first one, then the other, fell forward upon the pedestal between the dust-stained feet of the god of might. The figure shivered, and the maiden crouched closer to the mat. The wind ceased, and she looked up at her sticks.

"It is the god of wrath, Channo," she whispered. "I have offended him."

Then one little white hand crept forward, like a thing which is afraid, towards the sticks. She took one and placed it back in the ashes; she reached for the other, but, trembling, brushed the dust from off the left foot of the image. It was as if her hand had been thrust in burning oil. She heard a great noise, as of thunder, and she bowed her head in fear, and grovelled on the mat.

The spell was cast. The image of the god of might began to shrink, down, down, down, until it was no taller than a man; it moved, and from wood it turned to flesh and bone. It wore costly clothes; jewels were upon the neck and hands. It was a man, and the maiden's lover had come to answer her prayer. He stepped from off the pedestal and leaned over her.

"Ho-Yeung, Ho-Yeung," he said, "I have come to you at last." He touched the bare white neck, and the shiver that came upon him passed to her. He put a hand under each arm, and gently, as a mother would lift her child, he picked her up until she stood beside him. "I love you, Ho-Yeung," he said. "I have never loved but you."

As a maiden should, she looked timidly at him, and she knew that her prayer had been answered. Her eye never wandered to the pedestal where once had stood the god of might. She was too happy in her love to think of that. But she thought it strange that he should take her to kneel before the god of magic, and that his prayer should be so long and so strange.

Like two children they went out into the street. He surprised her by his curious questions. It seemed to her as if he had never seen these things before.

They walked out into the country, and when the moon came up they sat beside the road and talked of love. The maiden was indeed happy.

"Who is your best friend?" she asked him once.

"Moo-Shuut," he replied, quickly.

"But that is the god of magic," she answered. "I mean, what man is your best friend?"

"I do not know," he said, simply, like a child to whom the world is strange; and she wondered.

The hours pass quickly for lovers, and the night was almost gone before they knew it. Never once had she thought of home or her parents. It seemed to her as if her lover was the only human being in the world. The hour of parting was at hand, and sadly they came back.

"When may I see you again?" she asked, with all the boldness of her love.

"When you come to the temple to pray you must kneel before Kwon-Guet, and when you have prayed you must touch his foot, and say, 'Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you!' Then will I come."

Then they parted. As the sunshine crept into the windows of the temple it lighted up the wooden figure of Kwon-Guet, but there was a different look in the eyes of jade, and the dust was gone from the shoulders as well as the feet. But in the jewels about the neck was a lock of a maiden's hair. It was upon this that the eyes of Moo-Shuut looked most intently. Had not the eyes of the keeper been like berries over-ripe, he would have noticed that one of the gods had been away; but at night he did nothing but smoke his water-pipe and drink no-mi-tsan until he fell asleep.

The day passed, people came and prayed and went, and the eyes of the gods were turned toward the door to watch for the maiden. The last hour of prayer had passed, and never once had the door opened inward. The shadows grew heavy, and rats came out of holes in dark corners and ate of the offerings and played among the images. Men passed off the streets to their homes; the city was at rest. It was the even hour of midnight when the gods talked.

"The maiden promised she would come," said Kwon-Guet, sorrowfully, to Moo-Shuut.

"Is your love so great that you must mourn?"

"My love is so strong that I could not live without her," he answered, forgetting that he could only live half a day at a time. "Can you not help me?"

"I have done what I could."

So they talked—Kwon-Guet like one upon whom sorrow has cast a shadow, and the god of magic cheerfully. It had been pleasant for a god to breathe like men, and talk to a beautiful maiden, and feel what it is to love; it was like the taste of freedom to a slave who has always been in bondage; and when the night had gone the eyes of Kwon-Guet looked dull and cold, like glass which has lost lustre.

In the house of Shum Lea the maiden was kept a prisoner because she had remained out all of one night. She had been beaten with a bundle of bamboo shoots to make her confess where she had been, but to all questions she was as one dumb, except when her father had said,

"You have brought shame upon us."

"It is not true," she replied. "I am a pure maiden. My wrong was not that great one."

All of her time was spent in prayer, and the words she spoke oftenest were, "Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you, I love you!" But this never reached the wooden god in the Temple of the Sun.

On the evening of the fourth day she begged her father to take her to the temple to pray; and he, seeing no harm if he went with her, consented. He would keep both eyes wide open, he thought, and perhaps he would find out why she had been away all of one night. Never once did he release her hand until they reached the temple. She walked over to the god of might and prostrated herself, while her father stood near. She reached out and touched the foot.

"Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you, I love—"

Again came that crashing, tearing sound, as if the gods were full of wrath. Kwon-Guet the god had gone, and Kwon-Guet the man was bending over the maiden. She arose to meet him as a flower raises its head to the sun. The god of magic blew his strongest blast, and the ashes from the urn filled the temple like a cloud. Shum Lea, the father, fell forward upon his face, praying, half in a swoon, and when he arose the maiden was gone, and the pedestal of the god of might was empty. Like a maniac he rushed out into the street, his hands before his face as if to protect him from the wrath of the gods.

"The god of might has taken my child," he shrieked, and then he told with wonderful detail how the gods had knocked him down and almost killed him.

Out toward the country road there passed a man and a maiden. Their eyes were full of love, and they saw no one. They walked a long distance, until the maiden said,

"Oh, good Kwon-Guet, I am tired."

They sat beside a cool stream, and presently both slept. Her arms were about his neck and her head was upon his breast. When they awoke she begged him to go further away from the city.

"My time is almost up," he answered, sadly. "But one-half of the day am I permitted to be with you. Then I am Kwon-Guet your lover. The other half I must be in the temple, where I am Kwon-Guet the god of might."

She cast herself at his feet, crying out that he must never go back; that he must always be Kwon-Guet her lover. She stood up and flung her arms wildly about his neck, but he knew he must go back.

"I love you, I love you, my sun!" she whispered to him. "You can never be an image while I love you so. My love will be your life."

He felt a stiffness in his limbs, and he struggled to free himself, that he might return. He staggered one step forward, like a man whose brain is heavy with wine; then he took another step, with the maiden still clinging about his neck; then—

He was Kwon-Guet the god of might, standing by the dusty road-side. He was twice as tall as the tallest man, and around the neck of this great wooden image with the staring green eyes were the bare arms of a lovely maiden, a maiden of the rich house of Shum Lea, and upon the wooden breast was her senseless form. The sun shone out upon them both, the maiden and the god.

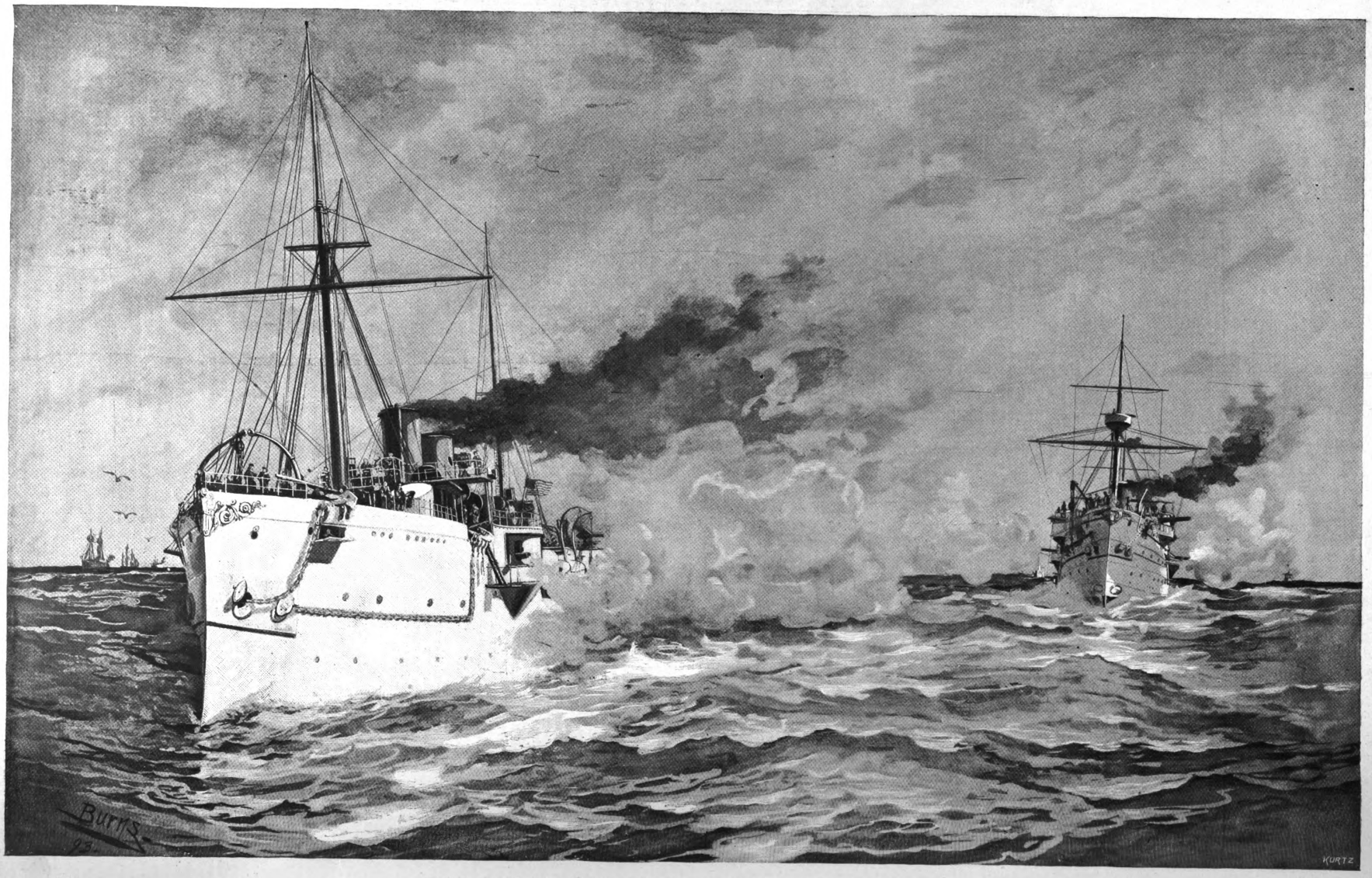
A market-man with his vegetables came along, chanting a song of green fields. He looked up, saw the strange sight, and then ran toward the city, leaving his merchandise in the road. When he met other men he could not talk; fear had taken the power of speech from him. But he pointed out the road and fell upon his face.

They went in the direction he had pointed out—a score of men together, for safety. They walked until they found the god of might standing in all his majesty by the road. At his feet lay the maiden, crouched between. No one dared go near, and for a full day they looked from a distance. Then one, braver than the rest, went up and touched her. She was dead. They buried her where she lay, and the image was never moved. A shrine was built before it, that travellers might pray before entering the city, and the superstitious ones say that at night the image sobs and weeps.

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NAVAL MANŒUVRES—TARGET PRACTICE UNDER WAY.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

CIRCUS HANDS.

THE "show" business has many curious and amusing phases, but the "circus" end of it easily discounts all of them. In the early days of the "sawdust" ring—it should now be called the shavings ring—the clown and the "trick mule" were indispensable features of the night's entertainment. That was when there was only one ring and perhaps two clowns, who "had fun" with the ring-master. Now the "Greatest Show on Earth" has fifty or more clowns; they do not talk, but they do no end of funny "acts" in pantomime, leap over a whole herd of elephants, and sundry other athletic feats. But the dear old "trick mule" has gone, it would seem, forever. While he lasted the public had no warmer favorite than the lamented "trick mule" of the circus. And if the circus has changed in its details, it has also necessarily changed in its *personnel*. Occasionally we do hear of some place in the South or West having made it particularly warm for the "hands" of some country circus, but the big circus people have too much at stake to take any chances with a class of people who cannot be relied upon to be orderly outside as well as inside of the tent. The circus has the same fascination to it that the stage has; "circus-struck" is much the same thing as "stage-struck"; therefore it comes that a great show can rely almost with certainty upon its experienced hands returning to it each season. For the Columbus spectacle Mr. Kiralfy engages a certain number of the ladies of the ballet in Europe, as many as he can find who are suitable, and who are willing to come out to the "States." For the others the usual advertising is resorted to, which the old "hands" are on the lookout for, and if their previous record is a good one, they are immediately re-engaged. A most elaborate system of book-keeping is resorted to, so as to preserve an absolutely faultless account of each employé of this "mammoth show," so that any misconduct and incompetency can be at once referred to.

Unlike theatrical engagements with all employés of the circus, high and low, all contracts carry with them not only all transportation, but board and lodging as well. Ahead of the "show" travels a "layer-out" as he is called, who arranges in each "stand" for all the people of the "Greatest Show on Earth"; this includes the boarding-houses for $5 a week up to the hotels where the "swells" of the circus world luxuriate at $5 a day. There is one exception to these which the "layer-out" never provides for, and that is those "circus hands" collectively known as canvas-men, hostlers, menagerie-men, etc. It would never do to board these gentlemen at so much per week; they possess able-bodied appetites vigorous enough to eat twice that amount. If they do not receive meat three times a day and cream with their coffee there are grumblings to be heard compared to which the roaring of the lions or the trumpeting of the elephants is but a mild echo. To avoid such "kicking" the circus feeds these hands itself. The show also carries a contractor who furnishes meals at twenty-three cents apiece, and, it is claimed, sets an admirable table; as he frequently serves fifteen hundred meals a day, he has all the responsibilities of a commissary-general to an army.

Wages to the "circus hands" range all the way from $7 per week up to $25; and then, of course, the principals, who receive "salaries" according to the importance of their "acts" and reputation; so as these amounts mean "found" as well, they are liberally and even generously paid. In return for this, the most imperative discipline is maintained; the slightest infraction of the rules means peremptory discharge. The strictest supervision is maintained over the ladies of the ballet; the slightest indiscretion, and they are given their "walking papers." Medical attendance is provided for every one, and any who fall sick are nursed and provided for with the tenderest care. In this way the circus hands become a great "show family," possessed of a discipline and an *esprit de corps* that appear quite military—very foreign indeed to the atmosphere of the old-time circus.

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EXHIBITS FROM THE VATICAN.

THE Pope has sent a very interesting exhibit to Chicago from Rome. This exhibit consists chiefly of manuscripts taken from the Vatican Library, and mainly relating to the time of Columbus, and of several mosaics, reproductions of great and celebrated pictures. This exhibit from the Vatican will be in charge of the State Department, and was brought over in the United States cruiser *Newark*, it having been stipulated in the agreement with the Vatican authorities that from the time the exhibits left Rome till they were redelivered there they would be continuously in charge of the naval or military officers of the United States. When the exhibits were landed in America they were at once placed under military guard.

Not least curious among the manuscripts is a map of America that was made in the sixteenth century, so that the Pope could reach a conclusion as to how the territory in South America should be divided as between Spain and Portugal. Explorations into the interior had not then gone very far, and a little way from the sea it was a dark and unknown continent to the geographer, but the coast-line in South America is put down very accurately indeed, and varies from that on the maps of to-day only in very slight particulars. The coast north of the Caribbean Sea is very vague, and that of New England not set down at all.

One of the mosaics represents the Piazza San Pietro, from a painting now in Raphael's Gallery. The painting is by the Roman painter Giovannini, and was made some time before the occupation of Rome by the Italian army. The piazza is represented full of people, assisting at the benediction performed by the Pope from the central balcony of the church. On the left hand are some French soldiers in line; on the right are the carriages of the Roman nobles. Conspicuous on the drivers and footmen are the red liveries of the Torlonias. This livery, by-the-way, has now been changed, out of deference to the Queen of Italy, whose liveries are also of a bright scarlet. Another mosaic represents "The Roman Forum."

Of the three other mosaics, one represents the Prophet Elijah, and is taken from a painting by Raphael which is in the church of San Agostino; another is a reproduction of the allegorical picture of "Theology," also from a picture of Raphael in the Vatican, and the third represents Guido Reni's well-known "Joseph," which was once in the Borghese Gallery.

The Roman studio where these particular mosaics were made is close to Raphael's Gallery. In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic, the artists, or artisans, take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting, surrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster, so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many squares of mosaic of the same size. In the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away a new plaster, made of travertine dust, lime, and linseed oil, is poured. After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency, and in this the artist sticks the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic, the whole is washed with sand and water until it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like arsenic, lead, glass, etc. These minerals are placed in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degrees of heat, and as many as 28,000 various colors can be obtained.



No. 3204.—ELIJAH.—BY RAPHAEL, FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE, ROME.

ALL-WATER ROUTE TO CHICAGO.

AMIDST all the talk about the rates of fare on the various railroads to the World's Fair, the "all-water route to Chicago" has been almost entirely overlooked. This has just loomed up into notice, so to speak, by reason of the memorandum recently issued by Mr. G. V. S. Oddie, secretary of the New York Yacht Club. Yachting will have a general boom this year because of its international interest; therefore there is no doubt that many people who are not directly concerned in the sport will find their latent nautical instinct revived by the boldness of Lord Dunraven, Mr. Carroll's challenge to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for the Gold Cup, a general stir in yachting circles because of these facts, and a desire, whenever feasible, of working one's passage from New York to Chicago by the "all-water route." Certainly for the man who owns a boat capable of making the journey, no more delightful trip can be conceived than to sail through the Sound, stop off at Newport, coast along Massachusetts and Maine shores, and view the glories of the St. Lawrence from the deck of your own boat.

Steam-yachts can reach Montreal under their own power; but after leaving Quebec, sailing yachts must proceed under tow to Montreal. Towage from Quebec to Montreal and return will range from $200 to $400, according to the size of the vessel. The route is perfectly clear of all obstructions, and therefore there need be no lowering of masts and funnels. Passage through the canals for yachts going and returning from the fair will be free, as the Dominion government has passed an order in Council exempting all such vessels from payment of tolls in canals.

At Montreal you enter Lachine Canal, proceeding under tow or steam, as the case may be, as far as Lachine.

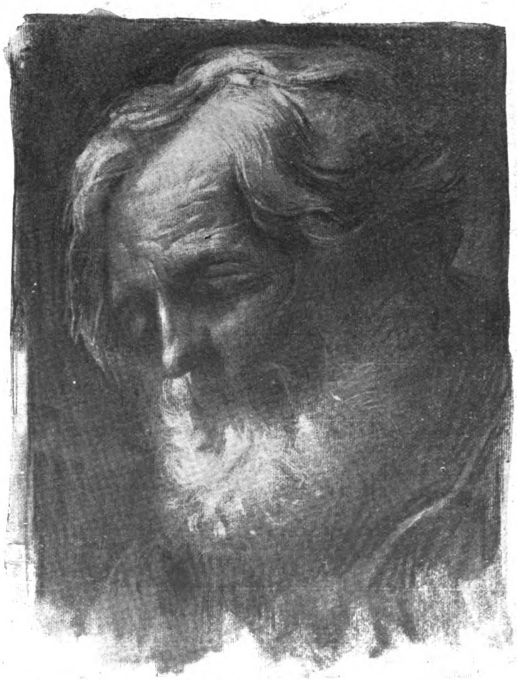
Lachine system of canals, 8½ miles; 5 locks; depth on sills, 9 to 10 feet. Lake St. Louis, 15½ miles. The Beauharnois Canal, 11¼ miles; 9 locks; depth, 9 feet. Lake St. Francis, 32½ miles. The Cornwall Canal, 11½ miles; 9 locks; depth of water, 9 feet. Farians Point Canal, three-quarters of a mile; 1 lock; depth, 9 feet. Rapide Plot Canal, 4 miles; 2 locks; depth, 9 feet. Galops Canal, 75.8 miles; 3 locks; depth, 9 feet. This last lock brings one to Lake Ontario. After Lake Ontario the Welland Canal, 26¾ miles; 26 locks; depth, 14 feet.

Thence into Lake Erie, the most shallow, tempestuous, and treacherous of all the lakes. From Lake Erie you enter the Detroit River, thence to Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River, from which you sail into Lake Huron. From there on it is plain sailing through the Strait of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, and thence to the gates of the "Windy City." These possibilities apply to yachts not greater in length than 183 feet, 28 feet beam, and 14 feet draught. Other vessels of greater draught have passed the canals by using pontoons and "camels."

The Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company, Collins Bay, Ontario, Canada, is supplied with all the appliances for lifting vessels through from Montreal to Lake Ontario, and also through the Welland Canal if desired. As will be seen, it costs quite a "swell" sum for steam-yachts, even when their own power is sufficient to propel them. The charge for the round trip will be as follows: With two pontoons, $1000; with four pontoons, $1500; with six pontoons, $1750. Sailing yachts, for towage from Lachine to Prescott and return, $200 to $400, according to size.

It is hardly likely that many sailing yachts will undertake the trip, as it will consume at least a month to make the journey. But of course the same contingencies do not affect steam-yachts, and a great many can be depended upon to make the trip, as it can easily be accomplished in from ten to fifteen days. The general plan will be to go to the fair aboard the yacht, and then send the boat back over the route so as to reach New York about the first week in September, when the race for the *America's* Cup is expected to take place. Chicago, strange to say, has never been a great yachting centre. There are clubs and some fine yachts, both steam and sail, but the intended visit of so many crack Eastern boats will no doubt help the interest taken in the pleasures of yachting by the Chicago people.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



No. 3755.—ST. JOSEPH.—BY GUIDO RENI, FROM THE BORGHESE GALLERY, ROME.



No. 933.—"THEOLOGY."—BY RAPHAEL, FROM THE VATICAN.

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A NURSERY OF FRENCH CAVALRY.

THE CAVALRY SCHOOL AT SAUMUR.



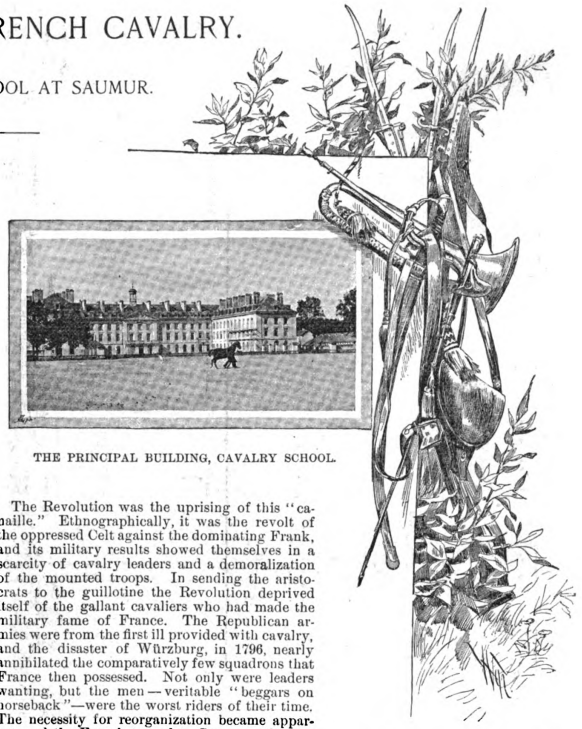
RIDING-MASTER AND QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT.

VALOR of the more dashing kind has, ever since the days of the tournaments, been largely associated with horsemanship. In some remote era in the history of human speech, perhaps, the Latin *valeo*, which is the etymological ancestor of "valor," and the Greek *kaballes*, which is the progenitor of both the mediæval "chivalry" and the modern "cavalry," were related. This, however, by the way. The fact remains that the combination of the two things has given us some of the most romantic and brilliant episodes in the eternal conflict of nations. In England, however, this is not so true as in the majority of the other countries of the world. The pride of the British army is its infantry. From the days when the sturdy English bowmen struck terror into the chivalry of France on the fields of Cressy and Agincourt to the *année terrible* when the famous "thin red line" swept the plains of Waterloo, the British foot-soldier has been the type of British valor.

The contrast of France and England in this respect is due partly to geographical and partly to racial causes. Where large areas have to be swiftly crossed, and the frontiers of hostile nations are contiguous, the mounted warrior is more necessary than in a small and isolated state like Britain. The racial factor in this contrast is, however, far more important and interesting, and it may be suggested to the military historian as a fruitful subject for research and speculation. The ancient Briton, it would seem, was essentially a foot-soldier, both in these islands and on the French mainland, while the cavalry soldier in both cases was of German extraction. The Frankish horsemen who subdued France, and their Norman posterity who conquered England, were of more or less Teutonic origin. It was they, and not the unmounted natives, who supplied the famous chivalry of the Middle Ages. The curious thing is that the history of French cavalry since that early period is practically a history of the struggle between the Germanic and Celtic elements in the population. In fact, when, after the Revolution, the Celtic element became triumphant, the result was so disastrous to the cavalry contingent of the army that recourse was had again to Germany for the almost lost art of military horsemanship.

This fact is so interesting that it may be worth while tracing it in some detail, especially as it affords us an opportunity of sketching at the same time the history of French cavalry.

The establishment in all countries of western Europe of a conquering aristocracy of Teutonic origin first led to the organization of cavalry as a regular arm. Everywhere the nobility took to the mounted service as a sign of their superiority, and, under the designation of men-at-arms, formed bodies of horse of the heaviest description. In France the new cavalry flourished exceedingly, and the first great battle in which it distinguished itself was on the historic field of Poitiers, when, with its aid, Charles Martel rolled back the torrent of Arab invasion, and saved Europe to the Aryan and the Christian. The Frankish knighthood on that occasion, under Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, broke through the Moorish lines and seized their camp. From this period the Gallic or Celtic element in the nation, from which the rabble infantry of the day was recruited, became more and more demoralized. Serfs while the strangers were free, condemned to till the ground while their alien masters cultivated the art of war, they were not calculated to make a bold appearance when public necessity called upon them to assist in a campaign. While the Frankish chivalry was renowned through Europe, the Gallic peasant, who, in an emergency, was transformed into the foot-soldier, was the most abject of his class. The fact is dimly recognized in the otherwise inaccurate manifesto of King Francis I. to the German princes: "We have in our land no foot-soldiers, because our ancestors trained our peasantry to agriculture rather than to arms." The consequence of this state of things endured practically until the Revolution. Throughout this long period the lower orders, although no longer serfs, supplied a very inferior infantry, while all the brilliant feats of arms which gave such prestige to the French name were mostly performed by the gay and gallant aristocracy, the descendants of the conquering Frankish cavaliers. It was the "Maison du Roi" who seized Valenciennes in broad day by a *coup de main*, who decided the battle of Steinkirk, and broke the column of Fontenoy. The common foot-soldiers who accompanied them were little more than useless. They were, as a great military authority has recently said of them, "canaille."



THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING, CAVALRY SCHOOL.

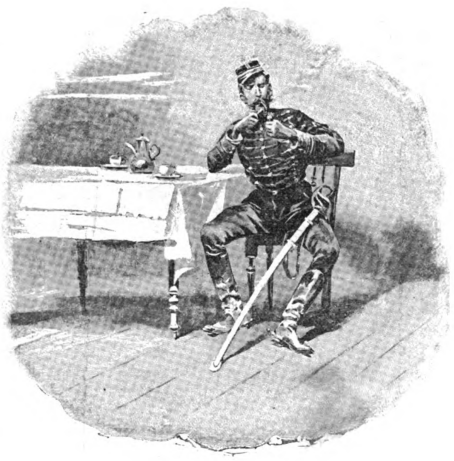
The Revolution was the uprising of this "canaille." Ethnographically, it was the revolt of the oppressed Celt against the dominating Frank, and its military results showed themselves in a scarcity of cavalry leaders and a demoralization of the mounted troops. In sending the aristocrats to the guillotine the Revolution deprived itself of the gallant cavaliers who had made the military fame of France. The Republican armies were from the first ill provided with cavalry, and the disaster of Würzburg, in 1796, nearly annihilated the comparatively few squadrons that France then possessed. Not only were leaders wanting, but the men—veritable "beggars on horseback"—were the worst riders of their time. The necessity for reorganization became apparent, and the French turned to Germany, the cradle of the original Frankish chivalry, for both precept and example. The coincidence is remarkable. Frederick the Great and his famous cavalry commander Seydlitz had at that epoch raised the German mounted service to the culminating point of its glory. For vehemence and ardor of charge, quickness of evolutions, readiness for flank attacks, and rapidity in rallying and reforming after a charge, no cavalry has ever excelled the Prussian cavalry of the Seven Years' War. When the French infantry levies were met by this cavalry they were, during 1792 and 1793, almost uniformly beaten. When Napoleon took the direction of affairs he did his best to improve his cavalry. He endeavored to create such a force as would enable him to reap the fruits of his victories. Working on German models, he made great advances, and after the camp of Boulogne his cavalry, in great part mounted on German and Italian horses, was no despicable adversary. To this force he was mainly indebted for some of his most signal triumphs, notably Marengo and Austerlitz, and to the manner in which he employed his mounted scouts he owed the facility with which he so often outmanœuvred and anticipated his enemies. The campaigns of 1805 and 1806–7 allowed his cavalry to absorb almost all the horses of the Austrian and Prussian armies, and, moreover, re-enforced the French army by the excellent cavalry of the Confederation of the Rhine and the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus were formed those enormous resources of horsemen with which Napoleon acted between 1809 and 1812.

After that date a checkered destiny pursued the French cavalry. The Russian campaign practically annihilated it, and there was no time to reorganize it before it was necessary again to take the field. Hence some of Napoleon's most decided successes in 1813 proved fruitless. He himself remarked that had he possessed cavalry at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen the war would then have been brought to an end. But little improvement seems to have been effected in organization after the fall of Napoleon. Even during the last great war, in 1870, the French cavalry only showed, as Major Russell has remarked, how splendid material may be sacrificed and how brilliant courage may be thrown away. In every battle they were remarkable more for bravery than efficiency. Off the field they were of no service, and on it they were needlessly sacrificed through the incapacity of their leaders. History has few examples of bravery more devoted than that of the French cavalry at the battles of Wörth and Sedan, and none in which bravery was more entirely thrown away. After the fall of the Empire it may be said that the French cavalry ceased to exist.

Twenty years of patient labor has, however, now again reconstructed this arm; and the last military manœuvres showed that the horsemen of France were bidding fair to revive all their old glories. Some of the chief work in this direction has been performed at the great cavalry school at Saumur—a nursery of military horsemanship which will bear

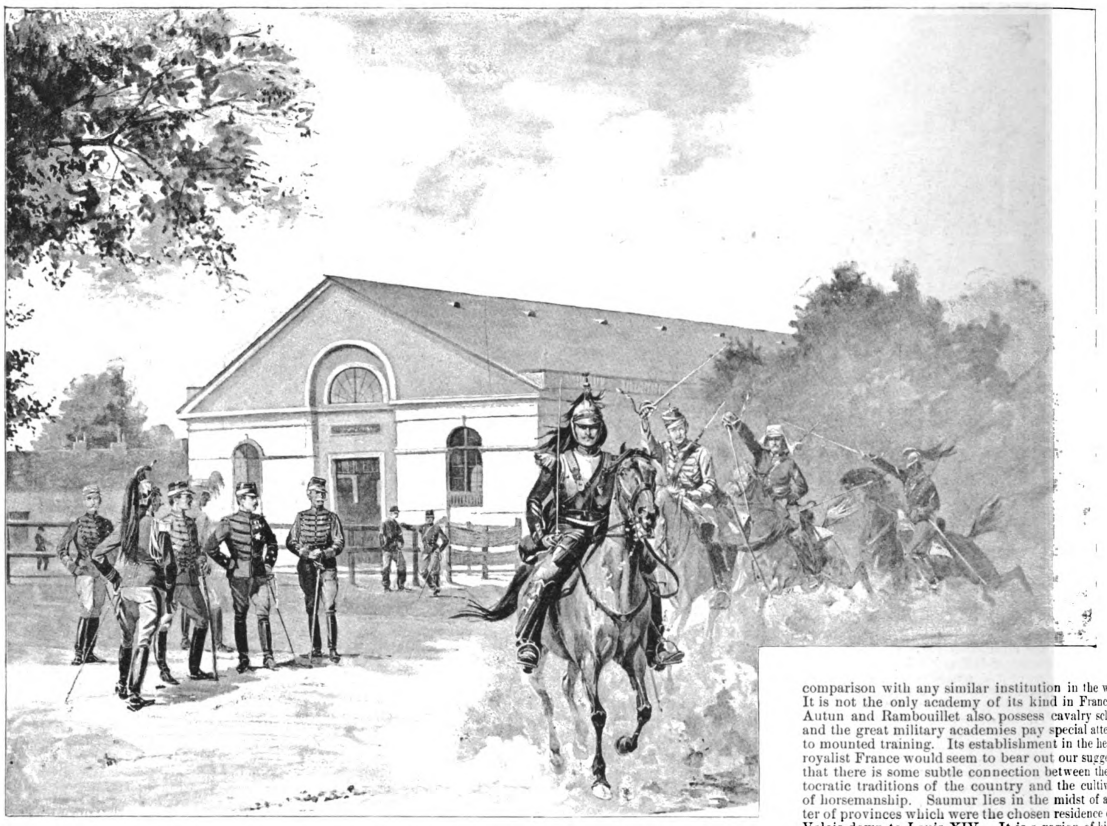


NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SPAHIS AND THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.



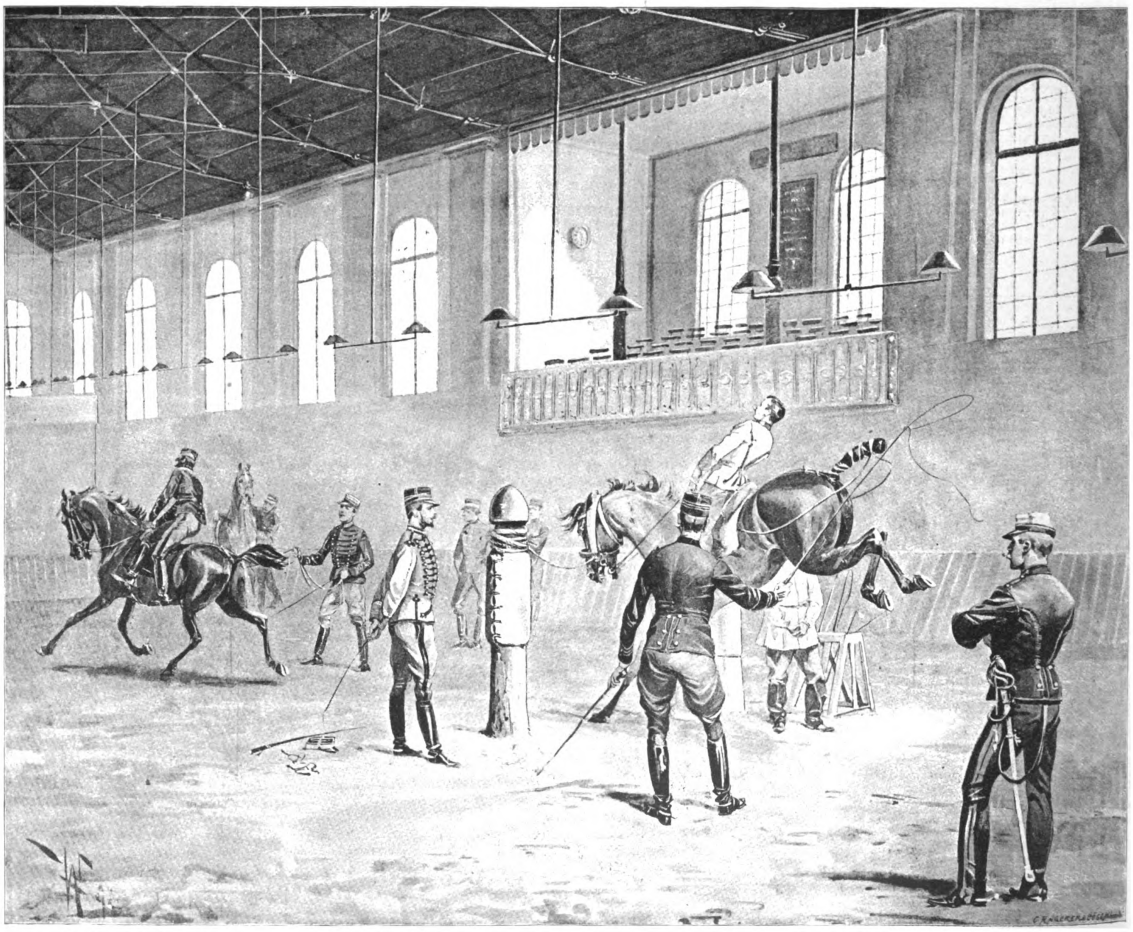
IN CHARGE OF THE STABLES.

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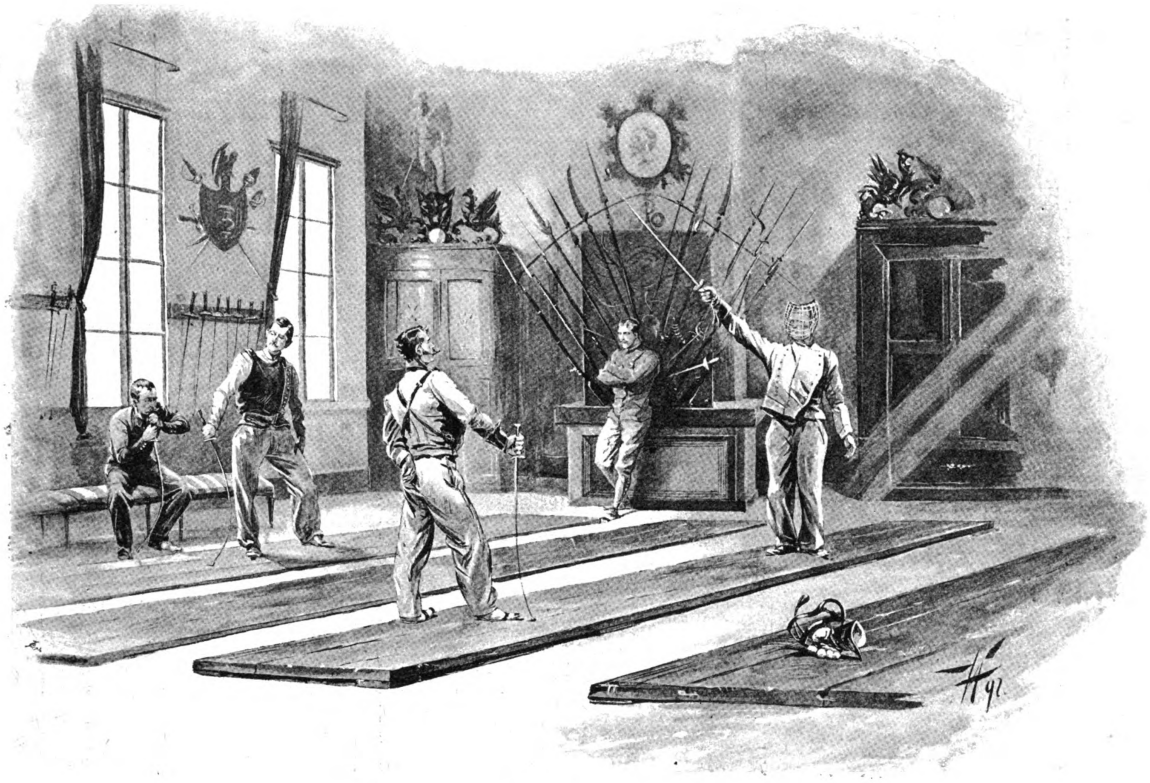
AN INSPECTION OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OUTSIDE THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL

comparison with any similar institution in the world. It is not the only academy of its kind in France, for Autun and Rambouillet also possess cavalry schools, and the great military academies pay special attention to mounted training. Its establishment in the heart of royalist France would seem to bear out our suggestion that there is some subtle connection between the aristocratic traditions of the country and the cultivation of horsemanship. Saumur lies in the midst of a cluster of provinces which were the chosen residence of the Valois down to Louis XIV. It is a region of historic associations and romantic recollections. The pano-



LEARNING TO RIDE AND JUMP IN THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL

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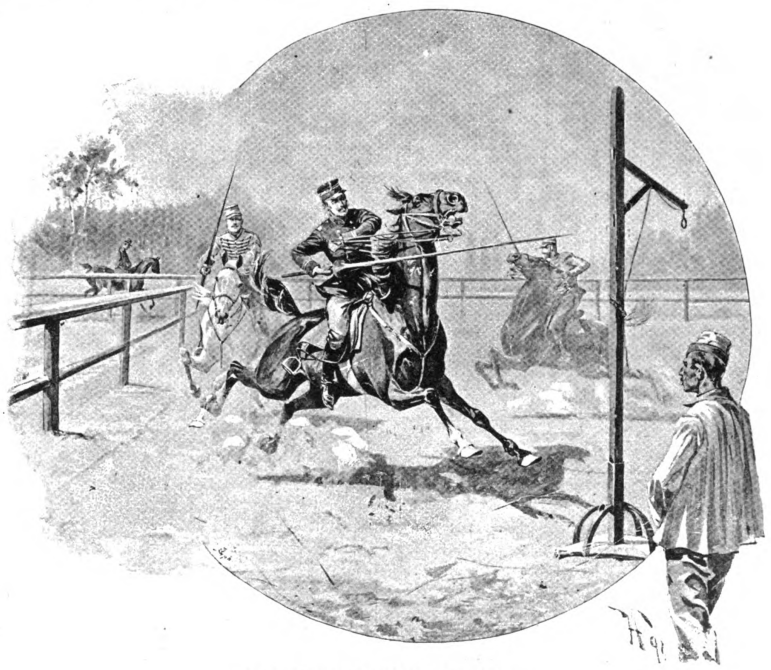
IN THE FENCING-SCHOOL.

rama discloses in rapid succession such impressive pictures as the turrets and pinnacles of Chambord, where the Emperor Charles V. was entertained by his good-natured enemy Francis I.; the gloomy Blois, scene of the assassination of the Guises; Amboise, the favorite abode of the warrior Charles VIII.; Chenonceaux, the retreat of Diana of Poitiers; Plessis, where Louis XI. held sedate court; and Chinon, the home of the careless revels of Charles VII., and the opening scene of the wondrous career of "the shepherd girl of Domremy." Here is Fontevrault, the last resting-place of the Lion-hearted Richard; there is Dampierre, with its memories of Margaret of Anjou. The whole country is a monument of mediæval chivalry, bristling with memories of the gallant deeds with which the mounted warriors of old signalized themselves. A more fitting or inspiring environment for the training of the *preux chevaliers* of modern France could scarcely be imagined.

In the heart of this romantic region, midway between Tours and Angers, nestles Saumur. It is one of the most picturesque towns on the Loire. Seen from the river, its quaint Hôtel de Ville near the water-side, surmounted by a tentlike roof and pinnacled turrets, its church spires, its towers, and the gleaming whiteness of its houses, set off by the overhanging castle behind, form a picture of rare beauty. On issuing out of the main street, beyond the confines of the town, a great block of official-looking buildings discloses itself on the right hand. This is the famous École de Cavalerie, which was established in 1764, together with four similar academies, by the Duc de Choiseul. Its first home was at La Flèche, but in 1768 it was transferred to Saumur. For a time its history pursued a somewhat checkered course. The Revolution suppressed it, and the Empire founded a substitute for it at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. In 1814, through the exertions of Marshal Soult, it was reopened at Saumur, only to be closed again nine years later in favor of a rival at Versailles. In 1825, however, it was reorganized at Saumur on a new basis; and, except for another reorganization in 1853, its progress has been but little disturbed since then.

The institution is not so much a school of cavalry as a cavalry high-school. It does not confine itself to mere training in horsemanship, but aims at giving the cavalry officer a comprehensive insight into the various branches of his profession. Thus, besides the riding-schools, there are a School of Telegraphy, a Veterinary School, a Shoeing-School, and even workshops in which all kinds of useful arts and crafts are taught. Elementary riding is, of course, not taught. The students are supposed to be able to ride more or less well before they enter, and the province of the school is to complete their education in this respect, and, at the same time, give them a practical knowledge of the multifarious duties of a cavalry officer. Everything, of course, cannot be learned during the eleven months which the course of study lasts, but the instruction is specially adapted to stimulate the students to further self-culture when they leave the institution. Nor is the school confined to cavalry officers. Students are likewise supplied by the artillery and engineer corps. There are five divisions in the school. The first comprises officers of cavalry or artillery regiments who present themselves voluntarily. The second consists of sub-lieutenants who have been for a year with the colors. Formerly these young officers were sent from St.-Cyr direct to Saumur, but it has been found necessary to give them some regimental experience before drafting them into the Cavalry School. In the third division are non-commissioned cavalry and artillery officers selected at the rate of one for every two regiments. In this selection preference is given to those who are marked for promotion to sub-lieutenancies. The fourth division consists of *brigadiers*, of whom each cavalry regiment is entitled to send one. They must be men who have shown a special aptitude for horsemanship, and who are intended for promotion. The fifth division is reserved for what are called *cavaliers élèves*, being men who wish to join cavalry regiments, and who, on satisfying the exigencies of the curriculum, are drafted into the army with the rank of *brigadier*. Besides these chief divisions, there are the afore-mentioned Veterinary and Telegraph schools. The veterinary students are taught riding besides the mysteries of equine pathology, and their course lasts twelve months. The Telegraph School has two divisions, one for elementary pupils, and the other for advanced pupils. In the riding-schools the officers are taught to break in horses, special attention being given to this branch of their education. There are also special classes in tactics, topography, history, military geography, fortification, and the German language.

The school is under the direct authority of the Minister of War, and it is placed in charge of a general of brigade, who is assisted by a very large staff. A considerable military force is also stationed at the school. It can receive between 2000 and 3000 subaltern officers, but it rarely contains more than five hundred, besides a hundred workmen. An immense number of horses are kept at the school, in addition to those supplied by the officers themselves. There are hunters and racers as well as chargers, the students being encouraged under certain conditions to cultivate sports of all kinds. Under the present administrative system, which is far more severe than that formerly in use, the efficiency of the Saumur school has been vastly improved, and it is now turning out a generation of cavalry officers whose intelligence, accomplishments, and *esprit de corps* have earned the admiration of many unbiassed military experts. Whether the French will ever have as good a cavalry as the Germans it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain: if assiduous practice, patient and intelligent training, and a soldierly enthusiasm can bring about this result, it will eventually be attained. To this end the Saumur school will have chiefly contributed.



CAVALRY OFFICERS TILTING AT THE RING.

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APRIL.

After the silence long
On valley and hill,
Listen,—again the song
Of the silver rill!

Vanishes from the plains
The prisons of snow;
Broken the crystal chains,
And the captives go;

Over the Winter's tomb
The bird in its mirth
Carols of bud and bloom
To the barren earth;

Tremble the vines and trees
With ecstasy then,
Hearing the lisping breeze
Hint of Spring again.

Mystery fills the air,
And melody sweet
Follows the pathways where
Glimmer Spring's white feet.

Over the meadows' floor
She hastens, and—see!
April is at the door
With her golden key!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Music and Drama

The Arabian Nights is the title of a farce adapted from a German original by Mr. Sidney Grundy, which was produced by Mr. Frohman's comedians, re-enforced by that admirable actress Mrs. John Drew, at the Standard last week. The title is certainly an appropriate one, for the piece in fanciful fairylike improbability yields nothing to the far-famed tales of the inventive Scheherezade, anent the night-blooming Caliph Haroun al Raschid. To begin with, the farce, which is certainly of the broadest description, is capitally played, and herein lies its chief merit and attraction, as the dramatic material of the play is flimsy, and the way it is treated conventional. A young married man of a most impressionable disposition is fired by a reading of the *Arabian Nights* to disguise himself in a pair of false whiskers, and roam about London by night—a dangerous proceeding for a young married man, as every one knows. He promptly meets with an Adventure in the shape of a young lady who seems generally fishy, and lives up to that character by vanishing at the stage-door of the Aquarium. To protect her against the night air he lends her his handkerchief, which an over-attentive mother-in-law has carefully and incautiously marked with his full name and address. The next day the Adventure, who performs on the trapeze, armed with the handkerchief, proceeds to establish herself permanently in the house of the young married man, who first passes her off as a niece whom he is expecting from America, and then, being at heart an inoffensive young man, is against his will compelled to lie up hill and down dale to extricate himself from the complications which naturally ensue. The king-pin of all the trouble is naturally the mother-in-law, admirably played by Mrs. Drew, who was at once the great and lasting discomfort of the husband, and the delight of the audience. The rest of the plot and subsequent complications may be readily imagined, as they differ very little from hundreds of similar farces. It would seem as if the vein of humor to be extracted from a young husband who consciously or unconsciously gets himself into a mess, an absent wife, an over-attentive mother-in-law, a male friend distasteful to the same, and three or four incidental females who may be either house-maids, nieces, or females open to suspicion *à volonté*, had been by this time about worked out; but the company presenting *The Arabian Nights* worked with such a will and with such a vim and vivacity that the audience derived constant and genuine amusement from the efforts of the players, in spite of the evident absurdity and wild improbability of the dramatic incidents depicted. A farce is certainly meant to amuse. If it succeeds in so doing it fulfils its mission, and nothing further need be said about it; but certainly any gentleman who shall succeed in writing a farce containing some novel situations would be at once entitled to occupy—in bronze—a position on a pedestal as a very slight token of recognition from a grateful community of wearied theatre-goers. Mr. Holland is certainly an admirable light comedian. His methods are suggestive and never boisterous, and he always succeeds in amusing his audience in a thoroughly artistic and legitimate way. Mrs. Drew's many excellences are above criticism and beyond praise; it is certainly, however, uncommon to see a lady of her age do a "fall," or burlesque tumble, as she does at the end of the second act, with such consummate ease and grace. In *The Arabian Nights* Miss Agnes Miller blossoms out from a blushing débutante into a boisterous trapeze star with no little success, although it rather dispels the illusion as to her toughness when she coughs over one whiff of a cigarette. Mr. Abbe, too, did some clever work, although his portrayal of a tough young man, who lives on his brother-in law and frequents the Aquarium, was too broadly burlesque for even this style of farce. The rest of the company, including Misses Campbell and Craigen and Mr. Gilmore, were also good. *Sweet Will*, a singularly placid and flaccid comedietta in one act, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, preceded *The Arabian Nights*. As a dramatic writer Mr. Henry Arthur Jones aims at being a combination of moral teacher and playwright. In *Sweet Will* his morality is more apparent than his dramatic talent, as the piece is sentimental, wishy-washy, and dull. Go and see *The Arabian Nights* by all means, but go late and avoid Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

The mere name of that charmingly attractive artist, Miss Rosina Vokes, calls up recollections of a time, now some years since, when she reappeared in America bringing with her such artists as Brandon Thomas, Weedon Grossmith, Willie Elliot, and a bevy of pretty girls like Miss Chester and Miss Dacre, and introduced to American audiences those delightful double and triple bills which have recently become an established feature in London theatricals, thanks to her. Even when re-enforced for a metropolitan engagement by artists like M. Marius and Miss Paget, Miss Vokes's company is by no means as good as it was; but Miss Vokes's name is one to conjure with; she is a host in herself, and neither her company nor the entertainment which they provide seem to have lost anything in attractiveness or drawing power. The early bird who attends Miss Vokes's present entertainment at Daly's Theatre will not catch a worm, as here again one tells of the first piece on the bill in order that one may avoid it. Were it not so well acted by all concerned, *A Lesson in Love*, a two-act comedy of a previous day and age, which is not sufficiently old-fashioned to be good, would be hopelessly inane. As it is, no amount of acting can save it from being both dull and pointless. But it is well worth while to go and see Miss Vokes in her new after-piece, *Maid Marian*, which is a comedy, or sort of modern fairy story, adapted by Miss Sewell from her own story of the same name. *Maid Marian* is a kind of modernized, up-to-date version of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, only in this case a lady of olden time steps into modern life from the frame of a picture instead of off the pedestal of a statue. A young artist has bought a picture of a maid-of-honor of good Queen Bess, which for some reason his *fiancée* has taken a dislike to. While he is waiting for said *fiancée* and some other guests to come to supper he falls asleep and dreams a dream in which the lady steps out of her picture, and without realizing that she has passed from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, proceeds to talk and behave in thorough keeping with her ideas and position as a lady of rank of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The way in which she treats the artist's smart Knickerbocker friends as people of no social account, from the fact that they are merchants and wives of merchants, and the manner in which, in her character of a great lady of another age, she satirizes, though unconsciously, modern Anglomania and the foibles of the Four Hundred, is exceedingly clever and amusing. In her Elizabethan dress Miss Vokes not only was a picture, but looked a picture, and gave an exceedingly lifelike delineation of an ancient Grand Dame, which was notable for distinction, spirit, and graceful charm. The tone of this little play is fresh, spontaneous, and decidedly novel, while the piece itself is admirably suited for the display of Miss Vokes's varied abilities, both dramatic and terpsichorean. M. Marius contrived, in *A Lesson in Love*, to be decidedly amusing in a character which he also contrived to make hopelessly unintelligible. Supposed to be an English officer, he spoke like a Frenchman and acted as if he were hung on wires, tumbling about and gesticulating with a truly Gallic frenzy from beginning to end. Miss Paget in the same piece did some very clever work as a spinster, who is supposed to be fat and forty, but who in reality looked attractive enough to be worthy any man's winning. The rest of the company had little to do, and do not therefore call for special comment. One would advise Miss Vokes to change the first part of her double bill without delay, and give herself and M. Marius a chance to be amusing, and her audiences a chance to be amused.

At the Casino *Adonis* redivivus! Who shall say that the American theatrical public is not conservative, or not faithful to plays and players who have once given them pleasure or offered them innocent amusement? Who can say, either, that Mr. Dixey is not conservative? For has he not preserved, practically intact, the well-known jokes and quips and oddities which once made *Adonis* successful? And wisely, too; for though the witticisms are so familiar that the audience, from long habit, begins to laugh even before they are actually spoken, they still seem to incite unlimited mirth, which is certainly all that even a new joke can do. Yes, *Adonis* successfully survives, because it still seems to be an embodiment of the dramatic taste of the greatest number, and as such is likely for some time to be a source of profit to its possessors, and a source of pleasure to the public. In many respects rejuvenated, brought up to date, and strengthened with new features, *Adonis* is likely to prove a drawing card at the Casino for some time, as it is an entertainment which is agreeable to the eye, and which provides amusement without making any demands on the intellectual faculties of weary theatre-goers in search of facile amusement. Mr. Dixey himself is certainly fully as entertaining and attractive as of yore. He has lost nothing of his grace, or his delicate and refined comic touch, and his dances and imitations are as really artistic as ever. His imitation of the eminent Paderewski is really delightful in finesse and subtle humor, as the great pianist really gives little opportunity to the caricaturist, yet Mr. Dixey has caught the spirit of the man, which makes the imitation of him really lifelike. Like *A Trip to Chinatown*, *Adonis* forms a convenient frame-work on which may be displayed a dramatic garment of any required shape or hue; and as it may be, and probably will be in the course of its career at the Casino, varied *ad libitum*, there is no reason why one may not now say that the Casino has become the home of burlesque.

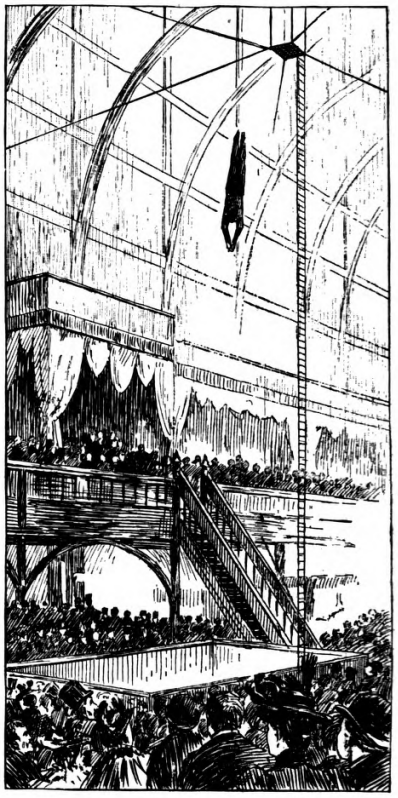
The regular musical season practically came to an end with the last concert of the Symphony Orchestra on Friday last, when Mr. Plunket Greene was the soloist and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the *pièce de résistance*. Mr. Walter Damrosch is certainly to be congratulated upon the notable improvement and development evidenced by the excellent work done by the Symphony Orchestra this season, which is certainly due to his unwearying and artistic efforts. It is to be presumed that we shall not be without the usual number of summer concerts this season, though no announcement has as yet been made in regard to them. The two German military bands who give a series of concerts at the Madison Square Garden, beginning April 23d, previous to their departure for Chicago, thus inaugurate the summer season there, and will probably have no lack of successors both there and elsewhere. A feature of interest in the playing of the cavalry band, composed entirely of brass instruments, is the use of the mediæval or valveless trumpet, which instrument, by special desire of the Emperor, is now being reintroduced in the various cavalry regiments in Germany. The modern invention of the valve or piston, when applied to brass instruments, while it increases their general usefulness, certainly detracts from both the purity and individual character of their tone. This fact has doubtless led to the rehabilitation of the historical trumpet, whose martial clang is decidedly more characteristically military in effect than either the cornet, valve-trumpet, or flügelhorn. The work of this cavalry band should therefore be of exceptional interest. Naturally this summer the World's Fair will be the centre of musical interest, and on that account we may not unreasonably expect rather less music than usual in New York.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE CIRCUS OF TO-DAY.

An army of men and a mint of money are necessary for the maintenance of the circus nowadays. It is an institution, and conducted on such a scale that even in certain large cities its stay has to be regulated by the authorities, lest it carry off all the money of the citizens. But it is in New York that you see it best—in the building where you have heard Wagner interpreted by Seidl and Damrosch, and Patti has sung to listening and enthusiastic thousands. Of course some pleasures have necessarily to be foregone—some of the incidents of long ago. There is not the exciting possibility of the collapse of the structure in a wind-storm, as there was when only a canvas tent shut out the heavens; there is no entrance afforded the small boy beneath the flaps of the tent—although those joys do exist when you get away from the metropolis. The cry of "Hey, Rube!" however, must remain an echo in the corridors of the past, for it would take the entire population of a small town to overcome the army attached to the *fin de siècle* circus. But dispensing with these exciting possibilities, the circus as presented in New York has enough of the element of danger to make the performance exciting, if that is what people want.

In the modern circus, as I saw it, is a company of trapeze actors—or rather, I should say, artists, for such they are. "The World's Greatest Aerialists" is what the programme calls them, and as the men who write the programmes know whereof they speak, of course the term is correct. There is one positively thrilling act performed by these daring spirits. Two men are separated from each other by nearly the entire width of the Madison Square Garden. One hangs head



A GREAT JUMP IN THE LONDON CIRCUS.

downward from the trapeze, and the other swings, leaps into the air, and catches the hands of the one who hangs. Again the leap is repeated, the jumper turning a somersault in mid-air before reaching his companion's hands; and at the third time two distinct somersaults are turned before the hands lock. The element of danger in falling is guarded against by nets, but however secure these nets may be, it can hardly be a joke to fall into them. And what must be mostly considered is the nicety of the calculations of the jumper. The first jump is difficult enough, but to turn one, and then two, somersaults in the air, arresting for the moment the flying leap, and then to fall so as to exactly catch the other's hands, is something that appeals to the mind. It is the result of such fine training that even the mathematician may wonder at it. In the Royal Aquarium at London this precision of action is illustrated by a diver. The act is worth recounting here, for in this case, according to reports, it is a matter of life or death—a miscalculation being fatal. A tank eighteen feet long, nine feet wide, holding water to the depth of seven feet, rests in the centre of the building. The diver is hauled up to a platform near the roof, eighty-three feet above. From there he dives head downwards towards the tank, that must look fearfully small from the awful height. The diver strikes the water with his shoulders, turning over as he nears the tank, and in a moment emerges safely, and none the worse for his performance. But there is a horror in the very thought of a man so risking his life—for unless he strikes the water, and strikes it exactly right, it means practically destruction. What are seven feet of water in a small tank, after a fall of eighty-three feet?

But to return to America's circus, where at least we have not this diver or any imitator, it is impossible in a few lines to enumerate the specialties of the great show. The circus is everything that it used to be and more than it has ever been.

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THE BOSTON ART FESTIVAL.

Boston's stately Puritanical head was turned in the gayety of Easter week, especially on Wednesday evening, when she was so fascinated—and, it might be incidentally mentioned, so fascinating—in looking backward that it is indeed wonderful that a pillar of salt did not decide the vexed question as to what particular art treasure should adorn Copley Square. It is the verdict of the modern Athenian that the savor of the artistic festival of the Renaissance given by the Boston Art Students' Association will long permeate the work and the dreams of many besides those who paid the high price of admission in time, brains, and money.

The Museum of Fine Arts was an enchanted palace, and Copley Square its court-yard, from which, however, all traces of the modern could not be eliminated even by the wand of that clever magician Mr. Holker Abbott, who can make the social lion and the artistic lamb lie down together. The electric cars and the long lines of carriages belonged hopelessly to the nineteenth century; yet they were but the chrysalides from which emerged the revivified and brilliant creatures so long imprisoned in the literature and art of these distant lands—those beings who, not content with the slow progress of the centuries (and Boston's carriage service), flitted under the mysterious shadows of Trinity, one century's citizens stepping on another's toes; for they thought nothing of preceding their historical predecessors in that erratic course to the canopied entrance of Boston's palace of art.

The scene within those enchanted portals was wondrously weird and beautiful. The guests of the B.A.S.A. numbered about 2000, all representatives of the best social, artistic, and literary society of Boston, New York, Providence, and other cities. Each visitor was representative of the arts, crafts, or leisure of the Renaissance period in England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or the Netherlands. All the costumes, both of spectators and participants, had to be those actually in vogue in those countries between the years 1400 and 1650, and each design was approved by some well-known artists who were in charge of this work. As far as known, only the statues succeeded in evading the requirements of the committee. Every room with its treasures seemed but a very harmonious setting of a scene which could be likened to nothing so much as the statues and pictures inaugurating a Renaissance of their own.

The sound of the trumpets at nine o'clock brought the vintners flying from their sylvan temples, and recalled many a wanderer from the Egyptian room, where mummies made excellent chaperons. The procession was led by Mr. Edward Robinson, the curator of the museum, who acted as chief marshal, and was accompanied by his aids, heralds, and the banner of the B.A.S.A. These were followed by the burgomasters' wives, led by Miss Raymond; the tapestry group in Flemish costume under the direction of Miss Lombard; a company of fair embroiderers, lacemakers, and spinners, the latter carrying their distaffs and flax, and, with the weavers, being under the direction of the Misses Child. The vintners, in robes which reproduced the colors of the grape-vine, made a very striking group, as did also the water and wine carriers, with their ancient pottery and copper flagons. There were basket-makers, peasants, and farmers, the Florentine musicians, the Harvard Mandolin Club, scribes and architects in white and red gowns, the classic horn-blowers, Italian flower-girls in brilliant scarlet and gold, and the Harvard Glee Club, who sang as they marched, and received an ovation everywhere.

The Tavern Club, the members of which appeared as Italian mercenaries, made a notable group in their warlike garb, carrying immense swords, arquebuses, and other instruments of warfare. Upon their breasts, as upon their banner, was emblazoned that ancient emblem the rampant bear. The scene in the upper corridor, at the moment when this notable company made obeisance to the patronesses, was most interesting, with the novel features of the moving procession and the beautiful costumes of the spectators to delight the eye. There was a hawking party—jester, hawk, and all; King René and his court; a choir of forty voices, the boys appearing in yellow surplices; Marie Stuart and her waiting-maids; Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other old masters, who were accompanied by the ladies they had immortalized in their paintings; while Master Will's none the less real personages walked through the corridors for a second look at the thrones and groups.

It is impossible to describe in such limited space the glories of the French court; the throne of Pope Pius II., in the Allston room, which was fragrant with incense and full of ecclesiastical dignitaries; the florid beauty of the Spanish court, where Columbus was still suing for the money with which to discover America. Nor is it easy to set forth the impressive beauty of the five good Sisters in Jan de Bray's famous picture, surrounded by the quaint costumes of Boston's fair daughters who compose the Saturday Morning Club. On the English throne sat a jovial Henry VIII., surrounded by all his beautiful wives, evidently on the best of terms, and chatting with the headsman. Of course, the patronesses' group, which represented the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, attracted much admiration, for here on a lofty throne Mrs. Martin Brimmer was the queen, and, with the other leaders of Boston society, received the brilliant company.

At eleven o'clock the collation was enjoyed, and picturesque groups occupied the rooms and corridors. The grand staircase and those leading to the second floor were a bewildering scale of color, for the varied hues were permanent where the people gazed over the balusters or sat upon the steps, while the centre was filled with an ever ascending and descending throng, whose kaleidoscopic colors shifted and swayed, dazzling and perplexing the on-looker. At the mystic hour of midnight the festival of the Renaissance became a dream of the past, and the historical pageant, which was the triennial holiday of the busy art students and their worthy patrons, was finished.

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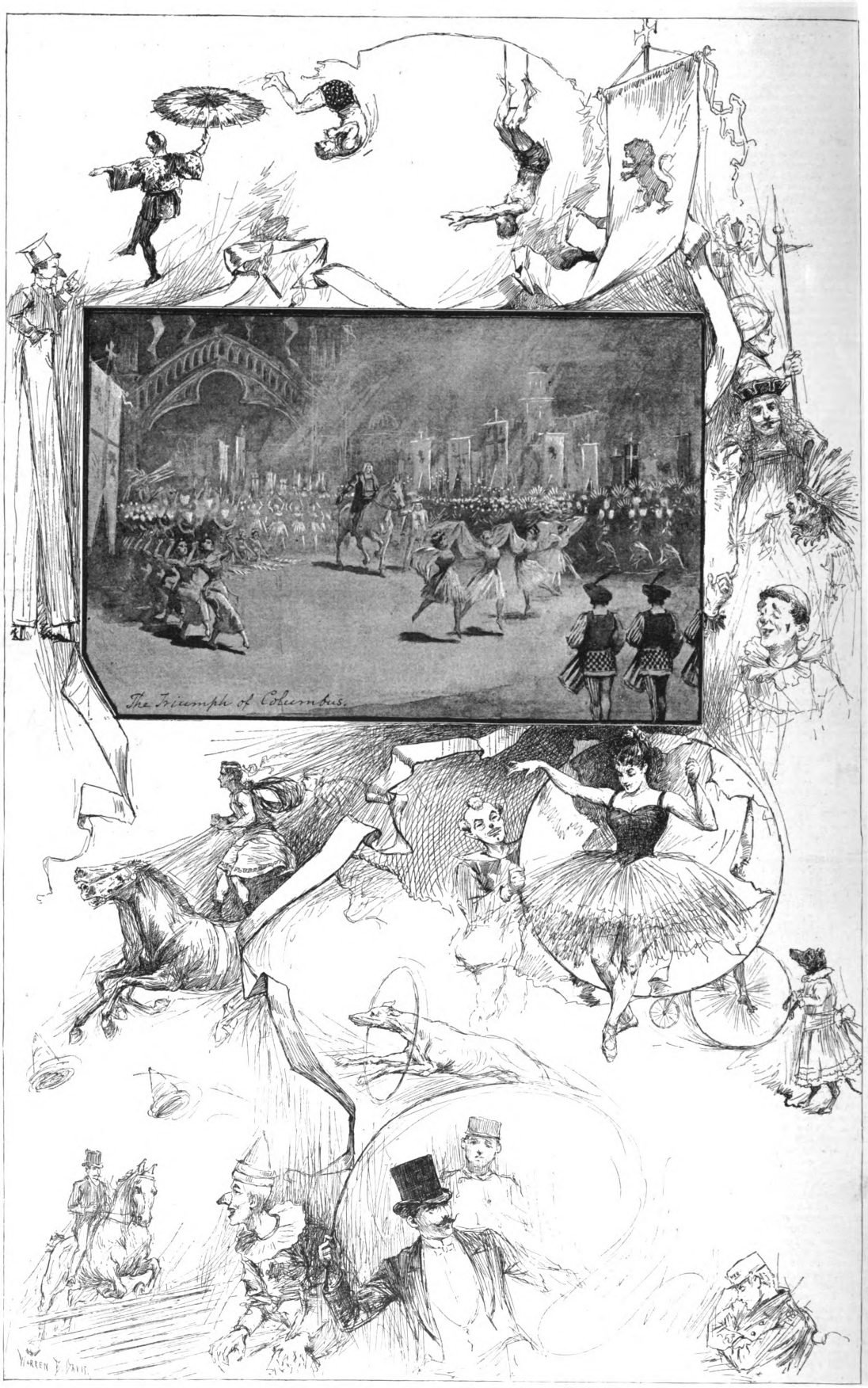
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AN EVENING AT THE CIRCUS.—Drawn by Warren B. Davis.—[See Page 382.]

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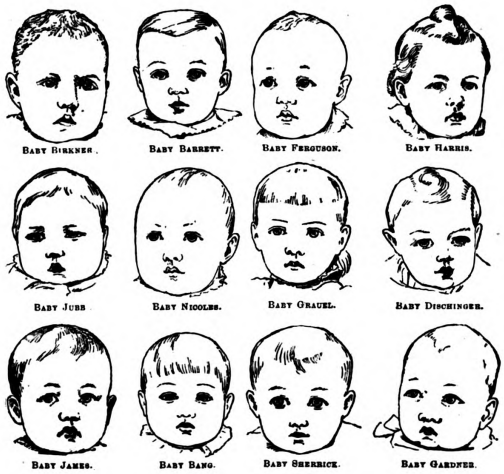
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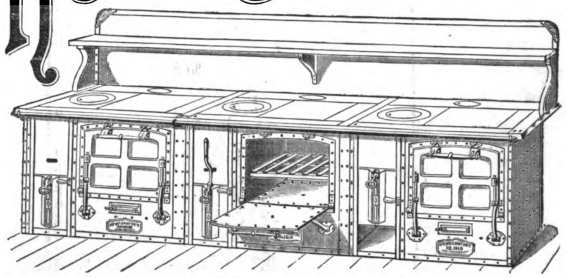


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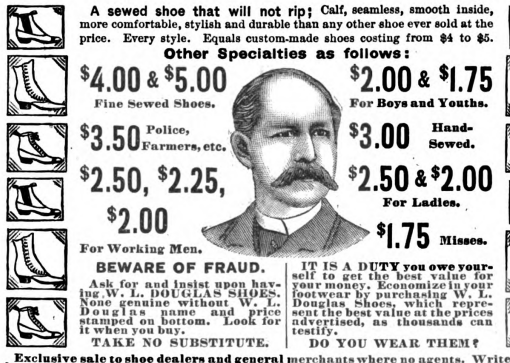
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AMATEUR SPORT

No questions are answered through this department.

WHEN ONE UNDERTAKES to write of the condition and scope of amateur sport in North America one needs the entire WEEKLY rather than a single page of it to do the subject justice. We of the Atlantic coast, like the simple little ostrich, have flattered ourselves that we "knew it all." Five years ago we might have poked our athletic head into the sand with impunity, but to-day whosoever fancies that the sportsmen of this great country are confined to what is generally called the "East" is laboring under a decided hallucination.

The ignorance of the East regarding the West, generally speaking, is as dense as it is remarkable, considering our national reputation as travellers; but on no subject is it more manifest than on that of amateur sport.

As a matter of fact I am prepared to assert, after a tour of 12,845 miles over this country, that so far as athletics pure and simple are concerned, the "East" can profit much by following the example of their Western and Southern brethren. With one exception, I found the general condition of amateur sport throughout the land most healthful, and that single exception is racing bicycling. From Canada to New Orleans, and from New York to San Francisco, that *bête noire* of honest clean wheeling, the manufacturer's hireling, has made his unwholesome way.

Is there nothing that can be done to exterminate this athletic parasite. From Maine to California I have put this question to sportsmen. Where is our evidence? they ask. Evidence? Must there be affidavits from the manufacturers that they are paying these men salaries? Is it not known to be a fact that these men are riding, and thereby advertising certain wheels; are spending their time out of the racing season in idleness; are utterly without any source of revenue save that drawn from the manufacturer? What further evidence than this is desired?

Men are sent to the penitentiary, and even hanged, on circumstantial evidence every day. Will any one say I am severe on this class of dishonest men who infest sport? Well, let such carpers travel over this country, as I have done, and witness the undermining of one of the most popular branches of amateur sport. Let them realize that wherever this manufacturer's tool has gone, he has taken with him the professional taint, and cast suspicion on almost every other racing cyclist.

It is not that there is anything dishonorable in being a professional, but the dishonor to the sport and disgrace to the League of American Wheelmen rest in the deception.

These men are professionals just as clearly as are the men who travel over the country under salary on baseball nines.

If the League of American Wheelmen fulfilled its mission, it would long since have declared these men, and placed them in the class to which they belong; but since the L. A. W. has not the courage to do so, and has instead attempted to foist them on to the public as amateurs, it remains for the clubs of the country to protect themselves and their members.

There is one very effectual way of cutting the Gordian knot, and that is by simply rejecting the entries of all racing cyclists who are known or suspected of being of this class. Throw the burden of proof on the wheelman, and if he is an honest amateur, it will not take him long to clear his name.

I have digressed somewhat on this subject because it is such a vital one, and the country is in such urgent need of a reform. The case demands drastic measures, and such must be adopted, else we shall see honest sportsmen driven out of bicycle-racing, as they have been out of boxing, by the creature whose only interest in the game is the money he is able to make out of it.

It cannot be expected in this short paper that there will be space to deal with much of anything save the general tone and tendency of amateur sport as I found it in the different parts of the country visited. Of course there was no attempt on the trip to visit every town in which there happened to be clubs devoted to the cause, but rather the sport centres of the country; and not a State in the Union was overlooked.

Probably it will be as well to follow the course of the trip, commenting on the sections as we come to them.

Maybe it is carrying coals to Newcastle to comment on New England, but I must confess to being considerably surprised that a section which enjoys such unlimited facilities for the pursuance of almost every known branch of sport should have so little of it outside the colleges. There are athletic clubs here and there, and a few of them are as clean as could possibly be desired, but a large percentage of them appears to have never heard of the amateur definition, or, if they have, to ignore it. Baseball nines are as numerous as trout in the best of Maine waters, but they fall far short of the qualification provided for amateur teams. At the same time there is a great deal of pure amateur baseball, and particularly this spring those interested seemed determined to bring the standard as high as that found anywhere. In this connection I find it opportune to devote a few lines to the New England college nines. That some of them, nearly all of them, known as the "smaller colleges," have not in the past handled their teams on lines most pleasing to amateurs there can be no two opinions among those who have followed these matters closely and intelligently, and not on mere rumor. There have been some very strong nines turned out by one or two of the colleges, and it has been much regretted that anything could be said of the amateur status of teams so worthy in all other respects of unstinted praise. One of the most pleasing welcomes, on my return a few days ago, were a couple of letters among my pile of correspondence from two of the colleges that have been offenders in years past, giving assurance of their intention the coming season to keep their baseball clean.

And they will all come into the fold by-and-by; aside from all matter of sentiment, it is the best thing they can do for their own interest. No one will question the fact that honesty is the best policy (even if one has not the instincts to be honest), and though it may at times be slow, it will win in the long-run, rest assured. A man who is dishonest in sport will be dishonest in his business if he gets the proper opportunity.

Rowing in New England, outside the colleges, unfortunately has likewise been tainted with professionalism, and, in fact, I found that to be very generally the case except in the South and West. There are certainly clean amateur oarsmen along the northern Atlantic coast, but there has been so much of the dishonest element and such a deal of scandal after nearly every so-called amateur race, that what there was of the better element has withdrawn from public view.

It is a pity indeed that this great branch of amateur sport should have suffered so at the hands of unprincipled men, and it compels the sorrowful acknowledgment that with a very few exceptions here in the East we have lost all interest in rowing matters outside the colleges. Is it any wonder we look sharply after our university crews, and implore them to maintain the amateur standard?

Boston as a yachting centre is too well known for even bare comment, but it is astonishing there is not more of it on the coast of Maine. Tobogganing seems to have run its course, and of ice-yachting there is none, while ice-trotting holds its own.

There is no end to the shooting and fishing in New England, especially in Maine; but the Maine Legislature has everlastingly damned its good name by passing a law recently permitting the killing of a cow moose. There might be some excuse for a man who was out of meat and hungry in killing a cow moose, but I cannot understand a sportsman doing so, and the Legislature in making such a rule has simply played into the hand of the rapacious pot-hunter.

When the Boone and Crockett Club, and all sportsmen from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, are untiring in their efforts to preserve game, which means of course protecting the female, why in Heaven's name should this Maine Legislature throw down the bars to the fiends whom we are trying to keep out?

The average inhabitant of the "States," in going to Canada in the winter-time, expects, I have no doubt, to see the streets and hill-sides covered with snow-shoes and tobogganes. He may be surprised to learn that there is but one really good toboggan slide in Canada, and that is at Montreal, while snow-shoers are numbered now by tens where formerly they were counted by hundreds. It is simple enough to understand what has brought about this change in what is usually accepted as the typical Canadian winter sport. A few years ago, when tobogganing and snow-shoeing flourished purely for the great sport furnished, the professional *impresario*, aided by the hotel proprietor, conceived the idea of booming Montreal, and incidentally enriching themselves, by holding winter carnivals, the main expenses of which were borne by Montreal merchants. For a time they drew largely, and Canada was literally alive with snow-shoes and tobogganes; but anon they palled, and last winter the much-advertised "carnival" was highly uninteresting from a spectator's point of view. There are several snow-shoe clubs in Quebec and Montreal. In Toronto there is very little of the sport, and an occasional tramp and one or two races during the winter make up the season. As for tobogganing, there is a natural slide at Quebec, and a fine one at Montreal which is calculated to make the hair of the man from the "States" stand on end, but there is not a great deal of it. And the more's the pity, for if there is any sport calculated to stir your blood, it is tobogganing.

But snow-shoeing and tobogganing do not comprise the sport of Canada by a great deal. Canada is filled with sportsmen—I had almost said every Canadian is a sportsman; and I do not think I should have gone amiss. In winter the one game that absorbs the Canadian is hockey, and the rinks of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto are the scenes of brilliant and exciting matches. It is a great game, full of possibilities for the Northern cities of the "States" as well. In summer there is no end to the sport—tennis, cricket, rowing, yachting, lacrosse, track and field athletics—while in the autumn football attracts as much interest as it does here in the "States." Even baseball has recently gained a foothold, and, to the credit of Canadians be it said, it is much cleaner than the average of amateur nines on the Atlantic coast. With the exception of hockey and lacrosse, there is not the organization seen in the United States; but the best element of society patronizes the games, and it is only a question of time when the organization will be perfected. It is to be regretted the difference in football rules has prevented a series of annual meetings between Canadian and United States teams, but though such an end now seems remote, it must come in a few years. Montreal has a thriving hunt club, with an attractive home and a good pack of hounds, while Toronto leads all Canada in yachting and rowing. It is a curious fact that there is no polo in Canada, and but little amateur horse-racing. Of fishing clubs there are an unlimited number, though they are very largely membered by Americans, while the sport with shot-gun is not so great as with the rifle.

Coming back into the United States at Detroit, one finds every kind of sport, and sportsmen who are the salt of the earth. Detroit is a haven for amateur sport. Its track and field athletics, under the guidance of the Detroit Athletic Club, have always been pure, while there is more sport with a gun near at hand than any place I know of outside of Galveston. There are yachting, rowing, ice-yachting, fishing, and shooting. All through this section of the country, taking in Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, there is no end of sport with rod and gun. Cleveland has in addition an athletic club, and has made some reputation with its football eleven. At Cincinnati there is not much sport outside of what the surrounding country furnishes for rod and gun. There is tennis, a riding club, and a country club, which is the scene of most of the sportsmen's outings. The Cuvier Club does great work in protecting game.

Going south from Cincinnati, one finds little sport outside of the colleges, save that with rod and gun. Of course what the South furnishes for the gun, in quail, turkey, deer, etc., is too well known to recite here. But for the rest we must look to the colleges, which in the last couple of years have come out strongly in football and baseball, and are progressing encouragingly in track athletics. The sections represented by Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta, and Nashville have as yet little or no organized sport. Every man with a drop of sportsman's blood in his veins owns a gun and dog, naturally, and, if he can afford it, a horse, but there it ends, or rather there it begins, for, between ourselves, who would not be contented with a gun and a dog in such a glorious country? Savannah should be made somewhat of an exception, for here the beautifully laid-out streets invite cycling, and there are more wheels in use, I believe, than in any other city outside of Washington. They have recently built a track also and had some races, but here too they fell down and worshipped the golden calf by bringing down a number of the Northern "cracks," or, in other words, professionals. The Y. M. C. A. has done a noble work all through the South, as, indeed, where has it not? Their gymnasia are the only ones in many, in almost all, of the cities. Whatever of sport there is in Florida, aside from the alligators, is transplanted.

New Orleans has always been renowned for its carnivals and the sport furnished rod and gun. There is no end to the bag a sportsman may get who makes his headquarters here for a few weeks during the winter. Such toothsome fish; such luscious birds! One must go there to appreciate it. In the last three or four years considerable interest has sprung up in football; and last year, for the first time, an outdoor athletic meeting was given with such success that it has become a fixture. The two clubs, the Southern Athletic and the Young Men's Gymnasium, both have complete and spacious houses. The former has done more in the way of amateur sport, owing to the number of college men on its membership roll. There has been a very pronounced and general interest awakened in the field; the preparatory schools all have teams and hold games. There have always been some rowing and yachting, with races each year, and this season it is hoped to send a representative to the national rowing regatta, though the distance makes such a venture very doubtful. There is a jockey club here, with a club-house and the most beautiful grounds in the country; but the racing is on a level with that seen at Guttenburg.

It is only necessary to say of Galveston, Texas, that redheads may be had for one dollar, and quail for twenty-five cents, to convey an idea to sportsmen what a paradise it is. There are all kinds of fishing, except of the brook variety, and ducks of all varieties, quail, snipe, grouse, turkey, deer, etc. Rockport, not far off, is a great rendezvous for sportmen, many keeping their yachts there, as the bay at Galveston is too shallow. Outside of rod and gun there is no sport here, though the school-boys have just begun football. There is better tarpon-fishing off this coast than off Florida. Of San Antonio the same may be said; they did have a polo club here, but it has ceased to exist.

There is every kind of sport in California a man can possibly desire, from bear to rabbits, if the latter may be called sport, and from snipe to turkey. There is nothing a sportsman cannot find in the Golden State. In the last two years the two universities, Berkeley and Stanford, have stirred up considerable interest in track athletics and football. They have really been the means of spurring matters along, though the Olympic Club of San Francisco was one of the first in the field with a team. The match, however, last year between the two colleges did more to advance the sport on the coast than all else, and the recent agreement between them for a joint athletic meeting promises to extend the wave of amateur sport that has already swept from San Diego to the Oregon line. The Los Angeles Athletic Club has done much for the southern part of the State, while the Olympic is really the pioneer of not only the coast, but the first athletic club organized in the United States. They are just completing one of the handsomest club-houses in the country. Meetings are held regularly on the Pacific, as they are on the Atlantic coast. Tennis is played probably more extensively than in any other part of the country; there are bench shows, and in the southern part there is some polo. As for duck-shooting, there is nothing like it anywhere else on this continent.

Up the coast still farther, at Portland, Oregon, is the Multnomah Athletic Club, which has done much to keep sport clean. Its football team last season made quite a reputation for itself, and promises to be even stronger this season. The clubmen have the proper conception of what constitutes an amateur, and seem determined to stand by it. There are two rowing clubs here, and all kinds of sport with rod and gun. Football is the only game developed thus far. Seattle has outstripped its rival, Tacoma, in athletic development, owing, no doubt, to the large number of college men within its gates. It would be very interesting to Eastern men to mention them did space permit. They have gone in chiefly for football; but there are exceptional facilities for all kinds of sport, with Puget Sound for yachting, Lake Washington (a beautiful sheet of water twenty-four miles long) for canoeing and rowing. There is a country club, cricket and baseball, and no end of sport with rod and gun—salmon, snipe, pheasant, grouse, deer, elk, bear. It is gratifying to know that the Rod and Gun Club here has done magnificent work for the protection of game. There is a good bit of sport up at Victoria, British Columbia, which is essentially English, and that means cricket, football, and yachting. For the rod and gun there is the endless Pacific Coast variety.

From here on to Denver all the sport is confined to rod and gun. The big game in the Northwest has had more protection in the last few years than in the previous ten, but there is yet much wanton slaughter, in Idaho and Montana particularly. There is no attempt at athletics at Helena, though some of the best sportsmen in the country live here, and have done much to protect game. I cannot hope to say more of this country here than that it is the big game district, and that there is plenty of it left.

Salt Lake City makes little showing in amateur sport, though an attempt is being made to do something in that direction.

Denver is well named the Queen City, its record in development is not equalled in this country, and its progress in amateur sport has wellnigh sustained a like pace. Besides having a club-house that cost $300,000, and finished in the best of taste, it has sportsmen who have labored faithfully and under great disadvantages to put the club on a level with the other great athletic clubs of the country. It is enough praise to say they have succeeded. Last year they turned out a football eleven easily superior to any in that part of the country, and this year it is not unlikely they will play an Eastern team Thanksgiving day. Outside of football there is little athletics; but Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming furnish plenty of trout, and grouse, turkey, deer, elk, and antelope.

Amateur sport in Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis is in its infancy. Athletics are hardly understood in Omaha or Kansas City, while St. Louis gives Sunday games, which do not attract the better element. Football has begun to take hold; but there is less sport along this strip of country than in any other in the United States; not much fishing, but good duck and prairie-chicken shooting.

Minneapolis and St. Paul have given their attention chiefly, heretofore, to rowing, in conjunction with Winnipeg, but this year an effort is to be made in other directions. This is the home of curling and the snow-shoe (Norwegian), and in winter much sport is afforded. At present amateur sport is undeveloped in this section.

Chicago will have the most magnificent athletic club-house in the world in a few weeks. If it will keep amateur sport as clean as its new house, there will be no fault to find. There is little or no amateur sport in Chicago at present, though there are gun, rowing, and tennis clubs, and hordes of bicyclers. The city will be the scene of much athletic competition during the World's Fair, and the Chicago Athletic Club will have an opportunity of using its great influence in the best interest of amateur sport. There is no better cause it could air.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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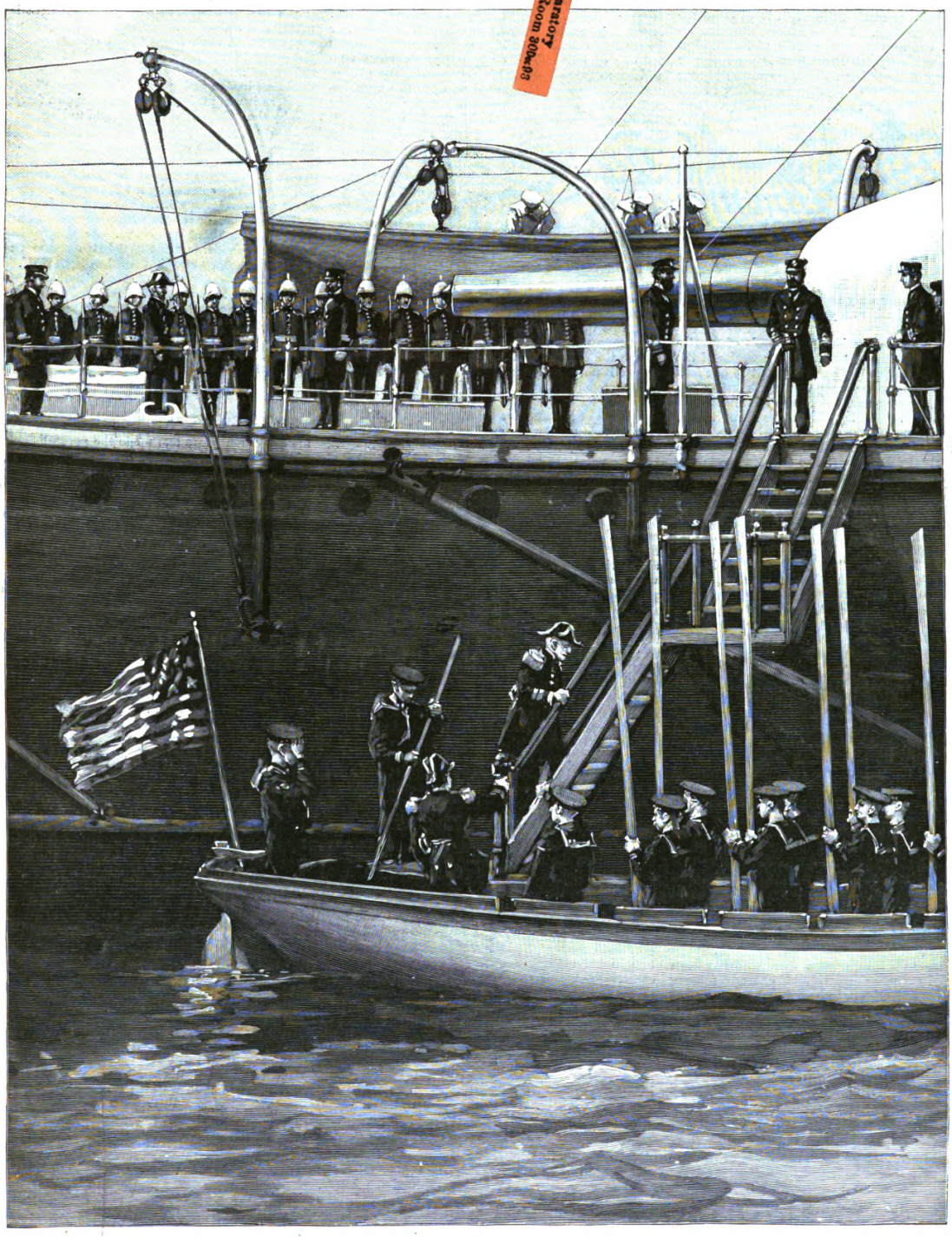
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE NAVAL RENDEZVOUS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Captain Hamilton receiving Admiral Gherardi on Board the British armored Cruiser *Blake*.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE POST-OFFICES.

THERE is every reason for believing Mr. CLEVELAND'S frequent and emphatic utterances in favor of civil service reform to have been entirely sincere. These utterances authorized the expectation that the public offices under the national government would by his administration be regarded and treated not as party spoils, but as public trusts. This would, in the first place, have precluded removals from office for mere partisan reasons. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the numerous removals of fourth-class postmasters made by the Post-office Department, or at least many of them, have the appearance of being made for the purpose of putting Democrats in the places vacated by the removed Republicans. The comments made upon such removals by some journals advocating civil service reform are said to have caused annoyance to the President and the Postmaster-General, Mr. BISSELL, who enjoys, no doubt deservedly, the reputation of a man of high character, and also of a friend of civil service reform. These high officials are clearly entitled to a fair presentation of this matter before the public, so that, if possible, the unfavorable impressions created by the reports of the doings of the Post-office Department be dissipated. But as neither the President nor the Postmaster-General has made any official statement concerning the case, we can discuss only the explanations given in the newspapers, whether they were inspired by authority or not.

It is said that the number of removals of fourth-class postmasters during the first four weeks of the present administration does not amount to one-half of the removals made four years ago during the corresponding four weeks under the administration of Mr. HARRISON. This is creditable as far as it goes, but it does not touch the point of real importance. It was expected of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration that it would, in this respect, be different from the administration of Mr. HARRISON not merely in degree, but in kind. If the removals were the same in spirit and purpose, if they were the emanations of spoils politics, the reduction in their number would indicate at best only that the present administration is somewhat ashamed of the things done, but that it did them all the same. We can, therefore, hardly believe that this plea in extenuation is put forth by the administration itself.

It is also said that most of the postmasters removed had been in their places four years or more, and might therefore be expected graciously to make room for other people wanting the offices. From the point of view of the public interest this cannot be taken as a serious argument. A post-office exists not for the accommodation of the person managing it and drawing pay for his services, but for the accommodation of the public. A postmaster who has served four years has just had time to become a really useful postmaster. He has become familiar with the regulations of the service, the classification of mail matter, the rendering of accounts, and with the public he has to serve. This familiarity, which is a matter of great importance, not only to the postmaster himself, but also to the department, and no less to the customers of the local office, it will take a "green hand" considerable time to acquire, and during that time the department as well as the public are exposed to inconvenience and loss. This applies to a small post-office in which the postmaster has to attend to the whole or almost the whole business himself still more than to a large one, in which the detail work may be performed by schooled subordinates. It is evident, therefore, that a good man who has been four years in a post-office should, instead of being dismissed for this reason, be kept just *because* he has the advantage of four years' practice.

But from another point of view the dismissal of postmasters on the ground that they have been in their offices four years would be equally objectionable. It would involve the changing of all the 65,000 fourth-class postmasters during the period of one administration, and, as the practice is understood to be, the passage of all these places from members of one political party to members of another. The consequence would be that the next change of party in power would bring on an exact repetition of the process. It would simply be the systematic perpetuation of the spoils system in a manner especially injurious to the public convenience. An administration favorable to civil service reform will, therefore, not think of adopting such a rule.

The third allegation put forth with regard to the removals is that they were all made "for cause," that is, on the ground of some misconduct of the officers removed. If this is the case, then no reasonable man can object to the removals, provided the "cause" be ascertained in a fair and morally satisfactory manner. If it were not so ascertained, great injustice might be done to the officer removed as well as to the public—to the officer removed, because his character might be smirched by the imputation of wrong-doing, of which he was not guilty; and to the public, because it might be wrongfully deprived of the services of a useful officer.

The investigation of all the charges which are made after the incoming of a new administration for the purpose of securing removals may be a difficult and tedious business. But if it is desired to avoid doing injustice, certain rules may be adopted, the strict observance of which would greatly simplify matters. If no charge had been made against the officer in question before, and a charge is now made presumably for the purpose of securing his removal, then that charge is open to grave suspicion. If the charge is made by a candidate for the office, or by a party committee which wants the emoluments for one of its workers, or by a Congressman who wishes to place one of his henchmen, the charge should especially be regarded as open to grave suspicion. In all such cases the accuser should be firmly required to present the charge in writing with his name signed to it, to go upon record. Experienced men tell us that accusers under such circumstances very frequently refuse to take the responsibility of doing this. Then the answer should invariably be that, if the accuser is unwilling to take the responsibility of standing up for the charge, he should not ask the government to take the responsibility of condemning and removing a man on such an accusation. If a Congressman should then rise in his dignity and affect to resent this as a reflection upon his character, the answer should be that such is the inflexible rule of the department, which in its generality is a reflection on no man.

In this way the administration would get rid of a great many unfounded charges, and correspondingly escape the danger of doing injustice. Whenever a charge is not satisfactorily proven by those bringing it, but seems to call for inquiry, the investigation should be made by an inspector or special agent. In many cases such an investigation may require time, but the delay will worry only the candidate for the office, for the public interest will hardly suffer by it. If such rules are adopted, publicly announced, and firmly adhered to, some politicians may growl for a short while, but most of the Congressmen will feel themselves greatly relieved by it, and the people will hail it with approval, for they are tired of the spoils scandal. The newspapers will no longer annoy the President and the Postmaster-General by talking about the "guillotine" and the "headsman." It will soon become apparent how little the general public trouble themselves about who is postmaster, provided they are well accommodated, and the administration will presently discover how much more strength it can gain with the people for itself as well as its party by perfecting the public service than by putting ever so many places into the hands of greedy partisans. And more than that. When Congressmen see that post-offices can no longer be had for the asking, they will speedily become prepared to pass something like the LODGE bill "to regulate the appointment of fourth-class postmasters," which, if it become a law, will rescue that branch of the service forever from the domain of spoils politics, and bring it under the rule of sound civil service principles.

THE TARIFF AND THE CURRENCY.

THE two important subjects confronting the administration are the tariff and the currency. Whether the one or the other shall be first attacked depends upon the business conditions of the country. Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently determined to use all the power that the law has placed in his hands to save the commerce of the country from the evil effects of a debased currency. Indeed, he expressly promised this in his inaugural address. But the President cannot do anything for the final solution of the currency problem beyond making recommendations. So far as the ills resulting from the continued purchase and coinage of silver are concerned, he can deal with them by issuing bonds.

The law on this subject is doubtful, and it is held by some of the best-informed lawyers and financiers that the provision authorizing the issue of bonds for the purpose of obtaining funds for the redemption of legal-tender notes fell with the enactment of the statute directing the Secretary to reissue legal-tenders after they were once redeemed. Nevertheless, the President and Secretary of the Treasury have probably agreed from the first that if it became necessary for the maintenance of our credit to issue bonds, bonds would be issued. The question seemed to be whether bonds should be issued before or after the $100,000,000 gold reserve was assailed. Mr. CARLISLE is understood to have been unwilling to issue bonds until the reserve had been drawn upon, while Mr. CLEVELAND insisted on the sanctity of the reserve. These bonds will be payable in coin, but the Secretary will have the physical power to insist upon receiving gold for them. Fortunately the credit of the country is so high that bonds bearing a low rate of interest can be sold at par for a long time to come. But issuing bonds will not cure the evil. This will continue while the country is accumulating an additional debt as a kind of dam against the coming flood of silver monometallism. The solution of the difficulty rests with the legislative branch of the government, and the task is much greater than that immediately presented by the silver question. Underlying the agitation for silver is a real distress caused by the lack of banking facilities, of opportunities to obtain credit, in a large part of the country.

It is apparently the expectation of the present Secretary that the country can be tided over any emergency that may be threatened by extraordinary demands for gold until Congress can be induced to settle the whole currency problem intelligently and rationally. There is hardly any one who supposes that such a settlement can be reached by the present Congress at its next session. Something might be attempted, and an issue of bonds would doubtless hasten action by forcing the question to the front, as it was made of first importance a few weeks ago by the heavy shipments of gold to Europe. But Congress is yet very far from being prepared to deal in a statesmanlike manner with this question. The politicians have not yet realized its extent or importance. It involves the harmonizing of the incongruous paper currencies issued by the Treasury, the readjustment of the relations of the government to the circulating medium, the reform, extension, or abandonment of the national banking system. All these questions, with their incidents, must be debated and settled before the currency question can be disposed of. It is one of the characteristics of our legislation, State and Federal, that the elected law-makers do not act until after serious popular agitation. Ideas and suggestions about the currency question are only just beginning to make their appearance in the newspapers, and it is not rational to expect any definite and final Congressional action during the coming session.

In the mean time the tariff question is ready for settlement. On that question, at all events, the Democratic majority is to some extent harmonious. At least the councils of the party are controlled by the men who ten years ago made the present Secretary of the Treasury Speaker of the House of Representatives, and who subsequently supported the MORRISON and the MILLS bills, and voted for the bills making important additions to the free list reported by Mr. SPRINGER'S committee. Directly in the line of these measures is the bill prepared by the Reform Club of this city; and although it is quite probable that a different measure will be prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, yet to be appointed, the departure cannot be very radical unless the majority in the House refuses to follow its real leaders.

Naturally the men who have come so near the attainment of the object for which they have been struggling for many years will do their utmost to continue the tariff question at the front of political issues until duties are materially reduced, and are laid on values instead of on weights and measures. Among those who would naturally be keenly disappointed by the further postponement of the tariff question, after the recent popular victory in favor of lower duties and tax reform, is Mr. CARLISLE, whose word on both the great questions confronting the administration will be the weightiest in the cabinet, and for whose opinion the President will naturally entertain the most respect. It is the feeling in Washington that the people voted first of all for relief from the MCKINLEY act, and that their expectation should be gratified. Therefore the President has a double motive for exerting all his power and influence for the postponement of the currency question—first, to effect a definite settlement resulting from a thorough discussion of the whole question, of which the silver problem is but a part, and second, to restore the tariff question to its natural place at the front.

DUMMY TENANTS.

THE rapid development of the north end of Manhattan Island to the east and west and above Central Park has been very remarkable. Where ten years ago there were only market gardens here and there among the shanty-covered rocks, now there are blocks after blocks of elegant residences, while on the corners of each block it is the rule that there shall be large apartment-houses, in which families live very much as rabbits do in warrens. An observer watching this rapid development cannot help pausing now and again to wonder where the tenants are to come from to fill all of these immense apartment-houses. Of course New York is always growing, but no town could keep on growing fast enough to fill the houses which are built by speculators, and on which the workmen never stop, whatever the season, whatever the weather. The object of the building speculator not infrequently is to finish his apartment-house, give it a smart exterior appearance, fill it with presentable-looking tenants, and then find a purchaser. Many capitalists who like to get a good return for their investments have

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concluded that an apartment-house full of tenants and in smooth working order is a very attractive possession, for besides the eight or ten per cent. return on the investment there is the ever-present hope that a large "unearned increment" will accrue. Though such profits vex the souls of Mr. HENRY GEORGE and his followers, they do not bother the average owner of real estate except when they do not come quickly enough.

The speculator, having finished his apartment-house, advertises for tenants, and not seldom generously offers to give a month's rent free. The prices he places on his apartments are not low, but the month's free rent reduces the year's total somewhat. In renting the apartments the speculator is not particular at all as to the character of the people he accepts as tenants. What he appears most to care for is that they should present a good appearance; that is, make a good showing on dress parade. By not being particular, the speculator soon fills his house. Now it is the time for the careful investor to come upon the scene. It is merely a matter of arithmetic with him. The property costs so much, the taxes and insurance are so much, repairs and maintenance so much more. Per contra—so many tenants at so much a year each. The totals show that the investment will yield a net income of ten per cent. In a little while the transaction is completed, and the new owner is in possession. Then comes the first of the month—the rent-day. There is a ribald song the refrain of which is something like this: "But, oh, how different in the morning!" And, oh, how different does the new landlord find it when rent-day comes! Let us say he has thirty tenants in his new house. There have been instances in this new section of New York where the new landlord in an apartment-house speculation has learned that not more than six tenants out of thirty were genuine; all the rest were dummies. They were permitted to go into the house to assist in a swindle, and their part of the "swag" was an apartment for two, three, or four months free of rent.

At a first glance one would think that these dummy tenants would get into trouble; that the landlord would dispossess them, and levy on their furniture. But remember that these apartment-houses are not of the class ordinarily called tenements, but the abodes of well-to-do folks. The landlord finds it more economical to politely say to the dummies, "I should be glad to have you move as soon as convenient." If the dummy is a person of experience, he looks about him quietly until he finds another new house in the same neighborhood, and into that he moves upon exactly the same terms as those of his old lease. And so from house to house he flits, always certain that one landlord will speed his coming and another his parting, but tolerably certain too that he will get for nothing that for which old-fashioned and merely honest people have to pay a good round rental every month.

Where dummy tenants flourish it is pretty certain that the development has been too rapid, and that more apartment-houses have been erected than there was really any need for.

THE ITCH FOR PRIVACY.

THE late M. TAINE was a man of much reserve, and disliked apparently to have anything more known about himself than was absolutely necessary. He was willing that his books should be read, under reasonable conditions, but into them he put every bit of his personality that he intended to share with the public, and there was no getting any more with M. TAINE'S consent. He was never willing to be photographed. He once said to RENAN, "The thought of having my photograph displayed and on sale side by side with those of actors and politicians makes me shudder." RENAN, who did not object to publicity, replied, "A public man belongs to the public." The same avoidance of publicity prompted M. TAINE to burn all his diaries before his death; and in his will he charged his heirs to prevent by all legal means the publication of his private letters of all descriptions. The only letters he was willing to have appear were those relating to matters purely general or speculative, and from these he stipulated that all passages should be cut out which touch remotely or immediately upon private life. RENAN, quite unlike him, kept every letter he ever received, and left them all behind him in convenient bundles, with his blessing.

A judicious contemporary (the *Evening Post*) finds in M. TAINE'S precautions a timely rebuke to a certain "itch for publicity," which it regards as a disgusting characteristic of the times in which we live. It praises M. TAINE for "his consistent avoidance of all the modern methods of puffery," and rejoices that "the world will never know, through the illustrated papers, what was the furniture of his study, or what were his pet animals, or how he looked when 'at work.'"

But it is a fortunate thing for mankind that not all good men share M. TAINE'S feelings in these matters. The department of literature which concerns the personality of men who have accomplished great things is one of the most edifying and delightful that exists. To learn to know a good man intimately is a great privilege. As a later writer in the *Post* veraciously observes, "*Humani nil alienum* is the motto of the student of mankind." Who gives to the world the fruit of his intellectual powers, as TAINE did, does it a great service; but it is a great additional service for a great man who lived a good life to take the world somewhat into his confidence, and let it know, so far as due consideration for others will permit, how he lived and how he did his work. To know WASHINGTON at Mount Vernon, to follow LINCOLN up through the sordid surroundings of his early days and watch the struggling development of his character, are surely worth all the sacrifice of privacy that such knowledge involves. Or, if such cases are not quite in point, how great would have been our loss if WALTER SCOTT had shrunk, like TAINE, from being known except through what he wrote! Surely it does not make for the degradation of literature that we can see SCOTT with his dogs about him at Abbotsford, or picture DICKENS at his desk at Gadshill. Man is as much man's noblest study now as he was in POPE'S time. The man whom we know only at his best, expressly gotten up for a public appearance, we only half know. Great achievement is a discouragement to struggling merit unless it is possible to trace the methods of it—the difficulties that effort overcame, the obstacles that patience surmounted, the disasters that courage survived.

Old-time privacy got a great blow when a Paris mob pulled down the Bastille. This is the age of publicity, and we have reason to rejoice at it. "Think," wrote President ELIOT the other day, "how all sorts of abuses and cruelties are checked and prevented by the publicity of modern life—a publicity which depends on the universal capacity to read!" It is true enough that so great an advantage has not been won without a good deal of accompanying detriment. Private life is pried into far too much for the edification of a servants'-hall society. M. TAINE'S desire for seclusion was probably an outcome of personal temperament; but justification could be found for it, if that were necessary, in the abuses of the confidences of other men. Newspapers every day meddle with matters that it is a needless cruelty to touch. The greatest journals in New York invited their readers the other morning to discuss with the Federal authorities whether and how often a bride's wedding-dress had been worn. Coroners subject the sanctity of dead clay to brutal violation, and publish resulting surmises which it was villany ever to have made. So the sunshine sometimes scorches and withers plants that are not fit to bear it. Nevertheless, without sunlight there can be no wholesome life. What sunshine is to earth, a reasonable publicity is to society. It is well enough for every man to keep for himself some cool and shady places where he may rest; but the more he can live openly, and, if he is a public man, the more frank and unreserved he can make his relations with other people, the better it is for him, and if he is worth knowing, the better it is for the other people too.

THE GIRLS AT THE HYGEIA.

THERE have been great days for the girls at Old Point Comfort, in the State of Virginia, and some rather elderly women whose belledom is largely a matter of tradition have had a very good time. The exuberance of the American woman has been abundantly manifested. It is many a year since cargoes of foreign officers have been brought to these Virginia shores, and it will probably be many other years before the like will be seen again. Generally fleets visit waters like Hampton Roads with hostile purpose. Some of our English friends who have been enjoying our hospitality are descendants, perhaps, of the men who fired cannon-balls at our liberties; but now they come in friendly guise, and with them come the officers and sailors of a half-score of other nationalities. All are on ceremony and pleasure bent. Only welcoming guns are fired, and there is an immense amount of respect manifested for each other, each other's flag, and each other's nationality.

But besides the ceremonious visitings on board ship, the great display of naval etiquette, and the courteous commingling of fighting-men who respect one another, there have been social festivities, conducted by the American girl, and, if the truth must be told, her somewhat frivolous chaperons. Fathers and mothers have gone into the background, unless the father happened to wear a uniform, when he was graciously permitted to sit against the wall and to see his butterflies flit by. Navy and army fathers are always old. As to the rest, the girls have done very much as they pleased, and, after the manner of American girls, they have had a thoroughly good and wholesome time. They have danced to the uttermost of their hearts' desire; they have seen not only a large number of fine uniforms, but more different kinds of uniforms than have been before seen together in this country; they have tied about their hats the ribbons of the ships of all nations; they have flirted in Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, and real English; they have tried to teach foreigners their own peculiar method of speech; they have been courted, fêted, pursued with attentions—and misunderstood. This is the only sad part of it all. Our young girls seem unable to comprehend the profound philosophy that was inculcated by Mr. HENRY JAMES'S *Daisy Miller*. They appear never to learn that the foreigner is unable to understand why all young girls are not so prone to wickedness that they need constant watching. They go on, therefore, notwithstanding the warnings and horrors of prudes, to dance and walk and talk with the young foreigners, and the young foreigners are just as incapable of unlearning their social traditions as the American girls are of learning them. It pains the wiser male relatives of the young girls to know that their frankness and innocence will be misinterpreted, but, on the other hand, it is infinitely pleasant to realize that the American girl retains her freedom because she has not abused it. The country loves her and her ostentatious mirth and gayety.

THINGS TALKED OF

MR. FREDERIC REMINGTON, whose drawings have made the uniform and general appearance of the various classes of German soldiers so familiar to the readers of Harper's publications, has received a pleasant souvenir of his visit to Germany, which is not without value as an evidence of the fidelity of his work. It is the photograph of the Emperor, in a frame bearing the imperial arms and the imperial autograph. Mr. Remington was given every facility to study the German soldier, and this portrait of the "War Lord," in which, by-the-way, he is clad in the uniform of the cuirassiers, will be appreciated not only by the dashing and faithful artist, who has much of the soldier in his character as in his art, but also by his many friends.

It is becoming plainer every day that Mayor Gilroy either utterly fails to apprehend the situation in which Street-cleaning Commissioner Brennan has involved him, or else is determined not to do his duty. When asked to make a thorough inquiry into Brennan's ridiculous and outrageous mismanagement, he shelters himself and shelters his appointee behind the narrowest construction of rules governing technical evidence in a legal trial. He refuses to hear anybody but counsel, he confines the counsel for the people to what he chooses to define as the limits of the case, and in every way behaves as if he had no duty in the matter on his own account. He has made a great mistake, for by doing this he practically assumes responsibility for Brennan, and for all that Brennan has done, or refused, or neglected, or been unable, by reason of stupidity or ignorance, to do. He was asked to make a fair and searching inquiry. For what purpose? To enlighten his mind and obtain facts on which to act. He chooses to decline to do this, and affects to carry on a trial. But if it be a trial, it is he who is being tried, and the verdict is clearly against him, and is rendered by himself. Back of all which lies this fundamental fact, that Mr. Gilroy is a creature of the Tammany machine, and that, however he may wish to do his duty, he dares not do it. "All roads," was the proud saying in the time of the empire, "lead to Rome"; but the time came when every enemy, by whatever road he set out, marched on Rome. In New York to-day every effort to break down bad city government sooner or later must be directed to Tammany, and to the spoils system by which Tammany lives.

The Fine Arts Society has found, on getting in all the bills and settling all accounts, a balance to the good from the recent loan exhibition of some five thousand dollars, and this about doubles the sinking fund to apply to its indebtedness. As the total debt had been consolidated and funded at a moderate rate of interest, this is a very good showing indeed for so young a society. It bids fair to enter on its next year with not more than forty per cent. net of debt against the heavy outlay for instalment. This manifestation of sound business management, of prudence and foresight and energy, with the zeal for the attainment of the highest standards in all directions, is extremely gratifying. It will undoubtedly encourage those who are inclined to aid in the noble work the society has undertaken, while it leaves ample scope for further contributions. The success of the first loan exhibition, undertaken under quite unfavorable conditions in some regards, leads the officers of the society to hope to be able to hold another before very long—a hope in which all lovers of art will heartily share. In that case it is probable that plans will be laid to have an exhibition of eight weeks instead of five. This would not only be more profitable to the society, since much of the expense is as great for a short term as for a long one, but the essential purpose of the exhibition will be better served, its lasting value depending not only on the number who visit it, but even more on the number who can visit it repeatedly.

The appeal of the Russian Stepniak to the American people against the extradition treaty with Russia is a strong one. Unfortunately, the American people have no real and direct voice in the matter, or in any matter regulated by treaty. The power rests with the President and Senate. In this case the President who negotiated and the majority of the Senate who ratified the treaty have been changed by popular vote, and a President of another party is to decide on its promulgation, but in these changes popular opinion gains no necessary influence as to the treaty. Undoubtedly Mr. Cleveland will give what he deems due weight to such expression of opinion as may reach him; but, on the one hand, that opinion cannot be well informed as to a treaty that has been given to the public only in very small part; and, on the other, he may well be embarrassed by the possible interpretation put by the government of Russia upon adverse action taken at so late a stage, when the promulgation of the treaty may seem to that government only a matter of form. The radical difficulty—we should say the radical vice—of the whole procedure is in the secrecy with which such negotiations are completed. There is no sound reason of which we are aware why the treaty should not have been made public when it was submitted to the Senate, or why the Senate should not have discussed it in public. Had this been done, the opinion of the country could have been intelligently formed, and could have been given the influence to which it was entitled. There can be no valid arguments for the treaty that the country could not have been made to understand; and since it was essentially a political treaty, public opinion is a force that ought to be considered. The whole affair is only another instance added to the innumerable list of the mischievous effects of the secret action of the Senate.

When the building of a town enters as an incident into the plan of an industrial enterprise, some conception of its magnitude may be formed. This is reported to be a feature of a new association for the production of the finer forms of iron and steel for construction of buildings, bridges, etc., and the manufacture of armor plates, and possibly naval armament. The scheme originates in Ohio, but embraces powerful interests in Pennsylvania and Illinois. The capital employed will necessarily be very large, but there is no reason to regard the enterprise, if properly conceived and managed, as hazardous. The United States, with only the home market to rely upon, has within the last three years taken the lead from Great Britain in the production of iron. In 1892 we produced 40 per cent. more than the English, and 40 per cent. of all the iron of the principal countries of the world. This is a rank that we may not be able to maintain, but the chances are that we shall, though we may not keep so far in advance of our chief competitor. What is especially worth noting in this new enterprise is that it is the iron-masters' practical response to the decision of the people in the late elections that the policy of high protection in the United States must gradually but surely be given up. Men of means do not stake tens of millions on the success of business undertakings if these depend upon a doomed fiscal policy. And as a matter of fact, speaking in the old Yankee phrase "by and large," no considerable industry in this country does depend on the government's policy, but on American energy, intelligence, skill, and resources.

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THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

Among the best-known and most interesting public collections of paintings in this country is the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, which must ever remain as a mighty monument to the memory of its founder. A new gallery is in course of erection, which will occupy the entire block on Seventeenth Street between New York Avenue and E Street. The building will extend about 150 feet on E Street and New York Avenue, respectively, the front on Seventeenth Street being 285 feet. The style of the building is Neo-Grec, designed by Ernest Flagg, of New York. The basement will be of granite, and white marble is to be used above. The main entrance on Seventeenth Street will be reached by a broad flight of steps, and on either side of the doorway two great lions, fashioned in bronze after those by Canova which grace the tomb of Clement XIII. in St. Peter's. The doors are to be of oak covered by bronze plates, and above the entrance will be chiselled in the marble "The Corcoran Gallery of Art." The roof is of copper, and hipped, having a great skylight for the galleries. The outer vestibule of the main building will be decorated with pilasters and sculpture, while the second vestibule will open from either side into a ticket-office and cloak-rooms. Beyond this will be a great gallery, 50 feet in width and 200 feet in length, where will be exhibited the casts of famous works. This room will be open to the roof, surrounded on all four sides by a gallery supported by colonnades. On the lower floor will be other galleries, together with rooms and offices for the accommodation of the officers of the building. The picture-gallery is gained by a great staircase directly opposite the main entrance. There are eight large rooms, from fifty to seventy-five feet in length, forming in all a fine suite, with each opening into the gallery encircling the central hall. The entire building will be thoroughly fire-proof, and will be a great addition to the city.



THE NEW CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ernest Flagg, Architect.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES."

The changes that will take place in the *Times* newspaper of this city under the "New York Times Publishing Company," as announced on the 13th, are apparently confined largely to the business department, with which the general public has only an indirect concern. Mr. George F. Spinney, who becomes the publisher, has been for some years the managing news editor of the paper. His reputation for energy, alertness, judgment, and high personal character is established. The editor-in-chief is Mr. Charles R. Miller, who has held that post for ten years, and will bring to the direction of the larger resources and more varied activity of the journal the strong qualities that have given it such marked influence in the past. What these are may be inferred when it is recalled that his control began on the eve of the great political struggle of 1884, and included the still more signal struggle of last year. The courage, force, firmness, and integrity of purpose that in this exceedingly trying period have given the *Times* the rank it has steadily held in the daily press of the United States are equal to any demands that the future may make.

The career of the *Times* has been a marked one. Established in 1851 by the late George Jones and Henry J. Raymond, as publisher and editor respectively, it was before, during, and after the war, for fifteen years, a zealous, somewhat conservative, and always an independent advocate of the principles of the Republican Union party. Mr. Raymond's detestation of party discipline and his aversion to extreme views led him and the paper into the so-called Johnson movement, from which it had hardly recovered when Mr. Raymond died. Then followed a period in which the *Times* was the most prominent advocate of the prompt and thorough reform of the currency and tax system of the war-time, and the opponent of radical treatment of the South. In 1871 the magnificent fight against the Tweed, Fisk, and Gould rings resulted in their merciless exposure and utter overthrow. The nomination of Mr Greeley in 1872 left the *Times* the leading Republican paper of the country, and its attitude toward the party for the next decade was more cordial than at any time since the war, but throughout that time it remained the uncompromising advocate of sound money, of broad nationality, of efficient reunion of the sections divided by war, of tariff reform, and of civil service reform. It was, in fact, the recognized champion of all the great principles which Harper's Weekly at the same time upheld, and both worked as long as it was possible to work for reform within the party.

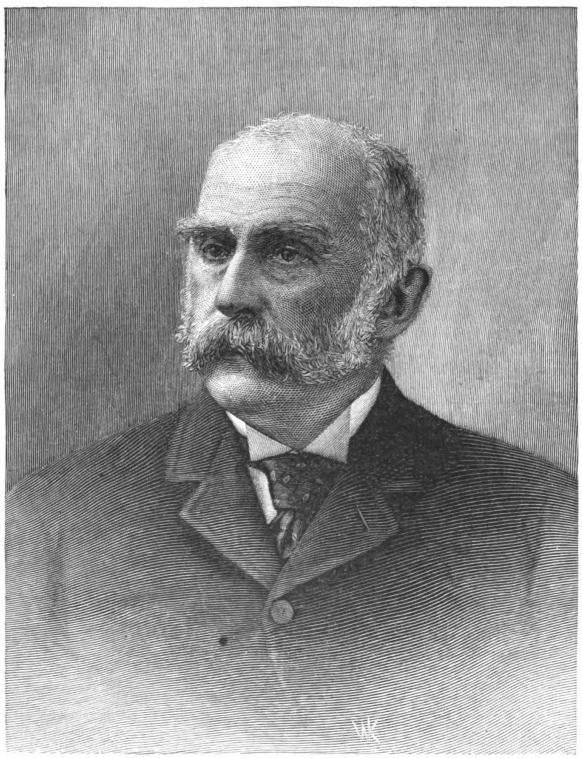
In 1884, following the same guiding principle as did the Weekly, the *Times* sustained the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland, and has done so with entire candor and independence since. It now announces that it "will be a Democratic newspaper," devoted, as in the past, to "the principles and policies that were emphatically approved by the people in the Presidental election of 1892," and pledging its "counsel and criticism" "to help the party to maintain them and broaden their sway." In municipal affairs it will seek to "bring about better and purer government," and "considerations of party or of faction will not stand in the way."

THE NATION'S GUEST.

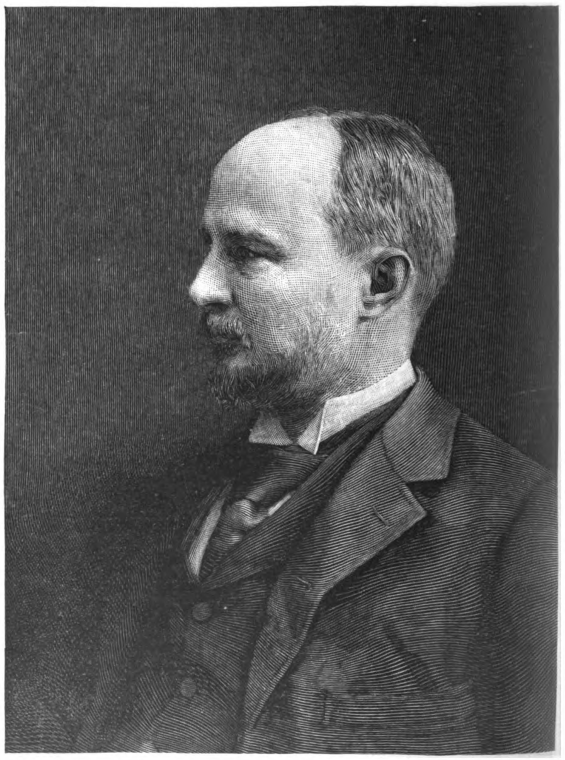
If the United States as a nation has entertained a guest since Lafayette's last visit till now, the writer cannot recall it. The present guest, Duque de Veragua, is the President of the Spanish Commission to the World's Columbian Exposition, and also a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this continent. The honors now bestowed upon him in America are due both to his descent and to his official position. His full name is Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Larrategui de la Corda Ramires de Baquedana y Gante. His titles are: Admiral and Adelantado Mayor de las Indias, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Marquis of Jamaica, Grandee of Spain, Senator of the Kingdom, Caballero de la Insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Gran Cruz de Carlos III., Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camara of the late King Don Alfonso XII. and the present Infante King Don Alfonso XIII., Member of the Royal Council of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce, and President of the Society for the Protection of Children. The first two titles on the list were bestowed upon Christopher Columbus in 1492 by the Catholic Sovereigns, according to the stipulations made by the discoverer before he sailed for America. The titles of Duque de Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica were bestowed upon Columbus's grandson, Don Luis Colon, in 1537. The present Duke was born in Madrid in 1837, and is the ninth Duque de Veragua and eleventh in descent from Columbus.

The Duke arrived in New York on the steamship *New York* on the morning of the 15th instant. He was met down the bay by Commander Dickins, of the United States navy, who had been assigned by the President to act as the Duke's honorary escort while his visit to this country lasts. While the steamship was at Quarantine a committee appointed by the Mayor arrived with a boat and took off the Duke and his family, escorting them to the Waldorf Hotel. In the afternoon the Mayor and Aldermen called and presented the Duke with the freedom of the city. The next day the Duke, escorted by Troop A, of the State National Guard, called at the City Hall to return the visit of the Mayor and Aldermen. On Wednesday afternoon the Duke and Duchess held a great reception at the Waldorf Hotel.

The remainder of the week was occupied by social functions in honor of the Duke, and on Saturday he went to Washington, where he met the President. He was then to return to New York for the naval parade and great ball, and later go to Chicago to witness the opening of the World's Fair on the 1st of May. He is a man of dignity and distinguished courtesy, and has made a most pleasant and favorable impression upon all who have met him. He is accompanied by his wife, brother, son, and daughter.

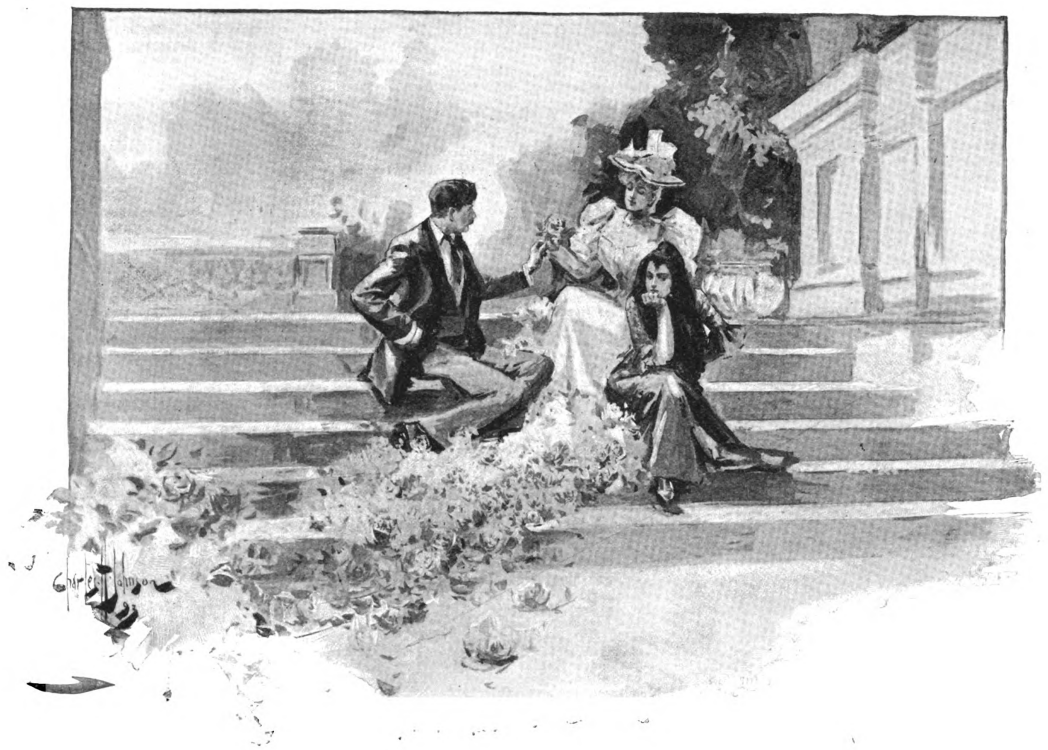


JAMES C. CARTER,
Of Counsel for the United States before the Bering Sea Court.—[See Page 398.]



CHARLES R. MILLER,
Editor of the New York *Times*.

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DOLORES.

BY LOUISE WORTHINGTON.

I.

SEÑOR DON RAFAEL ROMERO, of Sanduval, crossed the Madrileño's terrace and descended the stone steps into the garden; Elizabeth was sitting on a bench under the magnolia-trees, reading; Juan stood in the parlor window, hands in pockets, teeth gleaming through coal-black whiskers in a wicked smile.

A few moments before, Señor Romero came into the parlor to make his first call on the young *Americana*, Juan's handsome sister-in-law, and Juan had sent him into the garden to seek her, knowing very well that Rafael was as ignorant of "the English" as Elizabeth of Spanish. Then he rushed to a window that looked out on the garden path and the bench under the magnolia-trees, and waited.

Elizabeth did not lift her eyes until the Spaniard stood before her, bowing low, hat on heart; then she rose, and, resting her finger-tips on the back of the stone bench, gazed at him, somewhat bewildered.

"*Señorita, me permite su hermano de V. me presentar, Rafael Romero,—que beso los pies de V.!*" he said, rapidly, dropping his dark glance to her feet, then raising it gravely to her face.

"I do not understand Spanish," said the señorita. "Will you speak in English, please?"

Then came the moment of rapture for Juan Madrileño in the window. Romero spoke again, less rapidly, and with frequent gesticulations, for had he not just heard from her brother-in-law's lips that in the fortnight she had been in Spain the *Americana* had mastered the Spanish language, spoke and understood like a native? Elizabeth listened with increasing perplexity. *Por Dios! que gracioso!* how Juan shook and shrugged and laughed in the window! A little longer the futile dialogue went on under the trees, and then the two stood looking at each other in silence.

She saw a short, slight man, dark, very dark, dressed like a dandy, twirling a black mustache, and staring at her almost fiercely.

He saw a tall young woman in white, with hair like thistle down, a face pink and white, and eyes as clear and blue as ice. *Por Dios!* how beautiful she was!

They gazed at each other spellbound. Nothing broke the silence but the drip, drip of a fountain in the orange-tree walk.

A little figure came tripping across the terrace, down the steps, and approached gayly along the violet-bordered path, nodding, smiling, kissing its hand. It was like an entrance on the stage.

"*Buf!* Now Dolores has spoiled it all!" scolded Madrileño in the window, and he stamped, pulled his whiskers, and flung away like a spoiled child deprived of a sugar-plum.

Dolores drew the blond head of her tall American cousin down under her lace mantilla, and kissed her on each cheek.

"*Que graciosa!* they are very warm!" she cried, tapping the pink face with her finger-tips. Then she glanced swiftly at Romero. "*Ay!*" raising voice and eyebrows sharply, "it is very warm day! very warm!" She lifted a huge scarlet fan that hung from her belt by a ribbon, unfurled it, and began to wave it to and fro ostentatiously. Elizabeth and Romero watched her in silence.

"Have you been change to statues?" exclaimed the Spanish girl, half angrily, shifting her black eyes from one conscious face to the other. "*Mira!* I will be the fairy to let you free!" She swept her fan in a magic circle over her head, and laughed a pretty, musical, mirthless laugh, like the laughter of the stage.

As though the movement really had broken a spell, Elizabeth and Romero moved away from each other; she to pluck a bud from an orange-tree, and he to flip at the gravel with his cane.

"I have just come from your sister, who rests from her drive on the Alameda," said Dolores, turning to her cousin; "she beg that I would ask you, *cara mia*, to cut the roses for the dinner-table. I have brought you the seezors."

"Come, then!" cried Elizabeth, and tossing her book on the bench, she turned and walked away briskly between the orange-trees. "What a day, Doloresita! What a sky! What odors! I believe I hardly noticed before!"

"*Ay!* You have been at studying, then," panted the Spanish girl, giving a little run to catch up with her. "Josefa has tole me when you study you do not see nor hear nor feel; and you never rest. She tell me you have taken no nap all this day, *amiga mia!*"

"Nap!" laughed Elizabeth; "why should I nap when I haven't done anything all day but lounge under the trees? We don't nap in America, dear."

Dolores cast back her eyes at Romero, who followed them.

"The señorita thinks we Spaniards are a lazy set," she said in Spanish, shrugging her shoulders.

"Josephine says I eat the rind of my pomegranate and throw away the inside," continued Elizabeth; "but she is translated into Spanish, name and all; she likes all inside; now I think it's insipid."

"*Ay!* She has been at scolding me, too," panted Dolores; "she says I am not political; she is displeased because I have no politics. Is it true, then, that I am too stupid to be political, like you and Josefa, *cara mia?*"

Elizabeth dropped a patronizing glance on the little figure trotting at her side. It was as short and plump as a child's, and it was a child's face that was upturned to hers. Artifice there was in the wasp-waist, the Parisian dress, the high-heeled shoes, the stylish coiffure; but, no! no! none in that innocent upturned face. Elizabeth smiled at the thought.

"You are not stupid, child," she said; "but you are not politic. It makes me laugh to think of your acting a part, Dolores!" And they laughed together. "But come! give me the scissors. I may not understand a pomegranate, but at least I know a perfect rose when I see it."

They had reached the rose garden, a wilderness of mammoth trees, flinging out branches literally crowned with flowers, crimson, yellow, pink; and Elizabeth, pausing, shot an imperative glance back at Señor Romero. He sprang forward and pulled down a stem heavy with great Andalusian roses, and held it while she lifted two arms fit for a statue and snipped off the beauties one by one. They fell heavily to the walk, and she passed on humming a tune, leaving Romero to gather them up and hasten humbly after her. Dolores had stood watching the beak of the scissors snap at the great green stems, one dimpled hand resting on her hip, one swinging her fan by its ribbon; but as Elizabeth turned away and stepped proudly onward, and Rafael stooped to the dust to pick up her roses, the girl's arms dropped at her sides and her mouth gaped. She stood gazing stupidly after them for a moment. Then her teeth suddenly clicked together, and she drew a deep breath through them.

"*Caramba!*" she cried.

They went on along the vista that pierced the tangle of vines, and did not heed her; the white-robed figure would stop, and Romero would leap forward. *Ay de mí!* but it was growing more and more awkward for the señor! At first he managed to tuck his cane under one arm while he reached for the branches, which were always those that soared far aloft, but his burden of roses complicated matters, and he ended by throwing away his cane. At last she had mercy, and came strolling back to Dolores, smiling; Romero followed, both arms laden with a sheaf of thorny stems, his face darkly flushed, his eyes on fire.

They retraced their steps and mounted the crumbling yellow steps of the terrace; Encarnacion, the maid, brought out the great Spanish bowls, and Elizabeth sat down to fill them. Romero flung his burden down beside her, but his work was not finished yet. She waited for him to hand her the roses one by one; when he comprehended and proffered one, she put out a hand for it, then hesitated, looking from its huge thorns to her smooth white fingers. The don drew a tiny knife from his pocket, shaved the stem clean, and offered it again, when it was graciously accepted. Thus it went on, and there were so many roses! Dolores sat at their feet and rolled her eyes up at them, furiously biting the edge of her fan.

When the work was finished, Elizabeth for the first time looked Romero in the face.

"I cannot thank you," she said; "you wouldn't understand me; and besides, I don't know your name. Dolores, we have never been introduced!"

"*Ay!*" cried Dolores, sharply, closing her fan with a clash. Her Spanish reverence for etiquette was touched to the quick; she hastened to begin an elaborate presentation of Señor Rafael Romero y Sanduval to Señorita Elisabeta Goddard, half in Spanish, half in English, for the benefit of both sides —but she stopped short, and the introduction was never finished; they were not listening to her; what did it matter?

Elizabeth was swaying a crimson rose by its stem, and she swung it up to her lips and looked over its leaves at Romero, her eyes laughing; he stood on the step below, hat in hand; then she lifted the rose from her lips and gave it to him. Romero was not a tall man, but his grace and grandiloquent bearing gave him presence; at the moment when he bent to take the rose he seemed superb. Most Spaniards would have caught the flower to their lips, crushed it against their hearts; but Romero did neither. His dark eyes flashed, grew eloquent; then they met those of Dolores over the top of her fan. Was it possible that was a gleam of satire in those child eyes of Dolores? Romero drew himself up, and, twirling his mustache jauntily, held the rose at arm's-length and looked at it critically; he was at once a coxcomb, smug, debonair; and when he finally took the lapel of his coat between his thumb and forefinger and drew the stem through the button-hole, it was with the air of a man admitting the beauty of the rose, but asserting at the same time that the button-hole was worthy.

II.

"*Por la estrella mas clara*
que hay allá arriba,
Juro que he de quererte
toda mi vida,"

sang Romero, brushing the backs of his finger-tips back and forth across his guitar, and rolling his black eyes up at the moon.

A group of guests sat on the Madrileño's terrace, sipping cordial and gossiping in the moonlight; women whispered together under their mantillas, fans swinging, slippers tap-

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ping in time with the music; men strutted about or lounged against the huge stone vases, sending up threads of silver smoke from their fragrant *cigarretos*.

Elizabeth sat on the top steps of the terrace, with Dolores by her side; Romero had flung himself at their feet.

"What is he singing, *niña?*" asked the American, softly, leaning forward and fixing her eyes on the Spaniard's dark profile. In her filmy white dress, with her silvery hair and milk-white skin, she looked like the spirit of the moonlight; there was some of its witchery in her eyes, too, as they beamed on Romero; but the singer persistently addressed his own to the moon, whom he seemed to be besieging with the passionate words of his song.

"'By the star the most bright which there is there above, I swear that I *must* love thee all my life!'" translated Dolores.

Rafael: "*Mas me vale en tus labios*
una sonrisa,
que todos los placeres
que hallé en la vida."

Dolores: "'More is worth to me from thy lips a smile, than all the pleasures that there are in life.'"

Rafael: "*Eres, aunque no quieras,*
quien vela y guia
los sueños y caprichos
del alma mia."

Dolores: "'Thou art, although thou desirest it not, the one who watches over and guides the dreams and fancies of this soul of mine.'"

Suddenly he turned, and looked her full in the eyes—what she had been trying to bewitch him to do, but now she quailed before the audacity of his gaze.

"*Con esos mismos ojos*
con que hoy me miras,
quisiera me miraras
toda la vida,"—he sang.

"'With those same eyes with which to-day you look at me,'" said Dolores, with a catch in her voice, "'I would that you would look at me all my life.'"

Elizabeth gave a little tremulous sigh.

"Tell him not to stop, Dolores," she murmured.

"'If it please thee that I sing, all my life making songs I will pass,'" came the musical response.

Again the little sigh.

Romero flung his hand across the guitar strings and woke a wail of despair.

"'Although you see me sing, sings only the mouth, for in my heart I have pain, and no little.'" Dolores' eyes were tragic as she turned them to Elizabeth's delicately agitated face.

"Do not be so triste, *cara*," she cooed, flinging an arm across her cousin's lap, "*it is only a song.*"

Elizabeth started from her dream as though she had been stung, averted her face, and laughed nervously.

"True; it is foolish," she murmured. "It is only a song, and you Spaniards say so much more than you mean."

Dolores leaned forward and tapped Romero's arm with her fan; he, too, awoke, snatched his bewitched eyes from the moon spirit's face, and turned them to Dolores.

"The señorita says that it is pretty—for a song," said she in Spanish; "but we Spaniards sing lies, she says, and it is—" she shrugged her shoulders and spread her palms, "only a song."

Romero laid aside his guitar.

"*Hola! hola!*" came from the terrace in applause. "*Ay!*" "*Hola!*" "*Gracias, señor!*" "*Gracias, Rafael!*" "*Hola! hola!*" and the soft clapping of hands.

III.

A wind blew straight down from the snow-topped mountains. It was cold, cold! The Spaniards gathered their cloaks about them, shivering, and cried that it was "*horriblemente!*"

Elizabeth sat in the marble-floored parlor spreading her hands over a brazier filled with live coals; Josefa was sleeping among the silk pillows of a couch at the other end of the room, when Juan ushered in Rafael Romero.

"I have taken him down to see the vine-dressers," said Madrileño, with a mock obeisance to his sister-in-law. "I have taken him to the monkey cage, and still he is not amused. He prefers to be talking with you. He so much enjoys those little talks with you." Then turning to Romero: "I will leave you to your *tête-à-tête*, señor, and do not believe her if she tells you that she cannot speak Spanish; it is her modesty; she talks as well as I do," and he sauntered from the room, smiling under his black whiskers, just turning in the doorway to lift a warning finger and to whisper, "Don't talk too loud or you will wake Josefa."

They looked at each other and smiled, then sat down opposite each other and looked at the brazier.

Elizabeth gently chafed her hands and stretched them over the coals; Romero bent his grave gaze on them, looked up, met her eyes, and his own suddenly became radiant. "Beautiful, *Salada!*" they said.

She shivered a little. He brought a silk scarf from the lounge and put it about her shoulders. Her eyes thanked him.

She threw herself back in her chair, wound her arms in the silken folds, and looked out of the window at the terrace, where the storm was scattering a snow of orange blossoms. He watched her. She wore a white dress, her hair shone like silk, her eyes were like the Mediterranean, even her eyebrows and lashes were pale gold—a defect in color to most critics, to Romero, ravishing. When she turned her glance to him again there was something in his intent, dark face that made her tingle. They looked at each other in silence;—a tapping of little heels in the tiled hall, and Dolores burst into the room like a gust of cold air. Her hair was blown about her glowing face, her eyes sparkled like jet; she ran to the brazier, laughing like a child, and knelt by Elizabeth, and began to rub her hands over the coals.

"*Buf!* It is cold, *cara mia*," she cried; "I have come all the long way to see you, Elisabeta, for Leopoldo told me that Josefa said you are going back to America soon, *soon;*" the jet eyes glittered as she raised them to Elizabeth's face. "*Ay de mí!* I shall be desolate when you go to America, *amiga mia!*"

She caught a hand under the silk scarf, and snatching it to her lips, kissed it passionately. Elizabeth looked down on her unmoved.

"*Ay!* You too are cold," pouted Dolores, shivering and drawing her cloak about her. "Señor Romero," she said in Spanish, "I tell the señorita she is as cold as the day; she has not a sigh nor a tear, and yet she is going away—to America."

Elizabeth did not see the spasm of pain cross his face, except as it flashed over Doloresita's, as over a mirror.

"My dear," she said, calmly, "they say you Southerners feel more than we do, but I don't believe it. You talk more about it, that's all. In Spain you dash your caps on the ground and trample on them, meaning eternal devotion and all that sort of thing. The next day you get a new cap—and a new object of devotion. In America we are ashamed of feeling, we laugh when we feel most, but"—she pressed her hands together tightly under the scarf—"we feel!"

Romero watched her intently; Dolores darted furtive glances from one face to the other.

"The señorita will never believe," she said in mellow Andalusian, "that we Spaniards can love and be true; she says we talk much of our feelings. *Buf!* Nothing but lies! To-day one casts his cap on the ground and swears eternal devotion; to-morrow—he has forgotten."

Romero gave a fierce twirl to his mustache.

"In America they do not lie," the little interpreter went on; "but—they do not feel. We must not blame her, Rafael. She is not in fault; she has an American heart."

"How many Spaniards were lured there with hopes of discovering rich treasures of gold," said Romero, bitterly, "and died of starvation!"

"*Ay!* they were fools!" cried Dolores. "They could have found food in Spain."

Elizabeth watched them jealously. Dolores' prettiness gave her a pang. She had never looked so pretty. A hood lined with scarlet fell back from her head, her blue-black hair was rumpled on her forehead, a rich carmine stained her lips and olive skin. The black eyes turned suddenly and caught the expression in the blue ones. Then she knew she held a trump card for the end of the game.

"Señor Romero says you Americans disappoint," she said, sweetly. "You promise riches—much; you give—" She shrugged her shoulders and held out two empty hands.

Elizabeth knit her brows and pondered. Romero watched her with melancholy eyes.

"Señorita!" he burst out suddenly, turning to Dolores with flashing eyes, "tell her we are not all so, we Spaniards. One casts at her feet his heart, and, should she spurn it, can never forget."

Dolores spread her little fat hands over the brazier, and studied them gravely.

"Señor Romero says," she began, with shy hesitancy—"Señor Romero says that it is not always as you say, not always as you do see it, *cara mia*. Sometimes they lay their hearts truly at the feet of a beloved one, these Spaniards, and her they will never forget. I think," she added, looking up swiftly at Elizabeth's listening face, and then dropping her eyelids coyly, "I think he means he—self."

"Ah!" said the American, coldly, "so there is a beloved in the case. Who is it, Dolores?"

Dolores flashed a smile into the steady blue eyes, lifted her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Is it you?" asked Elizabeth, with honest directness.

"*Por Dios!*" cried the Spanish girl. Blushing, she pulled the scarlet hood up over her head, trying to hide her smiling lips in its border, and flashing a glance from the corners of her eyes at Romero. He met it with one of appeal. "Give me one word of hope!" it seemed to say.

Dolores dropped her eyes and sighed.

"Ah! I see," said Elizabeth, "and he has been trying to make you jealous by playing with me. A very pretty game." Then turning a cold, disdainful face to Rafael, "I am afraid you are a flirt," she said, laughed flippantly, and tossing the scarf from her shoulders, rose and sauntered to the window, humming a toreador's song.

Dolores echoed her words.

She never knew what answer he made; she did not see him make his magnificent bow and take his leave; she just caught a glimpse of him muffling his cloak about him and holding down his sombrero in the wind, as he skirted a corner of the terrace and turned down the driveway.

IV.

The day before she left, Elizabeth took a last walk in the garden; the work of the storm was on every side—gaps in the yellow wall, already half-demolished by an earthquake, ragged palm leaves, oranges, and orange blossoms strewn together along the walk. Yet to-day wore a glorious smile. That was the way in Spain!

She plucked a great rose and came back to the stone seat under the magnolias. She sat there all the afternoon with an open book on her knee, but he did not come. In the evening she stole away from the others on the terrace—those noisy, laughing, vexing others—and came back to her bench. A crescent moon was caught in the leaves of a palm-tree; a nightingale was singing somewhere; up from the garden came a breeze stifling with the scent of orange blossoms. He did not come.

The next day, when the American stood at the station bidding everybody good-by, *adios*, weeping señoritas falling on her neck, languishing dons bending over her hand, servants calling down blessings on her pretty yellow head, a messenger hastened up and handed her a great bunch of Andalusian roses, huge beauties, ravishingly sweet; a card attached bore a few words in Spanish.

"Read it to me, Dolores!" commanded Elizabeth. The Spanish girl sobbed on her shoulder, but her black eyes had spied the card and read it before it even caught her cousin's eye; however, she took it demurely and read aloud through her tears: "To the most radiant, the most cold; from the most humble, the most proud. [Signed] A Flirt."

Elizabeth laughed.

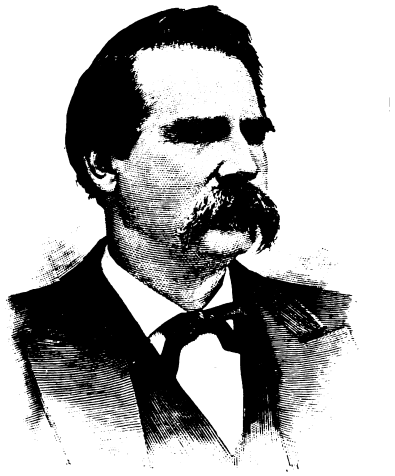
"Very neat," she said; "but it will be too big for me to carry with all my traps—the bouquet; here, you take it, Dolores; I will keep the card—to remember him by!"

SMOKING-CARS ON THE CHICAGO LIMITED.

A STORY was told several years ago of a restless and ordinarily sleepless man who discovered that he could find rest in a sleeping-car and repose quietly at night in a berth in a way that had long been denied to him in a proper bed. Having discovered this, he arranged his business so that he spent his time riding back and forth from New York to Chicago. He slept well at night, and during the day he wrote the letters that would have engaged his time had he been in his own office. Probably this story was the work of the imagination of some one who created it to express his appreciation of the comforts of modern railway travel. This story is several years old. Had the inventor waited till now to construct his yarn, he would probably have made it even stronger than he did, for what was considered the height of luxury half a dozen years or so ago, when these quick and exclusive trains were first adopted, would be considered only common and second-rate nowadays, since the adoption of the vestibules which make a line of cars seem but one car, and since the smoking-car, which formerly was rather a bleak and uncomfortable place, has been improved and improved until it has in it all of the comforts and luxuries to be found in a club or a first-class hotel. The traveller, while covering space at a rate beyond forty miles an hour, can take a bath as comfortably as though he were at home, and have all of the peculiar attentions as to shaving, hair-cutting, and shampooing which railway travel makes grateful if not absolutely necessary.

But the smoking-cars on the limited trains to Chicago have other comforts besides the barber shop and the bath-room. The chairs are luxuriously upholstered, and the traveller who cannot be comfortable in one of them is hard indeed to satisfy. And then there are books and the best weekly newspapers. The books, by-the-way, are generally very well selected, and if the newest novels are not to be found, there are plenty of old friends to be had for the asking. The books in the smoking-car libraries are in striking contrast to those vapid and lurid tales that the book-peddler on an ordinary train recommends with so much voluble assurance.

The extra charge for all the comforts of the limited trains to and from Chicago is only about ten per cent. more than the ordinary fare. This does not seem excessive, and it is no wonder that these trains are the best patronized of all those running between the two great cities. J. G. S.



THE NEW MINISTER TO TURKEY.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sent to the Senate on April 13th the nomination of Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Turkey. Alexander W. Terrell was born in Patrick County, Virginia, November 3, 1829. His parents were both of native birth, of English and German descent respectively. The family removed to Missouri in 1832, where Judge Terrell received his education, graduating from the University of Missouri. He then took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar at St. Joseph in 1849. Four years later he moved to Austin, Texas, and since that time has continued to reside in that State. In 1857 the young man was elected Judge of the Second Judicial District, and filled the post with honor. Judge Terrell was in sympathy with the movement for secession, but took no active part in the proceedings owing to his position on the bench. Upon expiration of his term of office, however, he entered the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-fourth Texas Cavalry. He became Colonel later, and at the close of the war commanded a brigade. After a short residence in Houston he returned to Austin, where his home now is. Judge Terrell was twice elected to the State Senate of Texas, and made a brilliant record. He has long been a prominent man in the State, and is regarded as a speaker of force and an earnest student of political economy. During the last campaign Judge Terrell made many able speeches in support of the Democratic candidates.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

LOWER New York has had its free exhibition of good paintings. In Whitechapel it is a regular yearly event, under the auspices of Toynbee Hall. In the North End of Boston a similar enterprise was carried out last winter; and now in the same city the "South End Free Art Exhibition" is drawing to a most successful close.

The success of the exhibition is not measured wholly in terms of the criticisms let fall by visitors; for one small boy, standing before a Monet, remarked, "The fellow that printed that ain't no good"; and another critic, of larger growth, declared of a beautiful portrait by one of the very chiefest of American painters, "Ha! ye can see no professional done *that*."

But another man testified, "This show lays all over the Art Museum; its *fresher goods*." And if numbers speak for anything, the average attendance of nearly fifteen hundred people a day should not pass without mention. Of these crowds, too, it has been delightful to see how many have taken very genuine and intelligent interest in the pictures.

The idea of opening free exhibitions of pictures for a term of weeks in the parts of a city where all uplifting influences are most needed but least accessible followed naturally in the footsteps of University Settlements. It is no strange thing, then, that in the conduct of the Boston exhibition—set down in a part of the city densely crowded, and pitiably lacking in social cohesion of any sort—the Andover House and the Women's College Settlement have taken an active part. The committee responsible for the exhibition, however, was made up of people of many interests—artists, business and professional men, and women given to good works. More than a month ago they had

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secured the loan of over a hundred of the best pictures in Boston, and on the 13th of March Lieutenant-Governor Roger Walcott formally opened the exhibition, to be continued from noon till ten o'clock at night of every day, including Sundays, for four weeks. The city gave the use of the large ward-room in the old Franklin School-house, at Washington Street below Dover, free of charge.

A London working-man is said to have come out of a free picture show with the double complaint, "The pictures staggered me, but the explanations made me sick." He referred to the notes in the catalogue pointing out the beauties of special pictures. If the "explanations" of the Boston pictures have made any visitors "sick," there has been no announcement of the fact. On the contrary, it is thought that the catalogues, which have been extensively sold for two cents apiece, have added greatly to the interest of the exhibition. And even of more importance has been the constant attendance of persons holding themselves ready to talk with any approachable or approaching visitors.

There were many volunteers for this service—art students, Wellesley College girls, young women of society, artists, men from the Andover House, and women from the College Settlement. Few of them probably got through their first afternoon or evening without the feeling that it was mere impertinence on their part to trap any unwary visitor into talk. But a few hours' experience must have shown each and every attendant how silly such notions were. It soon became the most natural thing in the world to say a word to man, woman, or boy, and it has usually been the attendant's fault if after that first word a most interesting conversation did not flow rapidly forth.

Jerome says that in stage-land people who chance to meet never ask each other to come and have something, as they might in real life, but, instead, always offer to sit down and tell the stories of their lives. So, almost, has it been at this art exhibition. If a man is seen studying a marine picture, and you happen to say a word to him about it, before you know it he is telling you how he ran away to sea, and everything that has befallen him since. If it is the "Village Smithy" which engages his attention—and this picture of Henry Sandham's, by-the-way, has been the great popular success of the exhibition—the visitor points out some accuracy or trivial slip of detail, and then by a few easy steps is in the midst of a talk upon the trade. Quite aside from the hints upon art and appreciation which the attendant may be able to give, these informal natural talks with men, women, and children of every grade have surely done a world of good in showing both parties to the conversation that there are acres of common ground on which almost any two people may meet. And the person who has come, perhaps, with an exalted idea of the instruction he was to impart goes away asking himself if he is not the instructed.

The fact that everybody has been asked to cast a ballot for the picture he likes best has greatly bridged over the gap between visitors and attendants. Very interesting has it been to observe the preferences of the voters, nearly all of whom have taken their right of suffrage as seriously as a first Presidential vote. The men—largely, of course, of the laboring class—have stood by the "Village Smithy." Some of them, especially those freshest from school, have quoted Longfellow at the canvas. Not a few have said, "Just look at the light on that smithy's right arm"; and even more have remarked: "That picture's dead right. I've been there myself." The women have voted heavily for "Sleeping Innocence," a nude child, by Léon Perrault, and for A. H. Munsell's portrait of the little deaf-mute Helen Keller. Miss Elizabeth Strong's "Correy," a portrait of a spaniel, has been a great favorite with children; and when, one afternoon, the real Correy, in flesh and blood, was brought to the hall by his owner, the children's glee was unbounded. The large attendance of children has been due in part to the public-school teachers of the neighborhood, who have told their pupils to write compositions about pictures.

But it is not alone the pictures of limited appeal to the imagination that people have selected as the best. An exquisite copy of Botticelli's "Tobias and the Angels" has won many votes. W. M. Hunt's famous "Drummer Boy" stands now higher on the list; a "Family Scene in Italy" by Gaetano, a few French landscapes, and a "Country House," by Denis Bunker, have had a liberal share of admiration and ballots. If there have been "repeaters" among the boys, there was, on the other hand, no Tammany candidate to be defeated, and, on the whole, the ballot will show with tolerable clearness the drift of unbiassed and, be it said, untutored opinion on the merits of the pictures.

The exhibition has been eminently a success, and is more than likely to be repeated next year. The total number of visitors will be in the neighborhood of 40,000. Though many have been led to visit the Art Museum through this exhibition, it would be idle to say that any strong artistic impulse has been given to the majority of these people; but into the minds and souls of hundreds of them a light has surely come from another world—a world in which sordidness and toil are not the only things of moment, and where it may be seen that there is other work to be done besides that of brawn.

And of the people in their own city the visitors to the exhibition have learned something worth learning. To some of them it was almost inexplicable that nobody was making any money out of the enterprise, that no picture-dealers or advertisers or impecunious artists were concerned. One of these doubters, at last persuaded that the whole affair was free from selfishness in any form, remarked, with the solemnity of reluctant conviction, "Well, it does look as if somebody in the world thought of somebody else some time."

M. H.

A VISIT TO THE PARIS SEWERS.

As our two cabs drove into the Place de la Madeleine, a small knot of people collected just in front of the church indicated the object of our search. Yes, that must be the place, for, see! several of the people hold pink tickets in their hands, like ours.

A sort of tent had been erected over the opening, supported by four posts with a railing round, over which hung as many interested lookers-on as the rail could well accommodate; others peered between and over the shoulders of their more fortunate neighbors.

Only one or two possessors of permits besides ourselves had yet arrived, so we took our places at the head of the line. Most of the crowd, it seemed, were like the brotherhood of the rail, merely passers-by arrested by the unusual look of things. The sewers are open but seldom, and to few at a time.

A blue-coated official guarded the top of a narrow slimy-looking stone stairway, which disappeared into inky blackness. Now and then men dressed all in white would spring up from this cavity, and others disappear down into it. Gradually the ticket-holders increased in number, till the hour for descending arrived. There were about fifty, two-thirds French; the women, in stylish costumes, light bonnets, and high heels, hardly suggested an exploration of the sewers.

Our party was the first to start the descent. Six or eight steps brought us to a turning, the way growing slimier, blacker, at each step. Carefully holding up skirts, we reach the big black mouth. Two pairs of white arms dart out from it. A voice calls, "Approchez!" I am grabbed by both arms, and find myself being handed into an enormous black something like a canal-boat, with leather cushions all round the sides. We stumble into place in silent amazement at the quite unearthly scene which, not twenty steps down from the brilliancy of Paris, has unfolded itself.

Coming suddenly from such total darkness, the lights all along the sides of the boats were blinding. But quickly becoming used to it, we saw this long black stream of turbid water stretching on indefinitely, the arched roof not far above our heads, with its perfect net-work of pipes, a narrow stone walk on either side of the water, on which were ranged the white-robed individuals we had noticed above, now looking like so many ghosts, standing motionless, with the long ropes in their hands by which we were to be propelled along. Just over their heads on each side ran a great pipe like an enormous snake. In much less time than it takes to tell, and while seated in silent wonder, our boat had filled up, the captain taken his position in the stern, a horn sounded a ghostly signal, the ropes tightened in the hands of the men on either side, and we were moved on to make room for the other boats to come up and receive their loads.

Besides the gas jets on the boats, there were others bordering both sides of the canal at short intervals, diminishing in the distance till they became mere pin-heads of lights, a weird and extremely picturesque scene as we stood up a moment and looked back upon it (there were four boats besides our own, such low, black, mysterious-looking crafts, with their incongruous load of gayly dressed passengers!). The muffled sounds of the horns, and silent white figures of the crews, carried the imagination into all kinds of strange similes. The Inferno and river Styx! But nothing seemed quite to hit it.

The man who is always late kept us fifteen minutes sitting there, but finally the start was made in earnest. Instantly there came the sound of rushing water above and from all sides; it seemed about to break through upon us; the inky river, so sluggish before we started, now gurgled up over the prows, and the whole effect was of very rapid motion. The white figures bent 'way forward over the ropes, almost running, their footfalls making a steady unbroken accompaniment to the noise of the waters; the air felt cold and damp about the throat and face. Now and then we came to openings from the street above, with a stream splashing down from them, perhaps sending a few drops of the unpleasant-looking waterfall over us; excepting for this, and occasional drip from a pipe overhead, the French ladies' toilettes stood in no danger.

Presently a number of lights 'way in the distance seemed to collect in the centre of the canal over the water. Some new wonder. On reaching it, it proved to be a portion of the sewer boarded over into a platform. It was brilliantly lighted, with officials in uniforms walking up and down, chatting airily, as if a sewer were as ordinary and agreeable a promenading-place as the Boulevard des Italiens. We were quickly pulled up, and politely handed out upon this unique *salle d'attente*, whereupon every tongue, silent heretofore, broke out in a perfect babel of speech, like the noise ensuing upon the fall of the curtain after the first act of a new play.

When all the boats were emptied, it was quite crowded in the little reception-room. We were at the junction of four sewers, the two running in opposite direction from the way we had come being much narrower and in total darkness. One instinctively disliked the idea of disappearing into these mouths, like entrances to Hades, but there was no way out but on. The people walked up and down, the different languages sounding strangely. Suddenly a new noise added itself to all the others. It was like distant thunder, gradually growing louder and nearer. What underground world had we come into? From out the black opening came some kind of cars (the like never seen before), drawn by more white ghosts, filled with more ladies and gentlemen. Each stopped in front of us; passengers alighted, were handed over into the boats we had just vacated; so on till all the cars were empty. Then we were as quickly handed into them, and started off in silent astonishment once more, while the boats disappeared from sight back in the direction we had come in them.

The cars we now found ourselves in had seats across the front, and others back to back. How the tracks were laid it was impossible to see, but we went very swiftly, drawn by only two men to a car; a long pole extended out in front, with a crossbar at the end, which a man on either side took hold of and pushed. It was now not only much narrower and blacker, but colder and damper; no pipes anywhere; no lights ahead; nothing to see but the two white figures pushing us into apparently endless darkness. How fast they went, seemingly without an effort, never once slackening speed! Finally a tiny point of light *did* appear, looking thousands of miles away, and just as my head began to throb painfully from the dampness and increasing bad odors, and several were complaining of sore throats. It was a wonderful and interesting experience, but we were glad to see that point of light. Suddenly it went out, showing we must have turned a corner. Another five minutes or so and we found ourselves at the junction of an immense sewer brilliantly lighted with gas. It must have been twenty feet wide and equally high, filled with gigantic pipes, and the noise of rushing water was deafening. The cars were turned on a switch without our moving, and we branched off down this new wonder, this Avenue de l'Opéra of sewers, for half a mile or more, when from somewhere the light of day seemed to be struggling thinly down, mingling with the gas and electricity, like one's first awakening sensations after a bad dream.

We saw the first car stationary, people unloading, and with a sigh of some regret, but more relief, knew it was over.

The white ghosts were now wiping their perspiring brows in a very earthly manner, as we too stepped down to the sidewalk and made our way up another winding stone stairs, emerging once more into daylight, and finding ourselves at the other end of Paris, by the brink of the Seine, the centre of a similar crowd of wondering spectators to those who had watched our descent. We had been through the sewers of Paris and Victor Hugo, but in a more comfortable manner than the way poor Jean Valjean saw them.

FRANCES WHITE.

THE NEW AMERICAN LINERS.

THE American navy is cutting such a figure at the present moment that our public have forgotten for the time being in this glorious Columbus year that we had a celebration in New York on Washington's birthday—a celebration which foretold the revival in earnest of American merchant ship building. The event referred to was the raising of the American flag on the *New York* by ex-President Harrison; and this was supplemented on the 18th inst. by the laying of the keels of the hulls of Nos. 277 and 278 at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, which will, when launched and finished, be the first two great Atlantic liners of domestic manufacture for the American Line, brought into existence by the act of Congress authorizing the American registry of the *New York* and *Paris*. Although this event is unequalled in its importance in the history of American merchant marine, there was no ceremony surrounding it, except that Mr. Charles H. Cramp superintended the work in person, and Mr. Griscom, the president, and several other officers of the International Navigation Company were present.

Ninety-six feet of the keel of No. 277 and seventy-two feet of the keel of No. 278 were laid. Both of these vessels are to be similar in class to the *New York* and *Paris*, though exceeding them by a few tons in gross register. Of the five ships the Cramp Company is to build for the American Line, it is probable that only these two will be of the *New York* and *Paris* class, it having been substantially decided by the managers of the American Line, with true business forethought and enterprise, to respond at once to the Cunard Company's challenge for the supremacy in the transatlantic business, as embodied in the *Campania* and *Lucania*, by building the other three in the class of these latter, that is, the class which is commonly known among shipping men as "the 600-footers."

This determination on the part of Mr. Griscom and his fellow-managers is hailed with satisfaction by the Messrs. Cramp, who, having proved their ability to construct any class of war-ship equal to the productions of foreign yards, are more than anxious to try conclusions with the best output of British yards in building these great ocean-going vessels.

The first ship to be launched will be named the *Minneapolis*, an event which is expected to take place this summer. As soon as this occurs, the keel of the first of the 600-footers will be laid on her blocks. The building of these merchant ships is not subject to the delays incidental to the building of government work, so their progress towards completion will be exceedingly rapid. The construction of them will be pushed by the Messrs. Cramp to the utmost capacity of their wonderful establishment, and it is expected that the ships whose keels were laid the other day will be ready for the spring trade of 1895. By that time the cruiser *New York* and several battle-ships will be in commission, so that "Old Glory" can resume its old-time pride of place in the marine world.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



JUDGE GRESHAM'S SUCCESSOR.

JUDGE JAMES G. JENKINS, who has been selected by the President to succeed Judge Gresham as Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit, is in the prime of life and activity. He was born at Saratoga Springs, New York, January 18, 1834, his father being a cousin of General Worth, of Mexican war fame, and his mother the daughter of Chancellor Reuben H. Walworth, a distinguished jurist of the Empire State. He was admitted to the bar in the city of New York in 1855, and removed to Milwaukee in 1857, where he practised his profession. He was the City Attorney of Milwaukee for four terms, from 1863 to 1867, and practised in the Supreme Court of the State, and of the United States.

In 1877 he declined the Democratic nomination for Governor of the State, but in 1879 accepted such nomination, leading a forlorn hope, and largely reducing the Republican majority. In 1880 he received the compliment of the vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature for United States Senator. The same year he was named by the bar of the State as the successor of Chief Justice Ryan, of the State Supreme Court, but the Governor chose a gentleman of his own party for the position.

In 1875 he was nominated for County Judge of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, but declined. In 1886 he was tendered by the President a position upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, but also declined that honor. In 1888, upon the resignation of Judge Charles E. Dyer, he was appointed by the President as United States Judge for the Eastern District of Wisconsin, which position he now holds.

Judge Jenkins married the only daughter of Judge Miller, one of his predecessors, and their home is a model of refinement, and the resort of a large circle of cultivated people. He is a man of wide culture and extensive reading, and a brilliant speaker. His appointment as the successor of Judge Gresham, who resigned to accept a position in the cabinet of President Cleveland, has given universal satisfaction.

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THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by the Moreno Company.—[See Page 392.]



THE DUCHESS OF VERAGUA.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by the Moreno Company.

of the Indies. Though battered by time, no essential feature had suffered. It is of the Flemish school in treatment; the general ground tones are raw—umberish and black; the shadows are thinly glazed, the high lights well loaded, the higher lights established upon a basis of distemper, or plaster, a mode anciently in use. The expert Paul Foinet, of Paris, certifies that the canvas upon which it is painted dates back to the sixteenth century at least.

The inquiry into the portrait's history occasioned interesting researches, far too long to be set down here. It led to Avignon, where most kindly aid was lent by Mademoiselle Roumanille, daughter of the celebrated Provençal poet. In brief, the two elderly ladies of Nice had received it from a family of Imbert de Lonnes, with whom they had been instructors, and it had been in Nice some fifteen years. The Imbert de Lonnes were now decayed, scattered, and wellnigh extinct. We at length discovered at Marseilles Madame Degréaux, the last surviving granddaughter of the house, the one who had presented the portrait. She testifies that it came to her, through her mother, from her grandfather, Imbert de Lonnes; that it had always been esteemed a picture of much value in the family; that her grandfather had bought it at one of the great sales of the royal effects in the Revolution of '93; and that it came from the private cabinet of Marie Antoinette. Another granddaughter, by marriage, the last surviving bearer of the name Imbert de Lonnes, also living at Marseilles, testifies to the same effect. This Imbert de Lonnes was chief surgeon to the King's brother. He went into retirement during the Revolution, re-emerged, attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, and was finally surgeon in-chief at the branch home of the Invalides at Avignon.

The Bradley portrait is traced a hundred years in the same family, and directly into the possession of the royal family of France, who might easily have brought it in from the Low Countries, which they were forever overrunning. Supposing it to have been in the possession of the royal family of France not very much longer than it was with the De Lonnes, then hidden away a moderate while in some gallery of the Low Countries, and then to have remained in the Hall of the Council of the Indies up to not long before the time of De Bry, and we have mainly closed in a gap, which, considerable though it may be in the life of man, is really not so very great as compared to some of the most apparently ephemeral works of his hands.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

I BELIEVE there is a popular impression that portraits of Columbus are very numerous. On the contrary, portraits of Columbus having any shade of authority are extremely few. The only rational course in regard to the greater part of those reproduced in the contemporary magazines is simply to take a pencil and cross them off the list. Every age produced Columbus after its own heart, with the kind of looks and costume it considered the most complimentary to him, archæology entirely aside.

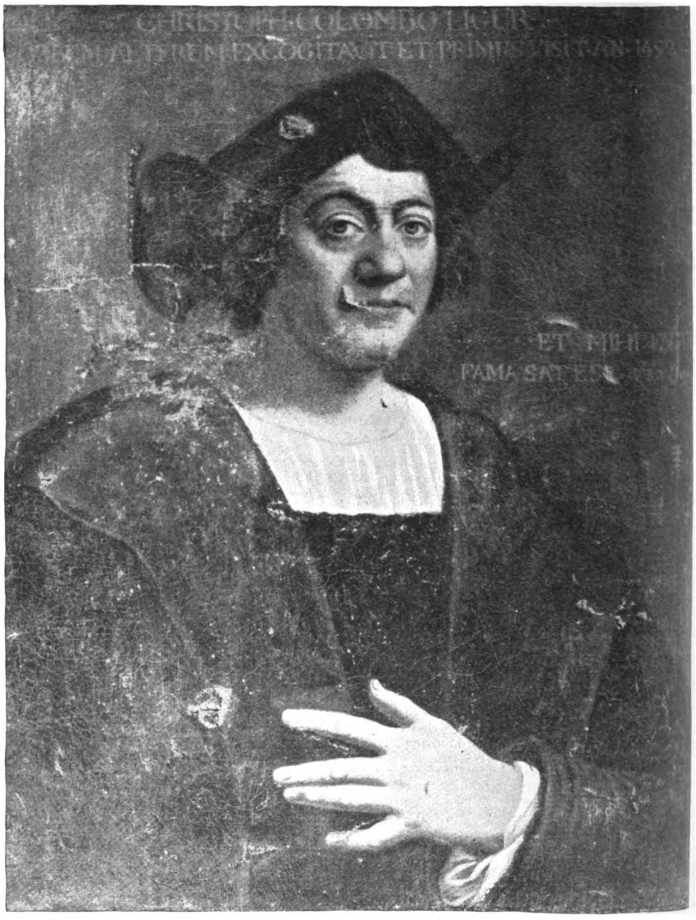
The eliminating process complete, there remain only the monastic-looking group, which comprises chiefly the Rincon, the Yanez, the Ministry of Marine, the Altissimo, the De Orchi, and the Lorenzo Lotto portrait, all more or less copied from one another and the rude early Giovio engraving; and then the much smaller group, consisting of the Bradley portrait, the Versailles portrait, and the De Bry engraving. Nor is there any irreconcilable conflict between these two groups, for it is possible enough that the man who looked like the Bradley picture in the robust strength of his freebooting prime may have come to resemble the other when tried, wasted, saddened, refined down by the heavy sorrows of his latter days.

The Bradley painting, when I first saw it, did not answer to that highly idealized notion of the grand historical figure which all of us have been taught to carry around in our hearts from the earliest childhood. Needless to say that in the sequel I came to credit it all the more securely because it was *not* the preconceived, the *a priori*, Columbus. This likeness agrees with the later and more accurate information as to what the character of Columbus really was; it is exactly true to the period and his station of life, and it agrees with the descriptions of those who knew him. Such a hearty, thick-featured, rather low-browed Columbus, of flesh and blood and passion and physical strength, tempered by the natural majesty of the thinker-out of a great idea and a leader of men, may well enough have been that rude sailor who, before his great undertaking,* "was hardened by thirty-six years of ceaseless adventure, ... and for twenty-three years had scarcely ever left the unsteady deck." His life was not calculated to produce an ascetic, a dreamer, or a courtier.

The picture was then hanging on the walls of two quiet elderly maiden sisters at Nice, and it was soon after acquired by Mr. W. H. Bradley, United States consul at that place, who has sent it over to be shown at Chicago. It had never been in the hands of any dealer, and it could easily be traced to a period when there was no temptation to manufacture probable Columbuses. It was gratifying to find that it was identical with the De Bry engraving and the picture in the National Gallery at Versailles. The engraving appears in De Bry's *Great Voyages*, one of the earliest books of travel, published in 1595. Feuillet de Conches, whose careful researches are the necessary basis of all subsequent writing on the subject, holds the Versailles picture to be that from which De Bry's engraving was made. De Bry states that his engraving was made from a copy of the original portrait from life, which was stolen from the Hall of the Council of the Indies in Spain, and brought to the Low Countries, where De Bry lived.

The Bradley portrait is a fine large canvas, showing nearly half the figure, including an arm and an excellently painted hand, and it is much the stronger and more individual work of the two. The Versailles portrait is on a small wooden panel, and, like the engraving which follows it, shows only head and bust. The inference is clear that the smaller, not the larger, work must be the copy. It is extraordinary, what with all the eager ransacking on every side in these late times, that no other work has anywhere turned up that belongs even to the school of these two. It is our belief that the Bradley portrait is that mentioned by De Bry as stolen from the Hall of the Council

* See Professor Eugene Lawrence's article on "The Mystery of Columbus" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1892.



THE BRADLEY PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
To be exhibited at Chicago.

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IN THE SMOKING-CAR OF THE "CHICAGO LIMITED."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 394.]

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THE MOON OF SPRING.

INTO the winter's chill a sudden warmth
Has crept, and through a cloudless heaven the moon—
Queen regnant—walks. The silent world below
Thrills to her smile; and all the waiting tides
Swim up, and up, as they would follow her
To that broad realm of glory where she reigns.
Let her not fall!—then were she but a star
Swept on through space, a vagrant of the skies.

So I, sweet maid, hail thee, my moon of spring,
Whose eyes have looked on me and drawn my heart,
Till 'neath their light my sluggish tides of life
Quicken and rise, as they would climb to thee,
Queen regnant of my heaven! Thou shalt rule
My destiny and me—let thy proud light
In stainless splendor shine above me still!
Lover and vassal, at thy feet I wait.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE BERING SEA ARGUMENT.

THE argument of the counsel of the United States before the fur-seal tribunal at Paris has been prepared by all four of the counsel, Messrs. E. J. Phelps, J. C. Carter, H. M. Blodgett, and F. R. Coudert. The argument is very elaborate. It has been published by the State Department for its own use, and the handsome volume contains a very important contribution to the literature of this interesting subject. As the counsel point out in the preface to their argument, this tribunal is the only one in which two powerful nations have agreed that their "conflicting claims to permanent dominion should be reconciled and determined without a resort to those methods of violence which carry with them such limitless destruction and suffering. A just homage is thus paid to the civilized sentiment of mankind, that war is seldom if ever necessary, and that the conclusions of reason should be made to supersede the employment of force."

It is a long time since the controversy concerning the seal fisheries and the relative rights of the British, Russian, and United States governments was first raised. The discussion has proceeded from 1821, until to-day it is submitted by the American and British governments to the agreed-upon tribunal of arbitration.

In preparing his argument Mr. J. C. Carter has discussed the questions, "What law is to govern the decision"; second, "The acquisition by Russia of jurisdictional or other rights over Bering Sea, and the transfer thereof to the United States"; and third, "The property of the United States in the Alaskan seal herd." Mr. Carter has also prepared the points in reply to the British counter-case, and a brief on "concurrent regulations." Mr. Phelps has prepared the points on the "Right of the United States to Protect their Sealing Interests and Industry." Mr. Blodgett has prepared the argument on "Damages claimed by the United States and Great Britain," and Mr. Coudert a brief on "A Summary of the Evidence."

The law by which this controversy is to be settled, and upon which the arguments are based, is that which is known as international law, which consists of the general rules by which nations have consented by their practice or by their treaties to be governed in their dealings with one another. Every nation interprets the law of nations in its own way, through its own tribunals; but when such a case as this is submitted to an international tribunal, there must be concessions on each side, for the interpretations of different nations are affected by the peculiar circumstances and conditions of the various peoples, by their different forms of government, and by the differing abstract notions of right and justice. Mr. Carter laid down these propositions in the opening of his argument, which was a very elaborate review of the writings and decisions of the most eminent authors and the leading courts on the question, "What is international law?"

The first question relating directly to the case that was taken up after this preliminary discussion was that of the acquisition by Russia of "jurisdictional or other rights over Bering Sea, and the transfer of them to the United States." It has been the commonly accepted error that the United States are claiming an exclusive jurisdiction over a large part of the Pacific Ocean, and that they claim, through their treaty with Russia by which Alaska was transferred to them, exclusive jurisdiction over the high seas one hundred miles distant from the coast. As a matter of fact, this claim was never made. The statement that the United States have insisted that Bering Sea is a closed sea, and that, on account of the presence of the seals and of our own interests in them, this government has exclusive jurisdiction, and that Russia itself asserted exclusive jurisdiction over the Bering Sea, is a mere pretence.

The fact is that Russia never claimed exclusive jurisdiction, and therefore there is no ground on which the United States can claim such rights. What was claimed by Russia, as is clearly shown by Mr. Carter in his argument, was that Russia had a great proprietary interest in a certain industry known as the seal-fishing industry, and that for the purpose of protecting this industry it had the right to keep foreign vessels a hundred miles from the shore. This right of keeping foreign ships at a longer distance from the shore than three miles has been often claimed by nations, and especially by the British government in what is known as the "Hovering Act." This inhibition against the presence of foreign ships within a hundred miles of the islands did not pertain to anything except the fisheries right. Any other right might be exercised, provided the rights of the Russians over the seals were not infringed upon.

All the rights of Russia passed by the treaty of 1867, which was the treaty entered into for the sale of Alaska, to the United States. The question has been raised in this connection as to the true interpretation to be placed upon the treaties entered into between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia in 1824 and 1825. In those treaties Russia surrendered all claims to jurisdiction over a certain portion of the high seas. The question is whether the Bering Sea was or was not a part of the Pacific Ocean within the contemplation of the treaties. The United States declared that so far as the hundred-mile inhibition is concerned it was not intended by the treaties that the Bering Sea should be included in the larger body of water. This being the contention, it follows that the question is one of proprietary right in the Alaskan seal herd. This is the interesting subject involved in the case. If the United States have the right to protect their property swimming in the high seas anywhere within a hundred miles from the coast, then it follows that the captures that have been made by British sealers are captures of American property. The question is, are seals wild animals or tame? The counsel for the United States contend that the seals are not what is known to the law as *feræ naturæ*. Is it possible to obtain such a property in an animal like the seal that it can be followed on the high seas and protected from the depredations of foreign governments and reclaimed? The basis of the claim that the seal is not a wild animal, and that it belongs to the United States, is that it has certain fixed habits, among which is the habit of visiting the Pribylov Islands yearly for breeding, and that the United States have expended large sums of money and care in fostering the seal and in preserving it from annihilation. Mr. Carter lays down three propositions as to the essential elements of property. They are, first, they must have that utility which makes them objects of human desire; second, the supply must be limited; third, they must be susceptible of exclusive appropriation. If these elements, he contends, are satisfied by the character and condition of the seal, then the seal is the property of the United States, may be disposed of and may be protected, and may be claimed wherever it may be found.

Mr. Carter's examination of the laws and philosophy of property is very thorough and very interesting. From his discussion he lays down in a concise form the following rules.

First. The institution of property springs from and rests upon two prime necessities of the human race:

1. The establishment of peace and order, which is necessary to the existence of any form of society.

2. The preservation and increase of the useful products of the earth in order to furnish an adequate supply for the constantly increasing demands of civilized society.

Second. These reasons, upon which the institution of property is founded, require that every useful thing, the supply of which is limited and capable of ownership, should be assigned to some legal and determined owner.

Third. The extent of the dominion, which the law of nature has conferred upon particular nations over the things of the earth, is limited in two ways:

1. They are not made the absolute owners. Their title is coupled with a trust for the benefit of mankind. The human race is entitled to participate in the enjoyment.

2. As the corollary or part of the last foregoing proposition the things themselves are not given, but only the increase or usufruct thereof.

From this follows a discussion of the habits and life and characteristics of the North American fur-seal, with a view of applying these principles concerning property which Mr. Carter has laid down. The fur-seal, as is now known from the long discussion of this case which has been appearing from time to time in the public press for many years, has certain fixed habits, and especially fixed are the places and the season of breeding. It is because the Pribylov Islands were the abodes of the seals, to which they return every breeding season for the bearing of their young, that Alaska was deemed a valuable purchase, and it is from this source that the country has derived its revenues, which may be considered the interest it is receiving on the purchase price. The seals are peculiarly at the mercy of marauders on their way to the breeding-grounds, and while they are on the land, because on the land the seal is a defenceless animal. The presence of man does not drive them off, nor operate unfavorably on the work of reproduction. Therefore if man induces the seals or invites them to come upon their chosen resort, and does not injure them or attack them while they are there, the seal becomes as domestic as most animals are accustomed to be. It is therefore all the easier by deception and treachery to commit wholesale slaughter on the seal.

All killing of the seal except that limited to the slaughter of non-breeding males threatens the destruction of the animal. Pelagic sealing, therefore—that is, sealing on the high seas—must eventually result in the disappearance of the seal, for no selection can be made in pelagic sealing, and females bearing young are often killed. The United States have simply contended that through their cultivation of the herd and their protection of it from indiscriminate slaughter, they have acquired a right of property which satisfies Mr. Carter's definition, that is, a property in the usufruct of the herd, which, through the agencies of commerce, is enjoyed in common by all nations of the world; and having the property, they have a right to protect it wherever it is found, and may follow it upon the high seas for its preservation, and may claim damages for depredations upon it.

The conclusion which Mr. Carter asked the tribunal to reach is that the seals shall be protected by both nations—the United States and Great Britain—contending that the practice of pelagic sealing is in effect piracy, and it is the duty of nations to forbid their citizens from engaging in it. Damages are claimed by Great Britain for the seizure of their vessels to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, but it is not necessary and not enlightening to the argument to go into the technical character of this part of it. The United States do not press for damages.

THIS BUSY WORLD

LESS than a month ago the *Nation* lauded in the late M. Taine the decorous modesty which impelled him while living to keep the incidents of his private life from public knowledge, and to provide in his will and by the destruction of his diary for an analogous reticence after his decease. It is shocking to find (and the *Nation* will be grieved at it) that the amiable French gentleman's precautions have not been altogether effectual. The Paris correspondent of the *Author* shows himself so far lost to considerations of propriety as to report that M. Taine practised regularly with dumbbells at his apartment in Paris, that he had the English habit of a daily tub of cold water, that he used to take long walks when in the country, and, worst of all, that though a man of a very sober and temperate life, he was an incessant smoker of cigarettes. It is hard indeed that all the care of a man of blameless life should not avail to protect him from posthumous exhibition as a cigarette-smoker. The *Nation* has gloried in the thought that the world would never see a picture of M. Taine's library, and never know how the great critic looked when "at work"; but apparently it is due more to his good luck than to his precautionary efforts that the unscrupulous picture-papers have not shown him to their clients in animated and gleeful practice of his "English habit of the daily tub."

Mr. Andrew Lang is reminded, at the "Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine*, of one Richard Francke, a Cromwellian trooper, who wrote a book about fishing, which was edited by Sir Walter Scott. He was obliged to cross the seas to escape the embarrassments of the Restoration, and Mr. Lang wants to know if anything is known about him in America. While in these parts he wrote *The Adventures of the Nine Pious Pilgrims*, which Mr. Lang describes as a dismal allegory, mitigated by a single passage about fishing.

Nobody seems to be writing piscatorial classics in this generation, and yet as a piscatorial generation it ranks pretty high. Contemporary American statesmen especially seem to court the solace incident to pulling marine life in out of the wet. Mr. Cleveland ran for President last summer at the pole end of a hook and line, and it is probable that the successful issue of his method had its effect on his contemporaries. Certainly, it was noticed that when Mr. Jefferson's house on Buzzards Bay took fire the other day, no less aspiring a statesman than the Governor of Massachusetts was fishing hard by, and came running to the rescue. Long spells of patient waiting and short spells of lively exertion are the lot of politicians and of fishermen, and the ability to wait and hang on, in whichever pursuit it is acquired, is of value in the other. So also there are few traits fitter for politicians to develop than the fisherman's habitual indifference to the phenomena known as "wet feet."

A protest comes from Tacoma, Washington, against the pretext that the original Indian name of Mount Rainier was Tacoma. It seems that Theodore Winthrop, in *Canoe and Saddle*, declared that the Indian name of Mount Rainier was Tahomia, "nearest to Heaven," but the Portland *Oregonian* insists that Winthrop invented that name, and that the mountain had no name until the English under Captain Vancouver named it after Admiral Rainier, of the British navy. Lewis and Clarke afterwards called it "Mount Adams," but the English name stuck. A Tacoma contemporary points out that Chief Seattle, who was an intelligent man, and would have known if the mountain had an Indian name, always called it Rainier. Rainier is a pretty good name, and if the mountain has travelled for a century under that title it should stick to it. The question whether Mt. Rainier is able to live up to its title in the matter of relative moisture seems not to be involved.

The notable increase of family hotels in New York and other large cities is attributed to a number of causes, not least among which is the "servant question." It would be interesting to learn how far the same problem has affected the construction and arrangement of new private dwellings. It would seem as if householders of experience, who know how little comfort can be had in even the most luxurious house without good servants, would try to build, when they do build, houses to which good servants would be disposed to cling. Comfortable bedrooms, bath-rooms, elevators, kitchen dining-rooms or sitting-rooms—anything that can add to the comfort of good servants—would seem to be worth careful consideration. In these days, when the competition between the shop and the household is so eager, the householder's obvious resource is to increase the attractions of the employment that he offers. It is cheaper, easier, and more effectual to offer increased comforts than extravagant pay. The main advantage that house service has over shop-work now is that it is more comfortable, and to develop that advantage as far as it will go seems not so much an altruistic impulse as a matter of policy.

If we are to believe the Washington correspondents, the siege of the administration by the office-seekers is a good deal (too much) like a run on a bank. Every applicant seems conscious that flesh and blood cannot stand the pressure long, and feels the importance of getting his particular matter attended to before the smash comes, and the President invites his cabinet to shut up shop and go a-fishing.

Charles McAllister, of Philadelphia, who died in 1881, left property in trust to build and endow a Presbyterian church at Torresdale, a Philadelphia suburb, "whenever a respectable number of persons should get together to form the nucleus of a congregation." Seventeen people got together and demanded the fulfilment of the trust. The Fidelity Trust Company, as executor, refused to act, on the ground that seventeen was not "a respectable number" within the meaning of the will, but Judge Allison has decided that seventeen is a respectable number, and that the provisions of the will must be carried out.

In a very celebrated previous case, when it was attempted to determine in how small a number effectual respectability may reside, it was held by the authority of last resort that ten just men were enough, and a stay of judgment was offered if so many could be found. Even that number was not pronounced to be the minimum, and it has always seemed possible that if the advocate for the condemned had done his utmost he might have obtained still further reduction. It would be interesting to know whether this famous case was cited before Judge Allison by the counsel for the seventeen. It seems too apposite and too familiar to be overlooked.

Word comes *viâ* Louisville, Kentucky, that Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro is writing an autobiography of her stage life, and wants recollections of her early débuts and dramatic experiences from friends who remember them. The simplest and most effectual way for Mrs. Navarro to get a complete set of material for an autobiography would be to induce the dramatic editor of the *Tribune* to publish his reminiscences. If that method is followed it is possible that an approach to justice may be done to the subject, which cannot be hoped for if so modest an artist as Mrs. Navarro relies on what she can remember herself.

It is a long while since New York society has been pluncked fuller and fairer in the organs of visiou than it was on the 18th instant by the Honorable Rupert Cecil Craven, when he appeared as best man in a pink shirt at a morning wedding at Grace Church. When the groom is an earl and the bride a sweet sixteen, only a best man who is a complete master of his business can hope to figure as the radiant centre of the occasion. Such a best man the Hon. Rupert demonstrated himself to be. He got much, and he deserved it all. He is a whole wedding in himself, and parties contemplating matrimony will be fortunate indeed if they can secure his accomplished participation. To call him "best" is to understate his merit. As a hymeneal appurtenance, he is perhaps the only living person who cannot be adequately described without putting a mansard-roof on the superlative degree. As the boss best man of history he will be enthusiastically welcomed by the American people at the Chicago Fair. E. S. MARTIN.

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LISBON.

BY ARMAND DAYOT.

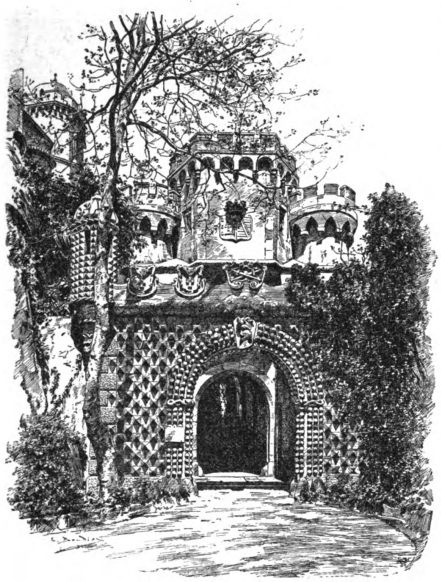
HAS it not ever been upon the banks of rivers that poets have culled the themes of their most hyperbolic fancies? Where are now the grand woods which covered the shores of the Ilissus? What has become of the myrtle groves of the "Stream of Eden" which once screened the baptism of a god? Were there ever waters more troubled than those of the "limpid Arno," in which even the heavy gloomy façades of the old Pisan palaces are not now reflected? And in the yellow loathsome-smelling waters of the Tiber, in the sluggish stream of which we seem still to see the rotting wood of Roman gibbets, where are now the copses immortalized by Virgil, and the fresh murmuring streams in which were once mirrored the charms of the fair Amaryllis?

I have followed the banks of the Rhone to the blue ocean without seeing the orange and citron groves sung of by Petrarch, and beneath the shade of which he walked with the lovely object of his passionate adoration.

Very suggestive to the thinker are the melancholy changes which have come over rivers sacred to the songs of poets, and to which those songs seem to have brought nothing but misfortune.

Thus did I muse as I rolled along the road between Abrantes and Lisbon, which road skirts the Tagus, and is almost parallel with its course. Here and there, in fact, the wheels of my carriage were actually on its banks, and I saw before me, amongst the gathering shades of night, a dreary landscape of perpendicular rocks and sandy hillocks, looking like great heaps of cinders, amongst which tumultuously flowed the muddy waters of that enchanted stream "the gold-spangled waves of which," according to Camoens, "ever flow between two forests of flowers."

I must, however, admit that just before I arrived at the important station of Entrocamento, the point of junction with the northern railway, I saw, emerging from the Tagus, the width of which varies perpetually, an island bright with flowers and verdure. On this island rose a group of grand ruins, in which, in spite of the rapidity with which I passed them, I think I could make out the remains of an imposing Moorish building, which may have been the summer palace



GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF CINTRA.

of a powerful Emir intrusted with the government of Alemtejo by the Caliph of Cordova.

I was just yielding to these historic hypotheses called up by the sudden apparition of the old castle, and my imagination was revelling for a moment in a vision of all the voluptuous seductions of an enchanted harem, when I fell asleep, and did not wake again until I was at Lisbon.

Although in writing these lines I have a kind of nostalgic feeling, a poignant regret for a past already remote, and from which emerges vaguely a vision of a great town on a mighty river, through the streets of which town I wandered gayly with the happy heart of a young fellow of twenty, I must also confess that my first impression of Lisbon when I alighted at the station was anything but a favorable one. The air all around me was poisoned with horrible exhalations from the mouths of the sewers, which had been prevented from discharging their contents for some days by the great height of the waters of the Tagus. The inhabitants, who ought to have remembered the plague of 1568, did not seem to trouble themselves about the terrible results which might ensue. And yet that fearful epidemic had carried off more than sixty thousand victims in the town alone. The government, as well as the municipality of Lisbon, whose resources would barely suffice for the reconstruction of the sewers, no doubt secretly encouraged the popular stoicism, or rather indifference, in spite of the complaints and warnings of the doctors.

It was pouring with rain, and in the foul air beneath the leaden sky as I plunged across the muddy streets, which appeared not to have been paved since the earthquake of 1755, I felt pretty miserable, and found myself regretting having crossed the Spanish frontier, and having left the fresh, sweet-smelling valley of the Guadalquivir, when suddenly a beautiful sight met my gaze, and dispelled the frown from my brow.

This sight was neither more nor less than a funeral! In her interesting volume on Portugal, Madame Rattazzi tells us that nothing strikes the visitor to Lisbon more than meeting in the streets a funeral procession escorting the dead to its last resting-place. As in France and England, there are several classes of hearses, but in Portugal the poorest makes this last trip in a vehicle completely covered with gilding. For an ordinary funeral a two-wheeled cabriolet is used with very long shafts, between which is harnessed a mule with a postilion on its back, who wears riding-boots, a coat of French style, and a hat bigger at the top than at the brim. On the front part of this cabriolet, between it and the back of the mule, are two pieces of iron, to which the coffin is fastened. The coffins are long cases with semicircular lids covered with a yellow stuff striped with silver. Inside the carriage sit the priest and a choir-boy. This obsolete vehicle is gilded and adorned with appropriate symbols, such as the scythe of Time, an hour-glass, angels' heads, etc.

The wealthy, as is but natural, make their final journey with greater pomp. They have massive four-wheeled chariots with canopies embroidered with gold and silver, whilst above them hovers an angel with outspread wings. The effect is really very fine. The grand machine is drawn by four horses, on each of which is perched a jockey wearing a short jacket and a laced cap, whilst on the box sits a pompous coachman with powdered hair, wearing a three-cornered hat striped with red and green. All this has a look of gayety which it is very pleasant to see, and the first time I met such a procession on its way back without its burden, I thought it was a masquerade of the *Bœuf gras*, or some similar farce. There are no mourning-coaches for invited guests, who follow in their own or in hired carriages. The cemetery is called Prazeres, which means pleasure.

When any one dies the family do not write letters with the news, but announce it in the newspapers, and all is said in the invariable concluding phrase: "No special invitations will be sent out, as the family is in a state of unutterable consternation."



STATUE OF DOM JOSÉ I.

I could not say to what order of society the deceased who rolled past me in this bright-looking equipage had belonged, but from the bottom of my heart I wish him eternal happiness in the other life, in return for the moment of pleasure he has given me in this. Quite cheered up, though soaked to the skin, I turned towards my hotel, full of admiration for the lazy, happy stoicism of a people who inhale pestilential odors from morning till night with as much good-humor as if they were the perfume of roses, break their legs in the dirty ill-paved streets without grumbling, take their dead to their last resting-places in gala carriages driven by coachmen dressed like learned monkeys, and call their cemeteries abodes of pleasure. Who, after that, can doubt the gayety of the Portuguese?

Never was the origin of any place more discussed than that of Lisbon, to which, in fact, popular sentiment assigns as initial date the time of a prolonged stay of Ulysses and his companions on the banks of the Tagus.

Moreover, etymologists can very easily prove that, frequently as for reasons unexplained they have been modified in the course of centuries, the names of the ancient Lusitanian city all seem to have been derived from that of the heroic traveller whom the people claim as the founder; for before it was called Lisbon, it was successively known as Elisea, Ulisea, Ulisipolis, Ulisipo, Olisipo, Olisipona, Olisipoa, Uixiponna, and Exupona.

But all this belongs to the very remote past.

According to an old German legend, a knight having wished, when at Jerusalem, to see in a magic mirror the most beautiful city of Europe, that of Lisbon the Great, as it was then called, at once rose up before his dazzled sight.

Truth to tell, if one is to believe the assertions of very trustworthy writers, such as Fernando Lopez (*Agiologio Lusitana*), Lisbon enjoyed, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a reputation for great magnificence. It must, however, be added that other Portuguese historians have thrown some doubt on the supposed splendor of feudal Lisbon. We refrain from any endeavor to form an opinion on this subject, as it would be beyond the scope of our modest task. Let us leave the old town in peace in the bosom of the earth, where it was swallowed up almost completely, with its palaces and treasures, and content ourselves with giving as faithful a sketch as we can of that modern Lisbon which, by the mere force, so to speak, of his genius, Marquis de Pombal caused to spring from the ground on a new plan.

The general aspect of the town is most picturesque. It is no less than two leagues long, and rises in the form of an amphitheatre, on the right bank of the Tagus. At the end of the seventeenth century it still deserved the name of *Urbs Septicollis*; but, thanks to its rapid development, it has gradually climbed up several new eminences, and the topographical resemblance to ancient Rome, of which the Portuguese were so proud, is now destroyed.

The view of Lisbon from the Tagus on a fine sunny spring evening is really grand. A poet has likened it at different times to a beautiful coquette wearing a white robe, decked with roses, leaning over a mirror, and to a vast outspread fan decked with bunches of flowers. These two similes, different though they be, are very true metaphors; and we must own that our admiration was great when, from the centre of the river we were crossing, on our way to Evora, on the other bank, we saw Lisbon in the bright light of a May mid-day, its wide quays stretching away indefinitely along the beautiful curve of the bay, and its white houses seeming to be advancing to the assault of heaven by way of the gigantic steps of an unfinished Babel. Here and there in the midst of this forest of houses appears a garden full of verdure and roses, which is like a smile on the face of nature, relieving the marble coldness of the city, and giving to it that look of feminine coquetry without which it would appear to the traveller but the white phantom of the old city of a time gone by.

Hardly, however, have you landed before your admiration is changed into a pained surprise. The charm is broken. All around is commonplace and ugly. Huge brick buildings, erected by contractors—who, with some faint idea of the application of art to industry, have endeavored to give them a classic style—rise along the banks of the river, and from their arched windows, instead of the fumes of incense, escape the acrid odors of stale sardines and hot oil, which, when mixed with the smells from the fetid sewers opening on to the Tagus, drive every one not compelled to remain below to the upper town. These wide quays, which an intelligent municipality might convert into a beautiful promenade, are frequented by none but *gallegos*, *varinas*, and sailors of the merchant vessels anchored in the river, which is here not more than two leagues wide.

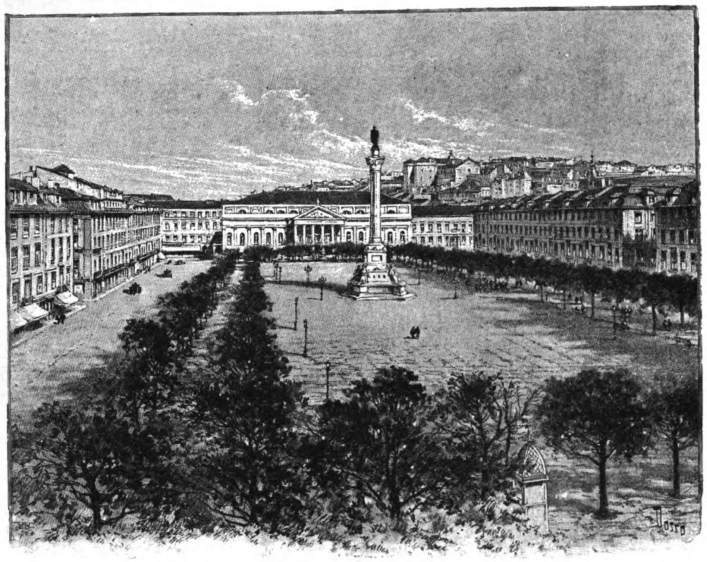
The people of Lisbon generally designate under the name of *gallegos* all porters, commissionnaires, and water-carriers. Those who perform these functions, which the poorest Portuguese would scorn, are nearly all natives of Galicia. They are strong, hard-working, and thrifty. Their physiognomy resembles that of the mountaineers of Savoy and Auvergne, who, like them, are attracted to the great town by their preference for rough and arduous toil. The *gallegos* do not flock to Lisbon only, but are met with at Madrid and in other important towns of Spain. Their predilection for menial tasks brings upon them the contempt of the Spanish as well as of the Portuguese; and the most dilapidated native of Castille or Andalusia, if addressed in terms which seem to him wanting in due respect for his noble rags, will reply, "*Me trata V. S. como si fuera gallego*" (You treat me as if I were a gallego). For all that, the gallegos, like the Savoyards, are justly famed for their probity. Their general appearance is much the same as that of the street porters of Paris. Broad-shouldered, with red, smiling faces and stubby whiskers, they wear short velvet jackets, and instead of the little caps of Paris and London, big green hats.

The *varinas*, or sellers of fish, form, with the gallegos, the most picturesque—I had almost said the most interesting—population of the town. Whilst their fathers, mothers, and brothers are engaged in the sardine fishery in the dangerous waters at the bar of the river, they trot about the streets selling the harvest of the sea in huge flat baskets, which they carry skilfully and gracefully on their heads. The costume of the *varina* is so original that it merits a few words of description. It consists of a felt hat with a wide turned-up

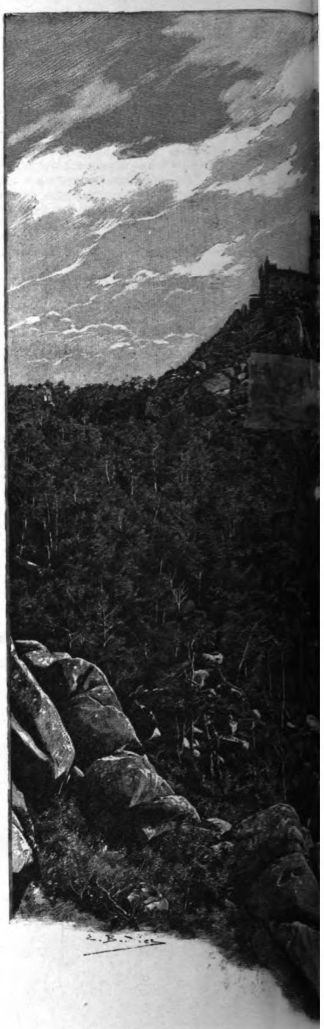


"I STILL SEE THE POOR WOMAN WITH HER ARMS EXTENDED."

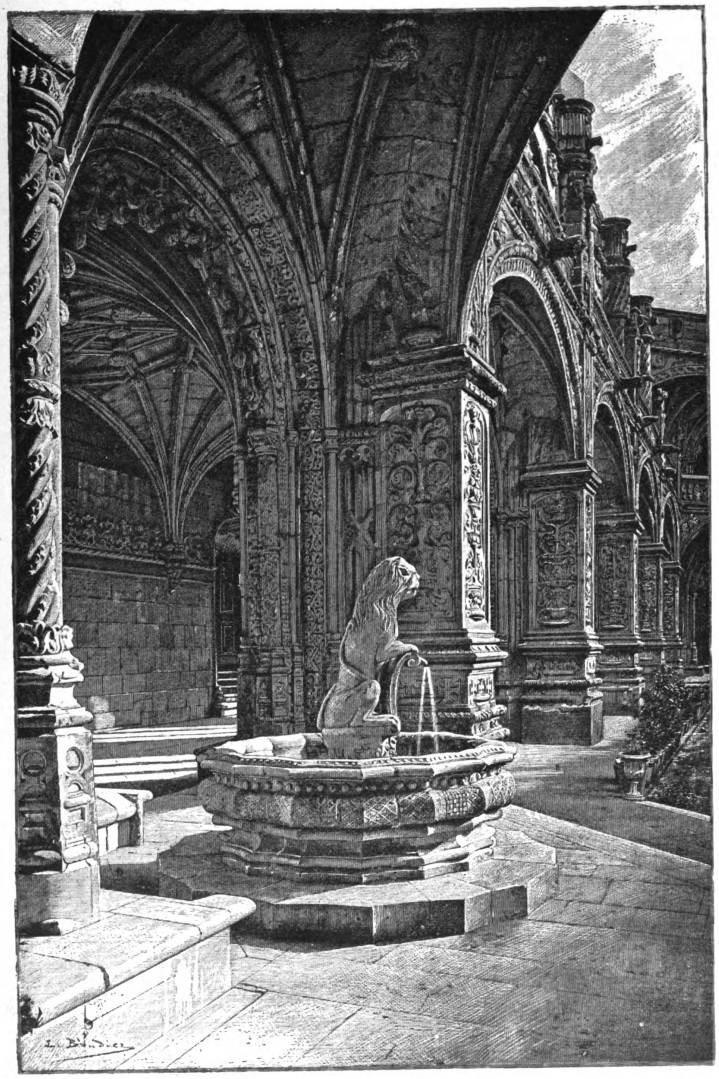
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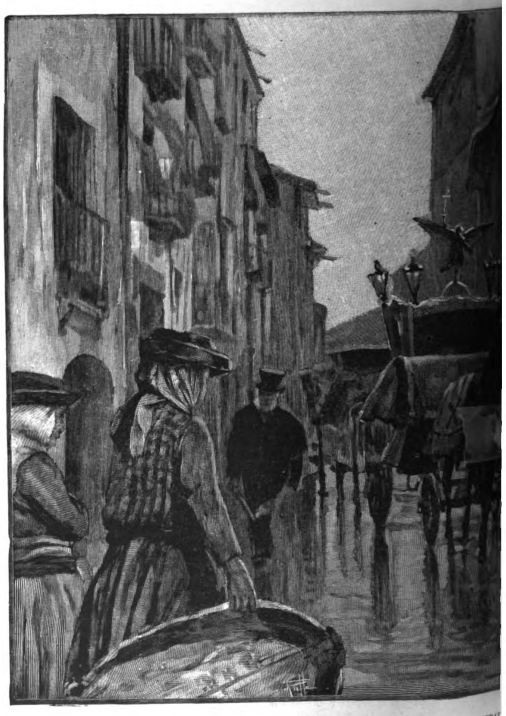
THE PRAÇO DE DOM PEDRO IV.



THE PALACE



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE HIERONYMITE CONVENT.

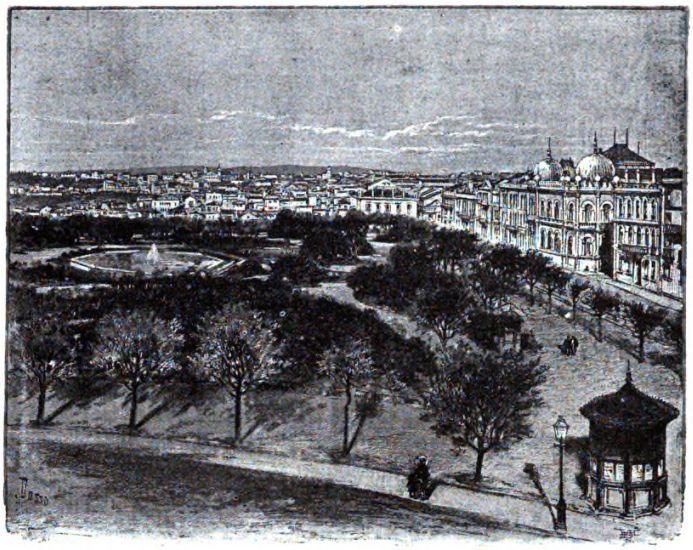


A FUNERAL

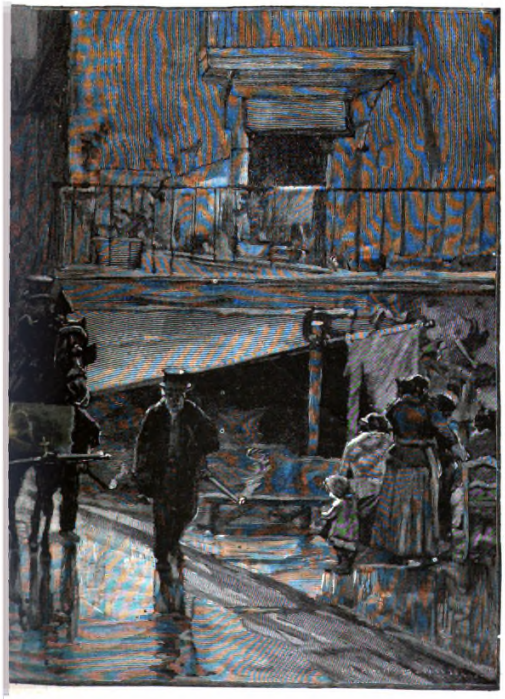
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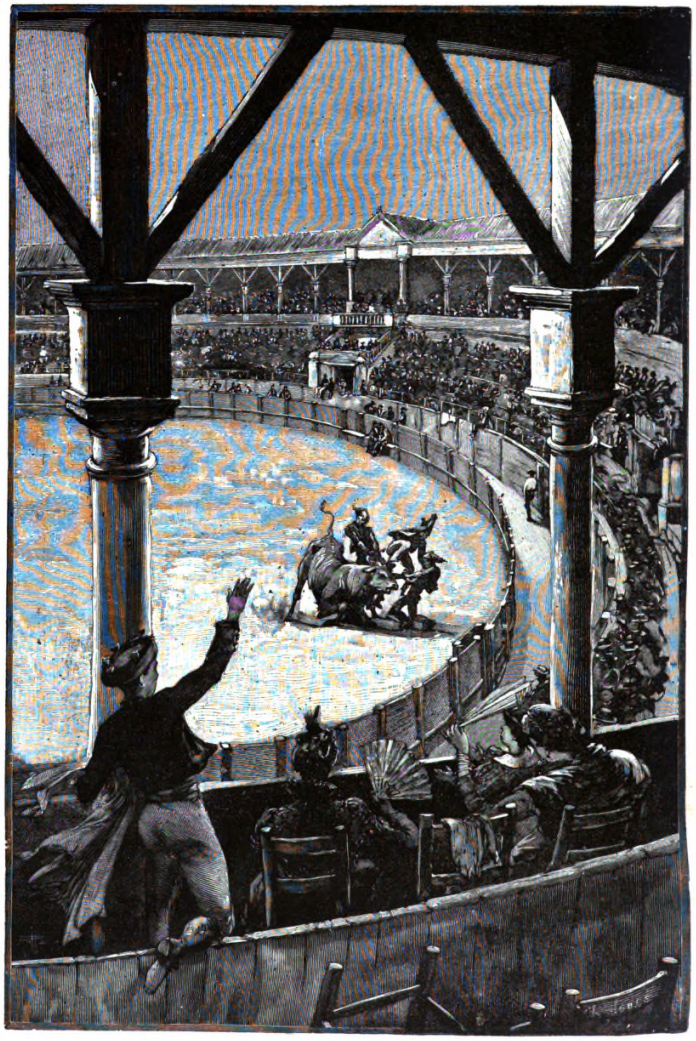
PENHA.



THE PRAÇO DO PRINCIPE REAL.



LISBON.



THE FORCADOS.

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brim, on which rests the basket of fish. The bust and shoulders of the *varina* are hidden beneath the folds of a light shawl of some delicate color, and a wide linen sash is wound tightly several times round the waist and hips. From beneath the short petticoats peep out often extremely well formed legs and feet.

The *varina*, who toils from the first thing in the morning till the fall of night, carrying her heavy basket of fish and tearing her feet in climbing the steep, badly paved alleys of the old town, has a perfect passion for jewelry; and her one ambition is to be able on fête-days to wear great golden earrings with anchors in blue enamel let into them, and to display upon her ample breast crosses or enormous hearts in filigree-work.



A VARINA, OR SELLER OF FISH.

The brisk ways of the *varina*, her zeal in her work, her ceaseless activity, contrast strangely with the indolence of the Portuguese women, who loll at their windows from morning to night, half asleep, and oppressed with the *ennui* of having nothing whatever to do. A Portuguese wife never helps her husband in his work. I think I may even say that the idea of doing so never enters her head; and you may go the round of all the shops of Lisbon without finding one woman behind the counter. One might almost believe, as some ethnographers assert, that the sturdy daughters of the fisher-folk of the Tagus belong to a different race from the incorrigible idlers, who let the useless hours of their life glide by mechanically, in the dead silence of their comfortless and tasteless homes.

The big hat of the *varina* seems to be the last relic of the national costume of Portugal. Ladies in society, tempted continually by the goods spread out in the windows of modistes and French needle-women of fourth-rate skill, who have triumphantly established themselves in the chief streets of the town, have long since adopted Parisian fashions. We consider this a matter to be regretted; but at least the traveller is no longer free to make such remarks as were sent by a Venetian ambassador to Lisbon in the reign of João III. in an official report to his government. "Portuguese women," he says, "are remarkable for their beauty and the grace of their proportions; their carriage is dignified, and their expression is pleasant. Their black and sparkling eyes add to their beauty.... The costume of the women of Lisbon consists of a large linen or silk cloak (the material varying according to their position), in which they wrap up the whole body, even hiding the face. They go about just where the humor takes them, so completely disguised that their own husbands could not recognize them—a privilege which they turn to account more than is quite fitting for well-born and well-educated women."

How has it come about that since the journey of the Venetian ambassador the features of the Portuguese have undergone changes as little to their advantage as those in their costumes?

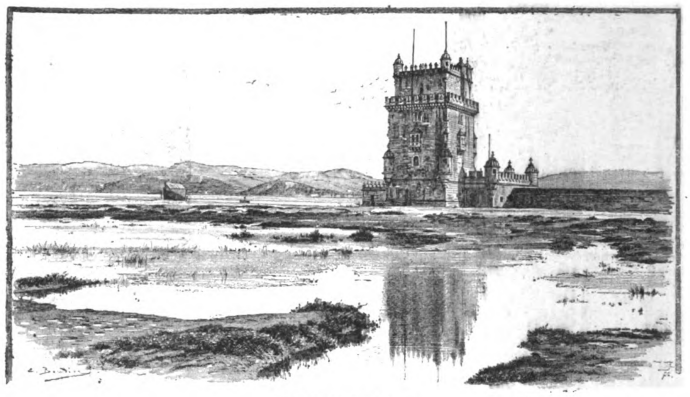
I have, however, sometimes seen old peasant women draped in long mantles of some sober color, and wearing on their heads a stiffly starched handkerchief of very fine lawn. May not these long mantles with heavy plaits be a relic of the great linen cloak referred to by the Venetian ambassador, the last stage of the transformation of the graceful *lenço* of last century, which was fastened with a gold or silver brooch?

The men of Portugal are as fond of show as are the women. Their fingers are nearly always loaded with rings, and about their bodies, which are often as round as the bowls of their tobacco pipes, hang chains as thick as ropes, from which are suspended bunches of trinkets.

The Portuguese dandy is very fond of anything that will attract public attention to his much-esteemed person. Above his snowy vest he wears a cravat of gleaming colors, whilst in his button-hole is stuck a full-blown rose of inordinate size. I think I am pretty safe in saying that most of the promenaders I have seen strutting about in the chief thoroughfares on Sunday with a riding-whip in their hands and handsome spurs on their heels have never set foot in stirrup. The spur is to them a sort of sign of nobility, which they arrogate to themselves, a relic of the privileges of the old chivalry. Where is the Portuguese, be he *almocreve* or *calafate* (muleteer or calker), whose ancestors did not wear golden spurs at the battle of Ourique or of Aljubarrota? I have noticed that a good many state officials work in spurs, as if about to go to battle; and when these knights of the quill, these *ficados* with silk braces, peacefully render up their fine bureaucratic souls to God, I have no doubt that their spurs will be laid upon their tombs.

But have we any right to dwell so long in a half-mocking spirit on a people of such numerous and trustworthy moral qualities, and who, but for their unfortunate indolence and their exaggerated egotism, might be held up as a model to other nations? For the Portuguese are naturally good, hospitable, honest in their dealings, generous, and brave, and we are very certain that in the event of any threatening of the independence of their country we should once more see this little heroic nation, amongst whom slumbers a powerful national spirit, rise as one man against the invader, even as in 1388 and 1809.

The painful impression received on landing on the quay is gradually lessened as one penetrates into the upper town, climbing, not without fatigue, the steep streets, nearly all as horribly badly paved as the *callecitas* of Andalusian towns. The gardens have disappeared behind high walls, but here and there are little squares, bordered by dusty and sickly-looking trees, and adorned with statues, poor alike in design and execution, set up in honor of João I., Camoens, the Duke of Terceira, or Pedro IV. There is no true public promenade at Lisbon, for we can hardly give this name to a few squares, well kept, it is true, such as the Rocio, the Praça de Camoens, the Estrella garden, and the Passeio Publico, which are altogether inadequate for a population numbering 300,000.



THE BELEM TOWER.

Having seen one house at Lisbon, one may be said to have seen them all. It is rare in the Lusitanian capital to meet with one of the pretty little dwellings with shady inside galleries, the bright *patios* full of roses, jasmine, and lilies, in which one listens half asleep to the murmur

"Of the everlasting plaint ..."

sobbed forth by splashing fountains.

Though the Spanish, in spite of their hereditary hatred of the *Moro odioso*, have had the good taste to respect the practical and artistic architectural skill of the fortunate conqueror of his country, the Portuguese, with their ferocious *hispanophagy*—at least so I have been told, by way of a hoax, probably—have been obliged, rather than run any risk of being supposed to share the taste of their hated neighbors, to shut themselves up in the absurd boxes they call houses, without inner courts, and the greater part of which are deprived of air and light. I would rather, however, adopt the opinion that the Marquis de Pombal evolved the Lisbon style of building, so commonplace in its flat uniformity, as a precaution against a danger threatening his fellow-countrymen.

The great minister, anxious to save Lisbon, so subject to earthquakes, from a catastrophe such as that of 1755, thought it necessary to adopt a fixed style of architecture, in which, in case of an earthquake, the masonry alone would fall, whilst the wood-work, kept in place by tenons and other accessories, would remain standing beneath its protecting roof. For the same reason, doubtless, two houses were always built together, instead of separately, these houses being imprisoned in stone walls as soon as the timber-work was finished, each retaining a sort of relative individuality. The houses of Lisbon are only lighted from the back and front, so that the middle part of the inside is quite dark, and is but a kind of thoroughfare into which the apartments open. From this description it will be seen that the unfortunate Lisbon architects are seldom allowed to give any scope to their imaginations, and the clumsy designs of master-masons are all that are required in the quasi-mechanical development of modern Lisbon.

We are therefore obliged to confess that nothing could equal the monotony of a walk in the steep streets of the capital of Portugal, if it were not that here and there the eye of the visitor is arrested by the rich facings of old tiles, which relieve the commonplace façades of the houses.

Azulejos, or tiles, are very much used in Portugal, and in some of the houses the inside walls have a dado of them three feet high. In a few instances the facing of tiles goes right up to the ceiling. I have even seen in a narrow street in a suburb of Lisbon a house with the façade completely covered with *azulejos*. The tiles are squares of fine clay, one side of which is enamelled. The largest are not more than thirty centimetres square. There are two kinds of *azulejos*—those with flat surfaces, which were the first to be used, and are still generally employed, and those with designs in relief, representing arabesques, flowers, and fruit. The tiles dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are especially sought after. The designs are nearly always of an azure-blue color, and stand out distinctly from a white ground.

The churches of Lisbon nearly all resemble the unsatisfactory ecclesiastical Italian buildings of the seventeenth century, being in a rococo style, with the same gaudy interior decoration. Not one, not even the Basilica of Santa Maria, deserves so much as a few lines of description. As for the three royal palaces known as Da Ajuda, Das Necessidades, and De Belem, they are of distressing mediocrity of style. The appearance of the new barracks in Paris is more pleasing. It must be owned that in this fine country of Portugal the Divine and Royal Majesties are alike very poorly lodged.

The churches and convents of Lisbon contain a good many paintings, which are of but little general interest, although they are nearly all attributed to the famous Gran Vasco, whose artistic glory is unrivalled, in the opinion of the Portuguese, except by Camoens, the great poet of the sixteenth century, the author of "Os Lusiadas." The pictures attributed to Gran Vasco are numbered by hundreds, and distributed amongst churches, museums, and private galleries belonging to the royal family. The Academy of the Fine Arts at Lisbon alone has more than fifty. Every badly painted, faintly lighted panel is by Gran Vasco, whether that panel represents the "Marriage of the Virgin," the "Adoration of the Magi," or the "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." Oh, what a number of old fogies of saints I have heard mercilessly attributed to this unfortunate artist!

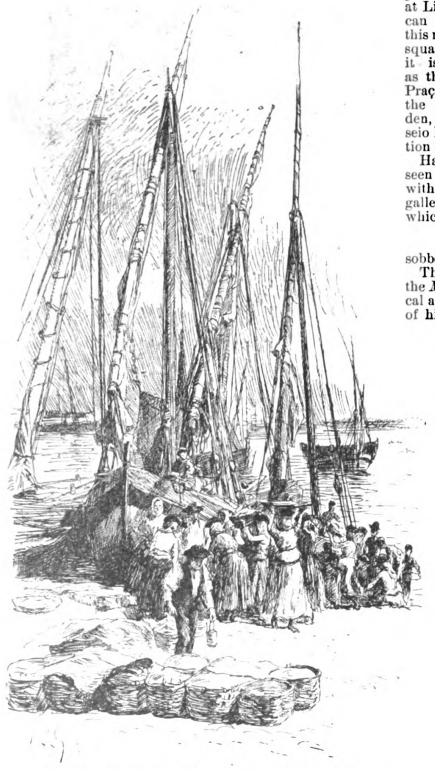
I must, however, add a few words about this Gran Vasco, who has been raised by popular tradition to such great honor that it is impossible to take a step in Portugal without hearing his work lauded and his praises sung.

I therefore determined to set seriously about making acquaintance with the work of the great national artist. By way of roads more picturesque than passable for carriages I reached Vizeu, the sacred town of Portuguese art, the native place of Vasco Fernandez, surnamed Gran Vasco. There I saw a great many worm-eaten Gothic panels, and mostly quite unworthy of a reputation so universally acknowledged, from the banks of the Minho to the mountains of Algarve; heavy works, without character, the coloring lifeless and the drawing without vigor, the productions, no doubt, of the inexperienced brushes of some Portuguese pupils of Lucas van Leyden and Goltzius, who founded a school in Spain in the sixteenth century. I was also fortunate enough to learn, in searching in the dusty archives of the church of Vizeu, that Vasco Fernandez was born in 1552, and was the son of the painter Francisco Fernandez; but I was unable to ascertain the date or the scene of his death. No detail of his artistic career has come down to posterity, and the legendary existence of this illustrious painter, although unknown beyond his own land, was not officially established until the end of the last century. Add to this that it is impossible to discover on the works attributed to Gran Vasco any letter, inscription, or sign, and you will readily understand the absolute silence of writers on art with regard to the bewildering impersonality of the works bearing his name.

And now, after my art pilgrimage to Vizeu, if I am asked my opinion of Gran Vasco and the old Portuguese school, I reply that this artist appears to me more than ever a quasi-mythical personage, and that the Portuguese school of painting appears to be represented merely by a series of old pictures, most of them without artistic value, and all belonging to one and the same period, viz., the reigns of Emmanuele and João III., the old patrons of the old *illuminadores*.

It would be altogether beyond the modest scope of this account of Lisbon, in which psychological subjects can only be touched *en passant*, if I were to attempt a comparison between the Portuguese and Spanish temperaments, so different in spite of the juxtaposition of their two countries. I must, however, be permitted to say how much I was struck with the profound contrast between the religious customs of the two nations of the Iberian peninsula. During my long wanderings in the churches and cloisters of Lisbon and other Portuguese towns my attention was scarcely ever arrested by the fervent manifestations of religious faith so frequent and often so touching in Spain. Oh, those prolonged ecstatic prostrations in Spain, beneath the long black mantles, and under the shadow of the massive humid pillars!

But a few days ago, in one of the most curious, though least known of the churches of Cordova, Nuestra Señora de



ON THE QUAYS BY THE TAGUS (RETURN OF THE FISHING-BOATS).

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a Fuentesanta, I witnessed one of those acts of Christian zeal still so common amongst the people of Spain, and to which *they* instinctively give an appearance of exaltation which is most striking.

The ancient gilded church, baked by the suns of many *centuries*, corroded by the gusts of scorching wind, and almost tottering with old age, rises far from the town, in a steep suburb at the end of a garden enclosed within lofty *moss*-grown walls, and full of grand orange and citron trees, sheltering lilacs in full flower and blue irises, in the midst of which splashed the limpid waters of the Fuente-*santa*, or Holy Fountain. I entered the building, and around me, on the walls, the ceiling, and the pillars, was the long series of quaint ex-voto offerings and images commemora-*tive of* some miraculous cure. Nuestra Señora de la Fuente-santa contains no less than three thousand touchingly simple illuminated designs, all representing the patron saint appear-*ing* on a cloud in a poorly furnished room to some dying sufferer, over whom she extends her healing hands, whilst the doctor gazes with sad face and dejected mien at his pow-erless mixtures set out on the night table. Then there are plaits of hair, and even masses of flowing hair, looking like *scalps*, hanging amongst embroidered stockings, silk dresses, ostrich eggs, stuffed crocodiles and lizards, and wax babies and bulls. I was making my pious inventory when I heard a deep sigh in the shadows near me. A woman in mourn-ing, with her head draped in a long mantilla, was dragging herself on her knees across the church, pausing before each image of the Passion. She was pale, very emaciated, and seemed to be with difficulty performing a painful pilgrimage. The sacristan who was with me came up to me and whis-pered in my ear, "*La pobre mujer ora por su chico, que se está morí-ndo*" (The poor woman is praying for her child, who is dying). After this I could not take my eyes off this poor woman, who, with bleeding heart, was of her own free will bruising her knees upon the stones of the church. Willingly would I have knelt beside her and joined my prayers with those of this desolate mother at the feet of Nuestra Señora de la Fuentesanta, who gazed coldly down, looking upon this immense despair like a coquettish doll, wearing a silk dress trimmed with beads, her shoulders covered with a long white mantle embroidered with gold, on her head a pomp-ous-looking pink hat decked with ostrich feathers, dainty satin slippers on her feet, light violet gloves on her hands, and rings on her fingers.

For a long time the poor mother dragged herself painfully along before the symbols of the Passion, pausing at last at the foot of a quaint figure of Christ roughly carved in wood by the inexperienced hand of some predecessor of Alonzo Cano or Berruguete. This statue was half hidden beneath an antique toreador costume of the heroic days of Pedro Romero, a long lock of real hair hung over the pale face of the "Christus," in which were two inordinately large sockets full of blood. I can still see the unfortunate woman with her arms extended before this sinister-looking object. Aloud, but in a voice choked with tears, she addressed a passionate prayer to the impassive crucified one, not pausing in her piteous appeal until her arms dropped heavily to her sides like two branches beneath the axe. Then she staggered to her feet and escaped, almost running from the church, her hands still clasped in prayer.

I never met with such a touching instance of piety in Portugal, where the churches, much less frequented than in Spain, look more like open-air promenades than mystic sanctuaries. The faithful—influenced no doubt by the con-duct of the Portuguese clergy, who are only too ready to let the public know their powerlessness to overcome human frailty—merely pause in the churches *en passant*, and it would appear that their very mundane devotion springs merely from a wish not to break through an ancient and respectable tradition.

There are, however, some few monuments at Lisbon worthy of the attention of the visitor, notably the Tower of Belem, which is a perfect marvel, and the Monastery of the Hieronymites, or Hermits of St. Jerome. The Tower of Belem dates from the end of the fifteenth century, and was originally designed by Dom João II., though the actual execution took place in the reign of Dom Emmanuele. Ac-cording to Garcia de Resende, the architect of this remark-able monument, "The King understood the desirability of building a tower on the right bank of the Tagus, a little above Lisbon, so that the fire from it might cross that of the Torre Velha." Like a skilful architect, Resende combined in his design the curves of the purest form of Gothic architecture with the bristling angles of military buildings. The ancient Tower of Belem, which no earth-quake has succeeded in shaking, and which is as solid to-day as on the morrow of its erection, rises from a little promon-tory jutting out into the Tagus. The general style of the building is pure Gothic. The platform on which it stands is fortified and casemated. Its shape is square, and perhaps a little too massive; but the graceful pepper-caster towers which adorn the corners, and the pretty windows with sculp-tured balconies, relieve and brighten up its general appear-ance as a smile does a stern face.

The tower is under the charge of a few artillerymen, who are provided with twelve huge cannons, which peacefully repose beneath long tarpaulins, and beside which the guns of the Spanish are, according to the people of Lisbon, mere pocket-pistols. I have always thought that the chief object of this imposing array of artillery is to moderate the insatia-ble curiosity of the English tourist, lest he should be tempted to carry off the dainty fortress of Belem under his arm. And perhaps some day this bijou of architectural skill which the worst earthquakes have spared will be crushed by the bullets of a Lord Elgin!

Quite near to this monument rises the celebrated Convent of the Hieronymites, the foundations of which were laid in 1500, under the direction of the architects João Castilho and Boitaka. Its completion, however, required many years, and many architects successively superintended its erection. There is no originality about it, thanks to the predominantly bizarre style in which it is built—a style essentially com-posite, which was very much in vogue in the reign of Dom Manoel, and is constantly met with in buildings of his time. Its chief peculiarity is its wonderful richness of ornamenta-tion, the result of the welding into the Gothic style of the Moresque trefoil, the Indian arabesque, and the delicately worked pilasters of the Renaissance.

The façade of the monument, which faces south, may be divided into five distinct parts, one of which, the principal entrance, is adorned with finials and statues, and is a regular masterpiece of Gothic architecture. It is built of the lime-stone so abundant in the neighborhood of Lisbon, and which on exposure to the sun acquires a beautiful reddish-golden color. The church is not more than about thirty-six feet wide by some hundred and twenty long. It contains the tombs of many monarchs and celebrated personages, includ-ing, amongst others, those of Dom Manoel João III., Dom Sebastian, Donna Catharina, the children of Dom Luis and Dom Carlos, and of Alfonso VI. Some of these monu-ments are adorned with quaint and very well preserved sculptures. Unfortunately, one cannot say as much for those of the magnificent mausoleums of Dom Pedro and Ignez de Castro, in the Convent of Alcobaça, which were—as our guide told us, making us blush for our nationality—mutilated by the soldiers of Junot. These barbarous heroes, insensible to the poetic memories connected with the monu-ments, knocked them about with their bayonets, and very few of the figures of the bass-reliefs are intact. One of the soldiers, having succeeded in hoisting himself on to the tomb on which lies the recumbent statue of Ignez, with hands folded on her breast, and upheld by four crouching lions, cut off with one fell back stroke of his sabre the nose of the fair martyr, who was thus pursued by implacable fate even in the calm sleep of death, and after the lapse of centuries.

The most interesting part of the Monastery of Belem is undoubtedly the cloister, although, from an architectural point of view, nothing could be more grotesque than the heavy arches resting on frail little columns, cut out like lace, the capitals of which, after bifurcating at a little distance from the arch, join it by means of a series of quaint convolu-tions, from which, in their turn, spring rosettes and other mouldings of all manner of sizes, which cluster against the mass of the wall.

Since 1833 the monastery has been converted into a kind of public asylum, in which deserted children are received. This utilitarian purpose necessitated, in 1878, additions, the clumsy execution of which led to the fall of part of the building and the death of twenty workmen. The ruins be-neath which so many bodies were buried were still visible when I was in Portugal, and doubtless will be for many years yet. When the traveller, pausing in astonishment before this gloomy mound of rubbish, asks if it will soon be removed, he will receive the same answer as I did, given with the careless indifference characteristic of the people of Portugal: "*Talvez amanha, senhor, se Deus quire*" (To-morrow, per-haps, sir, if it please God).

And yet, in spite of the generally commonplace character of these modern buildings, and the bad condition of the roads, in spite of the scanty open spaces—those few contain-ing statues, as second-rate as those constantly being set up in Paris and London—Lisbon presents the appearance of a noble city; but it owes this to its picturesque mountain sur-roundings, and yet more to its situation on the shores of the Tagus, which itself presents the appearance of a moving town, with the countless merchant vessels from every part of the world anchored side by side in it, and from which daily goes up from amongst the black smoke from the en-gines the sound of many men at work.

The streets of the upper town are not much frequented, and their claustral silence contrasts strangely with the ani-mation of the quays, which are intersected by numerous tramways, and constantly crowded with *gallegos* and *varinas*.

At the end of the day a good many people promenade in the wide streets known as *de Ouro* (the golden), *de Prata* (the silver), Augusta, and Chiado. These are the Lisbonian *alamedas*, or public walks, and there is plenty to please idlers, for the show in the shop windows is brilliant and constantly renewed. Side by side with the gaudy display of French modistes—who boldly offer for sale on the banks of the Tagus a truly marvellous collection of hats and bonnets, some of which appear to date from the time of the Princesse de Polignac, or the Queen Marie Amélie—we see, especially in the streets *de Ouro* and Augusta, windows full of filigree jew-elry, which might have been made by fairy fingers, with ex-quisitely fine laces from Peniche and Setubal, of very pure and original designs.

In the capital of Portugal, as at Madrid, however, it is to the Plaza de Toros, the arena of Santa Anna, that the traveller should go on the day of a bull fight if he wishes to get at one glance a notion of the general appearance of the Portu-guese people. There, huddled together on the steps of the ancient arena, which is put together as lightly as the stage of a travelling circus, doubtless as a precaution in case of earth-quakes, are *gallegos* in green hats, fishermen in red Tam o' Shanter caps, peasants in many-colored vests and brond-brimmed hats, and the great body of the *varinas*, all, whether young or old, decked out like idols. On their ample breasts huge hearts, made of filigree gold, shine like suns, attracting the most enraptured *olhados*.* There is something so laborious, and at the same time so melancholy, in the Portuguese *olhado*, with the perpetual turning up of the eyes involved in it, that one cannot help being reminded of the grimaces made by some unlucky fellow with a fish bone stuck in his throat. A woman who could remain insensible to such tokens of the tender passion would be made of marble, and such indifference is rare in Portugal. It must not be supposed that the *olhado* is peculiar to the lower orders. The man of the world makes known his passion in exactly the same way; and a pretty woman (also a rare thing in Portugal) who passes the Casa Havaneza on the Chiado between four and six o'clock in the afternoon will cause a great rolling of the eyes amongst all the idlers gathered there. Although she may walk along with eyes demurely cast down before this rolling fire of mute declarations, each one of the artil-lerists of love will fancy he has hit the mark and won the victory.

It was in the reign of José I.—the bull-fighting Philip IV. of Portugal—that the last bull was killed in the arena of Lisbon. The King was present at nearly all the contests, surrounded by the most charming women of his court; and Portuguese gentlemen considered it an honor to fight the bull in the presence of their sovereign and his fair compan-ions. It was in one of the matches presided over by the King in person that the Duke of Arcos fell, mortally wound-ed by a thrust from the bull's horn in the abdomen. His father, the Marquis of Mirialva, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, flung himself into the arena, and seizing the sword dropped by his son, plunged it between the shoulders of the bull and killed it at a single blow. After this catastrophe the Marquis de Pombal declared it was time to put an end to such trials of skill, "Portugal not being sufficiently well peopled to be able to spare a man for a bull."

José I., accustomed to yield to the imperious advice of his minister, gave way, though with regret, and from this time the bull-fights lost their dramatic character, becoming what they are now.

In Portugal the bull, always with its horns tipped, is chased from the moment of its appearance on the scene by a cavalier in the costume of Louis XV., who, armed with long darts adorned with flags, and mounted on an excellent horse, tries to tire out the bull by flitting round him, and to arouse his anger by fixing in his shoulders as many of his *farpas*, or darts, as possible. The *cavalheiro em praça*, as he is called, is succeeded by the *forçados*, colossal fellows with huge limbs, recruited from amongst the quay porters, whose business it is to render the bull powerless by hanging on to its ears, its tail, or its limbs, like a pack of hounds. This result attained, the bull is taken back to the *toril* by a troop of *cabestros*, and his conquerors go round like professional beggars to the audience, holding out their green hats, into which pour a shower of *batacos*.* This is the coarse pastime which replaces in Portugal, in the ancient theatre of Santa Anna, as celebrated at the end of the eighteenth century as were the arenas of Seville and Arunda, the noble, graceful, and skilful blow from the sword of the Spanish *espada*.

If we had not made up our minds to the difficult task of closing our brief account of Lisbon by endeavoring to give some idea of the never-to-be-forgotten Cintra, we would gladly pause to give some detailed description of the charm-ing scenery around, dotted with elegant *quintas*, or country houses, which form a kind of verdant belt to the town. As it is, we must be content merely to mention Cacilhas and the Casa de Piedade, little châteaus embowered in orange-trees, from which can be seen the gleaming white houses opposite the town on the other side of the Tagus; Bellas, with its fresh green valley; Queluz, a royal residence surrounded by lovely gardens, where the Queen-mother, Maria Pia, generally passes the summer; Algês, on a pretty, much-frequented beach, close to Lisbon; Cascaes, the chief whaling-station of Portugal, at the mouth of the Tagus, with a fine beach, commanding a good view of the sea and the bar of the river, but greatly wanting in vegetation, the stunted trees on the drives, distorted as they are by the winds from the offing, presenting a sickly and distressing appearance. For all this, Cascaes is the fashionable watering-place, and it is quite the thing to spend a few weeks there when the court is in residence.

But here is Cintra, the gleaming mountain, the glorious Eden, the throne of spring, the eighth wonder of the world, as it has been successively called in one of the finest cantos of Lord Byron's "Don Juan."

Cintra is about fourteen miles from Lisbon, on the western slope of a chain of volcanic mountains. It is approached by a wide, white, dusty road, bordered by stunted trees, sickly plane-trees, and huge aloes, which seem to threaten you with their swordlike spines. On either side of the road stretch fields of thinly sown maize, strewn with flints which have the metallic lustre of lava scoriæ.

Until the foot of the mountain against which nestles the little town of Cintra is reached the country is dreary and monotonous, and the traveller passes suddenly, without transition, from a parched desolate plain to the fresh cool shade of the finest trees in the world. Cork-trees with crooked branches and thick foliage, plane-trees and gigantic eucalypti, the trunks of some of which, stripped of their bark, stand out in the darkness of night, in the declivities of the road, like the shafts of old Doric columns; pines with bark burnt golden by the sunshine, elms centuries old, and cypresses garlanded with honeysuckle and full of singing-birds. Beneath the shade of these trees rise pretty *quintas*, or country houses, surrounded by beautiful gardens. One of these villas, Monseratte, also known as the English house, owned by the wealthy Sir Francis Cook, is a perfect marvel. It is a fairylike white marble palace, adorned with delicate lacelike carving, and furnished, with exquisite taste, with everything most costly and most rare that could be obtained in the remote Orient.

The mountain is overlooked by the Penha Castle, which, originally built by the Moors, was later inhabited by monks, who let it fall into decay. It was, however, restored by King Fernando, who made it his favorite residence. We had the honor of being received in it by the old King, who led us about for several hours, which seemed to us like a dream, amongst the priceless art treasures hoarded up by him in his aerial home. He spent millions on the restora-tion of the outside alone of this wonderful building, and succeeded in saving from certain ruin this masterpiece of fantastic architecture, with its donjons and posterns, its battlements and machicolation, its delicate trefoil decora-tions, its gnes with their quaint inscriptions, its walls cov-ered with marvellously interlaced arabesques, its yellow cu-polas gilded by the sunshine, which look, in the distance, like huge Cimmerian helmets, the whole forming a fitting crown to this unique mountain, the slopes of which are clothed with all the luxuriance of Oriental vegetation. We wandered happily about amongst the woods of camellias as large as oaks, superb azaleas, citron-trees laden with pale gold fruit, araucariæ as lofty as towers, eucalypti with leathery leaves, and fuchsias with blood-red flowers; then, after having walked for a long time in the cool shade, listen-ing to the gurgling and splashing of fountains, hidden be-hind the curtains of hydrangeæ and gentians, which filled the air with their strong, almost overpowering scent, we entered the forest of cryptogams. Imagine a pile of cyclo-pean rocks surrounded by black prolific soil, from which goes up the peculiar smell of virgin earth, in which grow lofty ferns with velvetlike stems, beneath which houses might be built—quaint ancient denizens of luxuriant groves of flowerless plants, which flourished here, perhaps, before the dawn of history!

The narrow paths leading to the Penha Palace are so steep that we were often compelled to pause to take breath. Then we stretched ourselves out at the foot of great rocks covered with ficoideæ, which hung from them like long green hair, decked with red starlike flowers, and looked around us. Beneath our feet stretched vast plains, baked by the sun, without trees or verdure, dotted here and there with a few white villages; on the right, against the clear azure-blue horizon, rose the famous lines of Torres Vedras and the valley of Vimieira, where Junot defeated the English army, whilst beyond we could make out the sandy desert which begins at the foot of the low mountains of Roliça, where General Delaborde, at the head of 3000 Frenchmen, checked the march of 15,000 Englishmen.† In the midst of these desolated plains, so white that the few clouds in the sky are reflected on them, rises the sad and gloomy though sunlit Mafra, the huge Escorial of the Portuguese monarchs.

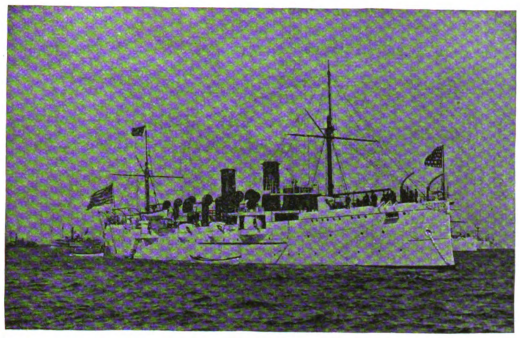
When, in imagination, I see once more the divine moun-tain of Cintra, with its fairylike palace and its mantle of flowers bathed in light and full of sweet perfumes, I feel as if I were mourning a lost Paradise, scarce seen in one brief hour of bliss, to be lost for evermore. To enraptured Italians, who say that the greatest bliss is to see Naples and die, the Portuguese might well reply that the greatest joy would be to see Cintra and live there for evermore.

* The English equivalent to the *olhado* is "casting sheep's eyes."—TRANS.

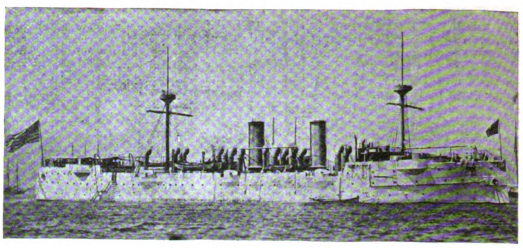
* Small Portuguese coin.

† This seems scarcely a fair way of stating the fact that in the Penin-sular War Wellington, after the great victory of Talavera in July, 1809, retired behind the lines of Torres Vedras to gather up strength for the march which resulted in the driving of the French from Spain and Por-tugal in 1811. It was to this judicious "retreat" to Torres Vedras that was due the final and complete success of the British arms.—TRANS.

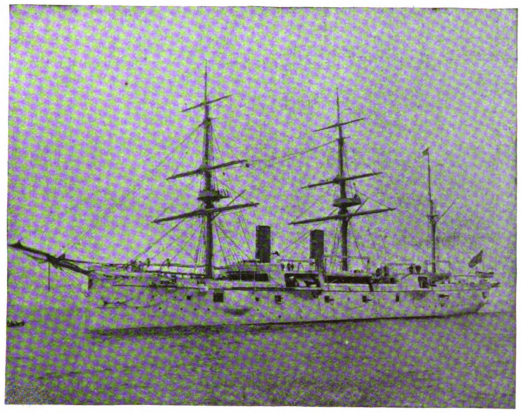
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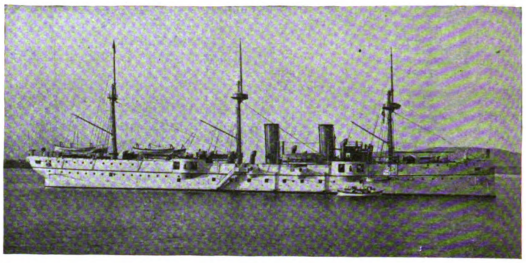
U. S. S. "PHILADELPHIA."



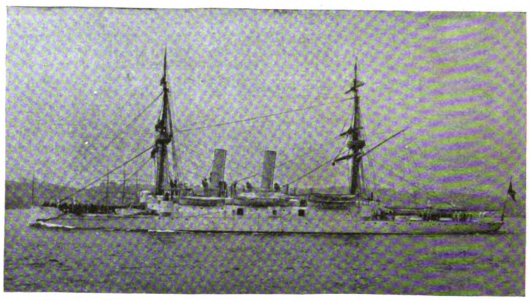
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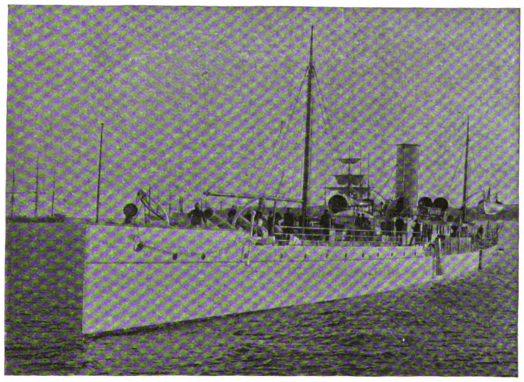
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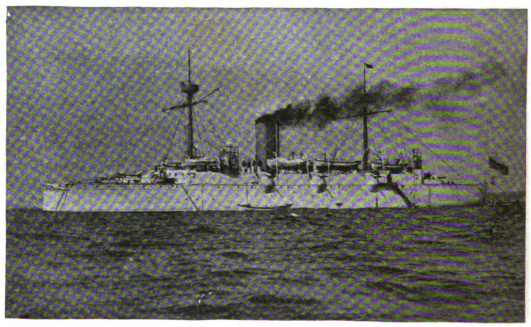
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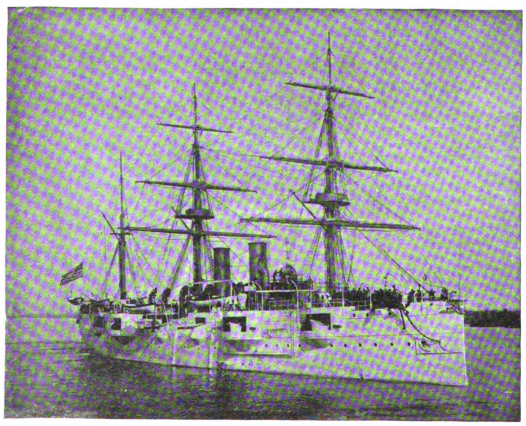
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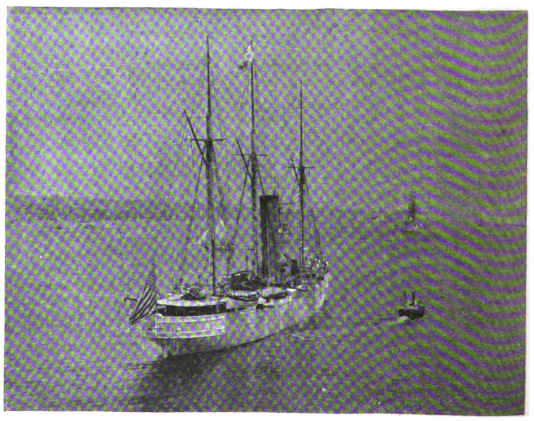
U. S. S. "VESUVIUS."



U. S. S. "CHARLESTON."



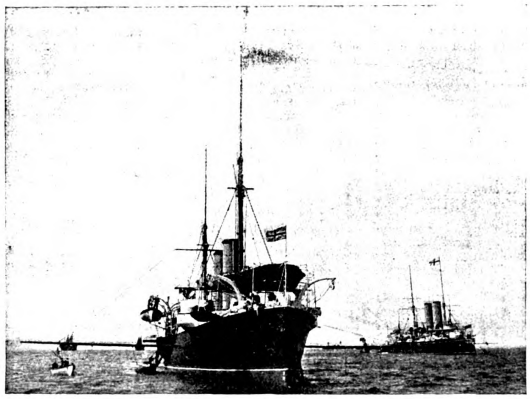
U. S. S. "NEWARK."



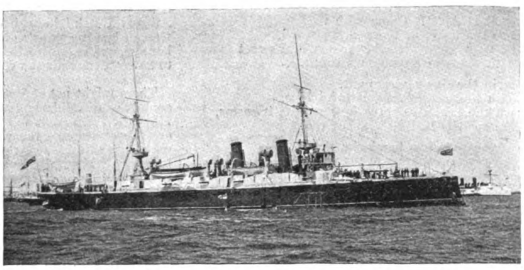
U. S. S. "DOLPHIN."

WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—From Photographs.—[See Page 406.]

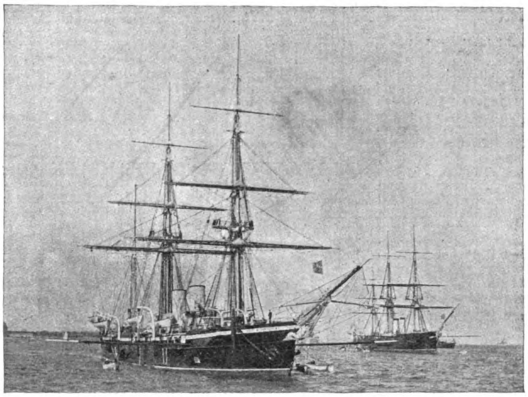
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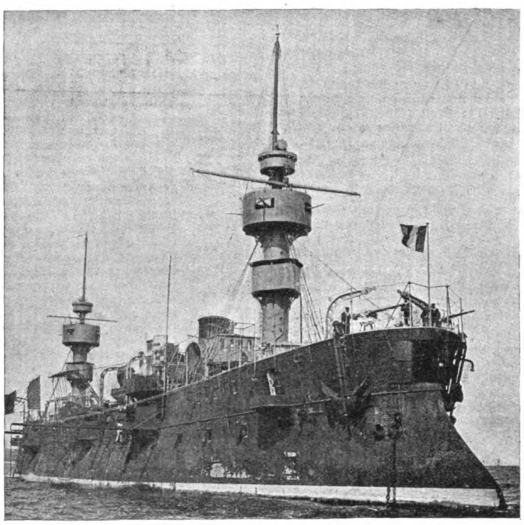
THE "MAGICIENNE" AND THE "BLAKE" (ENGLISH)



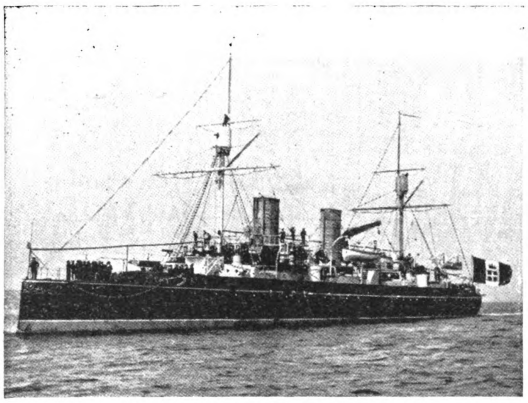
THE "AUSTRALIA" (ENGLISH).



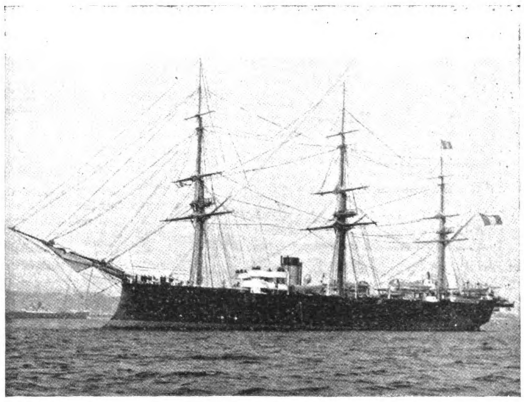
THE RUSSIAN SHIPS "GENERAL ADMIRAL" AND "RYNDA."



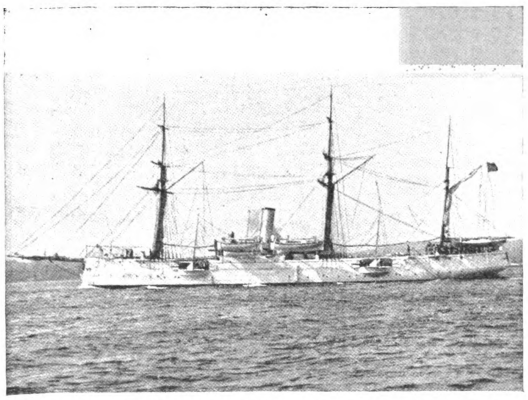
THE FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART."



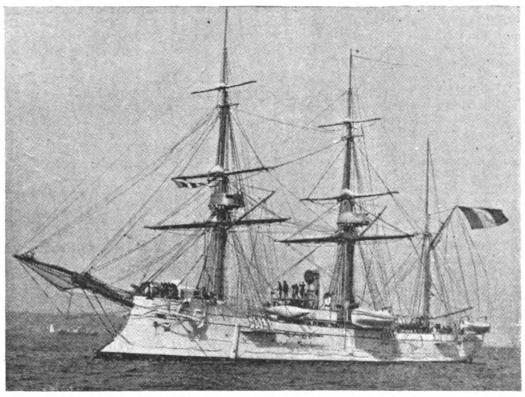
THE ITALIAN WAR-VESSEL "GIOVANNI BAUSAN."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "ARÉTHUSE."



THE SPANISH WAR-VESSEL "INFANTA YSABEL."



THE FRENCH WAR-VESSEL "HUSSARD."

WITH THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS—SOME OF THE FOREIGN SHIPS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

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IN THE WOOD.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Now it is April! Come with me
Into the heart of the waiting wood,
Dark with great emerald glooms, and sweet
With sense of slumberous solitude.

Here in the dewy gleam alit,
With flickering sun and fitful blue,
Down the tranced depths how strong, it seems,
The spell is laid, how silent too!

As if the moveless hemlocks there,
The mystic cedars, knew the bond
That held them cast in changeless calm,
Waiting the lifting of a wand.

Nay, then, has silence' self a voice
Of wide and murmurous music? Hark!
Is that dank distance only dim
With quivering light? You thought it dark?

Where you shall tread, all unaware,
The velvet moss, from hiding cool
A troop of sparkles toss and fly,
A troop of dimples break the pool.

And close about the kingly bole
In the dead bracken of his lair
A cloud of bursting buds have shed
Their dusty sweetness on the air.

The maple like an ember burns
Far down the misty forest reach;
Yonder the shadows prank themselves
In the green sunshine of the beech.

And where that great bough slowly lifts
A dusky plume, and falls on rest,
Nestles a mother-bird, and broods
The song to come beneath her breast.

The whisper of the parting sheath,
The pushing bud, is singing there
Under the breath to half-guessed tunes
Of trickling waters everywhere.

With thrills along the last year's leaf,
With seeds that start, with wings that whir,
With motion and with sound, the world,
The dark sweet world, is all astir.

In the deep wood this April day
Feel, then, with what a yearning flight
From every darkling clod the earth
Springs upward like a soul to light!



THE first season of the Theatre of Arts and Letters came to an end last week with its fifth subscription performance at Palmer's Theatre. On the following night the Theatre of Arts and Letters opened its doors for the edification and enlightenment of the general public at regular prices. That the said general public did not flock to avail themselves of the privileges thus offered does not prove so much that there were no privileges to offer as that said general public knows what amuses it, if not what is best for its edification and enlightenment. But is it quite fair to the subscribers of the Theatre of Arts and Letters that they should pay five dollars to see an entertainment one night, when they might just as well wait till the following night and only pay a dollar and a half?

In spite of obvious defects and errors of managerial judgment, the season of the Theatre of Arts and Letters has not been barren of result in showing, first, that there is a class of people who are willing to pay five dollars for an entertainment, and be apparently content with a *quid pro quo* of rather dubious value and utility; secondly, that there are not enough good plays, worthy of being represented on the stage at all, scorned by managers, to make the existence of an institution to provide for their production a crying necessity; and thirdly, that there does exist in New York a public intelligent and cultured enough to judge plays by some other standard than that of their capacity for simply providing amusement. This last result should insure the continuance of the Theatre of Arts and Letters, and even possibly compass its ultimate development into a national theatre, should the management succeed in finding and furnishing its patrons with the proper dramatic pabulum.

The last and also best performance of the series was made notable by the production of the one play of real literary and dramatic merit which the Theatre of Arts and Letters has fathered thus far. Those who have read Miss Mary E. Wilkins's admirable short stories did not need to see her play of *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, to learn that she has a marked feeling for dramatic situation and effect, great power of characterization, literary attainments of a high order, and that her work in general is sincere, forcible, and direct. As a play *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, possesses dramatic truth, because one feels that both life and character at a period whose narrow prejudice, bigotry, and superstition vied with that of the Spanish Inquisition, might well have been as Miss Wilkins depicts them. It lacks the principal essential of great dramatic art, dramatic contrast; and here lies its principal fault. The play, whose simple story tells how a godly New England woman is arrested and hanged for witchcraft, and her husband crushed between stones for refusing to confess his belief that she was a witch, is not a pleasant one. The note of the darkest gloom and deepest melancholy struck in the opening scene rings through the play to the close, and grows monotonous from the over-sincerity and over-persistency of the author in setting forth her dominant theme. Not a moment of relief does she allow us from the despairing emotion with which, like thunder-clouds, the play is overcharged. One cannot fail to be impressed with the power and truth, the force and directness, of the author's dramatic conceptions, but the play fails in enlisting our sympathies in that it recalls a period of our history that we would willingly forget. The more, too, as, preposterous as it may seem at the end of the nineteenth century, the spirit of barbarous superstition which prompts men to kill and burn their fellows still lingers among us; for did not last week a great daily publish a column of news headed "In Terror of an Alleged Witch," in which we are told that a New Jersey woman has the power of blighting the life by a glance of her eye, and is said to have made four children ill, and also to have "demoralized a cow"?

There might not at first sight appear to be many points of contact or resemblance between Miss Wilkins's play and Mr. Hoyt's *A Texas Steer*, and yet one has but to step from Palmer's Theatre across the way to see a play which equally with Miss Wilkins's carries conviction with it as being true to nature. Naturally, one play is literature, and the other is not; but the one succeeds in being popularly attractive where the other never could. Although the one is frankly satirical to the verge of caricature where the other is despairingly realistic, both are distinctively American, both illustrate distinctive phases of national life, and both suggest at least tendencies and possibilities of a national dramatic art, though in differing directions and with differing aims. To be successful, a short story should represent a single idea, a single dominant emotion; and its strength and effect lie in the persistency with which this single idea is enforced by the incessant reiteration of a single note of emotion and dramatic color. But what is the chief merit in a short story becomes the principal defect in a four-act play. This fact Miss Wilkins will learn to appreciate, and will undoubtedly yet write a great play, for which her work in *Giles Corey, Yeoman*, shows that she possesses all the necessary qualifications. The play was admirably acted by Mrs. Booth, Mr. Plympton, Miss Kimball, Mr. Elliot, and the other members of the cast and as a realistic picture, though an unpleasant one, of one side of American life, has not been surpassed on the contemporary stage.

Chicago is now the Mecca toward which all musical eyes are turned. The Bureau of Music announces that the musical features of the ceremonies opening the exposition on May 1st include Professor Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn," Beethoven's "In Praise of God," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." A large orchestra, various military bands, and a chorus of 1500 voices will participate in the ceremonies opening the exposition. The Bureau of Music also has issued the programme for the special concerts up to the end of July, which presents features of notable interest, although one looks in vain for any concerts of American music. Indeed, beyond the fact that the programme for the concert of the Kneisel String Quartet, on the 25th of May, will include a violin sonata and a piano quartet by Messrs. MacDowell and Foote respectively, no American composer is even mentioned! The bureau also announces that M. Paderewski has delayed his return to Europe in order to participate in the opening concert of the exposition; and also that the regular musical features of the entire exposition period include biweekly orchestral concerts in Music Hall, daily popular concerts in Festival Hall, and organ recitals. The daily popular concerts, free to all, will begin Tuesday, May 2d.

Apart from the architecture, the Woman's Building of the exposition will be perhaps its most notable feature, as woman's work throughout the world will therein be illustrated in a way calculated to surprise those who still maintain the inferiority of the fair sex. Three female composers will be represented on the programme dedicating the Woman's Building—Ingeborg von Bronsart, of Weimar, Germany, by a march for orchestra; Miss Frances Ellicott, of London, by a dramatic overture, which English critics have united in praising; Mrs. H. A. H. Beach, of Boston, the shining light among American women composers, by a "Jubilate" for mixed voices and orchestra written for the occasion. An eminent French critic once said of Augusta Holmès, the well-known French woman composer (one notes, by-the-way, the omission of a representative French female composer from the above programme) that "like most women, she tries to prove her own virility by making a tremendous noise." It is to be hoped that this will not apply to the compositions to be heard in Chicago. There certainly seems no adequate reason why women, who have attained eminence in all the other arts, should not compass a like eminence in music; possibly the woman's exposition will succeed in proving that they have already done so. A dramatic overture by a Miss Lang was recently played in Boston by the Symphony Orchestra with great success; but, on the whole, the record made by women in music hitherto is not brilliant, and we must look to the future rather than to the past to justify their claims as musicians.

Miss Coghlan last week once more delighted her many admirers by her charming and highly finished impersonation of the heroine in Charles Reade's clever comedy *Peg Woffington*. This impersonation is too well known to New York audiences to call for extended comment; but it may be said that Miss Coghlan's art is even more finished than of yore, and whether as the gay-hearted and dashing actress or the thoughtful and tender-hearted woman, her charm as Peg Woffington is undeniable. Her company, which has recently been re-enforced by the engagement of Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, is of unusual excellence, and the play in consequence is in all respects admirably cast.

After appearing successfully for two weeks as Don Cæsar de Bazan, Mr. Alexander Salvini gave us another taste of his quality last week by his portrayal of D'Artagnan in Dumas's play of the *Three Guardsmen*. As an actor, Mr. Salvini has made decided advances in his art since last seen, and has beyond question a future as well as a present. Though to a certain extent lacking at times in repose and considered contrast, Mr. Salvini brings to his task spirit, enthusiasm, evident and manly sincerity, grace, humor, and a certain picturesqueness in style which fit him admirably for the romantic school of drama, in which he can certainly lay claim to a foremost place. One would think that a play like the *Three Guardsmen* is hardly worthy of his steel. It is a romantic melodrama of the *Monte Cristo* type, full of spirited action, hair-breadth escapes, hand-to-hand encounters, duels, and thrilling adventures of various kinds. The villain, who dominates in the beginning, is crushed in the end by triumphant virtue and valor combined, and the audience, who, not having seen dramas of this type for some years, seems to take most kindly to them, goes away in a thoroughly satisfied frame of mind. The *Three Guardsmen*, which in accordance with modern ideas is over-long, was fairly well put upon the stage as regards scenery and costume, and apart from the star sufficiently well acted to bring out the author's intentions. As D'Artagnan, Mr. Salvini was all that could be desired, and especial note should be made of his pantomime. Of his support, Mr. Johnson as Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. Redmond as Athos, Miss Craigen as the Queen, and Miss Dixon as Constance were effective.

Much is being written and said in Paris about **Delibes's** posthumous opera *Kassya*, recently produced there at the Opéra Comique with most decided success. Always a slow worker, Delibes was four years and a half in writing the piano score of this opera, and had finished the orchestration up to the middle of the second act when he died. Curiously enough, his pen stopped on the fateful words "**My work is** finished." Massenet, as is known, undertook to complete the score, and has done so with such rare skill and tact that one cannot even notice the point where Delibes ended and Massenet began. The score is said to be full of charming inspirations, and remarkable for both rhythmic and melodic force, color, and originality. The story, taken from a Hungarian tale, is said to form a series of popular pictures singularly adapted to show the composer in his best light. Drinking-songs and serenades, the Christmas festival with its varied spectacle of merchants and peasants, lordly revels and glittering fêtes, gypsy dances and rustic revolutions, an assault of castles, and the tribunals of peasants, the whole bound together by a constantly moving and stirring dramatic action, form a series of stage pictures at once striking and interesting, which have been illustrated by the composer with music characterized as "thoroughly French, thoroughly interesting, and thoroughly original." A charming ballet in the fourth act forms a principal feature of the work, and will doubtless be heard in the concert-room erelong. One also notes that M. Gounod has emerged from his retirement to write some not very important music for a kind of modern passion play, *Les Drames sacrés*, now being presented at the Vaudeville Théâtre, Paris, on the boards made famous by the tread of Judic, Théo, and Jeanne Granier. Could any locale be less appropriate? The drama itself, which is half sceptical, half sentimentally religious, in tone, forms the basis for a number of tableaux on different themes depicting incidents in the life of Christ. One remarkable tableau is the rebellion of the forest trees, each refusing to be selected as the one from whose wood the cross should be hewn. At last the oak, upon whose branches Judas hanged himself, offers itself. Could anything be more thoroughly French in half-cynical sentimentality, and in the inharmonious and incongruous juxtaposition of the sacred and the secular, the real and the unreal? REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT HAMPTON ROADS.

NOTHING could have been better than the selection of Hampton Roads as the point of rendezvous for the united fleets. The spaciousness of the roadstead, and its immunity from the shuttling of water-borne commerce, made the anchorage an ideal one for just such a shaking down and filliping as vessels gathered for a holiday are apt to need. The weather was, for the season, so fairly good that ship-visiting was shorn of its terrors; and so unvexed was the holding-ground that the cruisers swung clear at their hawses tide in and out. Markets and laundries were near enough to make glad the hearts of messes, for grub and clean linen are two problems often so hard to solve; squadrons of handsome girls and still handsomer matrons waited ashore with the blithest of welcomes, and so near were definite centres of population that thousands gathered and gave life and color and human interest to the scene. There was a hurry-skurry, a rush, all day and far into the night, but it was the best-mannered throng I have ever seen, that is, so far as the natives were concerned. For these bright-eyed, soft-voiced, languid Virginians are a courteous race, inventors and practisers of traditions worthy of copying, and they take their pleasure soberly, and with such a smiling gentleness that it was a tonic to be near them.

So far as the orderly gathering of fine cruisers could make, the rendezvous was a great success. The four-fathom curves skirting either side of the channelway lend themselves harmoniously to the picturesque disposition of the fleet. The Russians were the first to arrive, and took station to the southward of the *Philadelphia*. The French were echeloned further to the westward, and near them were the Germans and the Italians. Directly off the *Philadelphia's* bow was the squatty-sparred, steep-boomed *Van Speyk*, the sole representative of Holland. Furthest seaward was the English squadron, five in the beginning, and later four, troubles in the West Indies having called away, to their hearts' ache, the gallant officers of that very trim and saucy *Partridge*, which shared with the *Bancroft* and the *Vesuvius* the baby honors of the fleet. Perhaps the keenest expectation was aroused by the *Blake*, the English flag-ship, though the German *Kaiserin* and the French *Jean Bart*, when grouped with it, made a trio that divided the allegiance of experts. To my mind, nothing was finer than the *Australia*. But as this is tacking in dangerous waters, any comparison can be made only when they are our guests no longer. Twenty-four foreign vessels in all were expected, and most of these reported at the rendezvous, and each nation took up its allotted duties with a cheerfulness and a zeal that discredited the clashings which some of the prophets of woe so dolefully predicted. As a matter of contemporaneous interest, I add here the names, countries, and classes of the vessels, though I am afraid this will convey but little save a dry enumeration of the ships:

Name.	Class.
Argentina—	
Nueve de Julio	Protected cruiser.
Brazil—	
Aquidaban	Battle-ship.
Tiradentes	Gun-vessel.
Republica	Protected cruiser.
England—	
Blake	Armored cruiser.
Australia	Armored cruiser.
Magicienne	Protected cruiser.
Tartar	Part protected cruiser.
Partridge	Part protected cruiser.
France—	
Jean Bart	Protected cruiser.
Arethuse	Unprotected cruiser; wood.
Hussard	Unprotected cruiser.
Germany—	
Kaiserin Augusta	Protected cruiser.
Seeadler	Unprotected cruiser.
Holland—	
Van Speyk	Unprotected cruiser.
Italy—	
Etna	Protected cruiser.
Giovanni Bausan	Part protected cruiser.
Dogali	Protected cruiser.
Russia—	
Dimitri Donskoi	Armored cruiser; barbette.
General Admiral	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Rynda	Part protected cruiser.
Emperor Nicholas I.	Turret battle-ship.
Admiral Nachimoff	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Pamiate Azova	Armored cruiser; barbette.
Spain—	
Reina Regente	Protected cruiser.
Infanta Isabel	Unprotected cruiser.
Nueva España	Torpedo-vessel.

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Good times ashore and afloat were masthead high. Official dinners began early, and for the first week in the history of our alleged civilization the traditional hospitality of this country was amplified with a special allowance made by the government. Hitherto the burden of this wining and dining and dancing has weighed heavily upon our underpaid representatives; but a tardy sense of justice was unmoored for this occasion, and out of the general appropriation a small sum was allotted for entertainment. Each foreign vessel was assigned to the care of some one American cruiser, and you may be sure with Baltimore and Norfolk under their lee, "they had meat, and they could eat, and that the Lord was thankit," if one may paraphrase the immortal Bobby in such irreverent fashion. On board the *Dolphin* the flag and commanding officers were feasted, the yachts, notably the *Marguerite*—that rare combination of speed and stanchness—vied with the official gatherings, and at the Army Club there were a sincerity of welcome and a breadth of good fellowship that cheered and charmed the visitors. It was a pity the good intentions of the military officers were so much frustrated by the parsimony of Congress, for not a dollar was allowed them to hold up that end of which we are always braggiug. It was proposed to furnish and allot one casemate to each of the nations, to make for the officers when ashore a little place of their own, a pied-à-terre, where they could go, write their letters, swig their grog, and, if detained overnight, sleep peacefully. No happier thought in the interest of a sailor's comfort ever came to a worse realization, for when it was suggested that our people would scarcely care to have the entertainment of their guests paid by a very few, my lords of the committee sniffed valorously, and swore they would see the whole rag, tag, and bobtail of them in some dreadful place before a dollar of the nation should be spent that way. And of course this was patriotic and delightful. However, the foreign sailors did not suffer, for, indeed, nothing gave them greater pleasure than their reception by those splendid American gunners.

There is little more to tell. At the appointed time the fleet got under way, and very prettily the ships took up their position in columns; followed by a Falstaff array of sea craft, they steamed slowly out of the Roads, skirted the shoals, slipped through the capes, became a dull mass of hulls, then a cloud of smoke, and then nothing, for the creditable rendezvous was over, and Old Point came to its own again.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

A STONE RHINOCEROS FROM DAKOTA.

IN October last the American Museum of Natural History of New York received a car-load of fossil freight from the "Bad Lands" of South Dakota. Among the lot were three boxes containing three large blocks of sandstone, in which were embedded the remains of an ancient rhinoceros of Dakota. These blocks were not very promising, as only one or two fragments of bone could be seen projecting, but they were put in the hands of an expert *préparateur*, who has had long training in excavating bones from their hard bed, and after three months' work out comes a complete skeleton of a rhinoceros.

The animal was not in a natural position; for some reason the head and the tail regions had been doubled up together. This rendered the work of clearing out the ribs and smaller bones all the more difficult, and at one time it seemed almost impossible to get the entire skeleton in place. But finally one part after another turned up, except one fore limb and a few ribs, until the skeleton was complete from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. The tail vertebræ taper off delicately to a fine point, showing that the tail was longer and more slender than in the modern rhinoceros. Then the work of setting up the fossil began, and very careful consideration was given to this matter, for it was evident that this rhinoceros is by far the finest specimen of its kind in the world, and deserved the handsomest treatment which the museum could give it. It was finally decided to mount it in high relief, like one of the Bulls of Nineveh, to leave the stone between some of the spines of the backbone, and to give the entire bed of the fossil the same character as the hard greenish-gray sandstone in which it was found in South Dakota.

This plan proved to be completely successful, and the animal can now be seen in the Museum mounted in position upon a large slab measuring about nine by five feet, and cased in a solid setting of mahogany. It gives the impression to the visitor of having been found and chiselled out of the matrix just as it is. The fore and hind limbs are in the walking position, and the head is slightly elevated, so that to the eye of an osteologist, which can always clothe a skeleton with flesh and hide, the position is a very natural and lifelike one. It certainly conveys the effect which it is desired to give—in the first place, that the animal is completely petrified, and, in the second place, that it has been cut out of a bed of solid sandstone. The length of the animal is about eight feet, and its height a little less than five. It is evidently about the size of the modern rhinoceros of Sumatra, and considerably smaller than the great rhinoceros of central Africa, or the woolly rhinoceros of northern Europe, which has been found in such numbers upon the shores of the great rivers of Siberia. This rhinoceros is, in fact, not the largest which was evolved in North America, but it is one of the ancestors of the highest type which we produced in our Western country in Miocene times. There are three toes in front and three behind, and a pair of teeth both in the upper and lower jaws which are wanting in most of the modern rhinoceroses. Another feature is, the animal has no horns; the skull is completely smooth; yet there are rough points upon the top of the skull which give promise of the later development of the horns which are characteristic of all the living members of the rhinoceros family. The general build of the animal is, as far as it is possible for a rhinoceros to be so, rather graceful, and indicates that it was much swifter-footed than most of the modern types. The spreading toes are backed in the restoration with sandstone, and behind them were found even the little sesamoid bones which played in the tendons at the back of the joints.

When we compare this with some of the well-known discoveries of rhinoceroses in Europe and this country, we find that all the early rhinoceroses have hitherto been represented only by skulls and detached portions of the limbs and feet. A species of the same age as the American Museum specimen in France is found partly complete, that is, the limbs and ribs are in place, but not the skull; and this specimen is preserved, we believe, in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and is the only one which nearly rivals this new *Aceratherium tridactulum*, as this rhinoceros is called. The finest fossil rhinoceros in the world is, therefore, the specimen we are describing. The geological age is Middle Miocene; in the top of the Miocene are great bone beds of rhinoceroses—cemeteries of the herds which fairly covered the country during that old geological period, and the museum has instructed its Western expedition of this season, which, as before, is in the skilful charge of Dr. J. L. Wortman, to procure if possible a skeleton of one of these later types of rhinoceroses, as it is proposed to set up a great case in which the skeleton of the modern rhinoceros will be placed in the centre, and three or four of its ancient relatives will be placed at the corners. This case will illustrate the whole chapter of rhinoceros history in North America, and will be as instructive and interesting as a collection of fossils can be made.

The way to enjoy and to appreciate a fossil—in other words, to prevent its becoming dry—is to use one's imagination both as to its form and early surroundings. In itself it is merely a pile of bones, as dead as anything can be. When we reconstruct from these bones its life habits and mode of feeding, and when, further, we extend the imagination back to its surroundings in Miocene times, it begins to become an object of the greatest interest.

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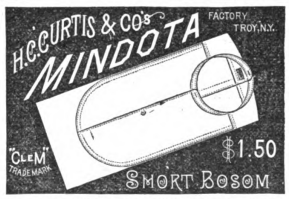
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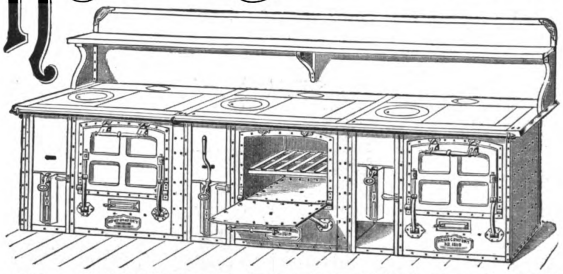
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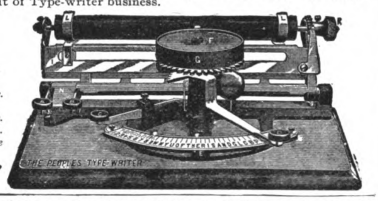
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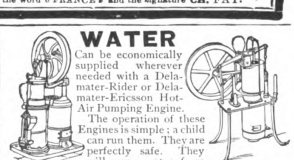
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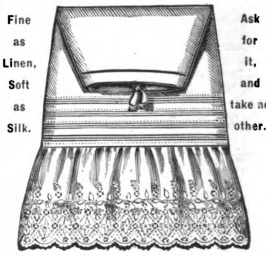
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AMATEUR SPORT

NOTHING SO DISTINCTLY EMPHASIZES the development of the American sportsmen as the strong and general movements towards the preservation of our timber land. The unthinking man, skimming over his morning paper, reads of a bill enacted by the State Legislature setting aside so many acres of timber land for a State park as one of the routine acts of the law-makers; but the man who thinks as he reads recognizes the sound public sentiment that has made such legislation possible, and hears the death-knell of vicious devastation. He sees in it the sign manual of the little bands of sportsmen, scattered over the country, who have labored faithfully for the enlightenment of the people, and he marvels at the great work that has been accomplished in so short a time. He remembers probably, if he has handled either rod or gun, how he shot at anything in sight, whether on the wing or not, in his boyhood days, trapped rabbits, and dug for worms to lure his trout, while game-protection or forest-preservation he never heard of. As the men who first used artificial flies in angling were laughed at, so those who early preached the doctrine of fair chase and forest-preservation were scarcely able to secure an audience. Gradually, however, the spirit of sportsmanship has spread, until throughout the length and breadth of this great land it is wellnigh universal.

WHILE THE PROTECTION OF GAME has occupied the public mind for a considerable time, the preservation of our forests has had comparatively but recent attention. The past five years especially have seen more done in this direction than probably the previous ten. President Harrison and his Secretary of Interior, Noble, brought their influence to bear in the good work, with the most satisfactory results. By their efforts alone no less than fifteen timber reserves were established, which included 1,239,000 acres adjoining the Yellowstone Park; 4,000,000 in central California; 1,337,000 in southern California; 4,000,000 in Colorado; 967,000 in Washington; 1,850,000 in Arizona, comprising the grand cañon of the Colorado River, the site of the most rugged and magnificent scenery probably in the world; 311,000 in New Mexico; and 142,000 in Oregon—altogether upwards of 13,000,000 acres.

Such an example by the government has had its effect on the States, and the general agitation of the subject has done much for the cause, not only in preservation of timber land, but in the protection of game. In a tour of the country made recently by the writer the number of associations and the sincerity of their members formed for the protection of game and the enforcement of the laws was as surprising as it was satisfying.

OF ALL THE STATES THAT HAVE taken up the good fight none has accomplished so much as New York, and no single official has done so much as Governor Flower. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Flower for lifting the matter of forest-preservation out of politics. It is to his efforts alone, it may be said, that the "Forest-Preserve Bill," recently passed by the New York Legislature, received the serious consideration it merited. He alone, of all in political power, appeared to grasp the necessities of the case, and in doing so he responded to the earnest desire of those who want to see the forests perpetuated in good order. What these great breathing-spots are to the people any one who studies the situation must realize. It is a subject of general rejoicing that they have been finally secured.

THE BILL JUST PASSED establishes the boundary of a forest preserve in the Adirondack Mountains, to be called the "Adirondack Park," and which will include the large tracts of the scattered and disconnected land the State has owned for some time in that section. This great park, which comprises about 500,000 acres, is to be "forever reserved, maintained, and cared for as a ground open for the free use of the people, for their health and pleasure, and as forest lands necessary to the preservation of the head-waters of the chief rivers of the State, and a future timber supply." The direct charge of the park is to be under five commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor, and it is safe to say that, having carried the matter to so successful an issue, he will not jeopard its future by calling incapable or unworthy men to so important a duty.

These commissioners are empowered to sell all spruce and tamarack timber exceeding twelve inches in diameter, and to apply the proceeds to the purchase of additional lands lying within the bounds of the park. Thus it is expected, in the course of a few years, to materially enlarge the present acreage.

In congratulating ourselves on the final wresting of this great section of country from the hands of the despoiler it is only fair to say that the several private clubs which have their properties in or about the park have done much towards not only protecting the game and timber, but in educating the people of that section in the principles of sportsmanship. Of these co-laborers in the cause the Adirondack League Club has been a constant and valuable worker.

Nor has the wave of enlightenment spent its force in New York State. The New Hampshire Legislature has recently made a similar reservation, and in Massachusetts there is an association formed for the purpose of reserving breathing spots for the people wherever it is feasible throughout the State.

NO VICTORY SO SIGNAL has been gained for the protection of game as the winning of the suit against the Delmonico restaurant in this city by Game-Warden Kidd. It will be remembered, Delmonico served certain birds out of season, and was detected and fined by the warden. Refusing to pay, suit was brought, and finally, after endless red tape in the District Attorney's office, Delmonico has lost the suit, and paid the fine and costs.

This case is dwelt on here because it was against one of the first restaurants of the country; the defeat of so wealthy a caterer as Delmonico carries with it a warning to all other like offenders, and encouragement to members of game-protection associations all over the country.

If people would only learn that storage-house game, and all game out of season, is a vastly inferior article, there would be no more birds served out of season. The price of the birds whets the appetite, but it is a case where the anticipation greatly exceeds the realization.

THE RACQUET MATCH ON LAST THURSDAY between Mr. B. S. de Garmendia and Mr. John S. Tooker for the amateur championship conclusively proved the former to be without a peer at the game in this country. It is too bad Mr. De Garmendia was not in such form as that of last week, when he met Mr. Percy Ashworth, the English amateur. Had he been, one must believe the American game would have shown to better advantage. The story of the De Garmendia-Tooker match is told in a few words. The Boston



B. S. DE GARMENDIA, RACQUET CHAMPION.

man played a fast, low game, invariably starting off with a lead. He was active and untiring, but his judgment in serving was often at fault.

De Garmendia's game was the consummation of skill and judgment. His placing was remarkable, his luring Tooker from the back court being particularly effective, while his "getting" was astonishing. Tooker's weakness in backhand strokes was apparent, and in these De Garmendia is very strong. Mr. De Garmendia won in three straight sets—15–7, 15–12, 15–13.

The list of winners since 1876 is:

1876—E. La Montagne.	1885—L. M. Rutherford, Jun.
1877—G. C. Allen.	1886—P. Allen.
1878—J. T. Soutter.	1887—C. L. Perkins.
1879—E. La Montagne.	1888—B. S. de Garmendia.
1880—G. C. Allen.	1889—B. S. de Garmendia.
1881—D. Lydig.	1890—B. S. de Garmendia.
1882—L. M. Rutherford, Jun.	1891—B. S. de Garmendia.
1883—L. M. Rutherford, Jun.	1892—J. S. Tooker.
1884—W. Shippen.	1893—B. S. de Garmendia.

The championship is held alternate years on the courts of the Boston Athletic Association and the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York, at the close of the club tournament.

The Racquet Club's tournament this year, more than any other has done, evinced the steady improvement in form and interest that is being made in the game. The entries were



J. S. TOOKER, EX-CHAMPION RACQUETS.

more numerous, and the playing much better. It took the '92 champion—Tooker—four games to defeat Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., whose placing was particularly clever, but who showed a lack of physical condition.

Mr. Hunnewell, the Boston player, made a creditable showing, but lost to Mr. Tooker in 3 straight.

THE POSSIBLE MAKE-UP of the Yale nine has been narrowed down to the ordinary 1st of May limits. The Easter vacation and the trip South threw out the doubtful men, and this month has been devoted to a general revision, based upon the experience of that trip and the showing of the individual players. In the first place, it was clearly demonstrated that the in-field needed a steadying influence. The men were too new and inexperienced to hold together in exciting moments, and when a break-up came, it was a bad one. Settling down appeared impossible, and the chance of a "rattled" in-field in a championship game was too serious to be ignored. Captain Bliss's realization of this danger has been proved by his stepping into short stop, which little Murphy filled so ably last year, and which this season was, perhaps, the weakest place of the in-field. There is every likelihood that he will remain in that position, and how well he can fill it a few weeks must determine. His experience at third base some two years ago, and his more recent work in the out-field, are likely to lead him into making an occasional over-throw, which, when it occurs, may mean that the runner takes third and possibly home on the error. But his influence with the rest of the in-fielders is good, and his former excellent baseball work gives assurance of his filling short satisfactorily.

RUSTIN WILL PLAY THIRD, and is putting up a good game. He handles the ball well, and is trustworthy, although not a fancy player. Hedges will play second, and as yet is slow for that position. He will not cover the ground that such men as Norton and Calhoun were wont to patrol against the hits of the adversaries, but both he and Rustin are batting very well—better, in fact, than Bliss, who does not yet have much luck with the stick.

Stephenson, at first, is, however, the leader at present in lining the ball out, and if he keep up his work in that respect, will be of material assistance to Yale's run-getting. He plays his base well, although not brilliantly, but makes a good mark for his diamond.

Beall and Case, as they did last year, will cover centre and left, although the latter has been on the sick-list for a time. Both are fair hitters and good base-runners, likely to make the most of any opportunities to exchange first for second, or even second for third in a pinch.

Speer is the best candidate for right field, and particularly as he is serviceable as a change pitcher.

Davis can also pitch a fair game, and when not in the box, covers the field well enough to be available.

YALE SEEMS WELL SUPPLIED with catchers in Greenway, Kedzie, and Jackson, although the last has lately stopped practising, and will probably drop out of the ranks. Either Kedzie or Greenway is a satisfactory back stop, and both hold Carter, the best of the pitchers, with no great difficulty, although he has not yet perhaps let himself out. Kedzie is a shade the better of the two, although Greenway is as trustworthy behind the bat as he was on the end of the rush-line. Kedzie has also a bit the better of the throwing, getting the ball to the bases in good style.

Carter is by all odds the best man Yale has in the box this season. He is a thorough ball-player, and can cover first base or play behind the bat as well as any man Yale has for either position. But it is as a pitcher that his value is the greatest this year. He has excellent control of the ball, a good knowledge of batters, and a change of speed that is very trying to the opposing nine.

The nine are batting better than they did last year, but that is not saying very much for them. Their fielding is not so finished nor so sharp as that which characterized Murphy's nine. Second base is short-covered, and the whole diamond is a little slow.

THE YALE CREW is sure to be a good one. Naturally the loss of Hartwell, Balliet, and Graves has made a gap difficult to fill, but the material, though not numerous, is of good quality, and is breaking in well. When one sees the boat go off, and notes the steady, even swing of that pair of oars which sets the stroke for the other six, and observes the finished work of those two men who sat at seven and eight last year on the Thames, one cannot but think that any six men ought to row well who have Gallaudet and Ives always before them. They may not be so powerful as Cross and Carter of the old '88 crew, but they can row.

Rogers, '94 S., is rowing at No. 6, and is likely to hold the place. Beard has been kept in the boat until recently, but will hardly get a place this year. Longacre, '95, who, although by no means smooth, pulls a powerful oar, and Goetchius, '94 S., who made something of a name on his Freshman crew last year, have been filling No. 5; they weigh, one a little over, the other a couple of pounds under, 175.

PAINE, '94, WHOSE MASSIVE FIGURE we know of old, is sitting at No. 4 with his 190 odd pounds of beef. He doesn't slump so badly as he used to, nor swing out so much. Like Corbin, he improves from year to year. At No. 3 is Van Huyck, whose injured eye has kept him out of the boat and necessarily put him a little out of touch with the others. Messler, '94 S., has taken Balliett's old place at No. 2. He does not row so well there as did his predecessor, but he has the advantage in height. He is a very strong man, and rather clumsy in handling his oar. Johnson is pulling bow, as he did last year, and will fill the seat with equal satisfaction. He is a clever oar, and naturally apt in his work. The crew has only recently begun rowing in a shell, and certainly send it along smoothly for this time of the year. In another two weeks, when the weather has settled, and the men have had an opportunity of feeling their work, comment may be more to the point. In the mean time it is safe to say there will be no cause for Bob Cook to be ashamed of them. He handled the crew for the first time last week, and Cowles, Stevenson, and Hartwell had each put in a little time at New Haven.

THE HARVARD BASEBALL TEAM has started out this season with as good material for a first-class nine as perhaps has ever before come together on Holmes Field, if not better. Last year the nine was considered one of the strongest amateur teams in the country, and this year, in addition to all the old men, there are Sullivan and Abbot. Sullivan captained the Amherst nine last year, and was recognized as one of the best short stops on any college team. Besides playing his position in good style, he knows the game thoroughly, and always has his eyes open. Abbot did not play last year, being in business in New York. The year before, however, he captained and played third base on the Dartmouth team, on which he gained a reputation for heavy batting. He is a hard worker, and tries for everything. Though his old position was third base, thus far this season he has been playing left field, Cook being too good a man at third for Abbot to displace.

Mason has been laid off with scarlet fever, and it is very doubtful if he can get into condition for the first Princeton game. At present he is still in bed at the Cambridge hospital, though it is hoped that he will be up and out-doors by the first part of next week. With Mason out of the game it will be a hard question for Captain Frothingham to decide whether to put in as a battery Wiggin and Upton, or Highlands and Corbett. Corbett caught Highlands on the spring trip, and the last few games did very well. He has all the physical requisites for a perfect catcher. He has weight and strength, and at the same time is very quick, and can get a ball to second base faster than Mason. His great fault, however, is his irregularity. The ball may go to second fast enough, but it is likely to be about ten feet over the second baseman's head. Corbett makes wonderful stops, but he is too apt to drop a third strike. If he could be made to realize the advisability of "giving" before swift pitching, and not "fighting the ball," as he does at present, he would make vast improvement in his catching. All the trouble has not been with Corbett this year, however. Jack Highlands has been pitching in miserable form. He is very wild, and the two games lost on the Southern trip were due to his bases on balls given incessantly and at inopportune moments. Corbett saved him from many wild pitches.

(*Continued on page* 411.)

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PRIMITIVE WESTERN HOUSES.

ONE of the first needs of a settler in a new country is a house. This, it often happens, he constructs himself, and as a few indispensable household goods and at most a few hundred dollars comprise his entire possessions, it must be built as quickly and as cheaply as possible. Under these circumstances the first buildings erected are neither pretentious nor commodious. Usually they contain but one room, and that is often a small one. They are constructed of the cheapest lumber procurable, have one or two windows and a door, and the owner considers himself fortunate if he can afford a shingle roof. Sometimes roof and sides are sheathed with tar-paper, which wind and rain soon penetrate. Or the sides may be "weather-boarded," and the roof shingled.

This is by no means a permanent residence. Often it is wanted only for the few months that the settler is required by government to live upon the land in order to own it. In the case of a permanent resident, it suffices until time and money permit the construction of a more comfortable dwelling.

Sod is used as a building material in the West. Strips are ploughed in a spot thickly clothed with short grass. These strips are of a uniform thickness of three inches, and of a breadth of about ten inches. When cut into pieces of a convenient length, they are ready to be built like bricks into walls. Sometimes the sod is piled around an ordinary frame house, but the walls often consist only of sod, without other support. Owing to the nature of the material, the walls must be very thick, and for that reason sod makes a warm house. The roof may be of shingles, or it may be of rough boards covered with a few inches of earth and sod.

Houses built in this manner are a good protection from wind and weather when new, but they soon become comfortless enough. The soil is washed away from the window and door frames, leaving holes through which the rain pours in summer and the snow drifts in winter. A few sod houses that are still occupied were built twenty years ago. Some of them are plastered on the outside, and these resemble stone houses very closely at a short distance. This external plastering serves the double purpose of improving the appearance of the house and of protecting it from rain and frost. Many, however, remain unplastered either inside or out, and every rain washes some soil from the walls, until in a few years they are levelled to the prairie.

The dugout is frequently seen. For its location a steep hill-side is best suited. It consists essentially of a hole dug in the ground, and is as lowly as an ant-hill or the home of the prairie-dog. The hill itself usually forms three sides of the house, while the fourth may be of sod or lumber. In this fourth side are all the doors and windows the house contains. The roof is formed by laying beams or poles from wall to wall, and covering these with a layer of straw and earth. Sometimes a frame-work is built within this hole, to keep the walls from tumbling in upon the occupants, and a floor is added; but these improvements are not always necessary. The inmates of these houses do not fear the fiercest winds that sweep across the prairies.

There is still another kind of house that is peculiar to the West. This is half frame and half dugout. A hole is dug in the ground to the depth of two feet or more, and of the desired size. Over this a frame house is constructed to the height of four feet. Two or three half-length windows are put in the sides, steps are made leading down to the floor, the earth taken from the hole is banked outside almost to the eaves, and the house is complete.

It not infrequently happens that the rattlesnake seeks the warmth of the Western fireside. The little striped ground-squirrel digs through the walls, centipedes creep in at every crack, and the field-mouse is the source of much annoyance. But all these are little experiences which the pioneer expected to encounter when he came to civilize this new country, and he endures them uncomplainingly in anticipation of future prosperity.

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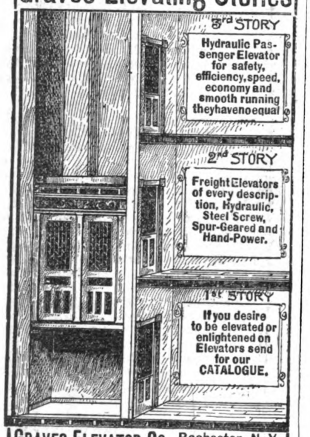
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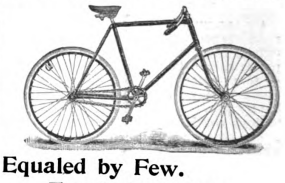
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AMATEUR SPORT.

(*Continued from page 409.*)

WIGGIN AND UPTON ARE THE OTHER PAIR. Upton's thumb, which he broke last year, could not be trusted to hold Highland's speedy wildness, but he is a great back-stop for Wiggin. His greatest and almost only fault is his hesitation in throwing to bases. The Williams men on Wednesday had no trouble in stealing second on Upton. He catches the ball, waits a moment to aim, then throws a swift straight ball to second, but it is very apt to get there just too late. That moment's delay after catching the ball is fatal.

Wiggin's pitching this year is a reward for perseverance. He was a substitute on his Freshman team three years ago, pitching only half one game against the Yale Freshmen, and being hit freely. Since then he has worked faithfully under good coaching, and to-day in many respects he is the best pitcher in Harvard College. He has fair speed, perfect control, and a good head. He always inspires his team with confidence. The men seem to know that a first-class team will hit him for seven or eight hits; no more, and probably no less. He pitches good steady ball all the time, whether far ahead or far behind. He has never been known to get rattled, and in a tight place never fails to rise to the situation, and come out all right. His batting, however, is not up to the mark, and this is a strong point against him when compared to Highlands.

ANOTHER CHANGE ON ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS is Trafford on first instead of Dickinson. The latter is the better man of the two, and handles himself more like a ball-player, but at present is laid off on account of general debility, and Trafford is filling his old position. If Trafford can learn to bat, the change is likely to prove a permanent one, as Dickinson has not been playing up to the standard of his last year's game. Moreover, Trafford can always be trusted in a tight place, and although not so good an all-round player as Dickinson, is the better man when it comes to a close game with Yale or Princeton. His long experience in football has not been without its good effect in teaching him never to lose his head, as Dickinson is rather apt to do if hard pressed.

The most radical change of the season, however, is the moving of Hovey to second, Sullivan playing short stop, Frothingham taking his old position in right field, where he played two years ago, in Dudley Dean's year, and Abbot taking left field, Cook and Hallowell staying in their old positions of third base and centre field respectively. Sullivan made a failure at left field, but on the Southern trip he filled Hovey's position at short stop, and did it so creditably that Captain Frothingham has kept him there, feeling he was too good a man not to be utilized. Though very slow in the out-field, he covers a great deal of ground at short, and is a sure thrower to first base. Hovey used to play second on the Brown team, the year before he played short stop on the same team; with only one week's practice. He does not always know how to fill his position to the best advantage, and in the Williams game several times he should have backed up first when he was covering second. However, he is quick to learn, and it will not be long before he is at home in the position. He and Sullivan make a great pair working together on second base, and as soon as they become a little more accustomed to each other's playing, Captain Frothingham's change will be seen to be a wise one.

COOK ON THIRD BASE IS A DOUBTFUL MAN, and is very remarkable in some ways. When a ball comes easily within his reach he never fails to pick it up cleanly, and his throwing to first base is a marvel. The trouble is, he is too well satisfied with picking up those close to him, and seems to lose confidence when he runs across towards short stop for a ball. Often he leaves these for Sullivan to take. Sullivan may get the ball, but he has to turn clear round, and it is generally too late to catch the man at first. Cook must cover more ground, or Abbot is likely to be given a chance at third, which, by-the-way, he covered on the Dartmouth team. At present he is suffering from a strained muscle in his leg, which makes him very slow in the out-field. When his leg is well he ought to cover more ground in left field than he does at present. His hard hitting is Abbot's strongest point, and were it not for that he would be hard pressed by Corbett for the position of left field. At centre, Hallowell can probably fill his old position, but he has fallen off badly in his batting. He does not bat in the same form as last year, and though seldom striking out, rarely makes a clean single.

In right field it will not take Frothingham long to get used to his old position. He is fairly good on ground balls, and is apt to misjudge a long fly, but this is mostly on account of lack of practice.

The team, as a whole, is made up of first-class individual players, but as yet they have not begun to play their team game. It always takes a good team three or four weeks of playing together in the same position for each man to know just how each other man plays his position, and how to play accordingly. Three weeks from this time, with such a lot of veteran players, there should be no lack of team playing. The men are batting fairly well for this time of year.

THE HARVARD CREW of '93 is a vastly different one from that of last year. If one may venture an opinion so early in the season, there will be a hotter race at New London next June than we have seen for many a long year. Briefly, the entire aspect of the Harvard eight is changed from what we have been accustomed to see in the last year or so. There is a life and snap that is as new as it is pleasing.

The men in the boat last week were Newell, bow; Richardson, 2; Johnson, 3; Davis, 4; Cummings, 5; Captain Vail, 6; Fearing, 7; and Fennessey.

This is Newell's third year in the bow of the 'varsity shell, and he is to-day as hard a worker as he was when first a candidate. This has proved to be so rare a quality in a Harvard oarsman that it is worthy of comment. Rather short in stature, but hardy and strong, he is a valuable man for the boat. He does not pull a graceful oar, but a strong one, and can be depended upon. He has known what it is to leave Yale in a race, and he has heard the din of a Yale victory long before he could cross the line.

Richardson is a '95 man, and rowed on his class crew. He does not impress me as being very powerful, but his faults are not marked. He blends well with the rest of the crew.

Johnson, '94, who is at 3, is a fair oar, not powerful, but with an easy manner of handling himself, which ought to enable him to become a well-finished oar.

Davis, '94, pulled in his class boat, and was also a substitute on last year's 'varsity. He is rowing much better than he did last year, and bids fair to be worthy of a place.

It is a short time since Cummings took his old place at No. 5, and he is not therefore in perfect condition, but his presence in the boat gives guarantee that the stroke will be handed back properly. He is of a phlegmatic disposition, and would never allow himself to become rattled. He pulls a good, honest oar, but he is by no means a graceful one.

CAPTAIN VAIL, AT 6, IS HAVING A HARD FIGHT for the position. Decidedly over weight and soft from his long rest (due to football injury), he labors over his work, and presents a marked contrast to the quick-moving men in front of him. His form his bad, and he must improve greatly during the next week or two if he is to deserve his position. The fact that he rowed on the '91 crew helps him, but his enforced rest during last season caused him to lose many good qualities.

Fearing, at 7, is doing good work. He is an all-round athlete, whose equal is seldom found. His absence from the "Mott Haven" team may weaken Harvard's chances in that direction, but his presence in the boat will greatly strengthen the crimson hopes on the water. His long reach, easy recover, and untiring energy ably fit him for his position, and there will be no excuse, so far as he is concerned, for Harvard's not pulling a long enough stroke this year.

But it is in Fennessey, '96, that Harvard has found a friend in need. Since Penrose, in '85, no man has seemed to present so many good qualifications for stroke. While as yet he is by no means a finished oar, his two or three years' experience at St. Paul's School has made him acquainted with the water, and he handles himself accordingly. It is unusual to find a Freshman stroking a 'varsity boat, yet he is surely the best man yet tried in this position. One thing is certain: there will be no break between 7 and 8 in this year's Harvard crew, for Fennessey and Fearing work well together.

AS TO THE GENERAL ROWING of the crew, it is far ahead of what it was last year at this time. There is a good reach forward for the stroke. The arms are shot out until they are straight, and the whole effort to get on the full reach is made gracefully and quickly. But on the full reach there is a bad hang. The oars are held suspended too long, and when they are driven into the water they do not all have the proper face, nor are they put into the water together. Some of the men slip, and consequently there is lack of uniformity in the stroke. The greatest fault, however, seems to be on the management of the slides. The men rest too heavily in the seats. Instead of giving the impression of standing on their stretchers during the stroke, they appear simply to slide back. They use their slides to take the pressure off their legs, instead of using them as a means to put more pressure on. In other words, the slides are started too quickly. Again, on the recover they fail to take advantage of the slides, but, rushing them down, stop while they place the oars in the water. It is in this very thing that the Yale crews have far excelled Harvard for years. There is a fraction of a second when the slide must stop at the full reach and at the finish of a stroke, in order to change the direction. Any longer delay than is absolutely necessary directly impedes the progress of the boat, for the longer it stops the longer is the oarsman a dead-weight. It is, therefore, in the management of the slide that seconds of speed can be saved.

Harvard crews have failed to fully grasp this point many times, or at least have not profited by it. They slide up, stop; slide back, stop. There is none of that peculiar rhythmical motion to their stroke which denotes power and perfect command over every auxiliary. They row prettily, but not effectively. Without doubt Harvard is going to have a well-finished crew to pit against Yale this June, but unless the proper means are taken soon to make the stroke more effective, she will not have a fast one.

THE HARVARD-YALE ATHLETIC games this year are certain to be the most interesting since this dual arrangement was consummated. In 1891, the first year of competition under this plan, the score was, Harvard, 85; Yale, 27. In '92 there were only ten points difference in the result, Harvard securing 61 to Yale's 51. This year at this early date the two seem to be more evenly matched than ever before, though one has only the old men to count on, since the new men have had little or no opportunity to show what they can do.

It is Harvard's turn to have the games, and the date has been set for May 13th. It looks as though the best interest of neither had been consulted in placing the day of contest so early in the spring. It hardly gives time to put new men into any kind of shape, and allows no opportunity of acquiring the much-needed seasoning derived by competing in the early club games. Moreover, inasmuch as track athletics fail to draw so well as the other spring game, baseball, it would go a long way towards strengthening its prospects if it was brought nearer the more popular sport. If the date of competitions could be placed about the second week in June, and in the morning of a day on which a baseball match was to be played, it would draw a large percentage of men who would not have made the trip without the baseball inducement.

While a plan of exactly this kind may not be feasible, there is no doubt that a much better date could be chosen than the early one of this year.

BOTH UNIVERSITIES HAVE LOST several of their best men, and many of the old faces with which we have grown familiar will this year be missing. Harvard has lost more heavily than Yale. Of last year's crimson team Lowell, Green, Evins, Batchelder, R. Davis, Wright, and Brown are not in college. Fearing is on the crew, and will not be available, except possibly in the high jumps, and Collamore, who took second in the mile, has the baseball fever, and will not train for the athletic team. These men won 32 points for Harvard last year, Fearing taking 12, Lowell 5, and Green 4.

Yale sustains a severe loss in her sprints, neither Swayne nor Allen, who ran one, two in both 100 and 220, being in college. The other absent winners are Sandford, Wright, and Wade, and these won 26 points against Harvard last year.

WHAT THIS ANNUAL DUAL CONTEST has done for Yale athletics may be appreciated when it is known that this spring brought out upwards of 200 candidates, a number altogether unprecedented at New Haven. Harvard has always been particularly strong in this branch, and this year is no exception to the rule, for trainer Lathrop has had about 300 men to pick from. It must be remembered to-day, in casting up Yale's chances, that the blue has Mike Murphy to train the team, and he is one of the best men in the country. If there is any "go" in the new men at New Haven, he will be certain to bring it out of them.

Of Harvard's sprinters, W. S. Thompson, captain of the team, is the best known. He won his first heat last year in 10⅘. Bloss is still in college, and has also run in 10⅘, but he is more likely to confine his efforts to the jumps. Baker, Whittren, and Sayre are the others more prominent just now, and of them Sayre seems the most promising. Of the quarter-milers Merrell should prove a winner; he was only a yard back of the Harvard Wright at the Intercollegiate Championships, and is going well. Pinkham made a good race at New Haven last year, though mistaking the finish line, and probably thereby losing at least a place, and Bingham was well up in his heat at the intercollegiates. Brewer, the football back, is expected to be a winner in whatever event he is placed, though just now he is not in condition. He beat Coombs (who ran second to Downs in 50 seconds in the A. A. U. championships) in the New England championships, and has given much promise in the hurdles. Garcelon is another candidate who is likely to win points for Harvard either in the quarter or, more likely, in the low hurdles, where the crimson stands most in need of men. Bremer is another prospective winner.

HARVARD'S MAINSTAY IN THE HALF-MILE is J. Corbin, who won from Wright at New Haven last year, and ran second to Turner at the intercollegiates in 1.59⅘. Of the others, Hubbell is showing up the best, but Harvard is sure to be strong in the middle distances; of 88 men, most of them new, tried in the quarter, 62 of them beat a minute the first time they ran, and 16 did 55 and under, one flier, who is to be a dark horse doing 52⅘.

If Carr and Collamore would come out, Harvard would feel pretty safe in the mile; but the first cannot train, and the second will not. This leaves the event to Fenton, who beat Allison at Worcester, and ran a mile last winter on a nine-lap track in 4.42, Blake, who did 4.36 in the autumn games off the 15-yard mark, and Coolidge. J. O. Nichols, who won the event in '91 in the mud in 4.35, is in college, but he is not likely to come out. He was not in condition last year, as his running proved, and he is no better this season.

In the jumps there are Bloss and Shead for the broad, and Bloss, Sherwin, and Putnam in the high. Shead took the broad last year at New Haven, Bloss being unable to get his "take off." Putnam is a Freshman, and did 5 ft. 10 at his preparatory school. Sherwin has done 5 ft. 10, and pole vaulted 10 ft. 5⅘. He and Wheelwright will be depended on for the latter event, in which Putnam is a novice with a 9 ft. ¼ in. record. If Fearing should enter the high jump, he will in all probability win it; he did 6 feet at the in-door games, proving that in his rowing he had not lost the old skill entirely.

THE HIGH HURDLES WILL HAVE Shead (if he gets into shape), who won the New England Championship in 16⅘, and K. Brown, who has done 17⅕. There have been no men developed in the low hurdles of especial merit, unless Brewer should go into them, but there are eighteen men at work, and some of them promising. It is probable that among the quarter-mile candidates one or two low hurdlers will be found worth counting on, though it will take an especially good one to get near Yale in this event.

There is not a candidate in the hammer who can throw over 80 feet, while in the shot, W. Shea, who has done 40 feet, is not getting down to work as he should. Three years ago he put the shot 39 feet, and as he weighs 250, he should have made a reputation for himself by this time. Harvard's big men appear disinclined to go into this game; there are several of them who ought to do well. In the bicycle event the crimson is in better luck; for Elliot, with a record of 5.30, Pratt, 5.38, and Phil Davis, who is equally as fast, are all in college.

YALE HAS SO MANY NEW MEN, and such a large proportion of them untried, that it is impossible to say how they will stand against those whose ability is more or less known. In the sprints the only veteran is A. H. Jones, captain of the team. He is a strong, plucky runner though he has never shown up because of the remarkably fast men Yale has had. Of the new men, Richards, the substitute full back, is considered the most promising. He won the 50-yard dash at the in-door games in 5⅘, and there is no doubt of his wind. Spencer is a Freshman, who did 10⅘, or 10⅖, in his interscholastic games, and Day, Smith, and Bennett are all unknown quantities.

In the quarter great things are expected of Laughlin, who comes from Pittsburg, where he is said to have done 52⅘. Frank and Anderson are the other hopefuls in this event. The other middle-distance event, the half-mile, has quite as many undeveloped men—Chubb, Crane, Potter, though the first is said to have done a quarter in 52. Butterworth, the full back, has run for a year or so, though securing no points.

THE MILE HAS S. SCOVILLE, who ran third last year in fast company, and Morgan, a new man, who did 4.42 in-doors last winter, and with whom it is expected to head off some of Harvard's "old reliables." Woodhull and W. Scoville are both new and untried at this distance. Wight is the only man relied on to take points from the Harvard walkers, Bardeen and Endicott; he was unfortunate last year in falling. With Lyman and Eaton, Yale has the best prospect of two firsts in the high and low hurdles. Lyman won the high last year, and Eaton was second to Fearing in the low in 25⅘. There are, besides, Hart and Van Ingen, old men, and Hall, a Freshman, for the low, and Cady, another Freshman, who ran the high hurdles in 17¼ at his interscholastic games. Yale also has last year's first and second winners in the pole vault, Cartwright and Hart, while a new man, Rice, has an in-door record of 10 ft. 3.

THE JUMPS AS USUAL are Yale's weak point, the best man in the high being a new man, Sheldon, with a record of 5 feet 8 inches; Lyman, 5 feet 6; O'Rorke and Ladd, both of whom are good for about 5 ft. 5. Sheldon is also the main-stay of the broad, having done about 20 feet, while Goss, who took third last year, is still in college.

The hammer and shot is where the blue is likely to secure about 16 points, from the present outlook. Hickok will undoubtedly make a new record with the hammer. He has done 110 feet, which is record distance. Stillman is equal to 100 feet and Cross to 90. Lyman has put the shot 39 feet, Hickok, 37, and Cross not much below. Harvard's Shea ought to win the shot if he would learn how to use his great strength, but unless he follows a different course from last year he will do well to get a place.

Brewster is the only veteran in the bicycle event. Wade is sick, and cannot pull into shape, and there seems no one else but Glenning, a new man. A little later, when the men have had a bit of tuning-up work, one may do some figuring on the results—May 13th. Just now the honors seem divided, each college being very strong where the other is very weak.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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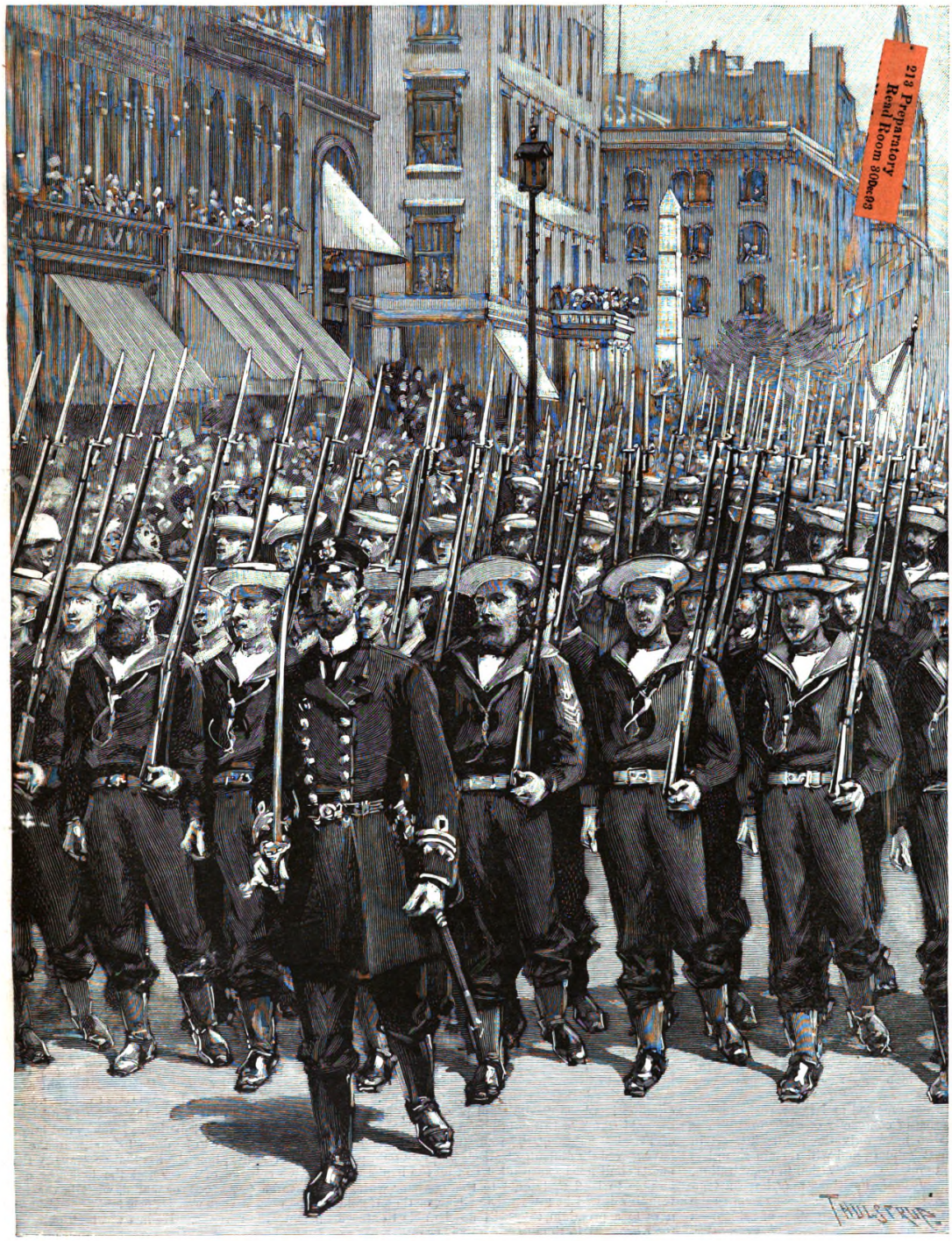
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE CITY CLUB.

IT is a characteristic and very important feature of our present political condition that the active politicians, especially those engaged in local politics, are more and more becoming a class entirely distinct from the rest of the people. This evolution is more advanced in the older States of the East than in the West and South; but it is gradually spreading over all parts of the country, having taken especial hold of the large municipalities, where organization is comparatively easy. The city of New York exhibits this development in its greatest perfection. Tammany Hall is a model association of politicians as distinct from the rest of human society. The bulk of the Tammany rank and file, indeed, still consists in a large measure of persons who are in active and sympathetic contact with the industrial and social movements and endeavors going on around them. They still earn their daily bread and spend their money very much as other people do, although the number of those who are, or wish to be, stipendiaries of the association is constantly growing. But the leaders of the association, at least those high in command, are almost completely cut loose from the ordinary business interests and pursuits, except as they seek to enrich themselves by a speculative use of their opportunities. They give themselves entirely to the business of governing their neighbors, and of making their government as profitable as possible to themselves. They form, in the true sense of the term, a governing class.

This does not, as far as our immediate surroundings are concerned, refer to Tammany alone, but also to other associations of politicians, such as, for instance, belong to the so-called Republican machine. These, although in ostensible opposition to Tammany Hall, but animated with the same spirit and having substantially the same ends in view, enter into more or less regular trade relations with Tammany, by which a share of the profits yielded by the business of governing accrues to them. There exists a fellow-feeling, a bond of fraternity, between members of this class which is not circumscribed by party lines. Nor is the mutual helpfulness embarrassed by space, as has recently been demonstrated in the Legislature of this State, when the members representing the politicians' organization governing this city most willingly gave their aid to some most daring legislative tricks enabling a fellow-politician to subjugate the distant city of Buffalo to a government like their own.

The manner in which they have acquired their power is an interesting study. They are not men of superior ability. They have neither education, nor knowledge, nor accomplishments, nor social standing. But very few of them are attractive speakers. They are not, or, at least, they were not originally, men of wealth. Neither are they men of political ideas in the higher sense of the word. But they are in their way shrewd and daring men of affairs. They are selfish, and know how to play upon the selfishness of others. They understand perfectly the art of attaching to themselves a large following, consisting of two classes—persons like themselves, who have ambition to rise to influence and wealth, and are not scrupulous as to the means, and to whom they offer a chance, and persons in needy circumstances whom they aid by personal attention or simply at the expense of the public. These followers they have welded together in the bonds of a well-planned and severely disciplined organization, which they command on the political field as a regular army is commanded. That a political organization held together by purely selfish motives must become corrupt, and that when it acquires power it will use its power in a rapacious and tyrannical manner, is a matter of course. Thus this governing class has fastened itself upon this as well as other municipalities, and in a measure upon this State. The secret of the hold they have on their power consists in the organization, through which they remain in constant contact with the masses.

We know from repeated and sad experience that against this force of compactly organized selfishness the citizens who have only the public interest in view are almost helpless, and will remain so unless they are able to oppose organization to organization. Occasional enthusiastic uprisings may have a temporary success, but the effect vanishes as soon as the excitement is over. The organization of selfishness remains, and is presently as potent as ever. Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN is credited with having said that "Tammany Hall had solved the problem of municipal government." He was in a certain sense right. Tammany has solved the problem, not of good, but of arbitrary and irresponsible municipal government for the benefit of those governing, just as successfully as the absolute autocracy of the Russian Czar has solved the problem of imperial government for the benefit of the dynasty. Against the tyranny of such government neither occasional outbursts of indignation nor the efforts of a scattered public spirit will avail. The circumstances confronting us demand the fire of indignant opposition as a permanent, well-directed force. This the City Club has undertaken to supply. It is the organization of public spirit to combat the organization of selfishness.

The City Club has acted wisely in establishing itself as a social organization in which members of all political parties can meet to concert a common line of action for the abolition of misrule in our municipal affairs. As we all know, party spirit has been the rock upon which some of the most hopeful movements for good government in this municipality have split. If the City Club succeeds in uniting influential Republicans and influential Democrats for the common object of keeping national politics out of municipal elections, it will have accomplished a work of high value. But it has undertaken to do more. As Tammany Hall keeps itself in constant contact with the masses for selfish ends, so the City Club has found a way to establish such contact for the public good. Regret has been expressed that the City Club should have taken its membership mainly from the well-to-do and educated, and located its headquarters accordingly. But it had to begin its work and establish its first central station where it found the greatest sympathy and the most means. The contact with all classes of the population has been spread by the organization of branch societies, the "Good Government Clubs" in different parts of the city, to which members of the central City Club will also belong. In these the wealthy and educated man meets his less favored fellow-citizen not as a patron or benefactor, but on a footing of equality. The financial requirements of these branch clubs are such that a man of very small means can easily meet them, and at the same time feel that he has as much proprietary right in the club as any other member, and is beholden to no one in particular for the advantages it affords. There he will have abundance of opportunity for informing himself on subjects of public interest, for hearing and taking part in intelligent and patriotic discussions of public questions, and also for social enjoyment. The "Good Government Clubs" are thus furnishing to men of all the various walks of life a common ground upon which they may exchange their views, make themselves intelligible to one another, harmonize their aspirations and aims, and cultivate their mutual sympathies by active co-operation in the furthering of good ends agreed upon between them. This is a rational and hopeful way of carrying the war against misrule into the enemy's country, and we cannot too heartily commend the enterprise of the City Club to the interest and active support of all good citizens.

THE CURRENCY PROBLEM.

THE currency question remains unchanged. Secretary CARLISLE has met the bankers, and he and they probably have that better understanding of one another which results from personal conference. There are few things more misleading, as a basis for judging of human character and motives, than newspaper rumors. There is no doubt, for example, that Mr. CARLISLE was greatly injured by the report that he intended to redeem the Treasury notes of 1890 in silver. Recent circumstances now prove that he never had such an intention. President CLEVELAND'S statement alone is sufficient, for if Mr. CARLISLE had ever intended to suspend gold payments of Treasury notes, such a statement could not have been issued. Moreover, it is known to those who are nearest the Secretary that he never contemplated the violation of the pledge of the statute to preserve the parity of gold and silver.

It is to be expected that a better understanding will follow the interview of last Thursday. Heretofore the efforts of Mr. CARLISLE and the banks to make terms have been fruitless. The Secretary has desired the banks of New York to help him over the difficulties which have been created by the operation of the SHERMAN law. The banks, on the other hand, have sought to induce the government to add to the heavy cost of the silver burden imposed upon it by the law the additional cost of interest on bonds. The question has been, "who shall pay for maintaining the gold standard in the face of a monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces?" The administration seems to have solved the difficulty by declaring that gold payments shall not be suspended, so that the banks will be able to lend their gold to the Treasury without fear that it will be returned in silver, or that, if gold goes to a premium, they will not be able to secure their property in time to make their profit.

The administration maintains the attitude as to the issue of bonds which was announced by the WEEKLY in its last issue. Mr. CARLISLE repeated his assurance to the bankers that bonds would be issued only as a last resort. The demand for bonds was made by the money market, which is always sensitive, and sometimes irrational and cowardly. If bonds are issued, so far as the country is now informed, it will be for the purpose of procuring gold in order to continue the purchase of silver. There could not be imagined a currency more expensive than Treasury notes under such circumstances. The government would be borrowing money and paying interest on it for the purpose of buying a depreciating commodity, on which it would issue demand paper to be redeemed in gold, which, as the silver market is and has been for some time, is appreciating. The government would lose at both ends of the transaction, and would pay interest for the privilege. It may become necessary to issue bonds, but if it does the circumstances which compel their issue should be clearly stated to the country, and the responsibility fixed. There is doubtless a necessity for deficiency bonds to put the Treasury on an even footing with the world, and bonds of that kind would serve the double purpose of enabling the government to settle the current indebtedness imposed by the extravagance of the last two Congresses and of keeping up its supply of gold.

All the devices for helping the Treasury, however, are mere shifts. The evil of the situation flows from the SHERMAN act, and so long as that law is on the statute-book, so long will the finances and business of the country be in a hazardous condition. The partnership between the Treasury and the banks, under the tacit understanding of which each must come to the rescue of the other in time of peril, is vicious and unscientific. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the duty of administering the laws, and not with the task of making money easier in Wall Street or of moving the crops of the West or South. On the other hand, the banks are business institutions organized for the purpose of taking care of the money of their customers, and not for the purpose of curing the evils of Congressional currency legislation. Of course bankers do not like the present situation, because it interferes with their business. They want to loan their money, and they want a wide market for American securities. Their profits are reduced when they are forced, as they have been, to suspend credit in the West and South, and when American securities go a-begging in foreign markets. It is not they who suffer most, however; it is the people who are trading on small margins, and eventually it will be the farmers and wage-earners who will be the chief victims of a bad currency. Nevertheless, the money market is anxious that the evil day shall be postponed, and the banks have already loaned or sold some of their gold to the Treasury.

Whether this postponement is wise is a serious question. The only real remedy for the situation is the repeal of the SHERMAN act. This, as has already been stated by the WEEKLY, will not be a definite and final settlement of the currency problem, but it will greatly relieve the Treasury by putting an end to the compulsory purchase of silver bullion. The only excuse for resorting to extraordinary measures to tide over present difficulties is that time may be given to Congress to repeal the law. Then the country would escape the last consequences of its silver purchases. If, however, Congress declines to repeal the law, the Secretary of the Treasury may insist that the law shall take its direful course, for in that event he might say that the object-lesson of disaster produced by silver monometallism was necessary to bring the law-making power to its senses. The remaining question is whether the banks are helping to bring about repeal by warding off the evil. It may be that the free-coinage advocates will insist that there can be no danger from their theory, because the banks and the Treasury unite, and will continue to unite, to avert it.

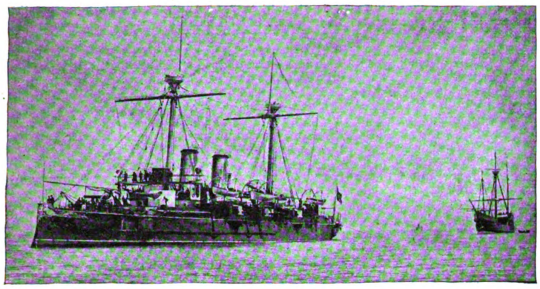
THE PRESIDENT AND THE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

MR. CLEVELAND has been in office nearly two months. During all this time he has been unable to bestow serious thought on the great questions that present themselves for solution. He has even found it difficult to secure leisure for determining the important appointments that he must make. So far as any decision has been reached as to the financial question, the exigencies of the money market have compelled action. But the President and his cabinet officers have had no time to settle upon any line of policy concerning the various subjects that are within their jurisdiction. He does not know, for example, what is to be done to maintain the credit of the country, how the ills that accompany the excessive coinage of silver and the hoarding of gold are to be postponed or cured, what is the line of tariff reform that will reduce taxation without impairing the revenue. He has not been able to consult seriously with the Secretary of State on the condition of his department and the needs of the

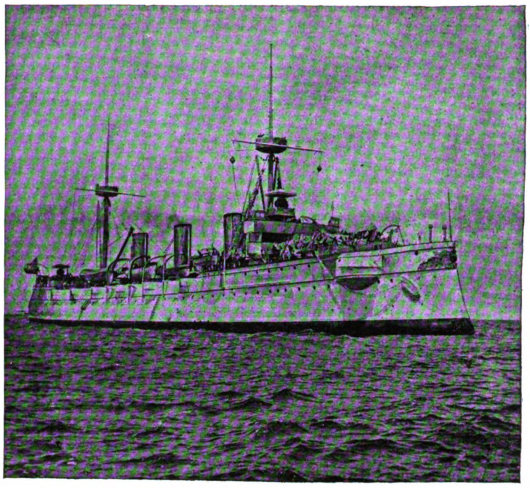
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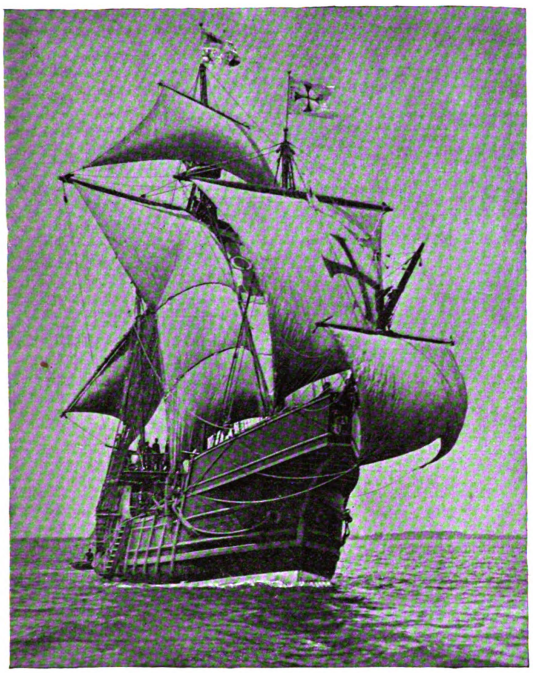
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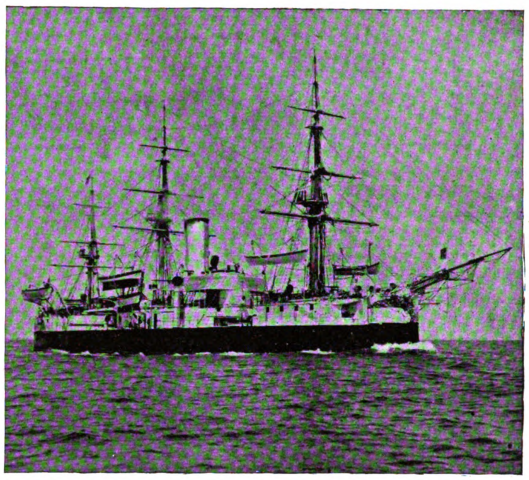
THE "REINA REGENTE" TOWING THE "SANTA MARIA" INTO NEW YORK HARBOR.



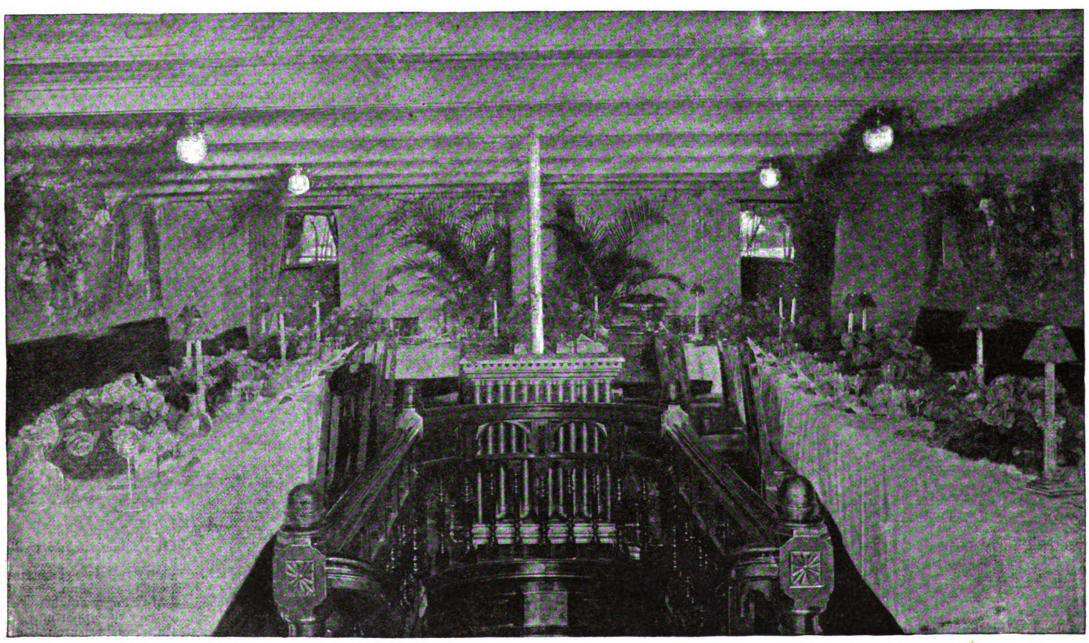
THE GERMAN FLAG-SHIP, "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."



THE "SANTA MARIA" UNDER FULL SAIL.



THE BRAZILIAN FLAG-SHIP, "AQUIDABAN."



THE BANQUET-ROOM OF THE "DOLPHIN."

INCIDENTS OF THE NAVAL PARADE.—From Photographs by Hart.—[See Page 418.]

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, AND THE NAVAL PARADE.

I CAME to town the other day to see the Naval P'rade,
I'd heern so much about the boats this country's gone and made
To keep invaders from our shores — though what's their use to me
Is one of them big 'nigmas as is botherin' to see.

Up in Schoharie, where I live, we ain't afeard of war
With any foreign enemy that comes here to our shore;
And just why we should pay a tax for ships o' that 'ere kind
Is much too great a problem for my way-up country mind.

If them as lives in seaports is afeard o' foreign foes,
Why, let 'em pay the bills for ships to stave off their own woes.
We inland folks is safe enough from cannon-balls and shot,
'Nd thinkin' that we pays for them's a thing as makes me hot.

There ain't a ship in all the world that's worth a bale o' hay
In case we got into a row up our Schoharie way.
The seaboard towns from up in Maine round to the Golden Gate
Gets all the good — Schoharie an' Kentucky pays the freight.

But none the less I thought I'd come and see that water show,
And mebbe find out something as was valu'ble to know.
It cost me twenty dollars for to take the foolish trip,
And for it all I didn't see a sign of any ship.

For just as I got on the dock, to watch 'em from the shore,
The gunners set their cannons off upon the men-o'-war,
And sich a pile o' smoke was raised it fairly blinded me;
I couldn't see my nose, much less the monarchs of the sea.

And so I says again, as I has often told my sons,
I ain't stuck on them navies, with their noisy boomin' guns;
And if a foe's a notion for to come a-chasin' me,
I wouldn't want no ships while I'd my gun an' apple-tree.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NAVAL REVIEW WEEK.

IT was a fine achievement to bring thirty-five ships of war up the channelway which the currents have scoured between Craven Shoal and Robbins Reef to the upper anchorages off the town. At least seamen thought so, none perhaps more keenly than the British Vice-Admiral, whose flag flew to such excellent purpose at the van of that aidful starboard column; for when anchors were underfoot, and ships had straightened their cables in the river, nimble signals sported at his mast-head in grateful recognition of the feat. Larger fleets have been held in hand by modern admirals, but these have been at anchor and not under way, and so Rear-Admiral Gherardi can pride himself upon a deed that will rarely come to the luck of other sailor-men.

In the picturesque sense this also was, perhaps, the best offering the naval pageant has given us, the only other approaching it being on that memorable Friday morning at Hampton Roads, when the *Santa Maria*, with bellying canvas and fluttering banners, stood with a good wind and a leeward ebb between the lines of the ships at the rendezvous. Our parade was fortunate in its weather. The day was bright and brisk, with blue skies and an eager breeze. The bays and rivers of the harbor were white with wisps of foam, and a spirited tide ran seaward. The fleet was assembled in two divisions, mainly within the lower bay, the foreign contingent off the New York shore, and the home ships, re-enforced by the German, Dutch, and Argentine representatives, under the lee of Staten Island. Around these, and far up the harbor, patrol vessels, under naval control, cleared a wide margin of tideway, and gave the best open water for fleet-sailing this port has known for years. Outside these lines steamers, tugs, and barges crowded the limits, and filled the air with an honest and exuberant enthusiasm of bands, bunting, and cheering patriotism, which made the season inspiring. The war-ships were in the bravest trim, in holiday lightness of touch and desire, and in such beauty of contrast as we may rarely see again. The foreigners presented a long line of black, which was in appearance less alluring, but surely more warlike, than our own beautiful but somewhat fanciful array of cruisers; and as many of them lifted tall spars and a graceful tracery of gear, they seemed to the eye somewhat better fitted for ocean work.

When ground was broken on Wednesday morning and anchors were lifted, the flag-ships sheered quietly and easily into position; the other vessels gathered headway and dropped in place; and as the columns moved through the Narrows to the thunder of shore guns and the blare of trumpets, they slipped so gently through the water that their progress seemed a work of deft magic. No hitch, no jar, no single mishap, marred the up-river progress of the fleet; for though ten alien nations were gathered to honor us, the visitors vied with each other in that quick perception of necessities and in that precision of action which alone could make a success of the essay. The shores, the city's streets, the wharves, the house-tops, were thronged with an enthusiastic multitude, and the waters were crowded with that medley of craft which for types and color makes our harbor unrivalled in the world. As the Battery was rounded with graceful curve, other salutes thundered, and as the ships swung into mid-channel, the air was rent with a deafening clamor of welcome. So perfectly were orders enforced that no interference with the fleet occurred, each ship finding an unvexed waterway, which enabled it to keep the distance and alignment necessary to safety. Off Hoboken the *Philadelphia's* signal-flags spelled an order, and later, when engines were stopped and headway was lost, the fleet anchored with precision in two beautiful lines, which extended for an ample three miles northward from Twenty-third Street.

Next day, unhappily, the review was marred by rain and mist and delay. To all but the sailors the conditions seemed hopeless; but these were early astir, and at colors the fleet bourgeoned and bloomed with the finery of full-dress. There was a variety of decoration due to difference of rig; in masted vessels some made their display "rainbow fashion," as seamen term the arch which springs from the water under the bowsprit cap, has its key-stone near the truck, and ends again below the outer end of the spanker-boom or taffrail; others carried their flags athwartships at each mast, stretching port and starboard from the trucks to the sheaves of the yard-arms, and giving from a distance a queer resemblance to the outlines of an enormous bell. No vessels were more quaintly beflagged than the *Nao* and the caravels, which lay astern of the *Enterprise*, almost at the top of the line. They were surely the most picturesque sight of the day, and neither mist nor driving rain could take from the impression they made. At their mast-heads, the main plumb as a pikestaff, the others raking fore or aft, flew the sea flags of Columbus, the banners of Castile and Aragon, and gonfalons, glorious in design and color, which spun and unspun in the breeze. As the old-fashioned hulls fretted and sheered in the tide stray glimpses of curious interiors were given; and later, when the President anchored, tiny salutes echoed from ancient ordnance which thrust their wizened muzzles through narrow port-holes. Well below them, leaving anchorage-ground for the reviewing vessels, the war-ships stretched southward in a parallelism which would have been superb in sunshine, but which lost its clear tracery before half the vessels could be numbered.

The foreigners were assembled on the New York side of the river, and in their van was moored the English cruiser *Blake*, as famous a ship in this day as one may find, and fitly representative of the greatest of all sea powers. Below her came her consorts, the *Australia*, *Magicienne*, and *Tartar*, all, like their flag-ship, black-hulled, with broad bands of white along the rail and boot-topping, and masses of creamy yellow lightening and defining the constructions and fittings above the bulwarks. Next followed the three grim-looking Russians, fully sparred, lofty on truck and broad of beam, and then the Frenchmen, one of whose ships, the *Jean Bart*, was the wickedest, the most warlike, ship in the harbor. The Spaniards and Italians came next, and then, bringing up the rear, the Brazilians, whose flag-ship, the *Aquidaban*, was the only battle-ship of the fleet. From the head of the American column, where the *Philadelphia* could count the flower of our navy, the eye ranged along a line of white that was broken only where the beautifully kept and handled *Van Speyk* lifted the ensign of the Netherlands above a hull of shining black. The two German vessels and the Argentiner were grouped with our contingent, and nowhere in our waters did there float two finer types of the modern swift cruiser than the *Kaiserin Augusta* and the *Nueve de Julio;* indeed, it is claimed that in their class they rank easily first. Around the ends of both columns and on their sides tugs and torpedo-boats flying the guard flag, and manned by regulars and details from the naval reserve, kept the middle passage and the New York flank absolutely clear. The power given by Congress was enforced rigidly, and yet with such tact that no complaint has been heard. On the left flank, between the American line and the New Jersey shore, a mass of restless steamers choked the channelway, and waited with impatience for the fulfilment of the programme.

At noon the rain ceased, the wind subsided, though the sodden mist hung low and thick. Presently those on the caravels heard the somewhat deadened roar of a salute from down stream, and saw on the square-riggers the men lay aloft and bunch themselves on the yards amidships. The salutes grew louder, and up fluttered the signal "The President is afloat." At last sudden thin darts of flame could be seen slitting the fog, powder clouds sphered themselves and blew to leeward, and the patient waiters knew the review had begun. The yards and rails were manned by venturesome bluejackets, guards of honor were paraded, drums and bugles at their head, and slowly through the centre of the river glided the *Dolphin*, flying at her main the President's flag, and followed in due order by the three vessels on board of which were gathered the guests honored by special invitation of the government. As each ship was passed the *Dolphin* was saluted, and so well timed was the vessel's speed to the intervals between the cruisers that no interference of salutes occurred.

When the British rear had been passed the crew of the *Tartar* blazed a welcome, and then jumping into the rigging, gave, to their officers' timing of a "hip, hip, hip," that hearty English cheer which only needs a "tiger" at its end to make it the equal of the best hurrah in the world. At the head of the line the *Dolphin* and her escorts anchored, and then from the excursion vessels there arose a din of shrieking whistles which echoed and re-echoed for minutes along the Jersey shore-line. Steam cutters and gigs from all the ships ran alongside the *Dolphin*, and here the President received the fleet and commanding officers, and later entertained them in the cabin of the *Dolphin*, which in the past week has been the scene of such memorable festivity. It was now the people's hour, and around the *Enterprise* there swung and bumped and grazed and shrieked hundreds of river craft. Some were laden to the guards, and others listed till the on-lookers feared an accident at any moment. This overcrowding was the only discreditable feature of the day, and must have given our visitors an impression of our need of salutary laws, or of our laxity in their enforcement. Finally the reception was over, another salute greeted "the President afloat," yards and rails were manned once more, and as his flag fluttered deckward from the mast-head of the *Dolphin* the review was finished. No more creditable work can be scored to our credit, and when you measure its difficulties, gentlemen, you should salute, and *chapeau bas*, Admiral Gherardi and his assistants, and the gallant and courteous foreigners, who did much to give us this pardonable pride on our success.

The same night the municipal ball repeated the triumphs of the day, for nothing given in the civic way has ever been done. The great halls were beautifully decorated, the floors were crowded with representatives of every ship, our most beautiful and best-bred women gave grace and color, and from the official boxes the President and the authorities of the State and municipality smiled their sanction and approval of the festival. On Friday the bluejackets of the fleet landed, were escorted by the regulars, and received by the First Brigade of our National Guard with such honors as have never before been tendered. It was a superb, an unequalled, spectacle for our streets — the various types, the different arms, the meaning of it all. The day was beautiful, bright, and clear, and as the sailors and marines marched steadily and sturdily along our avenues, thousands upon thousands sent up a cheer of welcome that made better for peace and amity between nations than fifty treaties. Luncheon at the Waldorf and the great dinner of the Chamber of Commerce followed, and with these, to some degree, closed the official ceremonies of a week that must ever be memorable in the city's annals.

J. D. JERROLD KELLEY.

CHINESE VIEW OF THE GEARY BILL.

IN the history of Chinese legislation since the original restriction act of 1882, no law has ever aroused such bitter opposition on the part of the Chinese and their friends as the Geary bill. The restriction act of 1882, the amended restriction act of 1884, and the Scott exclusion act of 1888 were intended to prohibit the further immigration of Chinese laborers, and did not affect the rights and standing of those already in the United States, whose rights were protected by treaty. The Geary bill, however, seeks to impose upon the Chinese in this country certain burdens and restrictions which are not suffered or borne by the people of any other nationality. The Reed treaty of 1848, the Burlingame treaty of 1868, together with the supplementary treaty of 1880, contained what is commonly known as the favored-nation clause, namely, a provision to the effect that subjects of the Emperor of China residing in the United States should be entitled to the same rights, privileges, and immunities as are accorded to citizens and subjects of the most favored nation. Each of these treaties was negotiated at the instance of our government, and not at the solicitation of the government of China, yet, notwithstanding, this government has by hostile or adverse legislation disregarded the pledges contained in the treaties.

The Chinese government is probably the only power with which our government would have attempted to thus have broken faith, and the Chinese government is probably the only one which would have permitted such a ruthless disregard of treaty rights and stipulations. The Chinese are very honorable and very strict in keeping their obligations, either as individuals or as a nation, and they are therefore unable to understand how this country, which ranks as one of the foremost nations of the earth, can enact legislation of so barbarous a nature, and which is an absolute disregard of the favored-nation clause in the various treaties. While the Italian, Sicilian, Hungarian, and Japanese, the lower class of which peoples are greatly inferior to the Chinese as laborers, are allowed to enter this country in unlimited numbers, the Chinese are prohibited from setting foot on our shores. Not alone this, but the Italians and other immigrants are, after a residence of five years in this country, accorded the same rights and privileges as are enjoyed by those who are native-born, while the Chinese, who are industrious, and as peaceable and law-abiding as any other race or nationality, are, under the provisions of the Geary bill, to be tagged and identified in the same manner as we tag our domestic animals and identify criminals.

The Chinese would have had little or no objection to the registration clause of the Geary bill if the law had been made equally applicable to all classes of foreigners who come to or reside in this country. They are, however, unable to perceive why they should be singled out for the purpose of registration as long as the present treaties have not been abrogated by mutual consent of the contracting governments. The ostensible object of the Geary bill was to enable this government to identify Chinese laborers who might be smuggled across the Canadian or Mexican borders, but it is evident to any reasonable or thinking man that such a law would not effect the objects contemplated. The most stringent law that can be passed would not prevent the smuggling of either merchandise or individuals into this country. The smuggling of dutiable goods has been carried on in this and other countries as long as import taxes have been enforced, and while the penal laws in reference to smuggling are extremely rigid, they have never been sufficient to absolutely check it. Congress might as well to-morrow attempt to pass a law which would provide that every dutiable article imported into this country should be separately stamped, and that this stamp should at all times remain on said article where it could be seen, and that customs inspectors at any and all hours should be permitted to enter into the stores and warehouses of our importers for the purpose of ascertaining whether every imported article therein contained bore the stamp. If such a law were passed, a howl of indignation would go up from the importing merchants of this country.

Aside from the objections to this bill on the ground of total disregard of the treaty stipulations, the Chinese seriously object to it — and with very good reason, as all Californians know — on account of the hardships and indignities it will entail. In California every male citizen is subject to a poll or head tax of two dollars per annum. The amount of poll-tax paid by the Chinese in California is much greater, in proportion to their numbers, than that paid by the Caucasians. Yet, notwithstanding this, the Chinese vegetable peddlers and house-servants are stopped on the streets whenever they meet a poll-tax collector, sometimes as often as five or six times a day, and asked to produce their poll-tax receipt. Chinese merchants who have occasion to travel from one town to another in California are stopped at the ferries and railroad stations in every county through which they pass, and forced to show their receipt. If by accident or inadvertence they have omitted to bring it with them, the tax-collector immediately seizes whatever baggage or personal effects they may have with them. No such outrage or indignity has ever been attempted in California against any other race or class of people. A similar result would take place if the Chinese registry under the Geary act was enforced.

The Chinese laborer would be liable to be stopped twenty times a day by some little petty marshal or internal-revenue collector, and asked to show his certificate of registration. If he had by mistake left his certificate at home he would be arrested and detained in custody until he could send and procure it. While the law does not require Chinese merchants to register, still a Chinese merchant, resident in San Francisco, and travelling to New York, or some other portion of the East, on business connected with his firm, would be liable to be stopped at every town, village, or hamlet through which the train passed, and asked for his certificate by some officious or insolent collector or marshal. Upon replying that he was a merchant, the officer might say, "Well, I believe you are a laborer, so I will arrest you," and the merchant might be detained at a place distant from his home where it would be impossible for him to produce evidence of his status, and be forced to spend hundreds of dollars in the employment of attorneys, and in sending to obtain evidence as to his character.

Another hardship to which the Chinese laborers might be subjected would be this: The hoodlum element in San Francisco does not know of or enjoy any better sport than attacking the Chinese whenever the opportunity offers. It would afford them a great deal of pleasure to stop the Chinese laborers on the street under the pretence that they were officers of the law and demand the production of their certificates, and when produced either steal or destroy them.

The higher class of the Chinese, composed of merchants and professional men, also object to this law on other and higher

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grounds. They cannot understand how a civilized and enlightened government in the nineteenth century can enact a *law* which provides that a man who has not committed any crime, either infamous or otherwise, can be arrested at any time without a warrant—brought into court and produced *before* a judge without any complaint having been filed against him; and that it shall be the duty of the judge to order the Chinaman banished from the country unless he *prove* his innocence.

Since time immemorial it has been one of the wise maxims of law in all civilized countries that a man shall be presumed *innocent* until his guilt is satisfactorily established; and after acting on this maxim for over a century, this great government enacts a law which provides that when arrested the *Chinaman* shall be deemed to be guilty, and the court shall so adjudge, unless he establish his innocence by at least one credible *white* witness. This great and humane law declares that the Chinaman, the negro, the Indian, and the Malay shall not be competent witnesses, and that in this class of cases the only competent witnesses shall be persons of the Caucasian race.

In other words, the mighty government of the United States, which boasts of its Declaration of Independence, that declares that all men are free and equal, which boasts of its Constitution and of its enlightenment and advancement, says to the entire civilized world that because the color of a man's skin is red, black, or yellow, he is not to be believed in a court of justice!

Again, this law provides that the Chinaman who has not registered, although he may be the subject of a friendly nation, and has come to this country expecting to be protected in his rights to liberty and property under the treaties and the Constitution, and although he may be entitled under the laws to remain within our territory—still, for a failure to comply with a mere statutory obligation, he must be banished from the country, though he has committed no crime.

This is the first time within the past century that any civilized nation has attempted during times of peace to expel an alien resident who is a subject of a friendly power, and who has not committed any crime. It is only the enlightened government of the United States that would attempt to pass such a law, and it is only against the Chinese race that the government would propose or attempt to enforce it. The Chinese question, as a political issue, is dead, and it is only kept alive by politicians.

The employers and manufacturers of the Pacific coast are not opposed to the Chinese as laborers. The greatest industries of California to-day are her grape, other fruits, and hops, and the State needs at least 50,000 laborers to pick these products. If the Chinese were driven out of California, there is no class of laborers to take their place at the present time. They cannot be replaced by American laborers, because, first, the fruit and grape growers cannot afford to pay the rate of wages which the American requires to support himself and family; secondly, this branch of work only gives employment to the laborer for about four months in the year. Cheap labor of some kind is necessary in California, and the employers consider that this class of labor is superior to the Japanese and to some of the immigrants from other countries.

The questions involved in the Geary bill are of the gravest importance, and some of them are to be presented for the first time in the history of this country. On the 8th of May the case will be heard before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, when the questions affecting nearly one hundred thousand Chinese in this country will be finally adjudicated. THOS. D. RIORDAN.



A TIME when all theatres are doing so well as to be under no necessity to vary their attractions is certainly one calculated to make the managerial heart sing with joy, but also one which does not give much opportunity to the chronicler of theatrical events. It is indeed unusual in New York for a week to go by without a dramatic opening or production of one kind or another, and the week just passed, unmarked by a theatrical happening of even moderate importance, is noticeable on that account. The performances given by the Theatre of Arts and Letters at Palmer's Theatre during its second week brought, it is true, something of novelty if little of interest to the outside non-subscribing public. As a literary effort, Mr. Stockton's *Squirrel Inn* is both humorous and interesting. It may be accounted a play much as a lecture with dissolving views may be looked upon as a theatrical performance. In the case of *Squirrel Inn* the actors take the place of the stereopticon, and put before us a magazine story in bodily form. In one respect the Theatre of Arts and Letters has been most successful, and that is in having its pieces well played; and that Mr. Stockton's so-called comedy was in any way effective was due mainly to the efforts and abilities of the ladies and gentlemen who interpreted it. On Thursday evening Miss Vokes made a change in her bill, giving two one-act pieces, *The Circus Rider* and *The Rose*—both by request—in place of *A Lesson in Love*. The change was certainly an improvement. The present week witnessed a number of spring openings. At the Broadway, Mr. Hopper—drawn by two white mules—produced *Panjandrum*, his new "Olla Podrida," whatever that may mean. At the Fifth Avenue, Mr. Stuart Robson revived Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* in adequate style. Mr. Wilson Barrett and his London company appeared at the Union Square Theatre in *Ben My Chree*, another revival; while Mr Palmer's company appeared at his theatre in a triple bill, including a two-act drama by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, *Mercedes* by name. Mr James D. Powers in *A Mad Bargain* succeeded Mr. Crane as Brother John at the Star Theatre; and the other theatres, with the exception of the Standard, which remains temporarily closed, were "as they were."

Apart from a very enjoyable concert of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartet, and M. Paderewski's farewell recital, the musical feature of last week was the series of concerts given by the two German military bands at the Madison Square Garden. These concerts were largely attended and aroused much enthusiasm, but from an artistic stand-point did not amount to very much. Both the bands were certainly good of their kind, and played a great variety of music for the most part fairly well, but there was nothing in their performances to warrant the enthusiasm which they evoked. The infantry band was not well balanced, being decidedly weak in the wood-wind, and, if anything, rather below than above the average of similar organizations in Germany. The quality of tone produced by the cavalry band, while singularly smooth and mellow, naturally lacked contrast and variety of tone color, and the performances of this band at least were, in consequence, decidedly monotonous. One can hardly understand why the Emperor of Germany should desire the rehabilitation of the mediæval trumpet, as, though doubtless martial enough, its tone is harsh, strident, and unmusical. On the whole, one would think that German military music would have been better represented at the World's Fair had two regular bands, rather than two scratch organizations gotten together for the occasion, been sent there.

It is announced on the best authority—that of the management itself—that, all reports and denials to the contrary, Dr Hans Richter has signed a contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and, unless actually prohibited from leaving Vienna, will direct the destinies of that organization next season. In engaging so celebrated a conductor the Boston management has shown the greatest possible enterprise and liberality, and has certainly made a musical ten-strike. In power, catholicity of taste, and breadth of artistic scope Dr. Richter stands to-day perhaps foremost among orchestral conductors. Receiving his training under Wagner, he has been equally successful as a conductor of both concert and opera, and has successively and successfully occupied the positions of operatic conductor at Munich, Pesth, and Vienna, where he succeeded Desshof as director of the Grand Opera and conductor of the Philharmonic concerts. His principal success as a concert conductor has been made in Berlin and London, where his orchestral concerts have excited much attention. Herr Richter owes his eminent position in great measure to the fact of his practical acquaintance with the technique of the instruments of the orchestra, especially the wind, to a degree in which he stands alone. He is a great master of crescendo and decrescendo, and though leaning too much perhaps to the encouragement of virtuosity in his orchestra, what he directs is always finely played. As a musician, he is a self-made man, and enjoys the peculiar advantages which spring from that fact. So great a musician is sure of a cordial welcome from our appreciative public; but is it not a reflection on the musical enterprise of this good city of New York that when so great a musician comes to this country he comes not to this metropolis, but to Boston? Not that we love Boston less, but we must perforce envy her the more her musical advantages.

The Bureau of Music at the Chicago World's Fair is prolific in announcements just at the present time, its latest bit of news being that by the special permission of the War Department of France the band of the Garde Républicaine of Paris, probably one of the best military bands in the world, will be the guests of the exposition during the month of August. The band, which numbers eighty players, will give daily concerts, and in addition a number of concerts with special programmes, in Festival Hall. Madame Lineff's Russian choir will also give a series of concerts of Russian folk-music in costume during the fortnight beginning June 4th in Festival Hall. There would seem to be but little doubt that visitors to the exposition will have opportunities of hearing music of all kinds and at all times. In so far, therefore, Mr. Thomas's work as chief of the Bureau of Music would appear to have been sufficiently well done to give satisfaction to the powers that be. For all this, rumors of dissensions and dissatisfactions in the Department of Liberal Arts, of which the Bureau of Music forms a part, and the contemplated resignation on the part of Mr. Thomas in consequence of it being thought best by the Director-General that he should be held responsible to a higher power in the shape of a General Superintendent for the musical department soon to be appointed, come to us. Hitherto Mr. Thomas has occupied the position of a kind of musical Czar, neither caring for nor regarding suggestions from the Director-General or any one else. Whether he will consent to report to any General Superintendent remains to be seen. Whatever may be said or thought of Mr Thomas's conduct of the Bureau of Music thus far, one fact remains—an exposition which has fostered a national feeling, and begotten a national pride and confidence in our capabilities and possibilities in all other directions to an extent never before known in this country, has done little or nothing in advancing the interests of American creative musical art, nor has it called into being native musical compositions of a kind which the occasion might well have inspired. It is perhaps a matter for congratulation that the country has not been flooded, as is often the case under similar conditions, with meretricious "commemorative" music, but it is also surely a matter of regret that the Bureau of Music has not seen fit to furnish more of an incentive to capable native musicians for the exercise of their talents in the production of music of a national and appropriate character.

In his recently published book, *Wagner and His Works*, Mr. Henry T. Finck, the well-known critic and writer on musical subjects, has made what should prove a valuable addition to the somewhat voluminous critical and historical Wagnerian literature already existing. The work, which is in two volumes, presents the various many-sided phases of the great master's history, work, and personality as a man, composer, politician, littérateur, and friend of great men in a manner at once clear, forcible, and interesting. Mr. Finck has gone largely to original sources for his facts, and has not committed the fault of treating his subject from too technical a stand-point, so that the work will appeal equally to the professional musician and to the amateur. As the work of a Wagner enthusiast, Mr. Finck's book has certainly a somewhat *ex parte* flavor, and although he devotes considerable space to the hostile criticism of which Wagner was the subject, he does so with a view of strengthening his own position by means of their utterances, rather than with any intention of showing that there could be another side to the question. The critical comments and the graphic pen pictures of Wagner's life and personality with which the purely historical and biographical parts of the work are interspersed are of no little value, power, and interest; and while one might take exception to some of Mr. Finck's conclusions, one must admit that these conclusions are properly deducible from the premises which he himself lays down. Of particular interest are the passages treating of Wagner's opinions on his own works and those of other composers, his methods of composition, and the discussions on "Melody versus Tune" and "Romantic Love in Wagner's Operas." Altogether the book presents to us a graphic and detailed picture of "Wagner and his works" as seen by his admirers, and giving as it does in comprehensive and readable form much information not hitherto readily accessible to English readers, is one which will be welcome to all in any way interested in one of the greatest geniuses this world has ever seen, and also one which can hardly fail to increase Mr. Finck's reputation as a critic and littérateur.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's new play, *A Woman of no Importance*, which deals in a comical and paradoxical way with the question raised in *Le Fils Naturel*, has recently been produced with much success in London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, supported by Miss Julia Neilson and Mrs. Bernard-Beere. As in *Lady Windermere's Fan* there is a caustic and satiric scene between men, so in the new play there is a characteristically bright and cynical conversation between women, most of whom are of high rank, as Mr. Wilde evidently prefers to draw his characters in aristocratic walks of life. The interest of the play, the scene of which is laid at an English country house, turns upon the piquant contrast between every-day life as it presents itself to the Puritan and the indolent indifference of the well-to-do. Hester Worsley, a New England Methodist with very pronounced opinions, played by Miss Neilson, represents the former aspect of life, while the latter is sufficiently brought forward by the various and titled dames who figure in the piece. Mr. Tree appeared as a member of the House of Lords, under the title of Lord Illingworth. It is said that no more successful first night has been known in London for several seasons, and the dialogue is reported to be a constant succession of Mr. Wilde's brightest witticisms and most daring cynicisms, which were received with unbounded delight by the audience.

Musical taste in England seems at present to be in a state of transition. Popular interest in operas of the lighter variety is at a very low ebb, and although there can be no doubt that opera is becoming a favorite form of amusement, popular taste is turning towards the higher forms of dramatic music. Indications are not wanting of a growing Wagnerian craze in England, as marked as it now is in France, and Sir Augustus Harris has recently been reproached by the critics for reviving an opera of a by-gone day and age like Halévy's *La Juive*, which has recently been given in London for the first time in forty years. The reason for bringing to light again such a "fossilized composition" is pointedly demanded. Anent Halévy's orchestration, one critic remarks, "If this be the kind of instrumentation to which an audience can listen without visible annoyance, modern composers had better leave off writing." This remark, which gives a fair idea of the kind of criticism which the revival of *La Juive* evoked, suggests an increase of musical knowledge, taste, and appreciation in unmusical England which is significant. One is certainly inclined to agree with our English cousins in their estimate of the artistic value of that class of operas of which *La Juive* is a fair sample. It is to be hoped that Mr. Abbey will spare us this and similar works next season.

Whatever may be thought of musical competitions as a means of producing artistic musical results, it cannot be denied that those instituted by the enterprising Milanese publisher Sozogno have done much toward revivifying modern Italian operatic music. Be this as it may, there is more musical activity at the present moment in Italy than in any country in the world, and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* are results of this activity which go far towards showing that the land of song may be destined at no distant date to resume her former commanding position in the musical world.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE UPRISING IN CHIHUAHUA.

PRESS despatches report an insurrection in Chihuahua, and it is not at all surprising. Having just returned from that country, I saw and associated with the people who are now in the attitude of insurgents. Amalla I have never heard of, but Santaana, whose picture I reproduce, was the man who was second in command of the Mexican force that killed Captain Crawford in '85, and who succeeded to the leadership when Chato, the Apache, shot the chief of the Mexicans. He is a subsidized outlaw, hired by the government to fight in the mountains, but when recently called upon to bring in his people to help take the town of Temochicu—where the fight occurred in the church, and where eighty-five men killed three hundred and fifty soldiers before they were cleaned up—he refused to act against the insurgents. The authorities in Guerrero, which is the important town of the district, tried to disarm him and his forces. The latter took position in an old adobe bull-ring, held off the government forces until nightfall, and then escaped. He was shot in the knee, and was lame when I saw him. One of his men, in describing their escape to me, said, "When we were three miles down the road we could still hear the troops firing into the bull-ring." He was then proscribed. He lives in Rincon, a little mud town lying at the foot of a pass into the mountains, and that pass was fortified with rifle-pits, and will be held by these people later to cover their retreat into the Sierra Madre.

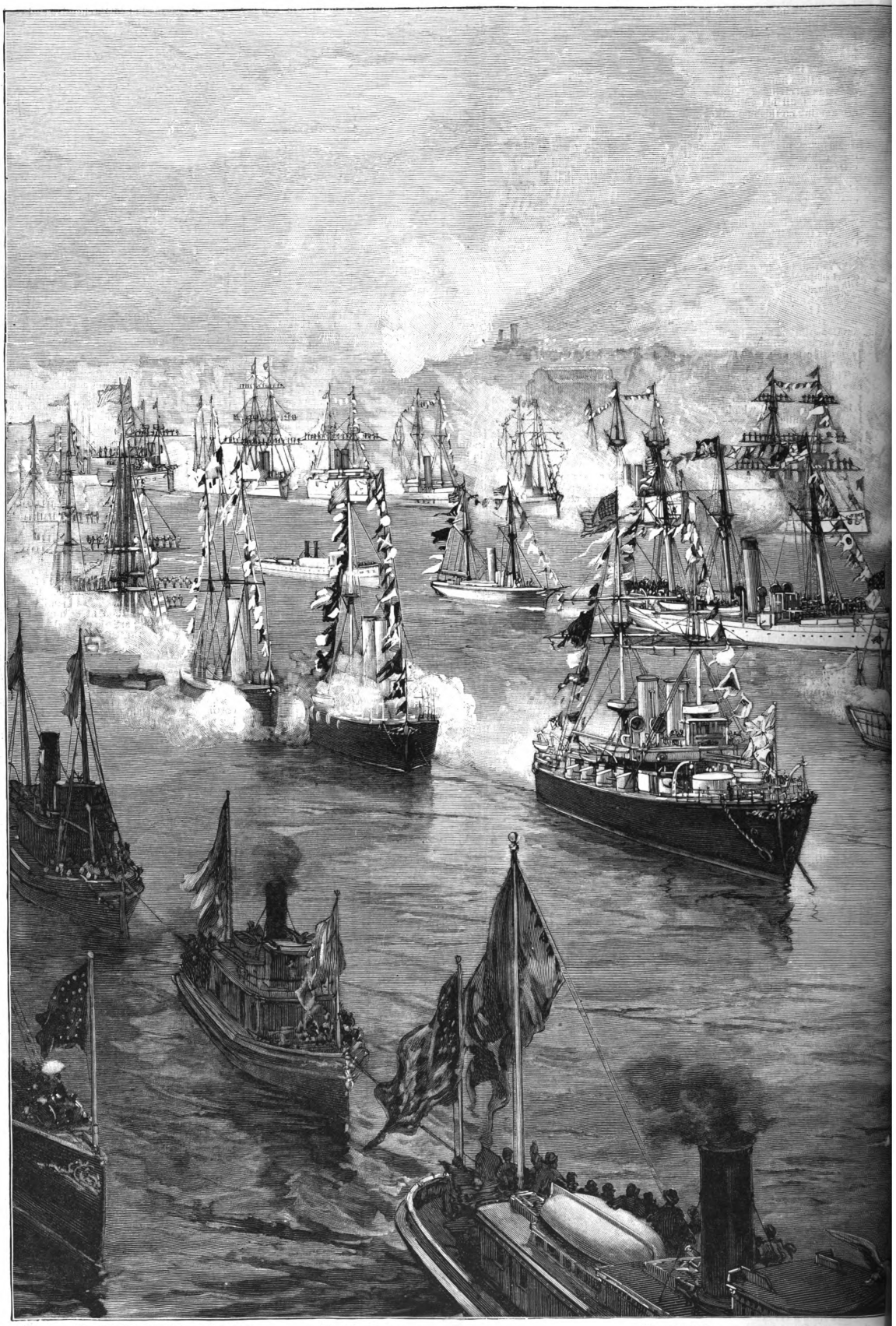
The whole country is in a state of famine as the result of crop failures. Beans are worth fourteen dollars a bushel. But this year they will raise good crops, since they have had good rainfalls. There are a great many men who are out in the mountains or declared banditti by the government. The town of Tejolochachic is the headquarters for a band of outlaws, and three men were killed in a terrific fight right across the street from where we staid the first night in town. The head politico and other leading men are terrorized, and dare not leave their doors. They have been repeatedly shot at, and the doorway of the head politico in question is all bullet-marked. The people of this country have risen in rebellion many times in the old days, and have repeatedly captured the city of Chihuahua, and unless President Diaz sends two regiments of cavalry, two regiments of infantry, and a battery immediately to cope with the insurgent forces, they will grow in strength until a revolution of great consequence will develop.

The people are brave mountaineers who love fighting, and they are very much dissatisfied. They are all armed with Winchesters and Colts, well mounted, and with the vast mountain wilderness of the Sierra Madre as a base. They are poor and short of cartridges, which is their only handicap.

The revolutionists will, however, fail, for in all probability a large force will be sent against them. A battle will follow, and when the smoke clears away, if the federal troops are victorious, there will not be anything left of Santa Tomas, Tejolochachic, and Rincon except little piles of mud, for such is the resolute way in which Mexican officers treat the people who "go out." FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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The *Dolphin*, immediately behind the Caravels.

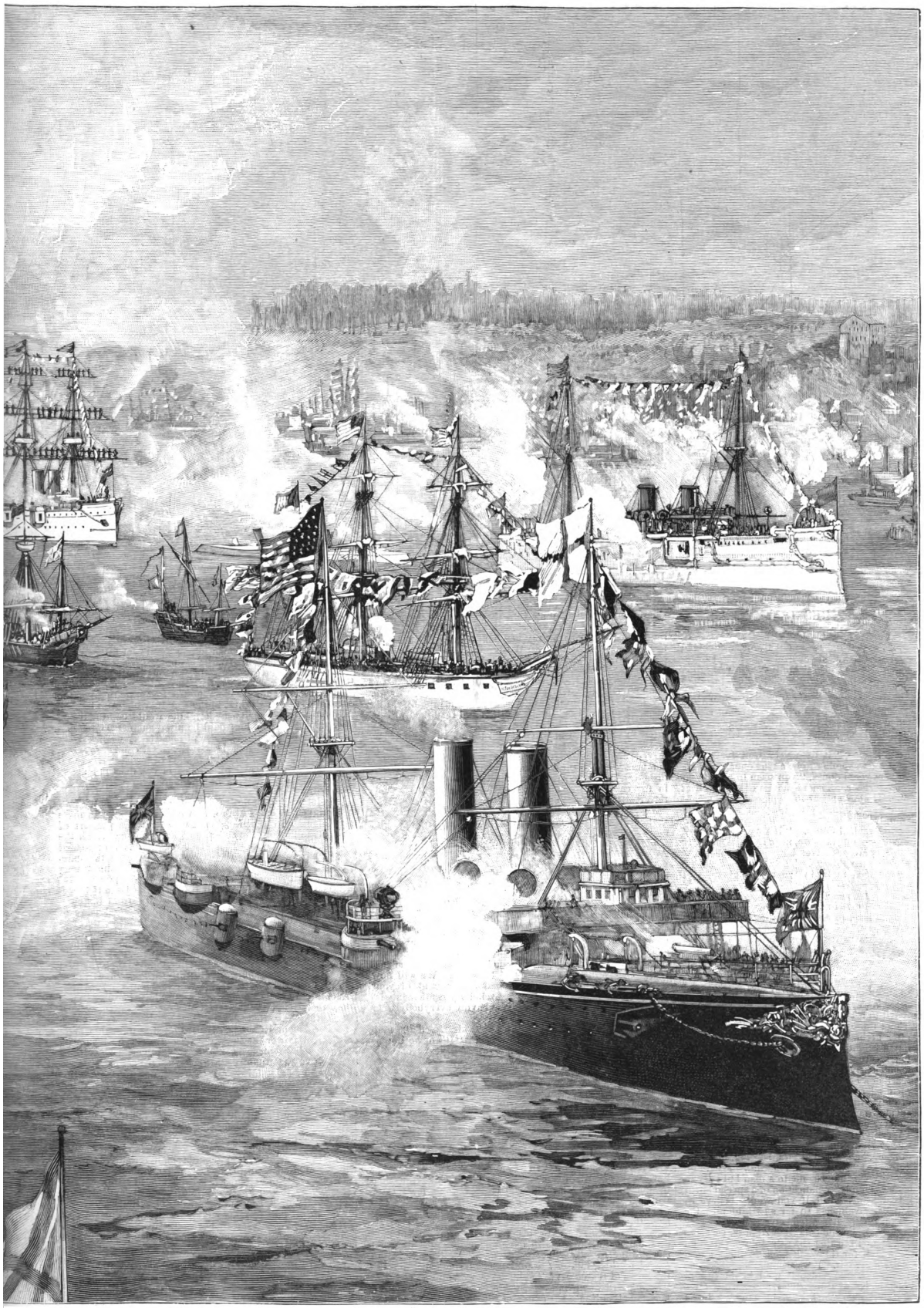


The *Dimitri Donskoi.* The *Tartar.* The *Magicienne.* The *Australia.*

THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW—THE "DOLPHIN" WITH THE PRESIDENTIA

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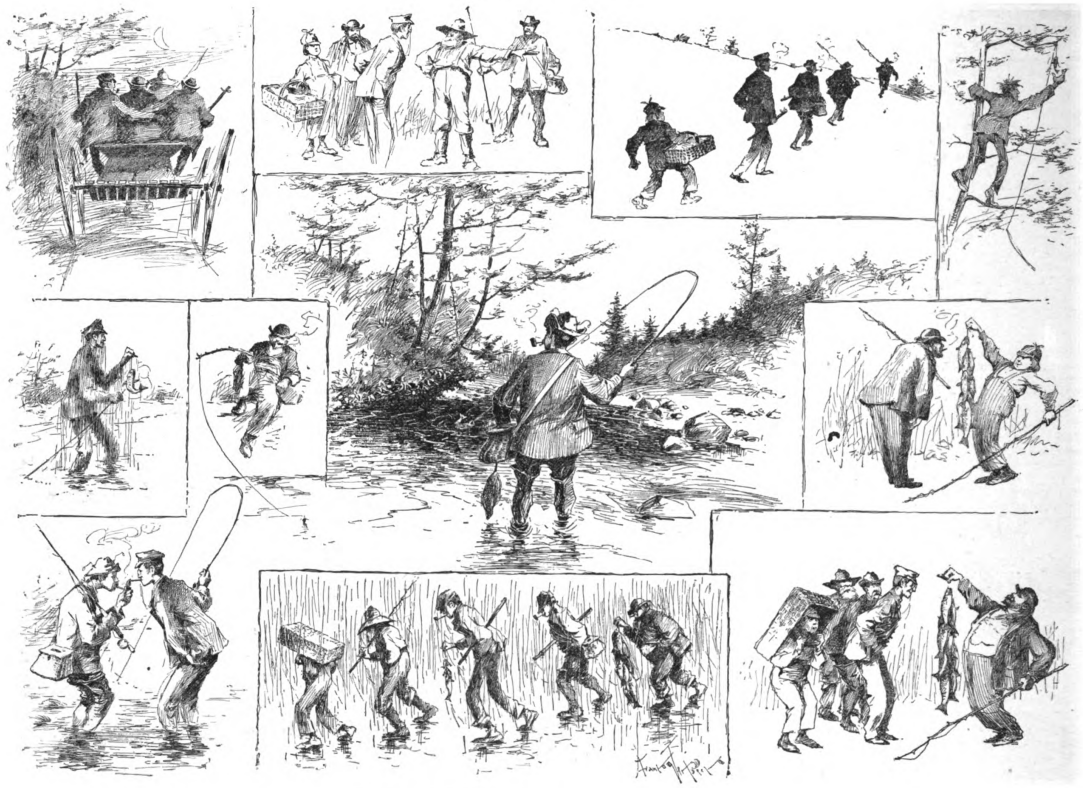
The *Philadelphia.*



ravels. The *Blake.* [See Page 418.]

ON BOARD FINISHING THE RUN BETWEEN THE LINES.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.

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A DAY'S TROUT-FISHING.—Drawn by Frank Ver Beck.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

I.—THE WILD-CAT FRIGHTENER.

"You remember that trip I made out through Michigan over a year ago, doubtless," said Jackson Peters. "I never told you of the odd genius I met at Pontiac, who was going to do away with carpets on floors by sticking little pieces of carpeting on the feet with mucilage."

Jones looked at the younger man with severity. "Jackson, I was just on the point of telling a story about a little idea of my own when I lived in Iowa several years ago. Enrich us with the tale of your bright young friend some other time."

"Yes," returned Peters, "it does very well for you to say that, but *my* story was going to be a true one."

"Young man," answered Jones, "you seem to forget that I am your former teacher. The memories of the District School at Hemlock Hollow appear to be deserting you."

"Give us your story, Jones, give us your story," said Smith, encouragingly.

"I was going to," replied Jones. "It was a number of years ago. I was living out in Iowa, near Des Moines. My place was on the Des Moines River bottom, and the bluffs were literally alive with wild-cats. The wild-cats from all over the country seemed to be in the neighborhood that year holding a wild-cat World's Fair—a fact, gentlemen. I had a fancy stock farm, and between the resident and the visiting wild-cats they played the very deuce with my blooded chickens. I don't need to tell you, gentlemen, that I am mortally afraid of a gun."

"Seems to me that's a pretty serious admission for a man to make who only last night was telling how, down in Arkansas, he used to spring up bears with a four-inch hickory plank and shoot them on the wing, like clay pigeons," said Jackson Peters.

"An idle tale, Jackson, an idle tale. A man must relax a little sometimes. As I was—"

"But you offered to bet fifty dollars that—"

"I couldn't shoot those wild-cats, you see, so what could I do? Night after night they walked off with my choicest fowls. One day a bright idea occurred to me. It was nothing more nor less than every time I heard any disturbance among the chickens to put my head out of the window and call out 'Scat!' in a loud voice."

The narrator paused, and looked at Jackson Peters defiantly. But Peters only blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and arched his eyebrows slightly.

"That was a clever notion," observed Robinson. "Very clever notion. Worthy to rank with your plan for extracting the latent energy from tramps."

"No, Robinson, no," answered Jones, smiling, and evidently much gratified. "No, you are too kind. My tramp idea showed genius; such things come to a man but once in his lifetime; this was simply an indication of a special talent for dealing with wild-cats. Still, if you would believe it, my plan proved utterly valueless so far as frightening the cats away was concerned. I 'scatted' myself hoarse every night for a week, still those wild-cats went right on carrying away my poultry. But I felt that the principle was a sound one, and I looked about for the weak point in the application of it. I soon found it. I was employing the same volume of scat for wild-cats which is used in the case of tame cats, and wild-cats are three times bigger than tame cats. My first thought was of a speaking-trumpet, but I soon decided against it. I determined to make a clean sweep of the whole matter. I sent to Chicago and got an improved Edison phonograph with intensifying attachment. I set the intensifier at the ratio of three to one. I then shouted a battery of scats into the receiver in my natural tame-cat driving voice. I wound up the clock-work, and set the phonograph near my hen-house. A small wire connected the clock-work with the hen-house, so that a cat on entering the door would set the phonograph off, causing it to speak once. I went to bed, gentlemen, and slept soundly till morning. After breakfast my foreman told me that at about midnight, when the first wild-cat started to enter my chicken-coop to feloniously abstract my poultry, that phonograph sort of cleared its throat and remarked, 'Scat!' in a voice which rattled the windows. Gentlemen, my foreman was a man in whom I had the utmost confidence, and he told me that after that phonograph spoke he observed a long gray streak of wild-cat reaching from my hen-house door to the underbrush about two hundred yards distant. The same phenomenon was noted by my foreman in the case of subsequent cats. I lost no more chickens through the depredations of this obnoxious form of vermin."

Jones paused and lit his cigar, which had gone out. He blew an aggressive cloud at the lamp, elevated his chin, and looked at Jackson Peters.

Peters rested his cheek in his hand and seemed thoughtful. After some seconds he drew a long breath, and said, "Jones, may I trouble you to tell us when this interesting and valuable incident took place?"

"Certainly, Jackson, certainly. In the summer of 1871."

Peters smiled. Then he said: "The phonograph, Jones, is given a later date by the more advanced historians and archæologists. You are, Jones, guilty of anachronism."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," answered Jones. "Most men who tell the truth are. I shall not lie to avoid an anachronism—no, not if I am guilty of an anachronism with every word I utter, if my whole life becomes one vast anachronism. Truth, Jackson, truth first always. We will now listen to the important and educational account of your uncle in Michigan, that brainy and scholarly gentleman who proposes to do away with floors by having everybody wear wooden shoes. Proceed, Jackson."

Peters looked at Jones with a weary air, tossed the stub of his cigar into the fire, and answered: "It's of no importance. Some future day will do as well—a year from now—two years—any time."

THIS BUSY WORLD

It seems as if any modern who was in the way of allowing himself the luxury of vain regrets might do worse from time to time than mourn because he did not enjoy a measure of personal contact with the late Horace Greeley. To rub up against this gifted man, particularly on his prickly side, though possibly startling at the moment of contact, must have been singularly conducive to a subsequent flow of spirits. Possibly to rub some one else against him and observe the resulting phenomena may have been the more canny method, but that would depend somewhat on the thickness of the observer's skin. Anyhow, no one seems to have handed down more refreshing outbreaks of clarified language than the great editor of the *Tribune*. It does the heart good to hear him speak, in a letter to Mr. Dana (published long ago, but lately quoted in a contemporary journal), of the willingness of certain "feminine *literati*" to "have sworn the legs off of an iron pot" in timely defamation of some character useful for news purposes. Certainly it would have been worth more than a week's vacation to a jaded mind to be present when Mr. Greeley baffled the worthy solicitor who wanted money from him to keep people from going to hell with the assurance that "there don't half enough go there now." It seems as if a compendium of Mr. Greeley's written and spoken utterances might be made which would be most useful to apprentices in the manly art of saying things in the way they ought to be said. The difficulty in such an undertaking would be to find any competent "hand" who would be proof against the temptation to let the making of a useful book become subservient to the making out of a wise Greeley. Of course, saying a thing right is quite a different branch of business from saying the right thing, and proficiency in one does not necessarily imply special ability in the other.

It is interesting to notice the name of Mr. Coventry Patmore signed to one of the communications which in these days abound in the London *Times*, and the purport of which is to deplore the collapse of British glory which the passage of a home-rule bill is to bring about. So much of Mr. Patmore's poetry is the expression of the gentler emotions that it is something of a surprise to find him among the most belligerent critics of Mr. Gladstone's plans. Not Mr. Smalley himself is more hopeless of the issue if home-rule succeeds. Indeed, if one may judge from his communication, he is fast slipping over the ragged edge of anxiety on to the comparatively firm ground of desperation. "The duty of passive obedience to bad kings," he writes, "was settled two hundred years ago, but how about passive obedience to bad Parliaments?" He has his opinion about it, and quotes Lord Bolingbroke's avowal that "there cannot be a greater absurdity than to affirm that the people have a remedy in resistance when their Prince attempts to enslave them, but that they have none when their representatives sell themselves and them." It seems, therefore, that after Mr. Gladstone gets through with Parliament, it will still remain for him to settle whether the real power in these days belongs to the men who make the laws of a people or to those who write their songs. If Mr. Patmore's sentiments fail to excite an effectual effort in England, it is a pleasure to recommend him to try them on Buffalo, New York, where emotions analogous to his are just now somewhat prevalent.

It seems that the family hotel is a very old idea, after all. High up on the side of a cliff in southwestern Colorado are the remains of a prehistoric settlement of cliff-dwellers. The largest house in the settlement is 450 feet long and has 244 rooms, the whole surmounted by small strong towers, in which doubtless dwelt the janitors. The interior of another ruin two miles off is reported to be arranged "in a manner very similar to the apartment-houses of to-day." Hieroglyphics abound on monuments near these ruins, and possibly when the antiquarians have puzzled them out we may get the experience of past ages on that domestic-service problem which glowers so ominously at contemporary civilization.

In all the literature of the hotel-waiters' strike it nowhere appears that there is danger of interference with the time-honored practice of a pecuniary recognition of the waiter's assiduity on the part of the guest. The custom of feeing the waiter is of immemorial antiquity, has been followed by the good and great of all civilized peoples, and lives embalmed in deathless verse. It serves a number of useful ends. It is known to keep money in circulation, which is a

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good thing; it is believed to aid digestion, which is highly important; and it is suspected of accelerating the renewal of supplies of food, and of imparting gracious refinements to service which are not to be obtained without it. It is certain that if the waiters should decree that the tip must go, consternation and dismal forebodings would seize upon the feeding population of New York. But in this particular they have been merciful. The tip may stay. The waiters merely insist that it *shall be* a little matter of personal communication between themselves and the guests, and that no official cognizance of it shall be taken by the hotel-keepers. The tip may change hands, as heretofore, but it must not count. The waiters' position is that a man should be able to *earn* enough to live on. The hotel-keepers' feeling seems to be that, provided a waiter gets adequately remunerated, the source of the remuneration is an unimportant detail. Halting between these views, the public remains a little uncertain whether it is a theory or a condition that has made the trouble.

The question of the most importance to street-car companies just now is not whether the trolley, the storage battery, or ammonia makes the best motor, but how surface cars can be run at high speed without killing too many children. Children described as "about six years old," girls preferred, are the trolley-car's easiest game. Their judgment of speed and distance is imperfect, and they are liable to panics. The street cars killed about one a week last month in Rochester, and a proportionate number in Boston. The old-time ability of India to keep up its population in the face of the institution called Juggernaut is quoted in support of the belief that our city population can stand high speed on surface roads. But the age of marriage is so much earlier in India, and life is so much cheaper and more common there than here, that the argument is not good for much. Americans are in a hurry, and are willing to pay a good deal for rapid transit; but when it comes to paying a regular tribute of children, mostly girls "about six years old," there is liable to be a good deal of computation on the question whether it really saves much time to go so fast. There is an average loss of some thirty years of time on every six-year-old that is run down, and that must offset some of the minutes saved. Besides, the next six-year-old to be ground up may be yours, and there is no denying that that makes it awkward. There are bank presidents that could better be spared, and that it would be cheaper to run over, than some six-year-old children.

Was there ever a more pathetic tribute to the superior effectiveness of Western enterprise than was offered the other day by the New York *Sun*, when to the suggestion of a great Century Fair in New York in 1900 it replied: "Don't. New York might get a Century Fair ready, but Chicago would come in and steal it"?

Among all the interrupted tales in the magazines and newspapers there is no story of which the sequel is awaited with such persistent interest as that of the *Naronic*. The last hint of it, at this writing, was the vague report of a drifting boat seen in the North Sea, with four dead bodies tied to its oats, and a name that read "Noran" on the side. No one has the least doubt any longer how the *Naronic's* story will turn out; but whenever the details come, they will take precedence for a day over all other reading.

It is a significant circumstance, as a country clergyman was saying the other day, that some of the most opulent New York churches have lately found the ministers that they wanted unresponsive to their calls. The popular notion has been that the very goal of ministerial endeavor in this country was to get a metropolitan church, with a metropolitan salary, and a protracted summer vacation. But it is stated that within ten years there has been a change of sentiment among ministers in that respect, and some of the wisest of them have declined invitations to come to New York under exceedingly propitious circumstances. The reason given is the difficulty of establishing intimate relations enough with a New York congregation to enable a pastor to do satisfactory work. In a town from which the well-to-do families abscond in May and stay away until October the season for advantageous pastoral effort is limited, and the spiritual seed-time and harvest have to be squeezed into a mere fraction of the year. Besides that, it is easily conceivable that the manifold distractions of metropolitan life operate to make church interests less engrossing than in towns where secular concerns are not so exciting.

Ministers have about the same uses for money as other men, and doubtless appreciate comfortable salaries, but eminence in the clerical profession is not attainable in these days except by spiritually minded men who have really got religion, and intellectual ability besides. They are the kind of men the city churches want. But to such men salaries, beyond what their reasonable necessities call for, must be a secondary consideration. They cannot be "hired to preach" by mere offer of large remuneration, and it is perfectly conceivable that if New York does not appeal to them as the place where they can do the most good, they may prefer to put their work in elsewhere.

The proposed extradition treaty with Russia will be carefully read whenever it gets into the hands of the people. An anarchist who kills the Czar is an assassin, and no civilized country ought to be a safe refuge for him. But merely shooting the Czar in the back with baked apples or throwing eggs at him is not an offence which should deprive any Russian of a right of asylum here. We are bound not to be accessories to designs on the Czar's life, but to protect his dignity is his own lookout and no funeral of ours. He must attend to that at home.

The news of the purchase of Cliveden by Mr. William Waldorf Astor is followed by a rumor of the intended acquisition of a Scotch (Highland) estate by the same gentleman. Present indications suggest that Mr. Astor will eventually possess a more complete set of the apparatus of polite contemporary life than any of his American coevals. The only thing that seems to stand between him and a finished collection is the disposition he has shown to permit other employments to distract part of his attention from the jealous occupation of having things. The acquisition of apparatus is, in these days, a vast work in itself, and a man who insists on doing something besides can hardly hope for entire success in it. E. S. MARTIN.

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Last, ere he lives again, to lay it by—
Like tears are ye, that spring with man's first breath
And loyally attend him till he die.

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THE COLUMBIAN BALL AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1893.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE UNDOUBTED TENDERNESS of the *Navahoe* in her first rials is not wholly explained by the absence of her centre-oard. While there is every probability of the boat being rimmed into shape, yet this experience with the Herreshoffs' irst production of '93 goes to show that there is a limit to he "freak" element in the designing of racing yachts, and hat we have pretty nearly reached it.

THE YACHTING YEAR OF 1893 PROMISES to be memorable 'or its development of big sloops. Five 90-footers building n America and four in Great Britain is a record entirely nprecedented. Had it not been for the *Valkyrie's* challenge 'or the *America's* Cup, not one of our four cup-defenders would probably have materialized—at least not this season —while it is doubtless equally true that Mr. Carroll's proposed invasion of British waters has been the cause of increasing the English fleet that is to constitute the home guard while the *Valkyrie* is doing battle for the honor of England in American waters. It is a noteworthy fact that yacht-building seems to move in waves of progression rather than by a conservative growth. A boat in a new class is boldly launched by some adventuresome yachtsman, and he is pursued post-haste by others eager to dispute the supremacy in the latest class.

In 1888–90 the 40-footers were the educators. In 1891 the swift 46-footers challenged the admiration of yachtsmen. In 1892 interest in this class was intensified by the more daring experiments of designers in the "overhang" and in the fin and bulb keels of the smaller craft. The new-comer of the 46-footers, *Wasp*, proved to be the queen of her class, and with *Gloriana* and *Harpoon* (*Beatrix* improved and re-christened) gave good sport.

THE CREAM OF RACING IN '92, however, was furnished by class of midgets, the 21-footers. Never before had craft small taken so large a part in American yachting, nor has ny class ever turned out to be a more thorough educator. The designers of the yachts building this year have taken many a hint from those "midgets." To be sure, the 90-foot schooners afforded rare sport, as this favorite class has done steadily for many years, but it was left for the 21-footers to show such radical experiments that among wide centre-boarders, narrow centreboarders, weighted centreboarders, keel boats, bulb-keel boats, and fin keels the old division of types into centreboarders and keels became for too inexact to express the various combinations.

It puzzled regatta committees at the beginning of the season to satisfactorily separate the types into classes, and in one club it happened rather amusingly that the vote was practically unanimous to divide fin keels and centreboarders into separate classes, the centreboard men voting in the affirmative because they expected the fin keels to be too fast for them, and the fin-keel men doing likewise for fear of defeat by the centreboarders. As a matter of fact, those clubs came out the best which allowed all types to race together, since the narrow centreboarders, the wide centreboarders, and the fin keels were matched evenly enough to make it interesting for all to the end of the season.

FROM 21-FOOTERS TO 85-FOOTERS seems a big jump, yet it is true that the 21-footers of 1892 had no small share in the production of the 85-footers of 1893. All the designers of the cup-defenders were represented in the 21-foot class last year, and the lessons learned in that keen competition have been worked over to meet the requirements of the big single-stickers that are to do national battle.

Of the cup-defenders little as yet is definitely known. The Herreshoff designs are currently represented—the Rogers syndicate boat as a deep-keel craft, much after the style of the *Wasp*, and the Morgan syndicate racer as a wide yet deep centreboarder. The Paine craft is supposed to be a compromise fin keel, with a centreboard playing through the fin, while the Boston syndicate craft is represented as a fin keel.

Of the designers the Herreshoffs are well known, and their success in all the classes which they have entered has caused a feeling of confidence that their productions will be extremely difficult to beat. General Paine is such a well-known figure in cup-defence that his collaboration with his son John cannot fail to attract interest and to inspire confidence. Stewart & Binney have yet to win their spurs in large yacht building, though the marked success of their representative in the midget class last year should be borne in mind. As the successors of Edward Burgess, they have the traditions of an excellent office behind them, and the performance of their contribution will be watched with curiosity.

IT CAN SAFELY BE SAID of the challenger that he will make the strongest bid yet made for the coveted trophy, and not a few well-informed yachtsmen believe that "the cup will go back this time," though this is by no means the opinion of this department. The designer of the *Valkyrie* is the same Watson who turned out such a handsome and slippery craft in the *Thistle*, and signs are not wanting that British designing has kept pace with the improvements of the past few seasons.

It will be a glorious season, both at home and abroad. The Goelet cup and the trial races will be fully as interesting as the finals here, while the races of the *Navahoe* will be superbly contested abroad. The spectacle of nine great 85-footers performing throughout the year will appeal strongly to the public as well as to the yachting eye, and yachtsmen both of Great Britain and the United States owe much to the men whose generosity and sportsmanship have furnished such a prospect for royal sport.

APRIL 18TH WAS A RED-LETTER DAY at West Point. It was the occasion of the cadets' first athletic "Field Day," and marked an interesting point in the history of educational methods at the Military Academy. That sound physical condition is a *sine qua non* of the good soldier is a truism, and that athletics are the surest and most attractive means to the desired end has long been admitted by all save a few relics of Puritanism.

While the educational institutions all over the country were encouraging their students to participate in athletics of all kinds, our two national schools maintained an indifferent attitude that was utterly incomprehensible.

If there are any students in these United States that require the physical training and the recreation of football, baseball, and other athletic games, they are certainly the cadets of the military and naval academies. If there is any training out of the class-room better calculated to equip the embryo soldier than that of the football field, with its lessons in strategy, self-reliance, courage, and generalship, it has not yet been found.

What progress has been made in athletics at both West Point and Annapolis has come about in the last few years through the untiring zeal of a few officers at each reservation.

Last season a new light dawned on the athletic horizon for both the academics, and this year it seems to have spread even to Washington. There is every promise of an enlightened era in the educational methods at West Point and Annapolis, and HARPER'S WEEKLY congratulates the "powers that be" on at last bringing the national institutions up to date. No single course in the prescribed curriculum will be found of more lasting benefit than the new one of athletics.

April 15th had been determined upon as West Point's first Field Day, but rain on that day, and all subsequent Saturdays being filled by baseball dates, brought about an unprecedented departure. The Commandant decided wisely that one afternoon in the year could not be used to greater advantage than in encouraging general athletics, and thus it came about that the usual afternoon drill and dress parade on the 18th were suspended, and the two hours from four to six given over to contests of strength and skill.

Each of the four classes made up a team of five men to contest in a 100-yard dash, 120-yard hurdle, putting 16-pound shot, and the standing, broad, and running high jumps. Considering it was West Point's début in track athletics, and the turf track wet and heavy, Timberlake's $17\frac{4}{5}$ seconds in the hurdles, Raymond's $10\frac{2}{5}$ in the 100 yards, and Hinckley's 9 ft. 10 in. in the standing broad jump were performances worth noting.

The baseball nine is hard at work, with an encouraging outlook, while the football team is already assured the valuable coaching of Laurie Bliss, Yale's famous half-back.

AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY baseball has been absorbing all attention, and the work of the nine is a great improvement over the best form of the last few years. The wisdom of holding class football matches has been duplicated in baseball, and the result is gratifying. Too much value cannot be placed on these class matches; they develop material that oftentimes would have remained unknown, and they build up a good second team for the 'varsity to play against. It is safe to wager Annapolis football will be twenty-five per cent. better off next autumn therefrom. A strong boating element has been growing at the Naval Academy, which has

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put a crew in training, in the hope of getting an eight-oared shell in time to arrange a race for the month of May.

It reflects no credit on the Navy Department that the cadets of our national Naval Academy should have, literally, no boating facilities. There is now neither a boat-house nor a landing for racing-shells; improvised floats are made to do service, while the shells are stored in one end of a coal-shed. Suitable accommodations, to cost the government but a few hundred dollars, would give rowing at the Academy the prominence it once had.

Despite the fact that the season is several months off, interest in football is unabated, and the securing of John Hartwell, Yale's clever end rusher, as coach, makes good the promise for a still better eleven next November. Just now preparations are being made for a track athletic meeting to be held in May.

When the Harvard and Princeton nines meet on the grounds of the latter next Saturday (May 6th) for the first game of the season, there will not be, unless all signs fail, such loose ball-playing as that which made the first game of last year, with its 11–5 score in favor of Harvard, memorable. Harvard, as already written here, has a better team than last year, and one that has shown a steadiness it often lacked at critical moments in '92. This has been proved to some extent in the game with Pennsylvania.

As for Princeton, its chances of success this year are fully fifty per cent. better than last season. And the reason is obvious, for they are playing fifty per cent. better ball. First, and really most important of all, the battery is stronger. All through last season the Princeton nine labored under the great disadvantage of carrying a battery which, although including one of the cleverest pitchers in any college, was of not as much service to its team as many a battery inferior in skill. The pitcher and catcher were not in touch; there was none of that sympathetic understanding between the two which had made the battery of '91 so effective in its work. Brown, the catcher, was phlegmatic to the last degree, while Young, with his nerves tingling, saw with every ball he pitched the face of his lost comrade and back stop, Fred Brokaw, and the vision stole away his heart from the game.

This year there is another story to tell. The box is occupied by Drake, who last year was substitute, and when he was given the opportunity challenged comparison with the regular pitcher. He recently fell a victim to the grip, but will probably be in condition for the game on Saturday. Without being a brilliant man he is steady, and in that respect like Harvard's reliable, Wiggin. He keeps his head, watches the bases carefully, and delivers a ball that batters have a difficulty in hitting. Drake's weakness is his batting. The new man behind the bat is Trenchard, whose work as end rusher on Princeton's football eleven has earned him the affectionate sobriquet of "Doggy." He is making one of the best catchers Princeton has ever had, lets nothing get past him, and few have been clever enough as yet to steal second on him. Last year he played in right field and led in batting. He has not been hitting the ball so hard this year, but is improving in that particular. Otto at first base is what the boys call "a regular tank to throw into." He has been putting up a first-class game, fielding beautifully, and if he only batted well and ran his bases there would be nothing to be desired. Of Captain King on second, it may be said he is playing a fine fielding game as usual, and batting more like he did in his Freshman year (when he made his reputation as a "slugger") than he has at any time since. Last year his stick-work was much below his standard. There is not a more clever base-runner on the field.

On third base is Gunster, a Freshman, who handles himself like a veteran; he is a good fielder, throws well to first, bats fairly, and rivals King in base-running. Brooks, at short stop, is a familiar figure, and seems to have made no improvement in his batting, though getting around bases as lively as ever. He is quick and fields grounders well, but is a little weak on throwing to first. In left-field and centre are two of the best men on the team—Mackenzie and Woodcock, both old men. The former is one of the best fielders on the college diamond, a clever base-runner, and at times a strong batter. Woodcock is full of baseball from head to toe; he has a level head, and knows how to use it; covers a lot of ground, and runs bases well. Last year he could not bat at all, but he has improved greatly in this respect.

Payne will probably secure right field; he bats better than any other of the candidates, and is a good fielder, though not the equal of his companions. Guild, who played at first last year, has recently returned to college; but his only chance of making the team is by showing himself a better short stop than Brooks.

Looking at the nine as a whole, it is in every particular a better one than that of last year, and the most noticeable feature is the team play. The fielding is probably better than that of either Harvard or Yale; the base-running is as good, though the batting is not so heavy as Harvard's. It is safe to say Princeton will put up a stronger game on Saturday than it did at any time of last year, and the score should be close.

The work of the Harvard nine shows improvement, especially noticeable in the men getting together. The games of the last week afforded the best practice of the season, and the team will go to Princeton next Saturday in fine condition, and even stronger than it went there last year. Even should the nine be without Highlands, Harvard's chances will suffer to no such extent as currently believed. Wiggin is not so brilliant a man as Highlands, but he is as steady as a rock, and pitches good ball. In fact, Harvard's chance of winning at Princeton on May 6th will be better with Wiggin in the box than with Highlands, for there is likely to be a tussle that will require a steady man facing the batter.

Corbett has braced up very much in his catching, and on Wednesday held Highlands in good style. He seemed to have lost his old fault of dropping third strikes, and his throwing to second was very accurate. His rashness cropped out in one instance, however, when, with two men out and two strikes on the batter, he made a wild throw to first base. Hovey has grown more familiar with the fine points of his position than a week ago, and another seven days will put him entirely at home. Abbott has been playing third and Cook left field every afternoon in practice, though no change has been made in the position of the men in any game as yet. With so little time before the Princeton game, such a departure would be very rash, and Captain Frothingham will not be likely to make it unless absolutely necessary.

Comparing Amherst and Dartmouth on their games with Harvard last week, the former appears stronger. Harvard shut out both teams without a run, scoring six against Amherst, while in the six innings played against Dartmouth twenty runs were rolled up, only one of these being earned. Amherst as a whole played a strong game, allowing only three unearned runs, while Dartmouth played like schoolboys, the out-fielders especially being totally unable to judge ordinary flies. O'Connor, the well-known left-handed pitcher, was said to have strained a ligament in his arm, which partially accounts for the way he was batted on Wednesday. His work against Brown, however, later in the week, proved the injury to be only temporary.

The Brown nine is putting up its usual game of good ball, and has been winning thus far this season with the regularity seen last year.

If Captain Bliss intends playing short stop for Yale, and such seems to be his intention, something should be done to fill up the gap which opposing batsmen so readily find between him and Hedges. The surety of a ground ball being stopped was one of Yale's strongest points last year, but so far this season we see grounders, and not fast ones either, going between short stop and second base, and occasionally between Stephenson and Hedges. There appears to be a lack of that life which heretofore has characterized the Yale in-field. Bliss's near-sightedness prevents his seeing the ball, when it is hit, as quickly as Murphy could, so he cannot cover as much ground, and Hedges, as yet, has not helped his captain in the least. There is little doubt that Hedges is a fixture at second base, and he therefore should be awakened to the necessity of fielding, especially as he has the making of a valuable man. He catches a thrown ball much better than Norton, of last year's team, but his work on ground balls and covering territory is far inferior. He seems unable to hold a ground ball, and is generally obliged to pick it up a second time before throwing his man out. This would mean a safe base to such lively men as King of Princeton and Hallowell of Harvard. With a little more snap Yale can strengthen this greatest weakness of her team, and present a better nine in her big games than she did last year.

Carter's pitching is the best of the season. His performance last week in striking out eleven of the New Yorks (professional team) shows that he uses his head as well as his arm. His straight ball really jumps, and if Yale wins the championship, Carter will have a hand in it. His pitching to-day is far superior to that of Highland's.

Kedzie and Greenway are about on a par behind the bat, though Kedzie throws swifter and more accurately. Greenway tries to put too much strength into his throws, which is disastrous to a catcher. Greenway is the better hitter, and may be used in the field if Kedzie catches.

Should Princeton's protest against these two men (under the undergraduate rule) be sustained, it would leave only Jackson, who is not inclined to play. And if Princeton's objections to these men are proved to be well founded, Yale will be placed before the amateur athletic world in no enviable light. To be the first offender of a ruling which they proposed would hardly give confidence in their actions.

Now that Case has recovered from his illness, Beal has twisted his knee, and spent three or four days of last week on crutches. He will be out in a few days, as his injury is not serious. Beal's utility as a batsman would be greatly lessened without his running powers. Bigelow is being tried in centre field in Beal's absence, and is doing well. He can judge a fly ball, but lacks experience. Speer's batting will put him ahead of other candidates for right field unless Greenway is used there. The nine are very faithful in their batting practice, and steadily improving. We may expect to see some team-work in this direction. Captain Bliss handles his men well, and is making an excellent captain.

The Yale crew has been rowing rather unsatisfactorily the past week, the boat rolling and stopping more between strokes than it has since the first week the men left the barge. This is very largely due, undoubtedly, to the changes coach Cook made in the seating of the men during his recent visit at New Haven. Paine was moved up from No. 4 to No. 6; Longacre put in at 4; Goetchius shifted from 3 to 5, and Rogers taken out of the eight altogether. Another temporary change was necessitated a few days later by Van Huyck succumbing to an attack of the grip, and Rogers being called in to take his seat. Thus half the men in the boat have been moved about, and some unevenness in their work was to be expected. Van Huyck's indisposition will probably not keep him out of No. 3 very long.

At the time of this writing, it is about two months before the New London race, and therefore too early to look for perfect form, or compare the crew with the fine work of Hartwell's eight on the Thames. There seems to be a general tendency throughout the boat to let the blades come to the surface on the finish. Nearly all the men pull out, and there is not that clean finish noticeable last year. True, it is early to expect that, and it is only commented on because the fault is throughout the entire boat. Their catch is better, but lacks the sharpness and unanimity of that grip on the water which has made so many Yale crews winners. There is an instability about the shoulders of the new men, most of them tending to drop over on the catch. The blade-work is only average for this time of the season, but inboard the swing is good, with a little sluggishness towards the bow.

As the crew sat in the boat last week it averaged 175 pounds, which is within less than four pounds of the weight of the Oxford crew on the day of their race. With the weeks of training and possible hot weather that are before them the Yale men are likely to go under 170, and there are one or two of whom Captain Ives will need to be careful. Gallaudet must be watched for signs of fineness, not alone because of his temperament, but also because no greater blow could fall upon the Yale crew than to lose such a stroke. His principal fault last year, as indeed it is this year, was a slight tendency to lose some power after the catch. He gathers himself for every pound on the catch, and it is that dash which makes him an ideal stroke. If he be worked too hard he will lose this as well as his power. Ives always did swing just a bit too far back for the ideal Cook stroke. It has not seemed to mar his rowing either from a theoretical or a practical stand-point. He does not gather himself so markedly on the catch as Gallaudet, and is not yet getting the sharp grip he had on the water last year. Longacre has plenty of power, but slow, and it seems hard for him to get anything like a rhythm to his motions. He does one part at a time, and his faults cling to him like burrs. For all that, Captain Ives is not likely to let him go so long as there is a chance of licking him into shape.

Paine is steadily improving. It took him two years to get himself anything like a part of his oar, but he certainly has succeeded at last. He is slow yet, swings out when hurried, and sometimes lapses into his old fault of tossing his head, but he is a good man now instead of a doubtful one.

Van Huyck labors painfully on account of his shortness of stature in the attempt to get a proper reach, but when he has once grasped the water he is loath to let it go. Cowles could rig him a little better when he comes on again. Messler tries hard and is strong, but he is very angular in his movements, and has a tendency to bevel his oar too much. He might have had better luck in sitting behind some other man than Van Huyck, and some pair-oar work would not be thrown away on either. Johnson does not pick the crew up as he should, and with Van Huyck taking an extra lunge to get his full reach, and so getting in a bit late, with Messler inclined to be slow, there is an especial need of Johnson performing his work better. The Englishman thinks, and with reason, that a slack bow and No. 2 take the life out of a boat; and the Yale boat now does lose materially in her jump which eight oars like stroke's and No. 7's might give her. Johnson is a good and strong oar whenever he attends to business, but carelessness and indifference, frequently noticeable, greatly impair the quality of his work.

Longacre is slow, although strong and willing. Goetchius does not use his slide properly—*i.e.*, on the stroke, the swing up with the shoulders is not marked enough before using the slide.

The Harvard eight has not made any noticeable improvement during the past week, partly due to the bad weather, which has made it unwise to stop for individual coaching, and partly to frequent changes in the make up of the crew. Newell was out of the boat for a day or two on account of a bad cold. Stearns was given another trial at 3, but has now been abandoned as a candidate.

There are at present eleven men at the training-table: Fennessy, Fearing, Captain Vail, Cummings, Davis, Richardson, Johnson, Newell, Blake, Acton, and Eddy. Of these the eight first named are most likely to find places in the boat at the final make-up. When the crew will be finally chosen it is impossible to say, but certainly not until after the class races.

A glimpse at the crew the other afternoon certainly showed very ragged oarsmen. The time was poor, and the management of the slides, as remarked last week, was wretched. Either the crew are sadly in need of good coaching in this particular, or else they must be considered a remarkably indifferent lot of men. Perhaps the usual mistake is being made of believing that there will be plenty of time to consider slides and getting the oars into the water together after the crew gets to New London. At present there is more important business on hand than sitting up straight and watching for Yale "heelers."

The University of Pennsylvania nine has only in the last week pulled into form, the work in the box having been weak all spring. Bayne and Reese in the recent games have recovered some of last year's skill, and the team has in consequence steadied down to good ball. The batting and base-running of the nine have been very good all along, and its work shows the effect of careful and conscientious coaching. Individually the men are not particularly strong, but they pull together, and team-work is always productive of satisfactory results. In the ten college games already played the nine has scored 231 runs, and on only one occasion has an opponent held the score down to single figures. The games of the last week, with Columbia, Wesleyan, and Georgetown University, netted 73 runs to opponents' 5.

Pennsylvania will be very strong in its battery. Bayne and Reese are well known as two very skilful pitchers, and they are ably supported by Coogan, who is one of the best back stops in amateur baseball. The bases are being taken care of by Goeckle, Thomson, and McGrillis, each one of whom is doing good faithful work. At short stop Coutrell is batting and throwing well, but is a little slow in fielding. In the out-field are Hollister, Thomas, and Blair, all fair fielders and reliable hitters. Thomas is the most regular batter on the team, having an average of over 700 in ten games. He bunts well, and is remarkably quick in getting away from the plate.

During the coming week Pennsylvania will again meet both Yale and Harvard, and if her pitchers do themselves justice both games will be exceedingly close.

The Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Association held its first "Field Day" April 15th with much success. This association includes the University of Southern California, Occidental, Pomona, Southern California, and Chaffey colleges, and is the most recent recruit in amateur sport on the Pacific coast. Ten events were contested, most of which were of interest chiefly because of the sharp competition, though none of them were of a sufficiently high order to attract more than local attention. W. L. Fox, of Pomona, did the 100 yards in 10½ seconds, which nearly equals the Berkeley standard, while the mile run and the running hop, step, and jump were very close to the same standard. A very few years ago an athletic meeting in Southern California was a novelty.

The Cornell–University of Pennsylvania 'Varsity boat-race will be rowed this year the first week in July, on Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota. It will be a four-mile straight-away, and the closest race these two colleges have ever had, as Pennsylvania, under the coaching of Woodruff, is sure to have a much faster crew than has usually been seen on the Thames. Every college man will rejoice if Cornell at last finds an aquatic rival strong enough to make her crews extend themselves. They have heretofore had practical walk-overs.

In this connection it is timely to commend the sportsmanship of Cornell in continuing to support their crews under the most discouraging conditions, and to criticise Harvard and Yale for not opening their Freshman race to the Freshmen from Ithaca, since it has been opened to others. The argument has been made on occasion that the Cornell Freshmen are much older men and consequently stronger. If this be so, a contest would be an unfair one; but it is a question easily settled. If that is the only bar to the Freshmen from Ithaca, Cornell would doubtless be found willing to accept an average of age and hold to it. At all events, Cornell is in the same class with Yale and Harvard, and should have consideration. A 'varsity race may not be possible, but the same does not apply to the Freshmen.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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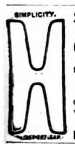
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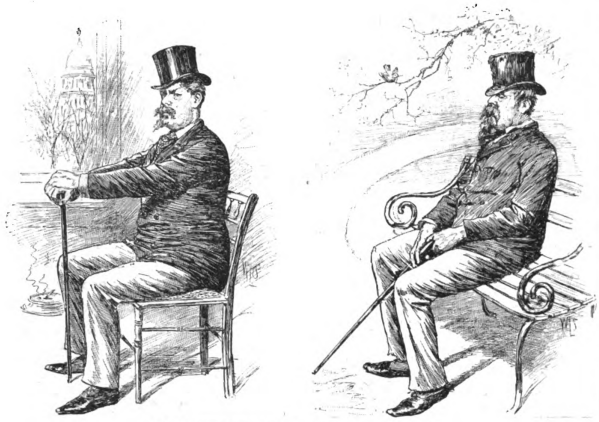
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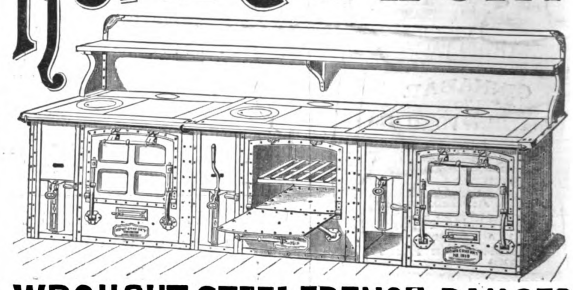
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A notable article, giving the Chinese view of the Geary bill, contributed to the WEEKLY *by Thomas D. Riordan, of San Francisco, appeared in our last number. Mr. Riordan is the representative of the powerful Chinese corporation known as the Six Companies, and is one of the lawyers employed to assist in testing the constitutionality of the Chinese registration law. In this number the other side of the Chinese question is presented by the Hon. Thomas J. Geary, member of Congress from California, and the author of the famous bill which bears his name.*

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE opening of the great World's Fair at Chicago on the 1st of May was an imposing spectacle. Nearly half a million of people attended the ceremony; the elevated tone of President CLEVELAND'S short, well-considered, and well-worded address fully answered the solemnity of the occasion; the effect of the sudden unfurling of the flags and the starting of the machinery was grand, and the enthusiasm of the assembled multitude unbounded. We all remember the misgivings of sober-minded people when the location of the World's Fair at a place so distant from the seaboard as Chicago was decided upon. But it will now be admitted that in the most essential respects those misgivings have proved groundless. It is true, the interior arrangements of the exhibition, owing to the extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, are not yet sufficiently completed to afford a full view and appreciation of all the treasures it contains or will contain. But enough is seen and known to authorize the verdict that the World's Fair at Chicago will excel all the expositions that preceded it, not only in point of size, but in the grandeur and beauty of the buildings and in the variety and richness of the display of the products of industry and art. Whatever jealousies may exist between rival cities in this happy land, no fair-minded man will now withhold from the citizens of Chicago a full recognition of their magnificent public spirit, nor of the indomitable energy with which they have prosecuted the great work to its final completion, nor of the admirable judgment and skill with which they have drawn the best talent of the country into the service of the great enterprise. It is now to be hoped that they will not permit the rapacious greed of private individuals, bent upon abusing their opportunities to the utmost, to keep away many and to disgust many others; that nothing may be neglected to make the great Western city a salubrious place of sojourn; and that a pleasant summer season may favor the concourse of visitors from all parts of the world in sufficient numbers to protect the exposition from financial loss, and to secure at the same time the widest possible dissemination of the beneficent influences it is to exercise.

So much has been said on the benefits conferred upon mankind by international exhibitions of industries and arts that it is useless to go again over the whole well-travelled ground. The World's Fair in this country, however, presents some features of extraordinary interest. When we invited the nations of the world to unite with us in such an exhibition, they were not unmindful of the fact that we had just enacted laws intended substantially to exclude foreign products from the American market. This circumstance was well calculated to discourage foreign participation in our fair, and at first it seriously threatened to have that effect. The World's Fair Commissioners sent abroad found no little difficulty in meeting the very natural objection of foreign producers that if Americans would not buy anything from them in the way of trade, they should not ask them to lend them their products for show. This trouble was overcome partly by the friendly exertions of foreign governments, but in greater part by the hope—a hope greatly encouraged by the elections of 1890 in this country—that the economic policy of the United States would soon undergo a great change. The Presidential election has brought this hope much nearer to realization, and greatly helped to avert the danger of failure as to the foreign display. Thus the fair owes much to the political upturning of the last three years. The American people will now have some exceedingly valuable object-lessons before their eyes. They will, in the first place, get a full view of what they produce themselves. They will compare, in point of quality, their own products with those coming from foreign countries, and, in part at least, produced under very different economic conditions; and they will compare their own with the foreign products in point of price. In all these respects there may be some startling revelations in store for them. But, on the whole, it is safe to predict that not only those who, as to the products of manufacturing industries, are generally classed as consumers, but many a manufacturer and many an old protectionist will come away from this study with the idea that human labor will be rendered far more fruitful, and the general well-being of the human race will be far better served, by the removal of those artificial barriers between nations which prevent one from being benefited by the peculiar advantages of production enjoyed by another, and by making the benefit common to all, than by an economic policy seeking to benefit one at the expense of the rest. If the fair has this effect upon the public mind of this country, it will keep us from many an economic blunder, and be a blessing to us as well as to those with whom we have to deal.

Whenever an international exhibition was held it has been customary to indulge in pleasant reflections as to the pacific influence such world's meetings on a neutral ground are apt to exercise upon governments and nations. This influence has undoubtedly been overestimated. An enterprise of this kind may, indeed, induce the government under whose auspices it has been set on foot to be careful not to rush into a fight with a neighbor while the exhibition is going on; but its effect will hardly reach further. As the first great World's Fair held in London in 1851 was shortly afterwards followed by the Crimean war, so some of its successors have had more or less great wars closely on their heels. If the World's Fairs did not bring on those wars they certainly did not prevent them. But our Columbian celebration presented one spectacle which is probably without precedent, and should be of good augury. Many of those who witnessed the great parade of sailors and marines on the streets of New York on April 27th may not have been mindful of the fact that they saw something that perhaps had never happened within the memory of the present generation, and would not be possible anywhere else in the world: sailors and soldiers of ten different nations, with arms in their hands, united in one festive array—Englishmen, Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen belonging to the armed forces of rival powers that may, as is thought, at any moment come to blows among themselves—peaceably marching with muskets on their shoulders and swords at their sides behind one another in one column. It was a spectacle emblematic of the position of this great American republic among the nations of the earth—the great peace power of the world embracing in its hospitality the great war powers of the world for a celebration of human progress and mutual good-will.

WALL STREET AND THE COUNTRY.

THERE is never a financial disturbance in the country that Wall Street is not accused of fostering it. A very large section of the United States is convinced that the bankers and brokers of New York grow rich on the distress of the producers of the agricultural regions. In the recent monetary crisis the cry against Wall Street has been most popular, and it has been indulged in by public men who have influence on the fiscal policy of the government, and who ought to know the difference between business and sentiment.

The attitude of Wall Street may be unwise, and it may be cowardly. It is traditionary that moneybags have little courage; but to say that Wall Street desires to pinch the rest of the country, and that it expects to profit by ruining business, is to charge it with supreme folly.

The position of the men of Wall Street is simple and easily understood. They believe in the gold standard. Some of them are gold monometallists—"gold bugs" in the vernacular—and some of them are bimetallists. But the bimetallists do not think that this country, in conjunction with South America, can compel the general use of gold and silver money on equal terms. They entertain a theory to the effect that the two may be kept along together if all the commercial nations of Europe enter into a monetary union with the United States. Practically, therefore, Wall Street is united in opposition to the existing silver-purchase law which compels the government to buy, every month, 4,500,000 ounces of pig-silver with gold. It believes that a continuance of this policy must result in a general panic, and already sees signs of its approach. To the men of Wall Street the exportation of gold, and the consequent exhaustion of the Treasury's gold resources, are the results of the SHERMAN act, of a policy, established by legislation, which is rapidly bringing the country to a silver basis. They do not expect any permanent relief except through the repeal of the law, which is, and must continue to be, the fountain of the evil. To their minds the drain of gold must go on until it is at a premium, and is a commodity. They foresee that when that time comes the government will be borrowing gold to buy silver, and treating its obligations that are based on silver as if the two metals were of equal value at the coinage ratio. This will be a very expensive deception, and clear-minded business men understand that it will be expensive to private citizens as well as to the government. Therefore credits are already circumscribed, and the longer the SHERMAN act remains on the statute-book, the more frequent will be the refusals to loan money, and refusals to loan money mean disaster to the trading community.

This is a plain business principle. The bankers of Wall Street are the custodians of other people's money, and they are in business for the purpose of making money through loans and investments. They do not refuse to make loans or to purchase securities unless they fear to risk the capital of their customers—unless the chances of losing the capital are so great that they can better afford to go without interest or profit than to take them. If disaster should come as a consequence of the country's silver policy, Wall Street would probably suffer less, in proportion to its capital, than the rest of the country. The bankers and money-lenders would weather the storm much better than those who are engaged in what are misleadingly called the legitimate business interests. Wall Street can take care of itself. The ruin of others and the circumscription of trade may decrease its profits, but will not send it into bankruptcy.

The interest of Wall Street is to maintain the prosperity of the country. If business were carried on on logical principles, the bankers of the country at the present juncture would refuse to go to the assistance of the Treasury. They would keep their gold, and wait for the profit which they believe is sure to come. They would know, too, that the disaster would lead to the removal of the source of the evil, and that if there must be disaster, the sooner it is faced the less costly it will be to the country.

This is logic, but there is hope and optimism in business as in all other relations of life. So long as the disaster is not now upon the country, the bankers of Wall Street, and of other streets and other cities than New York, hope that something will turn up to avert the threatened catastrophe. Therefore some of them are lending gold to the Treasury, and some of them are urging the administration to increase the public debt by issuing bonds. It is not necessary to speak of the action of the banks in lending gold to the Treasury as patriotism. It may be that, or it may be hopeful selfishness. Bankers are quite as patriotic as their fellow-citizens, and are quite as dependent, also, on the general prosperity of the country for an increase of their property.

Whatever the action of the banks may be called, its intention is to give Congress another opportunity to remove the evil which is dragging the country down to a silver basis and threatening business interests with panic and disaster. Let it be granted, for

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sake of argument, that Wall Street is cold and ulating and utterly selfish, and that its sole de- is to see its money breed. Its money cannot l, however, unless men who raise and buy crops, manufacture goods, who transport merchandise, build up cities, who operate mines, borrow it pay for it. Whatever Wall Street does will be t is best calculated, in its opinion, to keep the e and commerce of the country running in pros- us channels. Its opinion may be sound or un- d, but the least we can say of it is that the pre- otion is in favor of its soundness, because it is opinion of men who have made finance and the ry of finance the study of their lives. At all ts, the theory that Wall Street is ever deliber- hostile to the general interests of the country ne of the crudest absurdities of the present un- nate condition of affairs.

THE CHINESE SIDE OF IT.

WE beg the American people, to whose protec- we committed ourselves when we came here, to permit this wrong and insult to be done to us to our race." The speaker was a young China- , graduated with distinction not long ago from American school of medicine. He stood on the orm of Cooper Union, which, in ever-memorable vibrated to the tread of WILLIAM LLOYD GAR- N, WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES SUMNER, and RY WARD BEECHER. He re-echoed their plea, old one, of human rights. In terms of moder- n and respect, he presented to the American peo- he protest of his countrymen against the GEARY which subjects them to degrading discrimination possible outrage. The appeal was not without os. Cathay the old—effete and humiliated for ne—stretched forth her haggard hands to Colum- n the flush of vigor and achievement. One hun- l and seven thousand Chinamen resident in the atry—a mere handful of the Mongolian race, k, helpless, unfriended—appealed through the ker to sixty-five millions of Americans, only to faith with them! That was the sole purpose of Cooper Union meeting. The appeal comes from well-behaved and industrious Chinese within our lers. Whatever the popular misconception, these a majority of their compatriots. Like the plea ll law-abiding peoples, theirs is entitled to atten- . Many of them are intelligent. They agree thoughtful Americans that unrestricted Chinese migration would be unfortunate for them as for They, even more than we, are anxious to exclude r disreputable countrymen who play at "fan- ," smoke opium, and are given over to vile prac- s. Heathen as most of them are, they would erfully burn some extra sticks of sandal-wood ler the nose of Joss if the offering would secure deportation or imprisonment of the "bad China- n," by whose ill conduct they are compromised. y admit their perplexity; but cogently remind hat we do not make the drunkenness, anarchism, l immorality of Irish, German, and Italian mal- tents a ground of discrimination against the entire ple of these nations. The injustice of doing so uld be instantly apparent. "Is it not equally un- t, then," say the better class of Chinese, "to malign l persecute us for the misdeeds of our malcon- ts?" To this question there can be no righteous, gative answer. Much less can it be explained why ocent Chinese, more than any other law-abiding eigners, should be made liable to summary arrest l the fate appointed for them by the GEARY law. hen they came here they had our supreme guaran- that they should enjoy, in common with all others, right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi- ss."

Articles V., VI., and XIV. of the Constitution, and laws in force at the time of their admission, con- ute the conditions on which the United States re- ved them. Now, however, without proof or alle- ion that our laws, or any of them, have been vio- ed by the Chinese, they, irrespective of desert, find mselves assailed by such retroactive legislation would comport with the caprice of a Persian des- t rather than with the canons of an enlightened isprudence. The GEARY act is, indeed, a novel and narkable freak of American legislation. It demol- es at a blow every constitutional guarantee on hich the Chinaman had a right to rely; it is *ex st facto* in its operation; it deprives the accused the right of trial by jury; it places liberty and operty at the hazard of magisterial decision; it sts the *onus probandi* on the prisoner, and compels m to be a witness against himself. It is idle to y that the laboring classes of the country demand- it with unanimity. Our working-men are not mpletons. They are aware that Chinese labor built e great lines of railroad connecting the Atlantic d the Pacific, and that many of the great public orks of the West are the product of Chinese toil. hat the labor they performed was not injurious to merican workmen, moreover, tens of thousands of illed laborers now employed on these railroads d public works can bear witness. Besides, what- ever may have been true of the past, it is certain that Chinese labor now comes very slightly, if at all, into competition with other male labor. It is confined, for the most part, to what was hitherto a drudgery of women.

It should be remarked, further, that we shall fail to find in the character or conduct of resident Chinamen a justification for legislative hostility. They are an inoffensive and peaceable race, often manifesting commendable self-restraint under severe provocation. Their honesty is evidenced by the fact that we never hear of a suit for debt against a Chinaman in a civil court. Such is their industry that they have no paupers among them. They are not addicted to drink. Probably we should search the police records in vain to learn of the arrest of a Chinaman for intoxication. Such is their respect for our laws that they do not seek to do business after ten o'clock on Sunday, notwithstanding that to most of them Sunday has no meaning.

It is, of course, urged that the law requiring the Chinese to register visits upon them no essential hardship. They and their friends, however, contend that it is an invidious and hostile discrimination, and that, as the requirement of an unconstitutional act, it is void. It is their hope to have it so declared. It is, moreover, the earnest belief of those who revere human rights and a true Americanism that it will lead to the ultimate redress of grievances greater than it inflicts. It will infallibly call the attention of the American nation, always just and chivalrous, to the whole subject of our relations with China, calm consideration of which will convince them that our policy has been unworthy of a great nation and of a Christian people. Their keen intelligence will not fail to discern also that its unwisdom, if persisted in, must prove a costly folly, shutting us out from the immeasurable advantages of reciprocal commercial relations with some six hundred millions of friendly disposed people, our nearest Western neighbors, whose markets, within a century, will be among the most lucrative in the world.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP AFLOAT.

THE free citizens of the republic set the world a good example at the great naval review. They showed that self-restraint is a better preservative of order and the proprieties than force represented by policemen and troops. In the October parade Superintendent BYRNES proved that clubs are not necessary for holding a crowd in its place, and on the 27th of April the American people themselves showed that they were capable of restraining their curiosity and enthusiasm without any compulsion from without.

The day of the naval review was one of the very worst of a bad season. The North River was full of boats—large and small, passenger and tug boats—and these were crowded quite up to the danger-point. The average captain is notorious for his independence, and for his inclination to put war ships and other big vessels to as much trouble as possible. The review was delayed for four hours. During most of this time the rain poured down in torrents, but it did not dampen the ardor nor extinguish the good-nature of the multitude. When the *Dolphin* finally passed up the lane between the ships there was nothing but the weather to mar the glory of the occasion. The crowded steamboats did not break over the line; not even a row-boat invaded the space between the war-vessels. It is true that there were police-boats to keep them back, but no police-boat could prevent a crowded steamboat from going where it would. The risk to life would have been so great that no police force would have dared to employ extreme measures.

The impressive feature of the occasion to navy officers—both American and foreign—was this self-restraint of the spectators. Their boats kept outside of an invisible line which seemed to have been established by common consent, and not an effort was made to approach nearer the reviewers and the reviewed. Experienced men said that nothing like it had ever been seen. At the great review at Spithead in the Queen's Jubilee year the admiral in command was authorized to impose a fine of £100 on the captain of any vessel venturing in the reserved space. But so eager were the spectators to witness everything that they made up purses to pay the fines, and the boats pressed upon the Queen's yacht. At our own review the *Dolphin* sailed up the lane of water and not a boat followed. It was a fine exhibition of self-government and good citizenship.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE story of Mr. Holloway, as told graphically in the upper left-hand corner of the last page of the latest number of the WEEKLY, is of the comico-tragical order. We confess to only a moderate degree of sympathy for Mr. Holloway, who "aspires to a seat on the bench" of a Federal Court, and is discovered, having "seen the President," stranded, forlorn, desperate, shabby, on the park bench, which the tramp alone can occupy with self-respect. This baffled office-seeker has, for the moment, found what is his true level. If he be really a man of sense and courage, he will pick himself up presently and look for a career in some direction where he can earn what he gets and get what he earns. As he sits for the portrait by the WEEKLY artist, with discouragement making flabby every fibre of his being and his raiment, he is simply an object of amused contempt. This is the comical side. The tragical side will be understood when one reflects that Holloway, multiplied by thousands, has made all serious public business nearly impossible in Washington for the last two months, and has worn on the patience, the strength, and—it is literally true—the sanity of the men who are charged with the highest executive functions of the republic. No man from the assistant secretaries to the President can bring to his duties a sound healthy mind when his nerves are irritated and exhausted by incessant attention to appeals, claims, demands, that in the very nature of the facts must be rejected. One President of the United States was notoriously worried to death by office-seekers; a second was so exhausted by the same plague that he yielded to an illness that would otherwise have easily been resisted; a third was slain by an office-seeking lunatic; and yet with the fate of Harrison and Taylor and Garfield perfectly understood, the cause is allowed to go on, with puerile assumption that the effect can be avoided. Mr. Cleveland is a strong and tough man, but he is mortal. What a fine climax it would be to his wonderful career if, after being elected to reform the civil service, he should succumb to the task of *not* giving offices to the multiple Holloway!

It seems that it is with a sigh of relief that the Hon. Joseph J. O'Donohue sinks into the tranquillity and ease of the office of Chamberlain of the city of New York. Mr. O'Donohue for some time past has been vexed with thoughts beyond the reach of his peculiar soul. Feeling uneasily that he is the embodiment of what there is eminently respectable in Tammany, and that he is about the only member of that organization in whose person it could with any decency be "recognized" by the present Federal Administration, he has been waiting very hard for the office of Collector to come his way. Mr. Cleveland, with a certain grim sense of the fitness of things, has, it appears, offered him the charge of the Sub-Treasury, where his dignity, his honesty, and his amiable character would be appropriate, and where he would not be called upon to resist the soft wiles or the stern will of Mr. Croker in the matter of patronage, of which there is next to none, that "goes with" the place. The offer, though not quite up to Mr. O'Donohue's conception of the requirements of his unique position in New York politics, was not unflattering. But in an unfortunate moment he descended to visit the "cellar" of the Sub-Treasury, and saw there the solemn piles of counted gold and other treasure, and realized that for every dollar of it he would be responsible if he took the office, and he withdrew appalled. Every time he has thought of that cellar since he has felt a "chill," for if there is anything that can make this highly respectable gentleman shiver it is responsibility. In the Chamberlain's office he will have honorable functions, for which he is amply fitted, and the appearance of a great salary—half that of the President of the United States. It is true that the net emoluments are not great, but Mr. O'Donohue does not care for that.

One of the features of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising among the working-men is very novel. It is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married or who has attained the age of thirty-five. In the former case he is supposed to represent not merely his own share in the public weal, but that of his family; in the latter he is supposed to have at least a double share of judgment. The theory, it will be noticed, is by no means undemocratic. The double vote is not the privilege of any class, so far as classes are divided by birth or property. The humblest miner is as likely to acquire it as his employer, and a coachman has it on the same terms as a millionaire. It is simply giving greater weight to those who by marriage have assumed a greater responsibility, or by age may be taken to have a keener sense of responsibility. Nor is it unreasonable to infer that this added vote will, by the great body of the voters who possess it, be fairly used. The idea is a novel one, and it may not work in practice, but in theory it is sound enough. France may yet adopt it as a means of promoting marriages, with the chance, of course, that "La Fédération des Sociétés Féministes" may claim and get the extra vote for the wife.

Governor Flower has vetoed the bill for the establishment of an epileptic colony in Livingston County in this State, which passed the State Legislature. The bill provided for the purchase of the valuable property of the Sonyea Society of Christian Believers, a property exceptionally suitable for the use proposed, and offered at a price considerably below its market value. To have let this chance go unimproved seems lamentable, both because the State has lost a good bargain and because it has postponed indefinitely a provision that has been put off much too long already, and prolongs suffering that might just as well have been alleviated. Moreover, the work of the State Board of Charities in selecting the Sonyea site has been wasted, and must be done over again. Inasmuch as the needs that this bill met are urgent and the opportunity it found is fleeting, it is very much to be regretted that considerations of economy should have influenced the Governor to deny it his approval. If the Governor's objections to the proposed management and supervision of the epileptic colony are sound, it would seem as if they might easily have been met by additional legislation.

There has recently become public curious evidence of the relative effect of a lie in regions where it is comparatively novel, and in others where it has been long used. This particular lie was the one that large sums of money have been sent to this country by the Cobden Club, of England, to buy votes for tariff-reform candidates. This was voluminously printed in the United States on the eve of the latest election, and a reputable and honorable importer of woollen goods of this city was named as the man who brought over the British gold. The statement was telegraphed to London by a news agency, and printed there. Whereupon the gentleman referred to brought suit for libel in London against the news agency, and when the case was called it was announced that it had been settled by the payment of costs by the defendant, and a promise to pay £200 to some charity to be agreed upon. One would infer that the libel would have been less injurious in London, where the Cobden Club is known to be in no condition either to send money to the United States or to get much of it to spend at home. But, on the other hand, the lie was relatively new there, while here it was literally worn out with use. No one thought for a moment that the woollens-importer alluded to had been engaged in any such transaction, or that it had even taken place. Yet we cannot but think that it would be a good thing to give a lesson to some of the newspapers that have stooped to spread this shallow invention. The development of conscience, even a factitious conscience, by means of legal damages might be wholesome.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ABOUT TO TAKE THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH FOR A TRIP ON THE LAGOON.—Drawn by E. Penfield, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND PRESIDENT HIGINBOTHAM PASSING THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—From a Photograph by Arnold.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL DAVIS INTRODUCING PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO THE FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.
Drawn by Victor Pérard, after a Sketch by T. Dart Walker.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—[See Page 442.]

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LOOKING TOWARDS FOUNTAIN AND MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH BAND STAND.



LOOKING SOUTH ACROSS PLAZA EAST OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE MOMENT THE PRESIDENT TOUCHED THE BUTTON.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—From Photographs by Arnold.—[See Page 442.]

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OPENING OF THE GREAT FAIR.

THE picture which the anxious officers of the exposition saw at the early dawn of the opening day was a depressing one. The forest of columns showed dimly through the fog, their capitals lost in mist; rain-charged clouds swept across the towers of the great buildings, trailing down the steep slopes of the giant roofs like banks of vapor across a mountain flank. Occasional gusts of wind momentarily revealed dripping minarets and flag-staffs with flapping halyards, then a general dull lead-colored veil of chill mist shrouded every object again. Stalking through the wet came companies of workmen to relieve others who had been on duty all night, moving with the dejection of those who know that odds are hopelessly against them. At six o'clock it was determined that no out-of-door ceremonies would be possible in such weather, and preparations were hastily begun for exercises to be held in the rotunda of the Administration Building. Wagons carrying to the various structures heavy loads of banners, streamers, and flags were stopped and turned back to the storehouses. Scarcely had the orders been given, however, before the mists began to lift, and one solitary little patch of skim-milk blue showed itself to the windward. The rain stopped, the clouds changed from heavy lead to a liquid gray, and in an hour's time thousands of men were at work, encouraged and cheered by the prospect of clearing weather. The bunting came back in triumph on the same wagons which had carted it away, and the flags, rolled up in readiness to be unfurled at a signal, soon began to appear at the trucks of the flag-staffs.

Shortly after eight o'clock a regiment of troops in new blue uniforms marched through the grounds and formed a line about the platform, which had by this time been all arranged for the reception of its guests. Then the people began to assemble rapidly, crowding one another, forgetting the discomforts in their hope of securing a position as close as might be possible to the place where the President would speak. By thousands and tens of thousands they came, all anxious but good-natured, pushing and elbowing, being elbowed and pushed in turn. For an hour before the ceremonies began the plaza to the east of the Administration Building, which forms the great open court between that structure and the Columbia fountain, had its every foot occupied by a cosmopolitan throng. Women dressed in the gorgeous colors now in vogue were mingled among the men on all sides, the richness of the attire of one with the dark sobriety of the other resembling, when looked down upon, a great pansy bed blooming in the spring before its foliage becomes so dense as to hide the black earth beneath. Wedging themselves through the throng soon came a troop of Indians from the Wild West Show, the only aborigines whose presence was noticeable. They had on their best war bonnets and brightest paint, and made a blaze of rich color in the crowd, giving the dominant brilliant tone which was echoed in the costume of Arabs, Chinese, Turks, Japanese, East Indians, and representatives of other nationalities.

Well in advance of the Presidential party came troops of cavalry, their bugle corps blaring out the announcement of his approach. In carriages the officers of the exposition and Committee on Reception led the way, the Presidential party closely following. Mr. Cleveland bared his head in acknowledgment of the greeting which he received, as did also the Duke of Veragua. Cabinet officers, diplomatic corps, foreign commissioners, the Governors of the several States and their respective staffs were all seated upon the platform. Upon the arrival of the President at the speaker's stand a great billow passed through the sea of humanity.

After the Columbian March and Hymn had been rendered under the direction of Theodore Thomas, the blind chaplain of the Senate, Rev. Mr. Milburn, arose and offered the invocation. In his prayer he asked protection for the great palaces of the exposition—the storehouses of man's conquering rule over earth, fire, and flood—the treasures of art, and the promises which they give for future years. He gave thanks for the work of women in the fair; for the broken shackles and greater freedom, responsibility, and help which could but result from the emancipation of the being nearest to God by her intuitions of heart and the grandeur of sacrifice. For Chicago, the great city, a wonder to the world, which had been so recently as to be remembered by man the pasture of wild beasts, he besought blessings, and implored that she might be saved from pestilence or other harm. With the repetition of the Lord's Prayer his invocation ended, after which Miss Jennie Couthoui read "The Prophecy," a poem which had been written by Mr. W. D. Crofut. The Director-General delivered an address appropriate to the occasion, explaining the methods and system by which the work of preparing the fair had been carried on. He alluded to the transformation of Jackson Park and its condition before the selection of the exposition's site—an unsightly and uninviting stretch of landscape, which had in so short a period been transformed into its present beauty and splendor; the grand avenues, Venetian waterways, finished landscape; its fountains, sculpture, and colonnades; its stately palaces would, he said, stand out a monument to the genius and skill of American art. In closing his address he turned to the President and stated that the only thing remaining was that the exposition should, by the Chief Magistrate of the nation, be declared open.

The President arose, and after acknowledging the applause which greeted him, spoke briefly, stating that he was present to join in congratulations befitting the occasion. In his opinion American manhood, American skill, and American energy need no apology for their youth. He believed that the American people should hold fast to the meaning which underlies the ceremony of the opening of her exposition. The proud national destiny promised by American faith in popular education and stimulation of the best impulses of her citizens gladly welcomes, he said, the opportunity to witness the results which had been accomplished. "As by a touch," he went on, "the machinery that gives life to this vast exhibition is set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity, and the freedom of mankind." His address was short and impressive; he touched at its close the button which was to start the machinery with a gesture visible to the remotest edge of the crowd. It was not merely a signal, for the mechanical arrangements were such that the assistance of no other hand was required to open the great throats of the engines in Machinery Hall.

The crowd leaned yearningly forward, silenced and earnest in their eager expectation, as the President slowly lowered his hand to the electric key. Then the transformation came. The sun burst out in brilliant glory, and his rays sparkled through the jets of water which had instantly sprung upward from the three fountains to the east. As if by magic the bunting on every building was unfurled, and hundreds of flags and streamers unfolded their colors; the great golden figure of the Republic, until then a chrysalis wrapped with amply draped canvas, shone forth in all the radiance of pure gold. Cannon thundered a salute, steam-craft in harbor and basin shrieked triumphant blasts; chimes rang from the minarets, and one mighty shout came from the three hundred thousand people who witnessed the opening of the exposition. With tingling nerves and flashing eyes the multitude seemed thrilled into silent awe, as a moment later they turned their faces to the east and saw the effect of the President's touch. The instant before all was quiet, solemn, and stately; now thousands of flags fluttered in the breeze; the steam which had rushed from a hundred whistles filled the basin with opalescent clouds, above which rose the grand figure of the Republic—calm, dignified, impressive. The seagulls, terrified at the sudden awakening, wheeled about the goddess, and then soared away over the great gray expanse of the lake. The exposition was open.

This last act upon a programme short and simple closed the ceremonies. Luncheon was then served in the Administration Building. A great part of the assemblage had dispersed, yet a large number remained, hoping for a further glimpse of the President. A carriageway was cleared by detachments of infantry, and through this the President and his party passed to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, where they were received by the Commissioners of the various foreign governments. A number of electric launches waited at the northwest corner of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, and upon arrival there the party started forth for a tour of the waterway. Threading their way silently and swiftly among the fleet of gondolas, gay in Venetian decorations of the style of the fifteenth century, they moved into the North Inlet, where the best view of the Art Building is to be had; returning, the Woman's Building was passed, and the Wooded Island almost circled. About the latter swam many aquatic fowls—ducks, geese, and swans, while near the banks waded flamingoes and pelicans. In the air, tern from the lake circled curiously about the boat. Disembarking, after plying through the north canal and basin to the grand landing of the Agricultural Building, a trip was made over the great pier in carriages. The President was then hastily driven up the esplanade upon the lake shore, stopping briefly at the Art Building, thence to the special train further east, which was awaiting him. Until early dusk the great crowd of visitors wandered about the exposition. As early as seven o'clock but few remained, and by eight the grounds were deserted save by the night forces and the guard.

MONTGOMERY BRECKINRIDGE PICKETT.



A FAINTING WOMAN IN THE CROWD.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER.

The only way to give her Air.

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

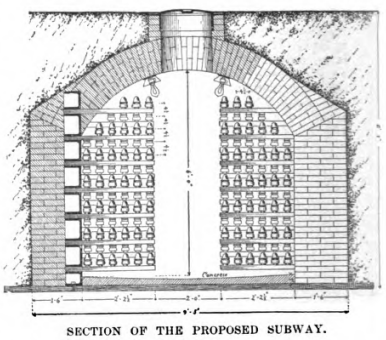
IN his clever and interesting book *Chicago and the World's Fair*, Mr. Julian Ralph spoke irreverently of the Midway Plaisance as the "Church Fair" annex to the Columbian Exposition, and again as the side show to the "World's Circus." And so it may be called either the one or the other without doing violence to the truth. But it is likely to be a mighty interesting "Church Fair" annex, and an extremely instructive side show. Visitors will be able to see things within the Midway Plaisance which, were they not exhibited there, they would have to take a journey almost to the ends of the earth to inspect. It would have been better, of course, if all of the sights and entertainments of the Midway Plaisance had been within the grounds of the World's Fair proper, and that they had been a part of that great university to which all can go for an admission fee of fifty cents. But the financial resources of the corporation which has supplied the cash for the fair were not adequate, and the outlays necessary to do what will be done in the Plaisance were entirely out of the question. If these features of the fair were to be provided at all, they must be paid for by private capital, and naturally private capital could not be enlisted without the prospect of profit. The outlays for the various features in the Midway Plaisance have been at the charge of private individuals and companies, and the venturesome proprietors of foreign villages, bazars, theatres, and so forth, will endeavor to relieve visitors of all possible spare cash. Such efforts, however, will be regulated by the authorities, and actual brigandage of a violent sort will not be permitted.

Among many other attractions in this department of the fair there will be villages representing life in Austria, Germany, Turkey, China, Morocco, Holland, and other countries, and those who live in these villages and keep the shops will be natives of these several countries, and, of course, dressed as they would be dressed at home. There will also be an exhibition of Irish industries, a model of St. Peter's in Rome, a Roman house, and a section in *fac simile* taken from Algeria and Tunis. To see all these things will be something of an education to those who cannot travel abroad, and to those who have seen them with their native surroundings it will pleasurably recall the memories of them. But it must be confessed that the primary purpose of the features in the Midway Plaisance is not educational, but rather to amuse. And no doubt a certain very large percentage of the visitors who will go to the World's Fair will go rather for amusement than instruction. It is well, therefore, that these should be provided with the kinds of things that are likely to please them, for there are many men and women in the world who will only take instruction incidentally as children do in a Kindergarten.

In this section, however, there will be more exciting amusements than visiting foreign villages and studying foreign customs. There will be the inevitable captive balloon to take the breath away from shy young girls and timid rural folk. And there will be a colossal revolving swing, called the "Ferris wheel," from the name of the well-known engineer who designed it and is now engaged in its construction. Twenty-six cars, each intending to hold fifty people or more, are to be attached to the periphery of the wheel, and will carry the live load two hundred and fifty feet into the air, with no perceptible jar or change of the car level. This wheel is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable examples of modern engineering skill, and will be more of a wonder than the famous Eiffel Tower, for the problem of its construction has been much complicated and extraordinary. Glass-blowing has usually been an attractive feature of every industrial exhibition, and the glass blowers and engravers have been given conspicuous space where they could do their work and sell their wares. There has always seemed to be an element of "faking" in this, even though it was attractive to great numbers of people, and the managers of the coming fair have very properly placed the glass blowers and engravers in this section, where, to use an expression which probably originated in the West, but which is now understood all over the English-speaking world, everything goes!

THE POWER PLANT.

THE transmission and distribution of power from a central plant are not so difficult as they used to be when about the only methods were by shafting, belting, and cables. No one would now think of taking power for any considerable distance by such wasteful methods, for power is readily transmitted by electricity or by condensed air. It was very desirable that all of the power for running machinery and for electric lighting at the World's Fair should be distributed from one point, and it was early decided that this power-house and method of transmission should be made one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. The boilers have been put in by the makers as an exhibit, and they have been installed in an annex to Machinery Hall. There is a long row of them that seems almost interminable. The fuel to be used is oil, and this will be supplied by the Standard Oil Company through pipes from Whiting, Indiana, twenty-one miles away. It is hardly necessary to say that the Standard Oil Company does not supply petroleum as an exhibit, but exacts the market price for every gallon used. The oil from Whiting is stored in tanks, from which it flows through a five-inch pipe to the power-house, and the furnace of each boiler has a three-quarter-inch supply pipe. In front of the boilers is a gallery for spectators, so that visitors can conveniently inspect the system. Probably visitors to this power-house will afterwards readjust their notions of the infernal regions, for the burning oil will make a dreadful roar, and the light will make the firemen seem uncanny beings. The use of oil will relieve the managers of the bother of coal delivery and ash removal, and also relieve them to a great extent from the smoke nuisance. It is intended to paint the boiler heads and the surrounding work all white, and to dress the engineers and firemen in white uniforms.

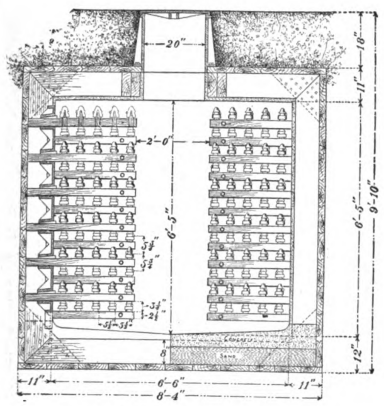


SECTION OF THE PROPOSED SUBWAY.

If all of the electric lights were in operation, and all the machinery on the grounds working at the same time, this power plant would have to be very much larger and more costly than it is. In forming the rules the managers wisely decided that in the allotment of space it should be stipulated exactly and for how long each exhibitor could work his machinery. In this way the demand for power will never be greater than that which can be conveniently supplied. The present estimate of Mr. Frederick Sargent, the late electrical and mechanical engineer, is that 570,000 pounds of water will be evaporated into steam every hour. As 20 pounds of water converted into steam is equivalent to a horse-power, it will be seen that the total capacity of the plant is 28,500 horse-power. This makes allowance for the fact that not all of the boilers will be in use continuously. Some of them will always be idle for inspection and repair.

But the most interesting thing connected with the power plant is the transmission and distribution of the power by electricity to all parts of the large and spacious grounds. In Machinery Hall itself the shafting will be turned directly by belting from the engines in the building, but wherever power

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SECTION OF SUBWAY AS BUILT.

is needed outside this building it will be transmitted by electricity. A system of subways has been built to carry the wires from one point to another, and in these subways, which are about six feet square and lined with cement, the electrical wires are insulated and attached to brackets on either side, leaving a passageway in the middle about two feet wide. It was first proposed to make these subways of brick, as shown in diagram, but the wood, being cheaper, was adopted instead. Workmen and inspectors clothed in rubber pass conveniently through this aisle, and keep everything in order. Any one visiting one of these subways will see how simple a thing it would be to put electric wires below the ground if the telegraph, telephone, and electric-light companies really wished to do it, and did not find it cheaper to buy city officers than to build underground ways. Stout people will not think a visit to one of these subways very pleasant—the aisle will seem too narrow for comfort and safety; for visitors who ask questions will be told that some of the wires are charged with 200 horse-power.

The greatest distance to which power will have to be transmitted, the extreme end of the Midway Plaisance, is about a mile and a half. It is estimated that at this distance there will be a loss by transmission of 15 per cent., while at the main buildings nearer the power station the loss will be only 10 per cent. Of course a great deal of this power is to light the grounds and buildings. It is said that so elaborate a system of brilliant lighting was never planned before. The fountains in front of the Administration Building will be lighted by electricity after plans by Mr. Luther Stieringer. In addition to the hundreds of lights along the avenues and roads, the cornices of the buildings will be decorated by rows of lights, each of sixteen candle-power. The lighting of the large building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts will be very interesting. In the centre of the building, 140 feet from the floor, there will be an immense corona 75 feet in diameter, flanked by two other coronas on either side with a diameter of 60 feet each. On the central corona there will be 102 lights, and on each of the others 78 lights. Each light will be of 2000 candle-power. Thus in these five large lights there will be illuminating value equivalent to 828,000 candles, the candle being the unit of measurement arbitrarily adopted by electricians, who speak of one electrical candle-power as being equal to the power of four ordinary candles, because the rays of an electric light go equally north, south east, and west. But as the little candle throws its humble beams in the same way, we should divide the candle-power of an electric light by four to get its actual illumination value when compared with candle-light. This brief notice of the interesting work done by Mr. Sargent and his assistants at Chicago is written for the general reader, and not for mechanical and electrical engineers, who will doubtless find technical descriptions of the power plant in the scientific journals.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE CHICAGO HUSSARS.

THE Chicago Hussars is a company of light cavalry formed on somewhat novel lines, inasmuch as it combines the advantages of a social club and of a riding-school and the interests of a military organization. It is independent of the Illinois State militia, and, considering the value of its different functions, may be said to be only semimilitary in its purpose. The active members, to the number of 151, are required to own or control horses, and to obtain two uniforms and the necessary equipments. In addition to the active membership the articles of organization provide for an associate list of 250. Such members will have the privileges of the club-house and riding ring, but they cannot vote, nor do they have to wear uniforms and drill.

The idea of the formation of such an independent company of cavalry was formed in August of 1888, but it was not till October of 1891 that the organization was incorporated. Since then very gratifying progress has been made, and arrangements entered into by which in the course of a year or so the troop will have an armory or club house, with a riding-ring of generous proportions. A lot has been obtained on Thirty-fifth Street with a frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 231 feet. In the ring, which will be surrounded by a balcony on which 1500 spectators can be seated, a troop of 100 mounted men can be easily drilled and exercised.

As will be seen by the illustrations in this paper, the uniforms of the Chicago Hussars are quite handsome and appropriate. Much care and study have been spent in perfecting the uniform, and that which has finally been decided upon was not the choice at first. But it is much more soldierly-looking than the one which formerly met with favor. The moving spirit in the work of organizing this troop has been and is Captain Edwin L. Brand, the commandant. His enthusiasm has enabled him to overcome all difficulties; and these, as can well be understood, were neither few nor insignificant. Such a club without a home is not likely to be strong, but the enthusiastic captain and his associates will soon provide this. The captain has issued a little "vest-pocket" book of "pointers" on correct horsemanship, and a reader of it will learn of many things a horseman should and should not do. Cavalry drill is excellent both in training horses and riders, and there seems to be no reason why the Chicago Hussars should not found one of the most attractive clubs devoted to horseback exercise in the country.

The Hussars are likely to be much seen, and consequently much talked about, during the World's Fair, for Director-General Davis has declared his intention of calling upon the troop to act as a guard of honor whenever he may require a cavalry escort for distinguished visitors on any public occasion. Of course the prospect of being called upon to perform this honorable duty has already made the Hussars very popular, and gives the troop a distinct reason for existence.

TWILIGHT.

SING, sweet, it is the twilight hour—
Thy voice brings rest and peace,
And unto thee is given the power
To bid all discord cease.

Let day fade with its load of sorrows,
Now is enough for me;
I care not for the coming morrows,
For they may banish thee.

Oh, that this eve could last forever,
Ambition's sun be set,
For with thee near my heart would never
The busy world regret.

Only count us as Love's Immortals,
Let each be one in soul;
Bid Night halt at the western portals,
And Death collect no toll;

Then twilight would be fraught with splendor,
Bathed in Faith's golden stream;
And each to each all love would render—
Sing, sweet, and let me dream.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

Music and Drama

As the most important production in point of novelty and scenic splendor, *Panjandrum*—"the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top"—produced at the Broadway Theatre, for the first time on any stage, by Mr. De Wolf Hopper and his "Merry Company," must head the list of last week's dramatic happenings. *Panjandrum* is described on the bill of fare as an "Olla Podrida"; in plain English it is neither more nor less than an extravaganza. As the Spanish dish olla podrida is a mixture of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, so is its namesake, *Panjandrum*, a mixture of everything under the dramatic heavens, fairly bewildering in its irrelevant and disconnected variety. Various animals, real and unreal, from turtle-doves to tigers, figure in *Panjandrum*, not to speak of several quaint specimens of the species known as man; and the piece likewise contains excerpts from and suggestions of about every known kind of stage show, from the circus to grand opera. Mr. Hopper, energetically humorous as of yore, and altogether too acrobatic in his methods for a comedian of his legitimate abilities, naturally dominates every situation, aided and abetted by Miss Della Fox. He rides a horse, drives a mule, is tossed by a property bull, ties a knot in the tail of a tiger, and monkeys with a sacred ape, in addition to what he has to do in the way of singing and dancing. A plot is evidently not a necessary element in the composition of an "Olla Podrida," for *Panjandrum* has none. In the first act Mr. Hopper, with evident ill success, attempts to be a toreador (with song), and loses the affections of his lady-love, Miss Fox, by reason of his ignominious exit from the Plaza de Toros on the horns of a bull. Various other people come on and go off, and for some unexplained reason embark upon a boat. The departure of this boat, and its subsequent shipwreck on the island of Borneo, are shown in a very clever scenic interlude with panoramic scenery, which, however, fails of much of its effect from the inability of the audience to understand what it is all about. In the second act, by taking the place of a mummy monarch kept alive by a wily magician for (unexplained) purposes of his own, Mr. Hopper becomes a king. Whether Mr. Hopper is more successful as King of Borneo than as a toreador one could not discover, as by this time it was eleven o'clock, and the curtain fell. The scenery and stage settings of *Panjandrum* are rich and gorgeous in the extreme, and a great variety of more or less irrelevant incidents, comic, pantomimic, and acrobatic, is introduced to atone for the lack of a story. There are a number of clever lines in the dialogue, and the incidents, though irrelevant, are generally sufficiently humorous. *Panjandrum* affords the audience a chance to see as much of Mr. Hopper and Miss Fox as they could possibly desire, and the piece will therefore, owing to Mr. Hopper's great personal popularity, fulfil its purpose for a time at least. The artistic value of *Wang* was certainly debatable. Its popular success, however, was beyond doubt or question. *Panjandrum* was evidently built to be a successor to *Wang;* but its artistic value is even more debatable, and its popular success has not yet been proven. It is unnecessary to discuss the music of a piece of this kind; those who attend a performance of it can readily judge of its value without outside assistance. It is evidently intended to be tuneful in the popular sense, and is often successful in so being. It is to be hoped that *Panjandrum* will make money for Mr. Hopper, as it will hardly increase his artistic reputation. One must add that Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin is responsible for the book of *Panjandrum*, and Mr. Woolson Morse for the music.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's drama, *Mercedes*, is the only strong feature of the triple bill in which Mr. Palmer's most excellent company is now appearing at his theatre. As regards the two other plays which also figure on the programme, the one, *Twilight*, is ridiculous, and the other, *Two Old Boys*, though intended to be humorous, is, frankly, dull. *Mercedes* is called a drama; it is really a tragedy of the deepest dye, and might without impropriety be termed a holocaust. Wholesale slaughter is meted out with an unsparing hand, and the curtain falls at the close of the second act on the extinction by poison not only of all the principal characters, but also of a whole regiment. For all that it is uncompromisingly ghastly, Mr. Aldrich's tragedy is a thoroughly good piece of work. It is impressive, well constructed, and well written, and except that the situation of the second act might have been led up to with more effect and in fewer words, the interest is well sustained. A French officer (played by Mr. Barrymore), who has loved a Spanish girl (Miss Julia Arthur), by whom he had been nursed when wounded, is compelled by the fortunes of war to leave her, and finds himself detailed to "discipline" the village in which she lives. The scene of the first act shows a bivouac of the French troops, and the act itself is taken up with the story. The officer tells of his love, and of his horror at the orders he has received to put every inhabitant of a village which once had shown him kindness to the sword. In the next act the girl is waiting with her babe and her grandmother for the arrival of the French troops, the rest of the inhabitants of the village having fled. The soldiers appear, and having found some wine, which has been poisoned by the departing villagers, compel the girl, the grandmother, and the child to drink first in order to test it. She, thinking her lover false, and not caring what becomes of herself, does so. Then the lover appears, the truth comes out, and the various minor characters in the piece retire to convenient corners to die unobserved, leaving the stage free—as of right—for the death of the principal characters. There is a suggestion of a grewsome kind of humor in the idea that as the curtain falls upon the death of the officer and his sweetheart on the stage the rest of the regiment is dying in detachments all around them.

The play is direct, sincere, and has decided atmosphere. Its principal fault is that it lacks dramatic contrast. It is fortunate that it is short, for otherwise its unrelieved tragic gloom would be distinctly oppressive. It must, however, be credited with having made a distinct and favorable impression. And even better than the drama itself was the way in which it was acted. Miss Arthur's impersonation of the Spanish girl was instinct with passionate intensity and naturalness. Every detail of the character was carefully studied out, and presented with a repose and repressed energy alike admirable and remarkable. Miss Arthur has never appeared to better advantage. Mr. Barrymore, too, having laid aside many of his mannerisms for the occasion, was admirable as the girl's lover, and played with a more than usual amount of his old-time force and feeling. Mr. Henley, Mrs. Bowers, and Mr. Ottormeyer also contributed good work. Altogether, contemporary American dramatic literature has been enriched by the production of a drama like *Mercedes*, which in cumulative tragic interest, intensity of feeling, and condensation of interest may take rank with the best of modern dramatic works.

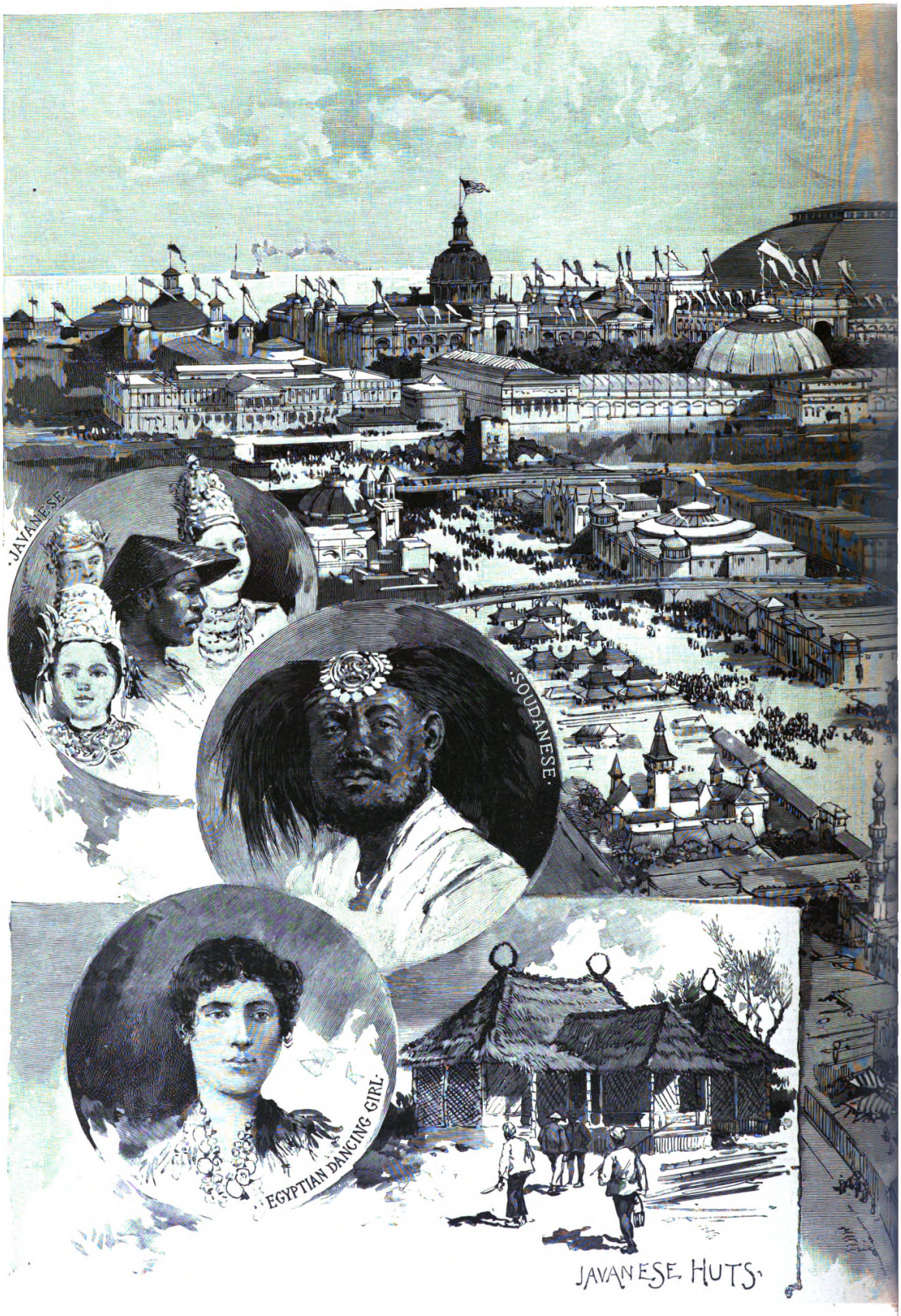
Old plays are certainly the fashion just at present, for during the past season we have seen almost as many old plays as new ones. Better performances of Goldsmith's immortal comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* have probably been seen in New York in recent years, but Mr. Robson's revival of that play at the Fifth Avenue at least carries out the promise of its programme in that it is in most respects adequate. Mr. Robson gives us a somewhat modern Tony Lumpkin, though an amusing one; but it could be wished that he had treated Goldsmith's text with a little more reverence. The influence, too, of a long-continued indulgence in the *Henrietta* was seen in his delivery of many of the lines; but Mr. Robson can never fail to be amusing, as both his physical and temperamental qualities constantly invite laughter. Apart from Mrs. Robson, who was a gay and sprightly Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Elwood, who, though uneven and somewhat affected, had moments of great excellence as young Marlowe, and Mr. Wooderson, who, though somewhat boisterous, was amusing as Diggory, the rest of the actors seemed to forget that *She Stoops to Conquer* was a comedy and not a farce, and the incidental business with which they had been furnished was certainly not of a kind calculated to make them remember this fact. The original epilogue, which Mr. Robson has resuscitated, was admirably given, and proved by no means the least interesting feature of a performance which, taken altogether, is certainly complete and amusing enough to be decidedly attractive.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is a very good actor of romantic melodrama. He is picturesque, sincere, forcible, and artistic. *Ben-My-Chree*, adapted from Hall Caine's powerful novel *The Deemster*, though a gloomy play, is also an effective one; and yet when taken together these two important factors in a success are not as attractive as it might be supposed they would be. This may be due to the fact that Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Barrett's play is lacking in just that quality which makes *The Deemster* so powerful, and that is an all-pervading feeling of nature and primitive natural forces which control the motive and actions of the various characters represented. In other words, the novel possesses what the play lacks, and that is atmosphere. Events, motives, and situations which seem natural enough in the book strike one as forced and unreal in the play, which therefore fails, in a measure, to carry conviction, and hence to entertain. *Ben-My-Chree* is nevertheless in many respects both interesting and effective. Mr. Barrett presents a strong and clearly drawn picture of the wild, reckless lover and homicide, who is the hero of the piece, and is well supported by Miss Maude Jeffries and Mr. Hodges, who, though he gave a quaintly humorous impersonation of the old servant, could not quite make us forget Mr. George Barrett, who appeared in this part when the play was first produced in this country several years ago.

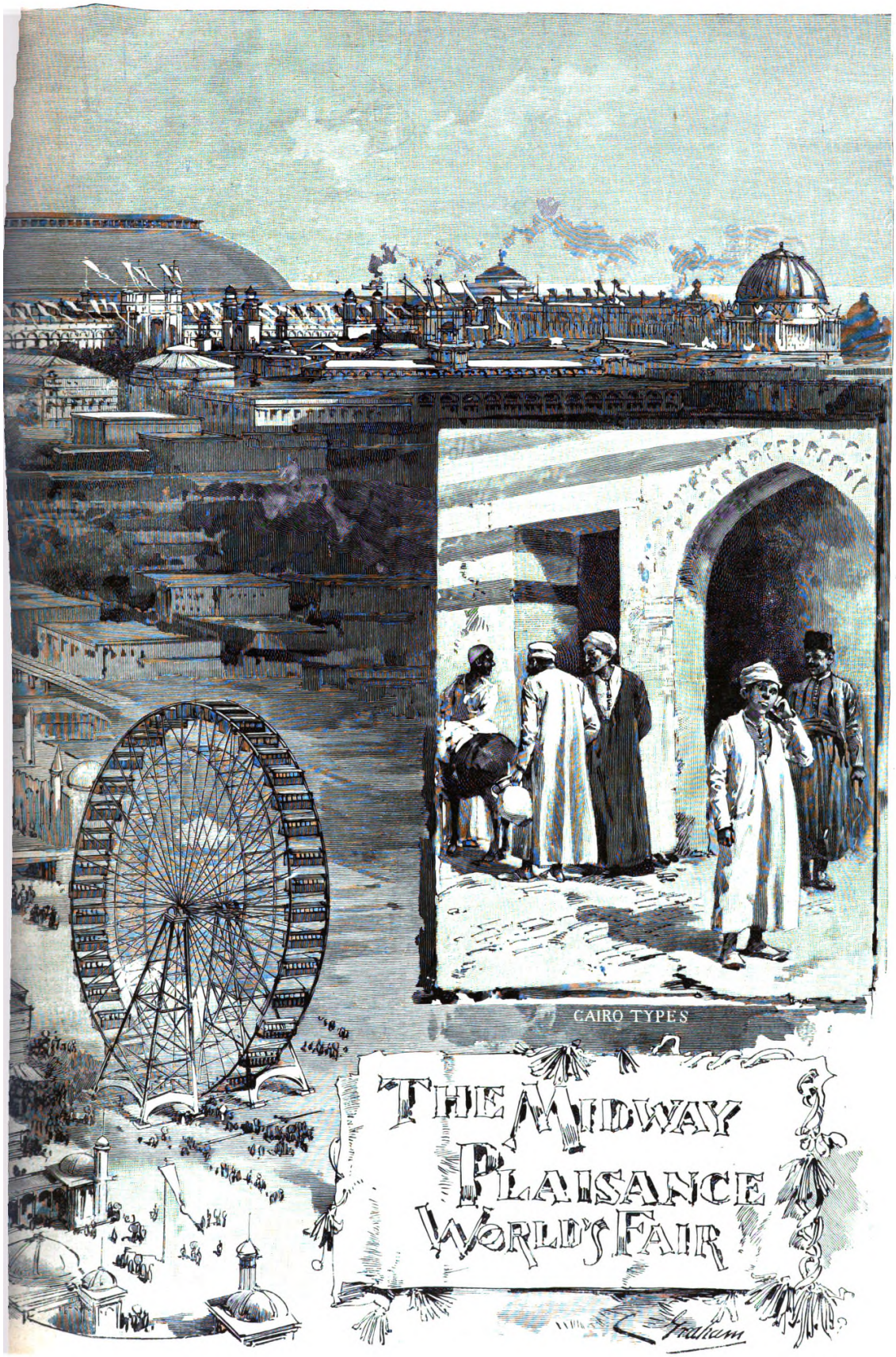
The principal musical event of the week was the production by the Church Choral Society of Mr. H. W. Parker's religious cantata *Ora Novissima*, which was specially composed for the society. The performance, which was very successful, was conducted by the composer. In *Ora Novissima* Mr. Parker has written a cantata of especial power and merit; it is eminently dignified, and contains some excellent contrapuntal work. There is much writing for double chorus, and the parts are led in a way that shows that the composer has well mastered the rules of the highest forms of composition. If the work is a little lacking in melody and emotion, is perhaps a trifle too intellectual in tone and mediæval in form, it is nevertheless a work which would be a credit to any composer, and one which stamps Mr. Parker as a musician of power, originality, and great promise. It is from such composers that America has much to hope. Mr. Seidl announces that previous to leaving for Chicago he will give a series of twelve concerts, at which his orchestra will be assisted by eminent vocalists and soloists, at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre, liquid and solid refreshments *à la carte* in true German style being served during the performances.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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CAIRO TYPES

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE WORLD'S FAIR

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CALL TO ARMS.

[The waiters' strike now on in New York is not for fewer hours of labor, but for more pay and the right to wear whiskers.—*Daily paper.*]

COME, all ye gallant waiters, from New York to Oregon,
Your armor and your helmets for the battle quickly don!
Come join your comrades at the front, as, plunging in the fray,
They strike a blow for whiskers and a higher rate of pay!

No matter where your home is, and no matter where ye be,
Come hasten to the battle-field and shout for victory!
Come armed with spoon and carving-knife, and let the cold steel flash
In battling for mustaches and a little more hard cash.

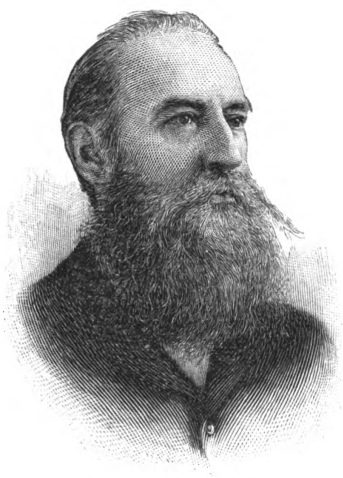
The nursery-maids are with you in their sympathy; the cooks
Are thinking of you alway; you can tell it by their looks;
And grooms and butlers by the score await the victory
Of whiskers o'er clean visages with keen anxiety.

Lay down the gilded soup-tureen, hang up the demi-tasse,
Let corks undrawn quiescent lie in porter and in Bass;
Come sharpen well the corkscrew, and desert the tenderloin;
Exert a freeman's privilege to raise a beard and coin.

E'en though you stand attendant on a multimillionaire
Who's casting greedy optics on the evening bill of fare,
E'en though you're bringing terrapin to youths with too much cash,
Desert the tip you dream of, and come fight for your mustache.

So that in years advancing you may take them on your knee,
And tell your great-grandchildren how in eighteen ninety-three
You joined the noble army in that noblest of all fights
For wages somewhat higher and your capillary rights.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



L. BRADFORD PRINCE.
Governor of New Mexico.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS.

WITHIN the last twenty years, and especially within the last decade, there have been numerous conventions, congresses, and other representative gatherings, under various names, in the Western section of the country, designed to discuss subjects of large local importance, and, as far as possible, by organization and united action, to achieve results otherwise unattainable.

The rapid settlement and development of the newer portions of the country have caused to arise a novel set of questions which were unknown east of the Mississippi, and which call urgently for solution. Such are the questions of cheap transportation to the seaboard, of irrigation, of the disposition of the public domain, of the utilization of the arid lands, of deep harbors on the Texas coast, of silver as a money metal, of stock-raising on the range, and others of almost equal importance.

While some of these subjects were far from new in the world's history, yet they were unfamiliar to the great majority of those who had to meet them. That of irrigation, for example, while as old almost as the existence of man, was yet new to those who crossed the Mississippi from the Eastern States in search of new homes, and, in fact, the cultivation of land unsupplied by moisture from rainfall was unfamiliar to the whole English-speaking race. Besides this, modern science suggested appliances unknown to the crude systems of older nations, and legal difficulties were encountered in many places from the intervention of State lines or the vested rights of prior occupants, which called for most careful consideration.

The people of the West have had to meet all these questions as matters of the utmost practical importance, essential to their growth and prosperity; and they have had to consider and settle them *immediately*, in order to meet the requirements of the rapid influx of population, which nothing could restrain or delay. In older lands they presented themselves gradually, as generations passed and slowly changing conditions called for new adjustments; but here the whole burden of meeting them has fallen on a single set of men. Hence the need of frequent meetings of those interested to confer and consult as to methods and to secure satisfactory results.

The consequence was a long series of conventions dedicated to separate subjects, held at St. Louis, Topeka, Fort Worth, Las Vegas, Cheyenne, Salt Lake, Denver, Helena, Albuquerque, El Paso, and other cities, among the most notable of which, either for their numbers or results, were the first Irrigation Convention, held in Denver as long ago as 1873, the Inter-State Deep Harbor Convention of 1888, and the Silver Convention of 1891.

The present Trans-Mississippi Congress was born at Galveston in February, 1891. A Western Commercial Convention was held in that city, composed largely of delegates from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, with a scattering membership from other States and Territories, and it was there determined to organize a permanent institution, to be known as the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which should embrace a representation of all the country west of the Mississippi River, and consider all subjects which interest the people of that vast empire. Hon. W. M. Fishback, of Arkansas, now the Governor of that State, was president of that congress, and it contained a number of gentlemen of national reputation. It adjourned to meet at Denver on May 19th; but meanwhile a very influential convention, of a similar character, was held pursuant to a call of the authorities of Kansas and Missouri, at Kansas City, in the month of April. At this Governor Francis, of Missouri, presided, and its proceedings constitute a large volume.

The second Trans-Mississippi Congress, at Denver, was a highly important body, whether judged from the number or character of those composing it. Delegates were present from fifteen States and Territories, and the subjects discussed, as arranged by resolution, were the Silver Question; Irrigation; the Arid Lands; Transportation; Mississippi River Improvement; Government Control of Levees; Timber Lands; Mining and Minerals; Railway Legislation; Protection of Lead; Immigration and Naturalization; Deep Water Harbors on the Gulf; and Preservation of Forests. The first matter of interest at this congress arose on the election of president. Governor Anthony, of Kansas, had been recommended by the committee, and his long identification with Western interests made him the natural candidate, but he had made remarks, which had been caught up by reporters, in opposition to free silver, and a minority of the committee reported that "no man should preside over this congress, held in this magnificent young city, in which every industry is the product of a silver mine, whose record on this question is at all doubtful," and recommended Mr. E. P. Ferry, of Utah. After long debate Mr. Ferry was elected by a vote of 216½ to 193½. That congress continued in session four days, the leading subjects discussed at length being the free coinage of silver and the proper disposition of the arid lands. On the former question there was a spirited contest between the friends of "free and unlimited coinage" and those of the free coinage of the American product only; and on the latter, between those who favor national aid in the reclamation of the arid lands and those who ask the cession of the lands themselves to the States and Territories in which they exist. Among the prominent participants were Governor Routt, Senator Tabor, Governor Fishback, Senator Warren, Judge Gregory, Judge Symes, Judge Belford, Governor Anthony, Judge Torrey, and a score of others.

Subsequent sessions of the congress have been held at Omaha, in October, 1891, presided over by Hon. C. S. Thomas, of Colorado, and at New Orleans, in February, 1892, when the writer was elected president, each session continuing for four days. The subjects discussed have been substantially the same as those brought before the congress at Denver, with the addition of a few others, such as beet sugar, discussed at Omaha, and the Nicaragua Canal, on which the congress was ably addressed by Hon. Warner Miller at New Orleans. At the latter congress there were also addresses by Governor Hubbard, of Texas, on waterways and harbors; by Senator Gibson on Mississippi improvements; by Colonel Fisk, Governor Anthony, Governor (now Secretary) Morton, and Hon. Thomas M. Patterson on silver; by Judge Foreman on inter-State commerce, etc.

I have stated thus much of the proceedings of previous congresses in order to show the scope of their actual work.

It may be well to add that the basis of representation is arranged so that all interested in the progress of the great West may be represented. It is as follows: Each State and Territory west of the Mississippi is entitled to ten delegates, appointed by the Governor; each county, to one delegate; each city, to one to every ten thousand of population; each board of trade, or chamber of commerce, transportation company, and agricultural society is also entitled to a delegation. This insures a full representation of all interests in the section indicated, and brings together a body of men inferior to none in the country.

It might be thought from its geographical designation that the Trans-Mississippi Congress had some sectional object to attain which was antagonistic to the remainder of the country. But this is far from the case. It will be seen that the topics discussed are those in which the great West is specially interested, and which, as a rule, have no significance in the other sections of our land. Take the subject of deep harbors on the Gulf, for example. A glance at a map will show that the cotton of Texas and Arkansas, the corn of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska, the wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas, and the varied products of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana, are in great need of such improvements, in order to enjoy cheap water transportation for their exports. When the well-understood difference in expense of shipment by land and by water is considered, it will be seen that this is a subject of vital importance, not only in transportation to Central and South America and the West Indies, but to Europe and even to Eastern cities. Hence the intense interest felt in the attainment of a full depth of thirty feet, if possible, at Ropes Pass, or Aransas, or Velasco, or Galveston, and, indeed, at all the proposed points; for a half-dozen ports could be as well supported by the almost fabulous product of the West as are Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, within a short distance of each other on the North Atlantic coast.

Or look at the subject of the arid lands. It must be remembered that the national domain is practically exhausted, with the exception of lands which must be artificially watered; and also that while to the Eastern man accustomed to a rainy climate this seems an abnormal form of cultivation, yet that more than half of the agriculture of the world is carried on by irrigation. This land, when watered, is of great value, it being calculated that ten acres of irrigated land will support a family as well as forty acres of that watered by rain; but without water it is valueless. To utilize it great storage reservoirs and vast systems of irrigation are necessary. How is this best to be done? The action of the government in ceding to the States in the Mississippi Valley the "swamp lands" within their borders is a precedent for the cession of the arid lands to the respective States and Territories in order that they may utilize them in the way that seems best in the locality. But, on the other hand, rivers and storage basins are not confined by State lines, and to leave the subject to the divided and perhaps antagonistic authority of separate States would be to prevent the adoption of broad and comprehensive systems, and perhaps to subject the owners on the lower waters of a river to the rapacity and selfishness of the owners above, who have the first opportunity to seize the precious fluid. The subject becomes more and more difficult and complicated as one pursues it, and it requires the best consideration of those interested, while it does not affect the Atlantic slope or Mississippi Valley at all.

So of silver. While the demonetization of that metal and the consequent vast reduction of the currency of the world affects producers and borrowers in India, or in New York or Illinois, as much as those across the Mississippi, yet incidentally by depriving silver of one of its principal uses it has reduced its value, and thus affects disastrously the silver-producing industry of the Rocky Mountain region. The silver-miner of Colorado, New Mexico, or Nevada feels the reduction instantly, while the effect on the wheat-grower of Michigan, or cotton-raiser of Alabama, or the interest-payer of New York is slower, though equally sure. Thus the brunt of the battle for remonetization falls on the "Silver States," which feel the loss most directly.

The disposition of government lands, the protection of forests, the production of timber (as under the "timber-culture act"), are all matters of infinite importance to the Western man, but do not at all interfere with or antagonize his brethren of the East.

The Trans-Mississippi Congress, then, is an extension and amplification of the village improvement leagues or the citizens' associations which seek to benefit and improve their respective localities. Its object is the development and progress of the great empire between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and the attainment of this result by organization and concert of action.

L. BRADFORD PRINCE.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. H. B. WHEATLEY, the newest editor of *Pepys, his Diary*, has issued it in greater quantities than any previous editor, and assures his readers that the whole of the Diary is now to be made public, "with the exception of a few passages which cannot possibly be printed." "It may be thought by some," he adds, "that these omissions are due to an unnecessary squeamishness, but it is not really so, and readers are therefore asked to have faith in the judgment of the editor."

But, alas! there are always some readers who are never ready to have this particular kind of faith in the judgment of the editor, but manifest the same sort of disproportionate hankering after the omitted passages that the woman in Scripture felt for her one missing spoon. It must be admitted, though, that the earnestness of Mr. Wheatley's assurance suggests such a truly appalling relaxation of language in the omitted passages as all reasonable readers must be only too happy to be spared.

New evidence of the compatibility between literary pursuits and length of days appears in the death, on April 6th, at Bath, England, of Miss Charlotte Anley, authoress of *Earlswood*, *Miriam*, and other works, aged ninety-seven.

Greatness has its appalling accompaniments. Dr. Holmes has been grumbling these many years over the immense burdens of correspondence which his fame had brought upon him. Nevertheless, it appears that fifty pupils of a Cleveland school wrote to him the other day, at the instigation of their teacher, expressing their views of the poem called "The Last Leaf." And the incorrigible Autocrat did just what might have been expected. He answered all those letters with a note fit to excite the emulation of all the other school-children in Ohio, and keep him employed through the spring.

A poem by James W. Riley, entitled "Boston, 1893," begins with the statement that

> "There are thoughts cannot be spoken
> In the common way of speech."

So far as concerns Boston, Mr. Riley is unquestionably right. Thoughts cannot be spoken there in the common way of speech, at least not with any prospect of a respectful hearing. There is authority for asserting that the best language that is used is used in Boston, and if you hope to catch the Boston ear you must be able to express yourself according to the most approved standards. It is creditable to the Hoosier poet's powers of discrimination that he should have recognized Boston's requirements in this particular almost at sight.

It illustrates the degree of personal freedom that Americans enjoy that none of our comic papers has ever been enjoined from the constant publication of jokes in derogation of the married state. One of the humorous contemporaries in particular, which rarely meddles with politics and is easily the leader of the journals of its class, applies itself from January to December to illustration of its apparent belief that courtship is always mercenary, and matrimony a state of uneasy bondage. The theory has been advanced that this journal kept in its pay a poor young man in love to make evil speeches about all luckier men who can afford to wed, and one or two victims of matrimonial mischance to think up sharp things about marriage. It is ascertained, however, that that theory does the said contemporary injustice. The truth is that, as happy nations have no history worth mentioning, happy marriages and smooth

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and felicitous courtships are comparatively barren of marketable jokes. The jokists take gloomy views of human affection before and after marriage, not because they are against the institution or are personally embittered against either sex, but because the jokes come easier that way. Any one who doubts this explanation is invited to be convinced by the simple process of taking a suitable picture from one of the humorous papers and devising new jokes to fit it. If the jokes do not come easier and better on the hypothesis of conjugal disagreement than of mere conjugal affection, this explanation is at fault.

General Grant's birthday came in a crowded week this year, yet failed not to get distinguished recognition. Reputations of inferior size suffer from the attrition of time, but the great ones gain by accretion. Grant's fame seems to grow. It must have been about the time of his death (in 1885) that Augustine Birrell, in an essay on History, spoke of the prospect that the future historian, "whilst awarding the victor's palm to General Grant," would write kindly of the lost cause, "dear to a nobler and more chivalrous man, General Lee." That the historian will write kindly of General Lee is very probable, but that he will sustain Mr. Birrell's rating of Lee as "nobler and more chivalrous" than Grant seems somewhat less likely to-day than it did when Mr. Birrell suggested it. A winner recommends himself to our intellectual approval, a gallant loser to our sympathies. Grant, by reason of his success in war and his pathetic misfortunes afterwards, has a double hold on future readers, and seems destined to gain a composite regard of generations unborn analogous to that enjoyed by Burns or Scott. All estimates of him drawn (as possibly Mr. Birrell's was) before the close of the last year of his life will have to be revised.

"Totaled" is a word that a contributor to a May magazine permits himself. But when the concern that owns the magazine also owns the dictionary, what can one do?

It has long been observed that people who write stories about indigenous American life are curiously prone to bring in somebody from Bangor, Maine. The flavor of Maine is good in a book; and Bangor, besides being notably representative of Maine, is a name that sounds as well in a printed page as cymbals do in a brass band. The man (or the girl) from Bangor in the story is always an original character, in violent contrast with most of the other people in the book. It seems that there is originality in Bangor folks in real life. About ten days ago some Bangor boys became dissatisfied with the conduct of one of their number, and felt it necessary to discipline him. Did they thrash him? No. A patent-medicine man had been through the town distributing samples of pills. Those boys collected as many boxes of those pills as they could find, choked their young compatriot's mouth open, emptied all the pills into him, and fled. The account says that the doctors "hope to be able to save the boy's life," and it is to be hoped that they may. Why the lives of the other boys should be saved does not appear, unless it is that they may grow up to aid in making future American fiction stranger and more diabolical than truth.

The gentleman who was lately appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State was described in the contemporary press as "a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, having been a member of the class of '79." This is a misleading description. Mr. Strobel may have graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1879, but that fact is of very little consequence compared with another, namely, that he graduated from Harvard College in the ambitious and exhilarating class of 1877. A man's associations in a professional school are usually of minor importance compared with those he forms in college. While he is studying his profession he is pretty busy, for one thing, and has not much leisure to assimilate the various influences that surround him. Moreover, he has usually reached an age when his character is less plastic than it has been, so that for various reasons he seldom becomes closely identified with the men about him. But to have been a member of a really important class in a great college is an accident which often has life-long results. To have belonged to the Harvard class of '29 or the Yale class of '53 is not only a distinction, but can hardly have failed to be a practical advantage to the men of those years. The ties between classmates are singularly lasting, and where there are enough men of exceptional ability in any class to set the pace, the obligation to keep up to it is a perceptible stimulus to the other members. A Harvard man of '29 or a Yale man of '53 who is not or was not an eminent poet, or a distinguished judge, or a famous lawyer, or something out of the common run, must always have felt that he lagged a little behind his fellows, and was bound to do his utmost to catch up. The Harvard class of '77 is too young yet to match records with those older aggregations, yet it bristles too precociously with Governors, mayors, judges, and persons of miscellaneous notoriety, to be a class with which the connection of a rising diplomat like Mr. Strobel should be ignored.

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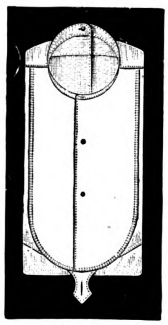


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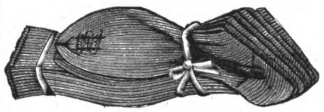
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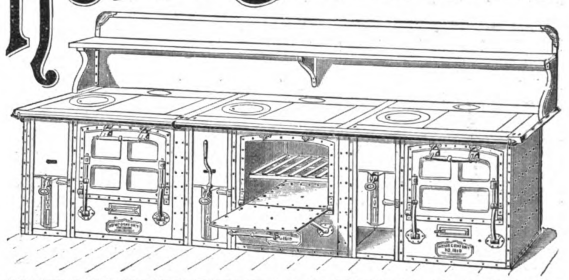
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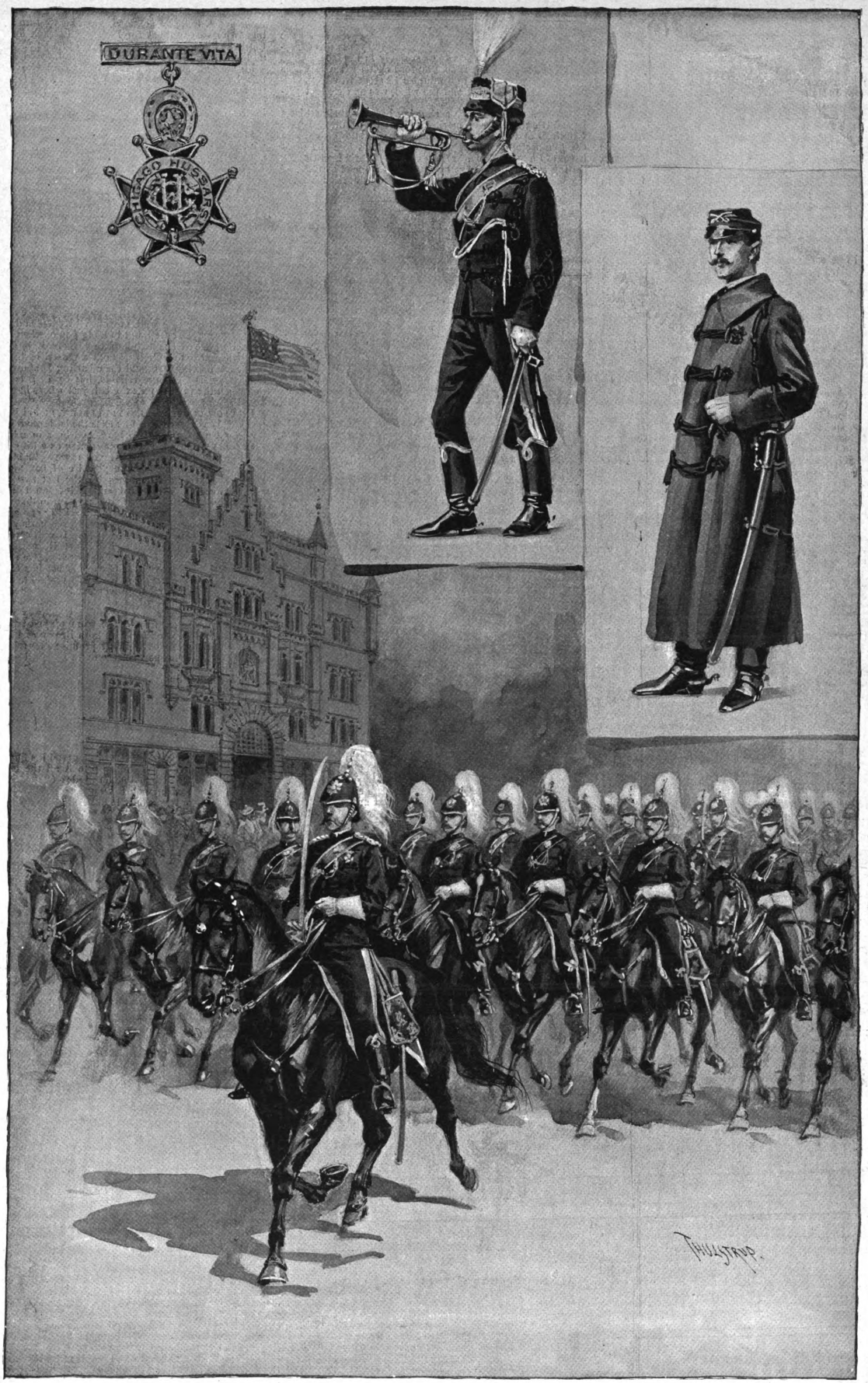
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THE CHICAGO HUSSARS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 443.]
Escort to the Presidential Party at the Opening of the Columbian Exposition.

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AWATEUR SPORT

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PURCHASE OF *Volunteer* by Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, with the intention of changing her back to sloop rig, has naturally enough created considerable curiosity as to his motive. According to the ruling of the *America* Cup Committee, *Volunteer* cannot be chosen to defend the cup, because, as she exceeds the limit of length, the heavy handicap of double-time allowance for such excess would be too much for her to carry; and even were this otherwise, Commodore Forbes is too progressive a yachtsman to imagine for an instant that science in naval architecture has not left *Volunteer* minutes astern in a fleet of yachts of the present year. But in another way *Volunteer* may be of great assistance in the coming contest. She can, and in all probability will, be used as a trial boat for the prospective cup-defenders, and her presence in the preliminary racing will add increased interest to these contests, while the comparison will give a known standard from which to judge the new yachts. We shall see how much progress has been made in the last few years, and on the other side we shall know how much Watson, Loper, and Fife have improved on *Thistle*. By comparing the racing on the two sides of the water a good estimate of the result can be made. These are probably in part the motives behind the purchase of *Volunteer*.

THE PREDICTION IN THIS DEPARTMENT three weeks ago that the Harvard-Yale track athletic games May 13th would be the most hotly contested of the series seems likely to be fulfilled. Since then the old men have been getting into form, and the "unknown quantities" in some instances have developed into very good material indeed. The new men in the sprints have put some very good trials to their credit, Bennett of Yale having done .10⅖ and .51 the same afternoon in the 100 and 440; Richards, also Yale, running close second in 100, and winning 220 on a heavy track and in rain in .22⅘. Harvard's sprinters have likewise been up and doing, Whittren covering the 100 in .10⅘, and Merrill (the quarter-miler) the 220 in .22⅘. Neither Captain Thompson, of Harvard, nor Captain Jones, of Yale, have competed openly, but both have done the 100 in .10⅘, and each is getting into form slowly. Merrill is one of those athletes who is always in condition, and can be depended upon in a race.

Yale will probably rely on S. Scoville to win the half. He won it at the games in 2.06⅘ after he had made a mile in 4.39, and is altogether the best man of the lot. Harvard has J. Corbin, who has been keeping dark (he was second to Turner at Intercollegiates in 1.59⅗ last year); Lakin, who did recently 2.04⅘; and Hubbell, an improving man.

Harvard's end of the quarter will be taken care of by Bingham and Brewer (for Merrill will, in all probability, be reserved for the 220), and they are strong men. The former did .51⅗ at the spring games, and the latter in condition is believed good for .50.

The mile run will be very warm. Morgan, Yale's new man, did 4.37 in the rain at the college games, and if the first quarter had not been misjudged would probably have done about 4.32⅘; and three days later, on a flooded track, did 4.38, taking the extreme outer edge the entire distance. Harvard has Fenton and Blake. The former won at class games in 4.39, and has a very long and powerful stride. They ran the first half much too slow, but Fenton gave a fine exhibition of sprinting in the last half, doing it in 64 seconds. Blake, who was second, will improve very much as the weather gets warmer, while Fenton is hard to keep in condition. It would not be surprising to see him run the faster on the 13th. Nicols has just begun training, and can hardly get in form before last of month.

BOTH OF YALE'S WALKERS have broken the college record of 7.18⅗—Wight, 7.06, and Bunnell a yard behind; neither Endicott nor Bardeen, of Harvard, has touched that mark. It will be a great race between Lyman (Yale) and Shead (Harvard) in the high hurdle; the former won the event last year, but Shead is doing better this year than ever before, and has covered the distance in .16½; unless he improves on that, however, it will not be fast enough. Van Ingen would be one of the best hurdles, high or low, Yale has ever turned out, if he had a little more "sand"; his form is very good. He should be good for a place in the high, and ought to take second to Eaton (Yale) in the low, unless Garcelon (Harvard), who has been getting close to 26 seconds, should press him, in which case he will drop back. Eaton has been ill, but will probably be in shape.

Yale will have better representation in the jumps than ever before. Sheldon, with a stone-bruised heel, has cleared 21.7⅘ in the broad, and will touch 22 feet before losing; in the high, his best is 5 ft. 8. Bloss of Harvard is jumping in great form; he recently did 22ft. 2½ in the broad; with Shead, 20 ft. 7. On the high Harvard has Sherwin with 5 ft. 10 to his credit, and 10 ft. 5½ in the pole vault. This last event should be Yale's, with Cartwright, Hart, and Rice, though Sherwin is doing well, while the Yale men are not in form. Pole-vaulting is a most uncertain game. All the points in the hammer belong to Yale, Hickok having recently made the world's record of 112 ft. 9 in. with wire handle, and a collegiate record of 111 ft. 11⅘ in. with a wooden handle; then there are Stillman and Cross, both better than any man Harvard has.

Shea (Harvard) really ought to win the shot; but the chances are good that Lyman and Hickok (Yale), both with poorer records, will beat him.

Both teams are in fine condition, and if the day is clear some new college records are certain to be made.

THE FIRST ATHLETIC MEETING of the two California universities, Berkeley and Leland Stanford, Junior, was held on the Olympic Athletic Club grounds in San Francisco, April 22d. That Berkeley would win was expected, but to make 91 points in the fourteen events to Stanford's 35 was not only a surprise, but robbed the meeting of much interest, since frequently the contests were too one-sided to furnish much sport. It had been expected, too, that several new coast records would be made, but a somewhat heavy track and a strong wind dead against the sprinters made the field events the only ones in which anything of the kind could be attained, and in this a hammer performance of 86 feet 8 inches, thrown for the first time under the intercollegiate rules, established a new record.

Stanford's very weak showing in the field and hurdle events was noticeable; they secured only four points in the former and no place in the latter. They did shine, however, brilliantly in the quarter and 100 yards. In the former, Maynard ran in 52 seconds without being pressed at any point, finishing the last hundred yards strongly in the teeth of the wind. He is a good athlete, and gives much promise for the future. Bernhard's 10⅘ seconds in the 100 yards was exceptionally good, as the wind blew strongly in his face. Once again, and for the last time, Stanford shone when Edwards won the bicycle event in 6 minutes 18 seconds, which, considering the 6-lap track and the wind, was an excellent performance.

Stanford made so poor a showing because their athletes lacked training. It is remarkable that with all the elaborate buildings at Palo Alto there should be no shower-baths in the gymnasium, without which the athletes lose the great benefit of a "rub down" after exercise. Their facilities for getting into condition are by no means so good as those of the Berkeley men, where the arrangements are much more complete.

Neither of the colleges has a trainer, however, such as we have in the East. Considering which, and the further fact that seventy-five per cent. of the athletes were inexperienced, the performances at this first meeting must be considered very good. The table below is interesting as comparing Eastern and Western college records.

Event.	Winner.	Performance.	Intercollegiate Record.
100 yards...	J. B. Bernhard, L.S.U....	10⅗ sec.	10 sec.
220 yards...	Edwin Mays, U. of C.	24⅕ sec.	21⅘ sec.
440 yards...	R.H.S.Parkhurst, U.of C.	52 sec.	49⅕ sec.
880 yards...	F. S. Pixley, U. of C.....	2 min. 06⅗ sec.	1 min. 57⅕ sec.
Mile run ...	W. H. Powell, U. of C....	4 min. 51⅘ sec.	4 min. 29⅘ sec.
Mile walk ..	H. R. Timm, L.S.U.	7 min. 26⅖ sec.	7 min. 06⅘ sec.
120 hurdle..	R. B. Hoffman, U. of C..	17⅘ sec.	15⅘ sec.
220 hurdle..	B. F. Miller, U. of C.	28⅕ sec.	25⅕ sec.
Bicycle	W. J. Edwards, L.S.U. ...	6 min. 18 sec.	6 min. ⅘ sec.
High jump.	F. W. Koch, U. of C.	5 ft. 6¾ in.	6 ft.
Broad jump	C. H. Woolsey, U. of C...	21 ft. 7 in.	22 ft. 11¼ in.
Shot	L. E. Hunt, U. of C.	36 ft. 10 in.	40 ft. 9½ in.
Hammer ...	L. E. Hunt, U. of C.	86 ft. 8 in.	107 ft. 7½ in.
Pole vault..	G. J. Hoffman, U. of C...	10 ft.	10 ft. 9¼ in.

PRINCETON'S "FIFTY PER CENT." IMPROVEMENT over last year, mentioned in this department last week, was surely not *en évidence* on Saturday, when Harvard won the first game of the baseball series by a score of 7–0. It seems impossible to speculate with any degree of certainty on Princeton's chances in match games from the form shown in practice. They have been doing excellent work right along, batting fairly well, running bases in fine shape, and fielding beautifully. But in the game with Harvard their few hits were so scattered as to be of no value, the base-running was poor, and there was some very bad work in the in-field. From first to last the Princeton nine appeared to be weak in the knees, its work uncertain. Otto, on first, and Payne, right-field, are about the only ones who escape criticism; neither of them can bat a little bit, but both fielded their positions beautifully, the latter making a fine catch of a difficult fly. The battery was weak to a degree, though a reasonable excuse can be found for that, as neither man was in condition. Drake is hardly over an attack of the grip, which, together with a weak arm, made his work extremely mediocre; it was listless and fairly good by turns. Trenchard strained his arm in the first inning, when Cook tried to reach the home plate and was headed off by Woodcock's great throw from centre-field, and ever afterward his throwing was so weak the Harvard men stole second with impunity. His lame arm, however, did not excuse muffing third strikes and passed balls, in which two particulars he has been considered strong. King's batting was of little value. When he did hit the ball it sailed into the air, and into the hands of Harvard's out-fielders. A man might just as well strike out as pop up flies, and Princeton has always needed coaching in keeping down what hits she got. Neither was King's base-running up to his standard; he should have got home while Mackenzie was dodging between Harvard's first and second basemen.

GUNSTER AT THIRD HANDLED HIMSELF more like the freshman he is than the veteran he was said to emulate. Brooks at short acted as if he was trying to catch a chicken rather than a baseball; his throwing was bad, and his base-running far from what had been expected of him, or what he can do. His three-bagger did not make amends for his four errors. Mackenzie fielded as well as usual, but his base-running was poor, and why he, a strong batter, should attempt to bunt when there was no occasion for it was incomprehensible. Woodcock's dropping a fly and being nipped on second was the most surprising among the lot of blunders, as he is really a good ball-player, and knows his business. He had evidently closed up shop Saturday. The entire nine acted green, and more as if it hailed from a preparatory school than a 'varsity. It did not play ball in a dozen ways that there is no space here to specify, and if it does not take a big brace it won't win a game from either Harvard, Yale, or University of Pennsylvania.

OF HARVARD IT MAY BE TRULY SAID every man played ball with the exception of Cook on third, who seemed to be more or less of the time in the Land of Nod. He is too slow for that base, which should really have one of the quickest men on the team. Sullivan is brilliant, but his efforts to shine now and again get him into the error column. There was no excuse for his wretched throw to Trafford. With these two exceptions, every man played his game, from Hallowell in the centre-field to Joe Upton behind the bat, where he did great work. Frothingham did some notable base-running. Wiggins's work in the box was steady and heady, and he held Princeton down to about four scattered hits. He struck out four and Drake three men, giving three base on balls to Drake's four.

Comparing Harvard with either Yale or Princeton, it must be remembered that the Cambridge nine is composed of veteran ball-players, and almost every one a star. With the material they have the nine should be playing perfect ball by June, and ought to finish the season winners in every series.

WHILE ONE OR TWO OF THE HARVARD NINE are a trifle too eager to get at the ball, there is no question that they are the most likely team on the college field this season to do good batting at some point of the game off any pitcher they will meet. Carter will be their hardest trial, but from the way in which, after feeling about more or less for several innings, they finally found Sexton, suggests they will bunch some hits on Carter before nine innings are over. After the Harvard-Brown and Yale-Brown games, Carter must be rated as the college pitcher most difficult to find. The professionals have already admitted his wonderful ability, and such speed as he possesses is always far more serviceable against college batsmen than against the professionals. His record against Brown was remarkable. These men from Providence have been together several seasons, play a strong team game, and are acknowledged heavy hitters. Of 28 men who went to bat for Brown, 18 struck out, and not until the 9th inning did a man reach first base. Carter has all the requisites of a pitcher—clear head, speed, and control—his most effective ball being an overhand "jump," though this he varies with a deceptive drop. Were he a smaller man his speed would not seem so terrific, but he literally swoops down on the batter at the plate, who gets a confused impression of a seven-foot man hurling a meteor at him.

WITH CARTER IN THE BOX the Yale nine is strong, and without him would be much easier prey. The in-field is not improving, and is just about as slow as last week. There is no exception among the four men. Stephenson is big, and is perhaps the best of the lot; he is sure, though by no means a brilliant player—his build is not that of a nimble man. Hedges and Rustin are both thick-legged chaps of the stolid variety, and the latter's game at third seems rather indifferent. Bliss has not yet overcome his out-field slowness of motion, but he is throwing better, and beginning to cover more ground. There are still too many gaps for ground hits, as the men are not quick enough to close up on a sharp drive. Stephenson is hitting well; Rustin is falling off. Hedges shows promise, has a good position, and should be a hitter when he acquires a little more experience. Bliss gets in an occasional long drive, but is not a steady hitter, and his average is not high. He handles his team well, however. Kedzie and Greenway are holding Carter well, but in a big game, when Carter lets himself out and has to pitch to corners, it is doubtful if either would get through without a passed ball. Case and Speer are fielding well, and their batting is above the average. Case is the more reliable, but Speer gets in a hard one when the pitcher puts the ball just where he wants it.

BIGELOW IS A STRAPPING BIG FELLOW, and although a little slow, is a driver when he meets the ball squarely. If Carter would not try to hit so hard, and bear in mind that an occasional long fly is not so productive as a hit over the infield, he could make himself much more valuable with the stick. Indeed, there is more promise of batting than has been displayed in Yale nines for the last two years. In base-running both Harvard and Princeton are superior, Beall being about the only first class man in that respect on the team. The men are slow to a marked degree, and show very little inclination to improve, nor are they clever in taking their chances. Yale's out-field is well cared for, and there is abundant material. Beall is still disabled by rheumatism, and Bigelow is filling his place at centre very acceptably, and has improved rapidly in his batting and general knowledge of the game. Speer will undoubtedly play in right-field; his general improvement has been marked, and he handles himself now like a ball-player. With the present material in good working condition, Greenway will hardly be needed in the out-field. The team played two errorless games last week, winning from both Brown and University of Pennsylvania, and has every promise of giving a good account of itself in the Princeton and Harvard series.

THE BROWN NINE, with Sexton and Tenny, is strong. Weeks is as quick and reliable a first-baseman as has covered that bag on any college nine for years. His remarkable one-hand catch in the Yale game was no grand-stand play, but good ball. Stern covers short well, but McGill and Jones are not quick enough on thrown balls. McGill lost George a good assist by muffing that player's pretty throw from centre in the Yale game. Gillon deserved his final base hit, because he had been working up to it all the game, being the only man who seemed able to judge Carter's delivery at all. In the Harvard game, Sexton found Wiggin, and so did a few others, but it was only in one inning that they bunched their hits at all.

THE LATENESS OF THE DAY makes extended comment on the recent horse show of the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club impossible, and it is only intended to here note the sportsmanship of the club's members, and to commend it to the consideration of other cities. That this club, with its barely four hundred members, should have made such an excellent showing of horseflesh from its own stables, speaks loudly of the great strides we have been making in the last few years in the improvement of man's best friend. The exhibition extended over three nights, and the classes were very nicely filled. It would be hypercritical to pick flaws in a first attempt that showed on every side the earnest endeavor of sportsmen to improve a field so worthily represented. There was some exceptionally good stock shown, especially by Mr. F. D. Beard, and the general form in driving and of traps was good enough to encourage the gentlemen who have made so excellent a beginning. There are riding and driving clubs in very many of the cities in this country, and there is no surer way of their improving their horseflesh than by following the example of the Brooklyn club.

THE YALE SHELL HAS ROLLED almost as much the past week as it did the previous one, but not exactly from the same cause. Week before last it came about to a large extent from changing the men around in the boat and from their more or less uneven work. The past week it has been caused chiefly by the rough water. The weather has been most unpropitious for rowing, the water being so continually rough that the crew could take only short pulls. Consequently it was difficult to tell from the shore, with the boat bobbing up and down, just how much improvement has been made. Naturally the rough water would develop a tendency in the men to recover high, leaving the blades too much above the water on the full reach instead of close to it; but this is really immaterial. The swing of the crew is certainly more even and more uniform than last week, and the grip on the water is held better by all the men except Messler, who cannot seem to keep his blade from washing out at the finish.

Van Huyck is back at his old place again. Beard, who did some promising work the first of the season, is crossed off the 'varsity list definitely, and now rowing on his class crew. This leaves, besides the regular eight—Gallaudet, Ives, Paine, Goetchius, Longacre, Van Huyck, Messler, and Johnson—Rogers, Folger, and Howland. The first and last are likely to be the two substitutes to go to New London, Rogers because he is a better man than Folger, and Howland because he is a finished oar, though not a strong one, and a good substitute stroke to relieve Gallaudet at times.

Under John Roger's careful coaching Saturday before last, the crew acquired a little of the dash it lacked. Hartwell took hold of the crew last Wednesday.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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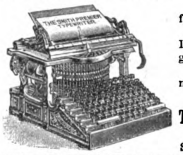
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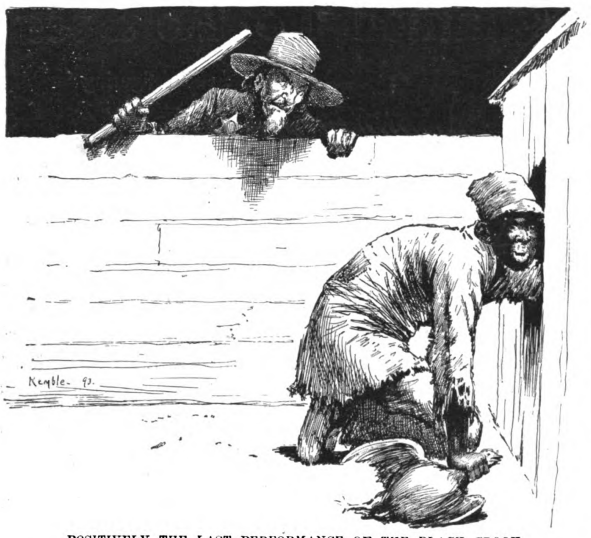
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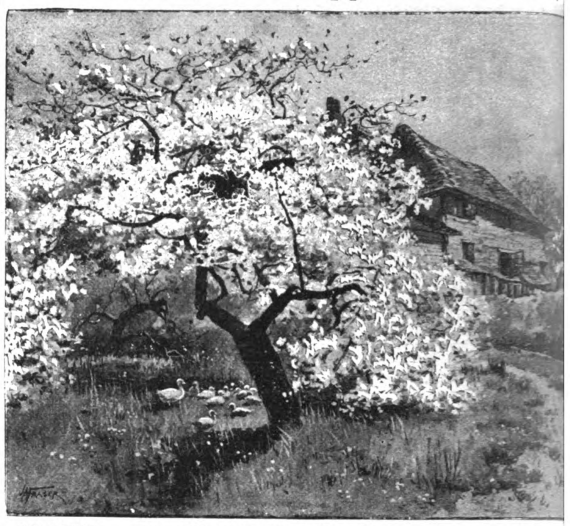
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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

AN anomaly which often struck me in the character of my friend Sherlock Holmes was that although in his methods of thought he was the neatest and most methodical of mankind, and although also he affected a certain quiet primness of dress, he was none the less in his personal habits one of the most untidy men that ever drove a fellow-lodger to distraction. Not that I am in the least conventional in that respect myself. The rough-and-tumble work in Afghanistan, coming on the top of a natural bohemianism of disposition, has made me rather more lax than befits a medical man. But with me there is a limit; and when I find a man who keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe end of a Persian slipper, and his unanswered correspondence transfixed by a jack-knife into the very centre of his wooden mantel-piece, then I begin to give myself virtuous airs. I have always held, too, that pistol practice should be distinctly an open-air pastime; and when Holmes, in one of his queer humors, would sit in an arm-chair with his hair-trigger and a hundred Boxer cartridges, and proceed to adorn the opposite wall with a patriotic V. R. done in bullet-pocks, I felt strongly that neither the atmosphere nor the appearance of our room was improved by it.

Our chambers were always full of chemicals and of criminal relics, which had a way of wandering into unlikely positions, and of turning up in the butter-dish, or in even less desirable places. But his papers were my great *crux*. He had a horror of destroying documents, especially those which were connected with his past cases. And yet it was only once in every year or two that he would muster energy to docket and arrange them; for, as I have mentioned somewhere in these incoherent memoirs, the outbursts of passionate energy when he performed the remarkable feats with which his name is associated were followed by reactions of lethargy, during which he would lie about with his violin and his books, hardly moving save from the sofa to the table. Thus month after month his papers accumulated, until every corner of the room was stacked with bundles of manuscript, which were on no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner. One winter's night, as we sat together by the fire, I ventured to suggest to him that as he had finished pasting extracts into his commonplace book, he might employ the next two hours in making our room a little more habitable. He could not deny the justice of my request; so, with a rather rueful face, he went off to his bedroom, from which he returned presently, pulling a large tin box behind him. This he placed in the middle of the floor, and squatting down in front of it, he threw back the lid. I could see that it was a third full of bundles of paper, tied up with red tape into separate packages.

"There are cases enough here, Watson," said he, looking at me with mischievous eyes. "I think that if you knew all that I had in this box, you would ask me to pull some out instead of putting others in."

"These are the records of your early work, then?" I asked. "I have often wished that I had notes of those cases."

"Yes, my boy, these were all done prematurely before my biographer had come to glorify me." He lifted bundle after bundle in a tender, caressing sort of way. "They are not all successes, Watson," said he. "But there are some pretty little problems among them. Here's the record of the Tarleton murders, and the case of Vamberry the wine-merchant, and the adventure of the old Russian woman, and the singular affair of the aluminium crutch, as well as a full account of Ricoletti of the club-foot, and his abominable wife. And here—ah, now, this really is something a little *recherché*."

He dived his arm down to the bottom of the chest, and brought up a small wooden box with a sliding lid, such as children's toys are kept in. From within he produced a crumpled piece of paper, an old-fashioned brass key, a peg of wood with a ball of string attached to it, and three rusty old disks of metal.

"Well, my boy, what do you make of this lot?" he asked, smiling at my expression.

"It is a curious collection."

"Very curious; and the story that hangs round it will strike you as being more curious still."

"These relics have a history, then?"

"So much so that they *are* history."

"What do you mean by that?"

Sherlock Holmes picked them up one by one and laid them along the edge of the table. Then he reseated himself in his chair and looked them over with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

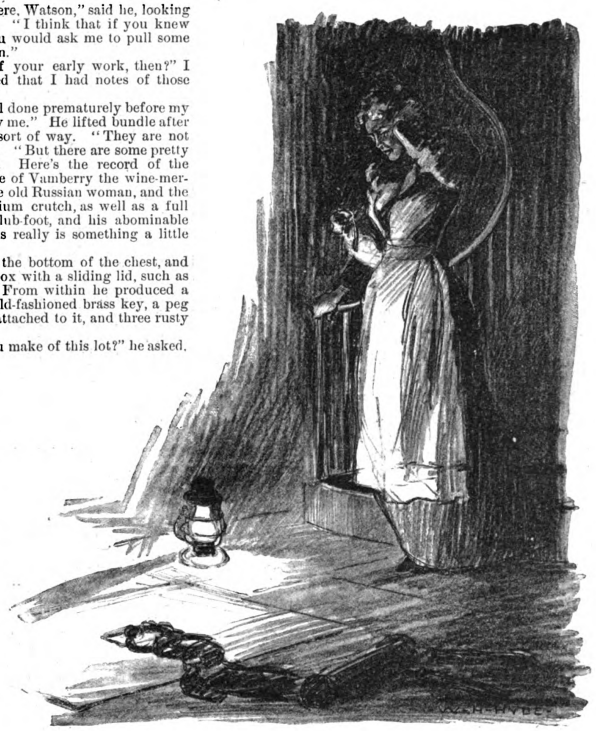
"These," said he, "are all that I have left to remind me of the adventure of the Musgrave Ritual."

I had heard him mention the case more than once, though I had never been able to gather the details. "I should be so glad," said I, "if you would give me an account of it."

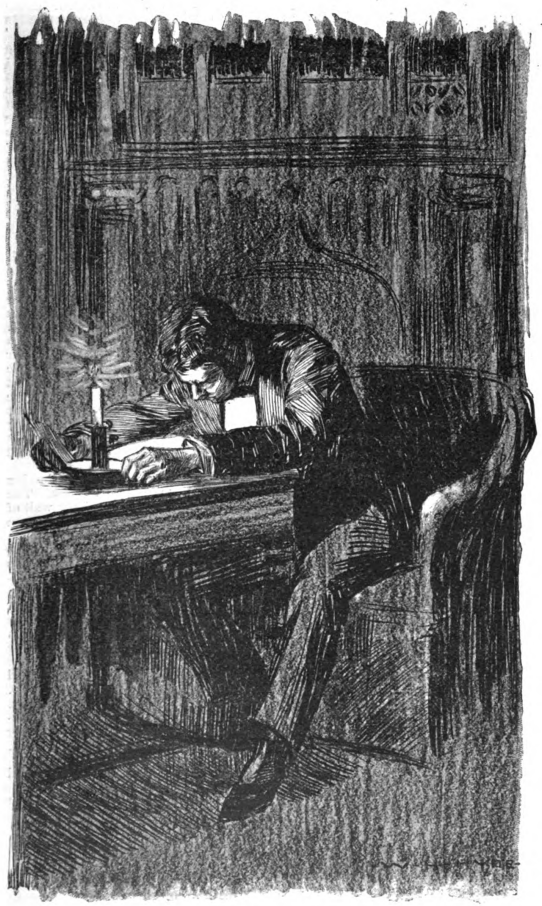
"And leave the litter as it is?" he cried, mischievously. "Your tidiness won't bear much strain, after all, Watson. But I should be glad that you should add this case to your annals, for there are points in it which make it quite unique in the criminal records of this or, I believe, of any other country. A collection of my trifling achievements would certainly be incomplete which contained no account of this very singular business.

"You may remember how the affair of the *Gloria Scott* and my conversation with the unhappy man whose fate I told you of first turned my attention in the direction of the profession which has become my life's work. You see me now, when my name has become known far and wide, and when I am generally recognized both by the public and by the official force as being a final court of appeal in doubtful cases. Even when you knew me first, at the time of the affair which you have commemorated in 'A Study in Scarlet,' I had already established a considerable, though not a very lucrative, connection. You can hardly realize, then, how difficult I found it at first, and how long I had to wait before I succeeded in making any headway.

"When I first came up to London I had rooms in Montague Street, just round the corner from the British Museum, and there I waited, filling in my too abundant leisure time by studying all those branches of science which might make me more efficient. Now and again cases came in my way, principally through the introduction of old fellow-students; for during my last years at the university there was a good deal of talk there about myself and my methods. The third of these cases was that of the Musgrave Ritual, and it is to the interest which was aroused by that singular chain of events, and the larger issues which proved to be at stake, that I trace my first stride towards the position which I now hold.



"STILL CLUTCHING AT HER TREASURE-TROVE."



"HE BEGAN TO STUDY IT WITH MINUTE ATTENTION."

"Reginald Musgrave had been in the same college as myself, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. He was not generally popular among the undergraduates, though it always seemed to me that what was set down as pride was really an attempt to cover extreme natural diffidence. In appearance he was a man of an exceedingly aristocratic type—thin, high-nosed, and large-eyed, with languid and yet courtly manners. He was, indeed, a scion of one of the very oldest families in the kingdom, though his branch was a cadet one which had separated from the northern Musgraves some time in the sixteenth century, and had established itself in western Sussex, where the manor-house of Hurlstone is perhaps the oldest inhabited building in the county. Something of his birthplace seemed to cling to the man, and I never looked at his pale keen face or the poise of his head without associating him with gray archways and mullioned windows, and all the venerable wreckage of a feudal keep. Once or twice we drifted into talk, and I can remember that more than once he expressed a keen interest in my methods of observation and inference.

"For four years I had seen nothing of him, until one morning he walked into my room in Montague Street. He had changed little, was dressed like a young man of fashion—he was always a bit of a dandy—and preserved the same quiet, suave manner which had formerly distinguished him.

"'How has all gone with you, Musgrave?' I asked, after we had cordially shaken hands.

"'You probably heard of my poor father's death,' said he. 'He was carried off about two years ago. Since then I have, of course, had the Hurlstone estates to manage, and as I am member for my district as well, my life has been a busy one. But I understand, Holmes, that you are turning to practical ends those powers with which you used to amaze us.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I have taken to living by my wits.'

"'I am delighted to hear it, for your advice at present would be exceedingly valuable to me. We have had some very strange doings at Hurlstone, and the police have been able to throw no light upon the matter. It is really the most extraordinary and inexplicable business.'

"You can imagine with what eagerness I listened to him, Watson, for the very chance for which I had been panting during all those months of inaction seemed to have come within my reach. In my innermost heart I believed that I could succeed where others failed, and now I had the opportunity to test myself.

"'Pray let me have the details,' I cried.

"Reginald Musgrave sat down opposite to me, and lit the cigarette which I had pushed towards him.

"'You must know,' said he, 'that though I am a bachelor, I have to keep up a considerable staff of servants at Hurlstone, for it is a rambling old place, and takes a good deal of looking after. I preserve, too, and in the pheasant months I usually have a house party, so that it would not do to be short-handed. Altogether there are eight maids, the cook, the butler, two footmen, and a boy. The garden and the stables, of course, have a separate staff.

"'Of these servants the one who had been longest in our service was Brunton the butler. He was a young schoolmaster out of place when he was first taken up by my father; but he was a man of great energy and character, and he soon became quite invaluable in the household. He was a well-grown, handsome man, with a splendid forehead, and though he has been with us for twenty years, he cannot be more

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than forty now. With his personal advantages and his extraordinary gifts—for he can speak several languages and play nearly every musical instrument—it is wonderful that he should have been satisfied so long in such a position; but I suppose that he was comfortable, and lacked energy to make any change. The butler of Hurlstone is always a thing that is remembered by all who visit us.

"'But this paragon has one fault. He is a bit of a Don Juan, and you can imagine that for a man like him it is not a very difficult part to play in a quiet country district. When he was married it was all right, but since he has been a widower we have had no end of trouble with him. A few months ago we were in hopes that he was about to settle down again, for he became engaged to Rachel Howells, our second house-maid; but he has thrown her over since then, and taken up with Janet Tregellis, the daughter of the head game-keeper. Rachel, who is a very good girl, but of an excitable Welsh temperament, had a sharp touch of brain-fever, and goes about the house now—or did until yesterday—like a black-eyed shadow of her former self. That was our first drama at Hurlstone, but a second one came to drive it from our minds, and it was prefaced by the disgrace and dismissal of butler Brunton.

"'This was how it came about: I have said that the man was intelligent, and this very intelligence has caused his ruin, for it seems to have led to an insatiable curiosity about things which did not in the least concern him. I had no idea of the lengths to which this curiosity would carry him until the merest accident opened my eyes to it.

"'I have said that the house is a rambling one. One day last week—on Thursday night, to be more exact—I found that I could not sleep, having foolishly taken a cup of strong *café noir* after my dinner. After struggling against it until two in the morning, I felt that it was quite hopeless, so I rose and lit the candle, with the intention of continuing a novel which I was reading. The book, however, had been left in the billiard-room, so I pulled on my dressing-gown and started off to get it.

"'In order to reach the billiard-room I had to descend a flight of stairs, and then cross the head of a passage which led to the library and the gun-room. You can imagine my surprise when, as I looked down this corridor, I saw a glimmer of light coming from the open door of the library. I had myself extinguished the lamp and closed the door before going to bed. Naturally my first thought was of burglars. The corridors at Hurlstone have their walls largely decorated with trophies of old weapons. From one of these I picked a battle-axe, and then, leaving my candle behind me, I crept on tiptoe down the passage, and peeped in at the open door.

"'Brunton, the butler, was in the library. He was sitting, fully dressed, in an easy-chair, with a slip of paper, which looked like a map, upon his knee, and his forehead sunk forward upon his hand in deep thought. I stood, dumb with astonishment, watching him from the darkness. A small taper on the edge of the table shed a feeble light, which sufficed to show me that he was fully dressed. Suddenly, as I looked, he rose from his chair, and walking over to a bureau at the side, he unlocked it, and drew out one of the drawers. From this he took a paper, and, returning to his seat, he flattened it out beside the taper on the edge of the table, and began to study it with minute attention. My indignation at this calm examination of our family documents overcame me so far that I took a step forward, and Brunton, looking up, saw me standing in the doorway. He sprang to his feet, his face turned livid with fear, and he thrust into his breast the chartlike paper which he had been originally studying. "So!" said I. "This is how you repay the trust which we have reposed in you. You will leave my service to-morrow."

"'He bowed, with the look of a man who is utterly crushed, and slunk past me without a word. The taper was still on the table, and by its light I glanced to see what the paper was which Brunton had taken from the bureau. To my surprise, it was nothing of any importance at all, but simply a copy of the questions and answers in the singular old observance called the Musgrave Ritual. It is a sort of ceremony peculiar to our family, which each Musgrave for centuries past has gone through on his coming of age—a thing of private interest, and perhaps of some little importance to the archæologist, like our own blazonings and charges, but of no practical use whatever.'

"'We had better come back to the paper afterwards,' said I.

"'If you think it really necessary,' he answered, with some hesitation. 'To continue my statement, however: I relocked the bureau, using the key which Brunton had left, and I had turned to go when I was surprised to find that the butler had returned and was standing before me. "Mr. Musgrave, sir," he cried, in a voice which was hoarse with emotion, "I can't bear disgrace, sir. I've always been proud above my station in life, and disgrace would kill me. My blood will be on your head, sir—it will indeed—if you drive me to despair. If you cannot keep me after what has passed, then for God's sake let me give you notice and leave in a month, as if of my own free-will. I could stand that, Mr. Musgrave, but not to be cast out before all the folk that I know so well." "You don't deserve much consideration, Brunton," I answered. "Your conduct has been most infamous. However, as you have been a long time in the family, I have no wish to bring public disgrace upon you. A month, however, is too long. Take yourself away in a week, and give what reason you like for going." "Only a week, sir," he cried, in a despairing voice. "A fortnight—say at least a fortnight." "A week," I repeated, "and you may consider yourself to have been very leniently dealt with."

"'He crept away, his face sunk upon his breast like a broken man, while I put out the light and returned to my room.

"'For two days after this Brunton was most assiduous in his attention to his duties. I made no allusion to what had passed, and waited with some curiosity to see how he would cover his disgrace. On the third morning, however, he did not appear, as was his custom, after breakfast to receive my instructions for the day. As I left the dining-room I happened to meet Rachel Howells, the maid. I have told you that she had only recently recovered from an illness, and was looking so wretchedly pale and wan that I remonstrated with her for being at work. "You should be in bed," I said. "Come back to your duties when you are stronger." She looked at me with so strange an expression that I began to suspect that her brain was affected. "I am strong enough, Mr. Musgrave," said she. "We will see what the doctor says," I answered. "You must stop work now, and when you go down stairs just say that I wish to see Brunton." "The butler is gone," said she. "Gone! Gone where?" "He is gone. No one has seen him. He is not in his room. Oh yes, he is gone, he is gone!"

"'She fell back against the wall with shriek after shriek of laughter, while I, horrified at this sudden hysterical attack, rushed to the bell to summon help. The girl was taken to her room, still screaming and sobbing, while I made inquiries about Brunton. There was no doubt about it that he had disappeared. His bed had not been slept in; he had been seen by no one since he had retired to his room the night before; and yet it was difficult to see how he could have left the house, as both windows and doors were found to be fastened in the morning. His clothes, his watch, and even his money were in his room, but the black suit which he usually wore was missing. His slippers, too, were gone, but his boots were left behind. Where, then, could butler Brunton have gone in the night, and what could have become of him now?

"'Of course we searched the house from cellar to garret, but there was no trace of him. It is, as I have said, a labyrinth of an old house, especially the original wing, which is now practically uninhabited, but we ransacked every room and cellar without discovering the least sign of the missing man. It was incredible to me that he could have gone away leaving all his property behind him, and yet where could he be? I called in the local police, but without success. Rain had fallen on the night before, and we examined the lawn and the paths all round the house, but in vain. Matters were in this state, when a new development quite drew our attention away from the original mystery.

"'For two days Rachel Howells had been so ill, sometimes delirious, sometimes hysterical, that a nurse had been employed to sit up with her at night. On the third night after Brunton's disappearance, the nurse, finding her patient sleeping nicely, had dropped into a nap in the arm-chair, when she woke in the early morning to find the bed empty, the window open, and no signs of the invalid. I was instantly aroused, and, with the two footmen, started off at once in search of the missing girl. It was not difficult to tell the direction she had taken, for, starting from under her window, we could follow her footmarks easily across the lawn to the edge of the Mere, where they vanished close to the gravel path which leads out of the grounds. The lake there is eight feet deep, and you can imagine our feelings when we saw that the trail of the poor demented girl came to an end at the edge of it.

"'Of course we had the drags at once, and set to work to recover the remains, but no trace of the body could we find. On the other hand, we brought to the surface an object of a most unexpected kind. It was a linen bag which contained within it a mass of old rusted and discolored metal, and several dull colored pieces of pebble or glass. This strange find was all that we could get from the Mere, and although we made every possible search and inquiry yesterday, we know nothing of the fate either of Rachel Howells or of Richard Brunton. The county police are at their wits' end, and I have come up to you as a last resource.'

"You can imagine, Watson, with what eagerness I listened to this extraordinary sequence of events, and endeavored to piece them together, and to devise some common thread upon which they might all hang. The butler was gone. The maid was gone. The maid had loved the butler, but had afterwards had cause to hate him. She was of Welsh blood, fiery and passionate. She had been terribly excited immediately after his disappearance. She had flung into the lake a bag containing some curious contents. These were all factors which had to be taken into consideration, and yet none of them got quite to the heart of the matter. What was the starting-point of this chain of events? There lay the end of this tangled line.

"'I must see that paper, Musgrave,' said I, 'which this butler of yours thought it worth his while to consult, even at the risk of the loss of his place.'

"'It is rather an absurd business, this ritual of ours,' he answered. 'But it has at least the saving grace of antiquity to excuse it. I have a copy of the questions and answers here, if you care to run your eye over them.'

"He handed me the very paper which I have here, Watson, and this is the strange catechism to which each Musgrave had to submit when he came to man's estate. I will read you the questions and answers as they stand.

"'Whose was it?'

"'His who is gone.'

"'Who shall have it?'

"'He who will come.'

"'Where was the sun?'

"'Over the oak.'

"'Where was the shadow?'

"'Under the elm.'

"'How was it stepped?'

"'North by ten and by ten, east by five and by five, south by two and by two, west by one and by one, and so under.'

"'What shall we give for it?'

"'All that is ours.'

"'Why should we give it?'

"'For the sake of the trust.'

"'The original has no date, but is in the spelling of the middle of the seventeenth century,' remarked Musgrave. 'I am afraid, however, that it can be of little help to you in solving this mystery.'

"'At least,' said I, 'it gives us another mystery, and one which is even more interesting than the first. It may be that the solution of the one may prove to be the solution of the other. You will excuse me, Musgrave, if I say that your butler appears to me to have been a very clever man, and to have had a clearer insight than ten generations of his masters.'

"'I hardly follow you,' said Musgrave. 'The paper seems to me to be of no practical importance.'

"'But to me it seems immensely practical, and I fancy that Brunton took the same view. He had probably seen it before that night on which you caught him.'

"'It is very possible. We took no pains to hide it.'

"'He simply wished, I should imagine, to refresh his memory upon that last occasion. He had, as I understand, some sort of map or chart, which he was comparing with the manuscript, and which he thrust into his pocket when you appeared.'

"'That is true. But what could he have to do with this old family custom of ours, and what does this rigmarole mean?'

"'I don't think that we should have much difficulty in determining that,' said I. 'With your permission, we will take the first train down to Sussex and go a little more deeply into the matter upon the spot.'

"The same afternoon saw us both at Hurlstone. Possibly you have seen pictures and read descriptions of the famous old building, so I will confine my account of it to saying that it is built in the shape of an L, the long arm being the more modern portion, and the shorter the ancient nucleus from which the other has developed. Over the low heavy lintelled door in the centre of this old part is chiselled the date 1607, but experts are agreed that the beams and stonework are really much older than this. The enormously thick walls and tiny windows of this part had in the last century driven the family into building the new wing, and the old one was used now as a storehouse and a cellar when it was used at all. A splendid park with fine old timber surrounds the house, and the lake to which my client had referred lay close to the avenue, about two hundred yards from the building.

"I was already firmly convinced, Watson, that there were not three separate mysteries here, but only one; and that if I could read the Musgrave Ritual aright, I should hold in my hand the clew which would lead me to the truth concerning both the butler Brunton and the maid Howells. To that, then, I turned all my energies. Why should this servant be so anxious to master this old formula? Evidently because he saw something in it which had escaped all those generations of country squires, and from which he expected some personal advantage. What was it, then, and how had it affected his fate?

"It was perfectly obvious to me on reading the ritual that the measurements must refer to some spot to which the rest of the document alluded, and that if we could find that spot we should be in a fair way towards finding what the secret was which the old Musgraves had thought necessary to embalm in so curious a fashion. There were two guides given us to start with—an oak and an elm. As to the oak, there could be no question at all. Right in front of the house, upon the left-hand side of the drive, there stood a patriarch among oaks, one of the most magnificent trees that I have ever seen.

"'That was there when your ritual was drawn up,' said I, as we drove past it.

"'It was there at the Norman Conquest, in all probability,' he answered. 'It has a girth of twenty-three feet.'

"Here was one of my fixed points secured.

"'Have you any old elms?' I asked.

"'There used to be a very old one over yonder, but it was struck by lightning ten years ago, and we cut down the stump.'

"'You can see where it used to be?'

"'Oh yes.'

"'There are no other elms?'

"'No old ones, but plenty of beeches.'

"'I should like to see where it grew.'

"We had driven up in a dog-cart, and my client led me away at once, without our entering the house, to the scar on the lawn where the elm had stood. It was nearly midway between the oak and the house. My investigation seemed to be progressing.

"'I suppose it is impossible to find out how high the elm was?' I asked.

"'I can give you it at once. It was sixty-four feet.'

"'How do you come to know it?' I asked, in surprise.

"'When my old tutor used to give me an exercise in trigonometry it always took the shape of measuring heights. When I was a lad I worked out every tree and building in the estate.'

"This was an unexpected piece of luck. My data were coming more quickly than I could have reasonably hoped.

"'Tell me,' I asked, 'did your butler ever ask you such a question?'

"Reginald Musgrave looked at me in astonishment.

"'Now that you call it to my mind,' he answered, 'Brunton *did* ask me about the height of the tree some months ago, in connection with some little argument with the groom.'

"This was excellent news, Watson, for it showed me that I was on the right road. I looked up at the sun. It was low in the heavens, and I calculated that in less than an hour it would lie just above the topmost branches of the old oak. One condition mentioned in the ritual would then be fulfilled. And the shadow of the elm must mean the further end of the shadow; otherwise the trunk would have been chosen as the guide. I had then to find where the far end of the shadow would fall when the sun was just clear of the oak."

"That must have been difficult, Holmes, when the elm was no longer there."

"Well, at least I knew that if Brunton could do it I could also. Besides, there was no real difficulty. I went with Musgrave to his study and whittled myself this peg, to which I tied this long string, with a knot at each yard. Then I took two lengths of a fishing-rod, which came to just six feet, and I went back with my client to where the elm had been. The sun was just grazing the top of the oak. I fastened the rod on end, marked out the direction of the shadow, and measured it. It was nine feet in length.

"Of course the calculation now was a simple one. If a rod of six feet threw a shadow of nine, a tree of sixty-four feet would throw one of ninety-six, and the line of the one would, of course, be the line of the other. I measured out the distance, which brought me almost to the wall of the house, and I thrust a peg into the spot. You can imagine my exultation, Watson, when within two inches of my peg I saw a conical depression in the ground. I knew that it was the mark made by Brunton in his measurements, and that I was still upon his trail.

"From this starting-point I proceeded to step, having first taken the cardinal points by my pocket-compass. Ten steps with each foot took me along parallel with the wall of the house, and again I marked my spot with a peg. Then I carefully paced off five to the east and two to the south. It brought me to the very threshold of the old door. Two steps to the west meant now that I was to go two paces down the stone-flagged passage, and this was the place indicated by the ritual.

"Never have I felt such a cold chill of disappointment, Watson. For a moment it seemed to me that there must be some radical mistake in my calculations. The setting sun shone full upon the passage floor, and I could see that the old foot-worn gray stones with which it was paved were firmly cemented together, and had certainly not been moved for many a long year. Brunton had not been at work here. I tapped upon the floor, but it sounded the same all over, and there was no sign of any crack or crevice. But fortunately Musgrave, who had begun to appreciate the meaning of my proceedings, and who was now as excited as myself, took out his manuscript to check my calculations.

"'And under,' he cried. 'You have omitted the "and under."'

"I had thought that it meant that we were to dig, but now, of course, I saw at once that I was wrong. 'There is a cellar under this, then?' I cried.

"'Yes, and as old as the house. Down here, through this door.'

"We went down a winding stone stair; and my companion, striking a match, lit a large lantern which stood on a barrel in the corner. In an instant it was obvious that we had at last come upon the true place, and that we had not

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been the only people to visit the spot recently.

"It had been used for the storage of wood, but the billets, which had evidently been littered over the floor, were now piled at the sides so as to leave a clear space in the middle. In this space lay a large and heavy flag-stone with a rusted iron ring in the centre, to which a thick shepherd's check muffler was attached.

"'By Jove!' cried my client. 'That's Brunton's muffler I have seen it on him, and could swear to it. What has the villain been doing here?'

"At my suggestion a couple of the county police were summoned to be present, and I then endeavored to raise the stone by pulling on the cravat. I could only move it slightly, and it was with the aid of one of the constables that I succeeded at last in carrying it to one side. A black hole yawned beneath, into which we all peered, while Musgrave, kneeling at the side, pushed down the lantern.

"A small chamber, about seven feet deep and four feet square, lay open to us At one side of this was a squat brass-bound wooden box, the lid of which was hinged upwards, with this curious old-fashioned key projecting from the lock. It was furred outside by a thick layer of dust, and damp and worms had eaten through the wood so that a crop of livid fungi was growing on the inside of it. Several disks of metal, old coins apparently, such as I hold here, were scattered over the bottom of the box, but it contained nothing else.

"At the moment, however, we had no thought for the old chest, for our eyes were riveted upon that which crouched beside it. It was the figure of a man clad in a suit of black who squatted down upon his hams, with his forehead sunk, upon the edge of the box and his two arms thrown out on each side of it. The attitude had drawn all the stagnant blood to the face, and no man could have recognized that distorted liver-colored countenance; but his height, his dress, and his hair were all-sufficient to show my client, when we had drawn the body up, that it was indeed his missing butler. He had been dead some days, but there was no wound or bruise upon his person to show how he had met his dreadful end. When his body had been carried from the cellar we found ourselves still confronted with a problem which was almost as formidable as that with which we had started.

"I confess that so far, Watson, I had been disappointed in my investigation. I had reckoned upon solving the matter when once I had found the place referred to in the ritual, but now I was there, and was apparently as far as ever from knowing what it was which the family had concealed with such elaborate precautions. It is true that I had thrown a light upon the fate of Brunton, but now I had to ascertain how that fate had come upon him, and what part had been played in the matter by the woman who had disappeared. I sat down upon a keg in the corner and thought the whole matter carefully over

"You know my methods in such cases, Watson. I put myself in the man's place, and having first gauged his intelligence, I try to imagine how I should myself have proceeded under the same circumstances. In this case the matter was simplified by Brunton's intelligence being quite first rate, so that it was unnecessary to make any allowance for the personal equation, as the astronomers have dubbed it. He knew that some valuable was concealed He had spotted the place. He found that the stone which covered it was just too heavy for a man to move unaided What would he do next? He could not get help from outside, even if he had some one whom he could trust, without the unbarring of doors, and considerable risk of detection. It was better, if he could, to have his helpmate inside the house. But whom could he ask? This girl had been devoted to him A man always finds it hard to realize that he may have finally lost a woman's love, however badly he may have treated her. He would try by a few attentions to make his peace with the girl Howells, and then would engage her as his accomplice. Together they would come at night to the cellar, and their united forces would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work, the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist him? Probably what I should have done myself I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wood which were scattered round the floor Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One piece about three feet in length had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the sides as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up, they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on to the edge of this other slab. So far I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama. Clearly only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents, presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—and then what happened?

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might, I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure-trove, and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing, perhaps, with the muffled screams from behind her, and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out.

"Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter, on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the Mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity, to remove the last trace of her crime

"For twenty minutes I had sat motionless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole.

"'These are coins of Charles the First,' said he, holding out the few which had been in the box. 'You see, we were right in fixing our date for the ritual.'

"'We may find something else of Charles the First,' I cried, as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the ritual broke suddenly upon me. 'Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the Mere.'

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the débris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black

(Continued on page 458.)

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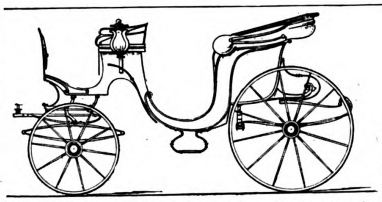
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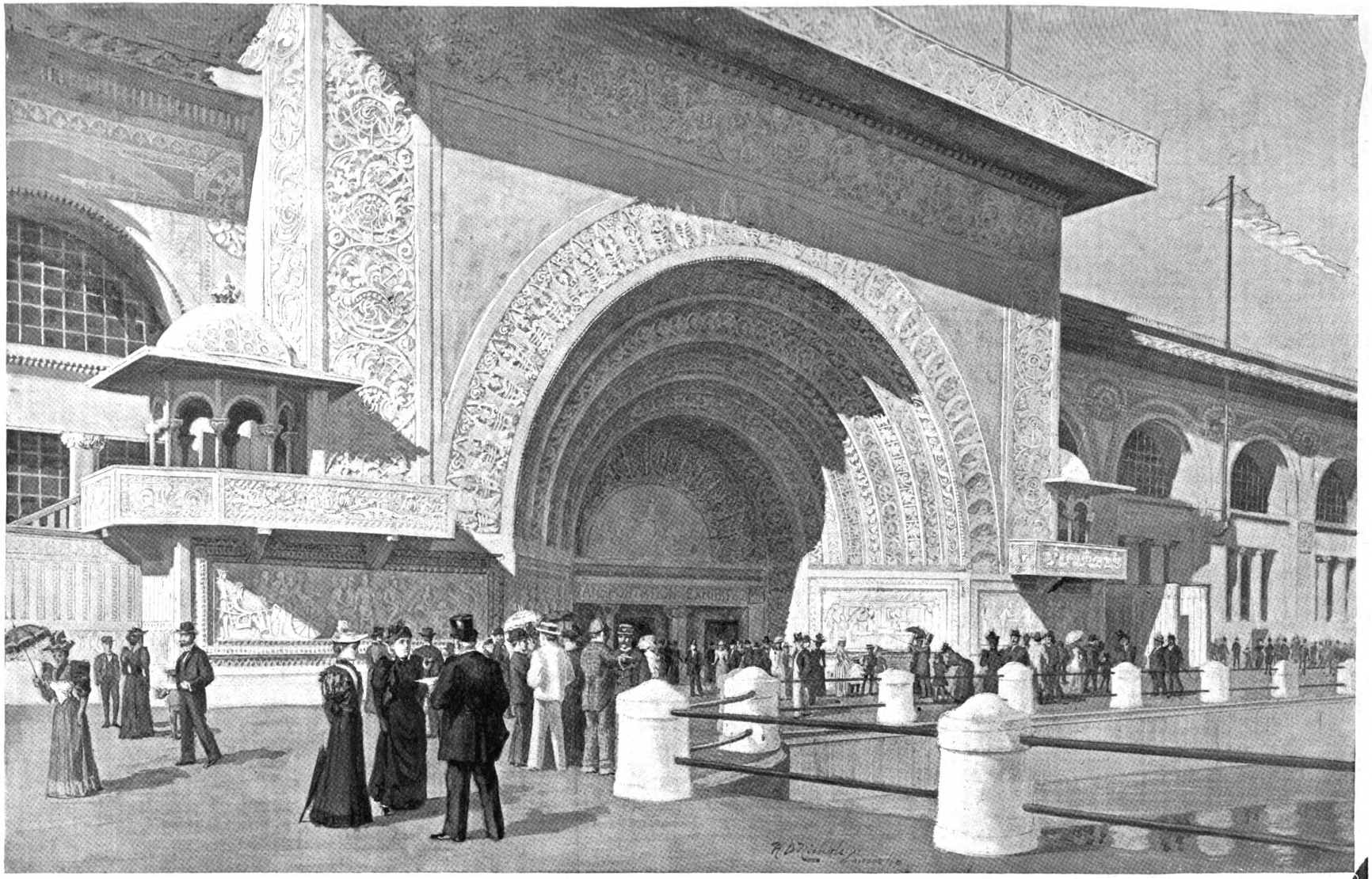
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CENTRAL POWER PLANT ANNEXED TO MACHINERY HALL.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

Looking down the long Avenue of Boilers and Furnaces. The Fires to be fed with Petroleum Oil piped from a Distance of Twenty-one Miles.—[See Page 442.]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GOLDEN DOORWAY TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

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[illegible]TURE OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

(*Continued from page 455.*)

[illegible]he stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterwards like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal-work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape.

"'You must bear in mind,' said I, 'that the royal party made head in England even after the death of the king, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times.'

"'My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent Cavalier, and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings,' said my friend.

"'Ah, indeed!' I answered. 'Well, now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a tragic manner, of a relic which is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as a historical curiosity.'

"'What is it, then?' he gasped, in astonishment.

"'It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England.'

"'The crown!'

"'Precisely. Consider what the ritual says. How does it run? "Whoce was it?" "His who is gone." That was after the execution of Charles. Then: "Who shall have it?" "He who will come." That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stewarts.'

"'And how came it in the pond?'

"'Ah! that is a question that will take some time to answer.' And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmise and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished.

"'And how was it, then, that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?' asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"'Ah! there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it, and lost his life in the venture.'

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone—though they had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away out of England, and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

A MAY SONG.

Blow wind from out the south,
And hither swiftly bring
A message from the mouth—
The fragrant mouth of spring;
And when is heard the whispered word,
Each brook shall be a string,
To whose sweet melody the bird
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blue as the sky the breast,
And blue the sudden wing
Shall be of this glad guest—
This happy guest of spring;
He knows by rote her cheery note,
And all the air shall ring
When he with rapture in his throat
Shall sing—shall sing!

Blow wind, and breathe of May
And wildflowers blossoming,
Of buds upon the spray,
To welcome in the spring;
The brook shall be a minstrel free,
And every waking thing
With her blue herald in the tree
Shall sing—shall sing!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE necessity of changing the policy that has existed since the foundation of this government in relation to immigration into this country is becoming more apparent to every observing citizen, and the placing of restriction upon the rights of immigration, so as to prevent the incoming and settlement among us of undesirable classes, is almost universally conceded.

When the existing policy of unrestricted immigration was first declared, this was a sparsely settled continent, with many millions of acres of land open to settlement; and, as in nearly all new countries, its development demanded the employment of large armies of laborers.

To-day, the public lands owned by the government have nearly all been sold, and fewer opportunities are afforded to the settler without means to create a home in the United States, while the events that have transpired in the labor centres of this country during the past five years teach us that we have a supply of labor that exceeds the demand. These two facts demonstrate that the time has arrived when there should be a change in our policy in relation to immigration. It was originally contemplated that the people who would avail themselves of our liberal offers to immigrants would be such as would, after a short time, assimilate with our people, and become believers in our form of government, and in the necessity of maintaining our institutions and our civilization for the reason that they guaranteed the greatest good to our people.

During the past few years we have observed a decided change in the character of immigration. People who refuse to assimilate with us, and whose birth and education—religious, political, and social—are at variance with ours, tend rather to destroy than to improve the condition of our country and of our civilization. That all such classes, no matter whence they come, should be excluded from the United States must be apparent to all.

Having been confronted with the immigration of one of these undesirable classes for many years, and knowing the evils resulting therefrom, we of the Pacific coast feel that we are in a better position to judge of their desirability than are our Eastern friends, who must judge the race and its contaminating influences by the comparatively few who have drifted East.

The Chinese are an undesirable immigration from a political, social, and economical stand-point. We have permitted and encouraged immigration in the past because of the belief that each immigrant had a money value, in that his labor, as applied to the development of the natural resources of the country, produced some new value, which enriched the community and increased the wealth of the nation.

The Chinese immigrants are actuated by different purposes from those of other aliens. They have no intention of remaining here longer than is necessary to acquire a sum of money sufficient to maintain them in their own land. All expect to return there some day, taking with them the profit of their labor here.

They bring no families with them, and do not become permanent residents, but are mere birds of passage, whose labor earnings represent no increase of wealth in the State.

They establish no domestic relations here, found no homes, and in no wise increase or promote the growth of the community in which they reside, and are, for these reasons, to be considered as different from the other immigrants, and their coming should be regulated by different laws from those applying to other alien races who come here. The latter come, with few exceptions, with no intention of returning to their native land. Their earnings are retained here, they marry, families are established, homes builded; and many other citizens find, in time, employment in satisfying the wants thus created. Farms are subdivided, and small settlements established; towns spring up, and the country experiences the benefit of their growth and development.

The Chinaman does none of these things. He comes a bachelor and remains one, animated only by the desire of living as cheaply as possible, spending as little as possible, and returning to his native land with his earnings.

He lives in hovels that a white man could not exist in. He acquires no vested rights in realty, and on his departure the country is poorer by the amount he takes with him.

If we had had in California a number of white laborers equal to the number of our Chinese, we would have retained here many millions of dollars which have been sent to China, and we would have a far greater measure of prosperity than we now enjoy.

Is it a good policy to encourage the immigration of a class of laborers coming with the purpose of the Chinese?

During the past few years the commissioners of immigration on the Atlantic side have returned to Europe many laborers who were in the habit annually of coming over to the United States in the summer to labor as stone-cutters and toilers generally, and who returned to their native land in the fall, there to enjoy the fruits of the summer's work; and public sentiment in the East approved of the action of the department.

The only difference between this class of European laborers and the Chinese is that the Chinaman remains and labors during the winter, and thus increases the amount he finally withdraws.

The resident laborers of the country, the men who bear the burdens of maintaining the government, and who are relied on to defend it when attacked, are entitled to protection against this class of labor, no matter whence it comes; and the government that fails to so protect its citizens is guilty of negligence and indifference to the necessities of its people.

Another objection to the Chinese is founded on their attitude toward our government. It cannot be in accord with good public policy to permit a foreign people in large numbers to reside in our midst, as the Chinese do, and yet recognize allegiance not to our government, but to the government of their native land. Nearly all of the Chinese in the United States come from one province of China, and are members of one or the other of the Six Chinese Companies, so called, who control the movements and the affairs of their members.

The Chinese here live to themselves; they adopt none of the customs or habits of our people, but retain the dress, manners, and mode of life of their native land. They acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Emperor of China over them and their affairs in the United States. In fact, they establish a little Chinese Empire in our midst, and recognize their allegiance to the laws of the mother country rather than to our laws.

During the past week the Chinese consul in San Francisco, wearying of the internecine strife of these people, has issued his proclamation calling their attention to the fact that in carrying on this warfare they were violating a law not of the United States, but of China, and threatening them that he, as a representative of the Chinese government, would arrest the violators of its laws and return them to China, where they would be punished in accordance with the laws of that country.

Can any lover of this government believe that the further immigration of a class of people who, while here, recognize allegiance to a foreign power, and are amenable to its laws, can be a benefit to this land? And should we permit them to establish themselves in large numbers in our midst?

Suppose a hundred thousand Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, or numbers of other foreign races, should establish themselves as a colony in a portion of New York or Boston, recognizing their allegiance not to our laws, but to the laws of their native land, how long would the people of the East permit such immigration? We of the West do not believe such to be beneficial to the country.

From political considerations, then, this state of affairs should not be permitted to continue. If no other reason were found for the exclusion of the Chinese, this condition should be sufficient. We of California, who have been intimately acquainted with the Chinese character for years, find other objections, based upon their moral and social conditions.

No person who has visited the Chinese quarters in San Francisco but would bear me witness of their degrading influence in a community.

The Chinaman in the East is represented as a peaceable, innocent laborer. The Chinese that we have to deal with in California do not sustain the reports generally sent us from the East, and even from China; and it has been represented to us that the immigration from China is from one province, and that province one of the lowest, socially, in China.

Instead of being a law-abiding peaceable class, we find them, as might be expected from their social condition, the very contrary; and we can hardly expect more of them, as the history of the world shows that large bodies of men emigrating from their native land to new countries, with no intention of remaining there, or of establishing social or domestic relations there, never feel the social or moral restraint of permanent citizens.

In the prisons of California there is a greater percentage of Chinese than of any other nationality; and this is not owing to race prejudice, for the experience of our courts teaches us that, owing to their almost absolute disregard of the sanctity of an oath, it is much more difficult to convict them than other criminals.

Again, in their communities, they practise many vices hitherto unknown to our civilization, which, from their novelty, attract the attention of our youths, many of whom adopt their vile practices. To-day nearly all of the white criminals of California practise all of the Chinese vices, opium-smoking and the others. Our asylums are being filled with victims of the practises of their peculiar civilization, and our prisons with themselves and the men who have been defiled by contact with them. We recognize their value as cheap laborers in the vineyard and in the fields. But we know that the money value of their labor to the employer in no wise compensates for the destruction of our young people and the impoverishment of our country.

Again, and for these reasons, because their competition is destructive to the rest of American labor, and because their social and domestic relations are at variance with our conception of what is best for society and best for the people, do we believe that their further immigration should be absolutely restricted; and this rule, in turn, should be applied to all other races against whom the same objections can be urged.

T. J. GEARY.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

II.—THE KING OF ROARING CREEK.

"THE great fault of story-tellers is their absurd struggle for striking effects," observed Jones, with a sententious air, after getting his second cigar well started. "Unless the average story-teller has something out of the way, or blood-curdling, or utterly impossible, he thinks he has nothing to relate at all. Hair-breadth escapes and marvellous encounters are not the only things in this world. The interesting lies all about us. Better a quiet tale well told than a story of shipwreck on the coast of lost Atlantis in the style of a Patent Office report. Genius, gentlemen, illumes the lowly and gilds the every-day with the splendor which rested on Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold."

"That's a very true observation, Jones," returned Jackson Peters. "Oddly enough, I was just on the point of relating a little incident which illustrates it to perfection. I was out in Kansas last fall on election day. It seems that in one precinct a woman had by mistake voted a receipt for currant-jelly instead of the regular ticket, and when the female inspectors of election came to it while counting the vote, they read it, and got into a dispute as to whether or not currant-jelly made by it would jell, and—"

"Come, come, Jackson, our friends here do not want to listen to any such stuff as this. You somehow fail to give to it that touch of genius for which you are so celebrated. Besides, I made those discriminating remarks of mine as a prelude to a humble tale of an experience of my own in Missouri."

"But, Jones," said Robinson, "you often relate the exciting and marvellous yourself."

"Certainly—when it is true. I am not afraid of the striking, or even the improbable, if it come within my experience, and I can vouch for each word of it. For instance, when I told you recently of how I once caught an escaped circus tiger by inducing him to put his tail through an auger-hole in a board fence, and then tying a knot in the tail, did I seem ill at ease? I think not. The more subdued incident which I started to relate happened to me when I had a store in a little backwoods Missouri town. I had not been open a week when one day a large, angular man with a protruding lower jaw came in and asked my prices on plug tobacco, revolver cartridges, bowie-knives, and bear-traps. He was a strikingly large man, probably six feet four, and must have weighed considerably over two hundred pounds. He was well proportioned, and seemed as quick and active as a cat. He carried a heavy pistol in a holster, and appeared irritable and captious. I gave him the figures he asked for, and also mentioned that I carried a full line of pocket-flasks, brass knuckles, and tools suitable for breaking jail. He listened, and then said: 'Podner, my name is Whipsaw Pepper, and I'm the King of Roaring Creek. I live up at the head of the creek, where the Old Giasticus sharpens his fangs on the bones of his dead. Everybody on Roaring Creek looks up to me and does as I says. They all trade at the store where I say, and I'm in the habit of getting my terbacker and things free for directing of 'em to a store. I'm willing to do this by you.' He stopped, and his hand rested lightly on the butt of his revolver. Gentlemen, I saw that my success in that neighborhood depended on my action. I laid down the dredge which I used for scratching dried apples out of a barrel, stepped around from behind the counter, and kicked Mr. Pepper heavily. Before he could express his surprise, either orally or Delsartely, I kicked him the whole length of the store, about ten feet at each kick, and through the front door, leaving a large, jagged hole in it. I then painted this sign, and put it on the front of my building:

> **Roaring Creek men are directed to buy their goods at this store. Those disobeying this order will be shot. Enter by the hole through which I kicked the Old Giasticus.**
> **JONES, King of Pike County.**

I had no further difficulty, and did a lively business for three years, my chief trade coming from the Roaring Creek settlement."

Jones paused and silently took a match from Smith's proffered box.

Robinson straightened up and said, "Jones, that was a good story."

"Thank you, Robinson, for saying so. Merely a plain account of what happened. But what would our condition now be had we listened to the depressing tale of my young friend here, Jackson Peters, of the lady who cast a ballot-paper for Prohibition? Jackson is all right, but he is young yet. No man can be a good story-teller till he is fifty years old, and has had large experience in different parts of the world."

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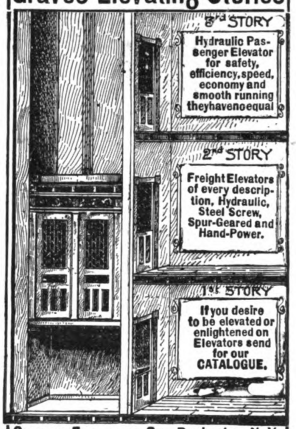
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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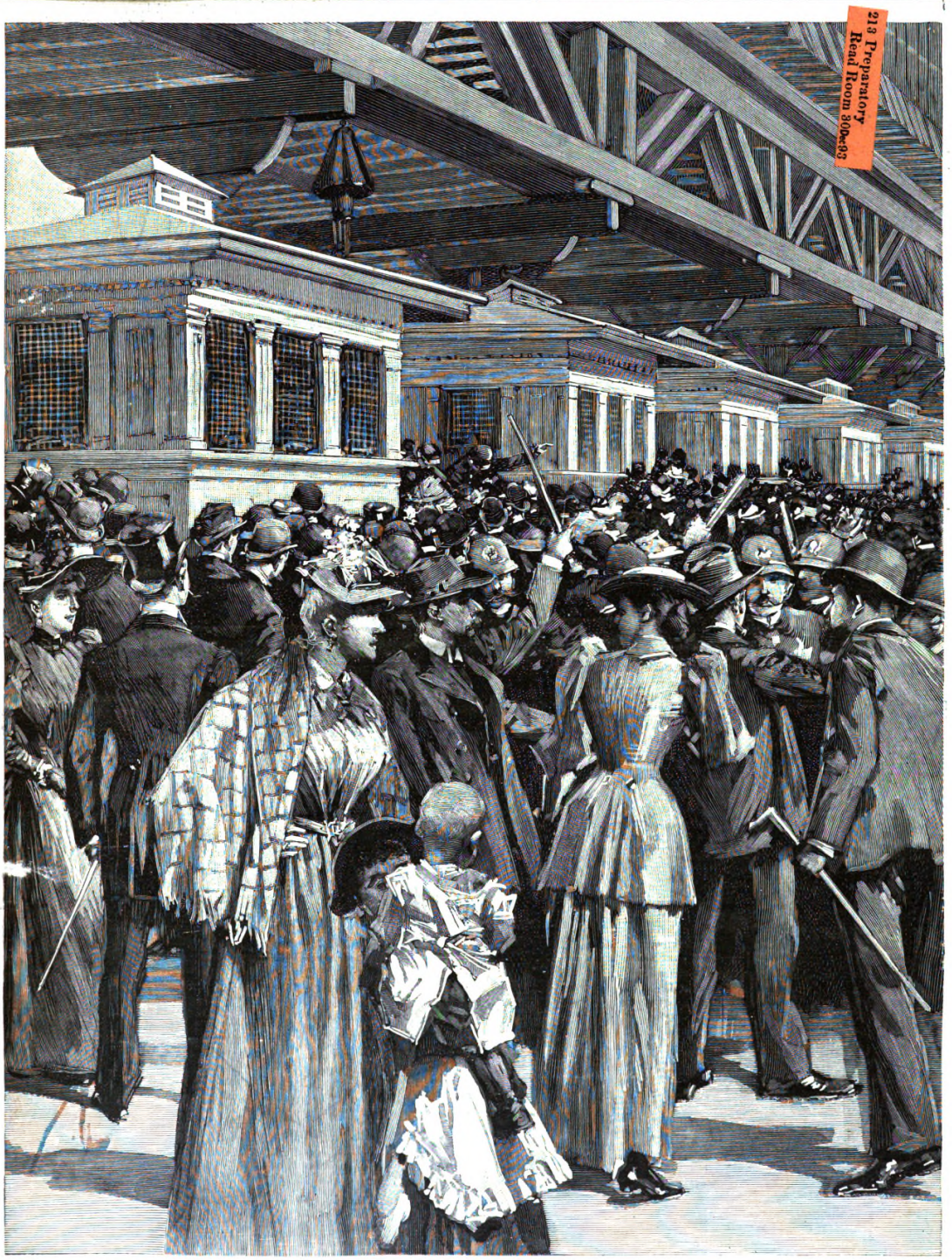
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In the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *dated May 27th, there will be published an article on*

THE WESTERN VIEW OF THE SILVER QUESTION,

BY THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT,
U. S. SENATOR FROM COLORADO.

THE CRISIS IN GERMANY.

THE dissolution of the Reichstag upon the rejection of the army bill has precipitated Germany into the throes of a fierce election campaign. The Emperor has, in the truest sense of the term, appealed to the people against the majority of their chosen representatives. In making this appeal the government addresses itself to the national feeling. Its argument is simple. The German Empire is situated in the centre of the European continent, between two great powers, France and Russia, which may be assumed to be unfriendly and watching for a favorable chance for a concerted attack. In case of such an attack Germany would have to carry on "a war with two fronts"—one to the west against France, and the other to the east against Russia. The armies of each of these powers are superior in numbers to that of Germany. The German army may excel either of them in the quality of the men, in instruction, drill, and discipline. But a combination of the hostile forces would make their military strength, if not irresistible, at least highly dangerous. Germany has indeed fortified herself by the compact with Austria and Italy, the famous Triple Alliance, which, in case of an attack from the hostile powers, would cooperate with her. But Italy is in a most deplorable financial condition, and Austria may at the critical moment find herself embarrassed by the distracting animosities of the different nationalities within her own borders, the powerful Slavic element sympathizing with Russia and France. Even if the allies could be counted upon for faithful and energetic co-operation in the dreaded emergency, their military forces joined to those of Germany would not bring up the total to the combined strength of Russia and France. The peace of Europe is maintained mainly by the certainty that Russia and France, if they attacked Germany, would find their match, or more than their match. As soon as they have reason to think that Germany with her allies will not be able to resist them, the temptation for an onslaught will be dangerously seductive, and the existence of the German Empire will be in great peril. Inasmuch as France and Russia have been constantly augmenting their armaments, this temptation exists now. It is therefore imperatively necessary that the German Empire, which will have to bear the brunt of the conflict, should correspondingly increase its forces as a guaranty of peace. This is the position of the government.

Assuming the premises as to the relative strength of the armies to be correct, this argument is not without weight. We hear it frequently said that if Germany would only restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, the French would at once cease to be hostile to Germany, and the situation would be relieved of the strain. This is a mistake. If Alsace and Lorraine were thus restored, the French would take it as a demonstration not of conciliatory feeling, but of conscious weakness on the part of the Germans, and the chances are ten to one that they would then revive their old demand for the frontier of the Rhine as the "natural frontier of France," avail themselves of the first favorable opportunity to get it, and thus to wipe out the disgrace of their defeat in the war of 1870 and 1871. But even if this were not so, the decisive fact would still remain that it was not alone the acquisition of the two provinces by Germany, but mainly the formation of the German Empire as the leading power in central Europe, that has excited the bitter jealousy and resentment of France, and of Russia also. The dissolution of the German Empire, the breaking up of Germany into a number of comparatively powerless states, is the real object of their desire, and until this object is accomplished their hostile feeling will not be essentially changed. In fact, the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine, with the two great fortresses of Metz and Strasburg, has so strengthened the defensive position of Germany on its western frontier as greatly to discourage a French attack, and it is therefore rather a guaranty of peace than an incitement to war. Whatever there may be of disaffection to Germany in Alsace and Lorraine is, in this respect, of little consequence, for the two fortresses would be of no less importance even if they were to be considered as two very strong positions held in the enemy's country. The restoration of the two provinces to France is, therefore, from the German point of view, entirely out of the question.

Thus the position of the German Empire between two hostile neighbors is such as to render a state of constant preparation necessary, unless the Germans be willing to give up their existence as a united nation, which, of course, they are not, or unless France and Russia be willing to give up their unfriendly attitude, and demonstrate this willingness by reducing their armaments, which they do not. This is so generally recognized by all classes of the German people except the Socialists, and even by many of these, that the appeal of the government would be almost certain of effect were not the question whether the present military organization of Germany is really sufficient or insufficient for all probable emergencies calling forth serious differences of opinion. The burdens imposed upon the people by the constant augmentation of the military and naval establishments are very heavy, and the mad race between nations for military superiority opens a prospect of an almost indefinite increase of the load. The opposition to the government takes the ground that such an increase is justifiable only when it is absolutely necessary; that at present it is not necessary; that the German army, if a shorter term of service be introduced to permit the drilling of a larger number of men in a given period, is large enough to meet all requirements; and that the spirit of militarism in the government is already strong enough to cause serious apprehensions, and ought not to be permitted to become still more powerful. Such arguments are calculated to have great effect with a people groaning under heavy taxation, and not a little disturbed in their confidence as to the future by the frequent surprises to which the young Emperor is in the habit of treating them.

The opposition consists mainly of the Socialists, a majority of the advanced Liberals, a part of the moderate or so-called National Liberals, and a part of the Centre or Catholic party. Although these political elements go far asunder as to most other questions of public interest, yet their concurrent efforts will in all probability render it impossible to the government to get a majority in favor of the army bill in the next Reichstag. What then will happen nobody can foretell. The young Emperor has publicly declared that he will have the increase of the military establishment he demands, whether the next Reichstag assents to it or not. This declaration, amounting almost to a threat, is likely to add to the determination and also to the strength of the opposition, and thus to have an effect contrary to that which it was intended to produce. That the Emperor is at present resolved, as he expressed himself, to "stake all in his power to obtain the enactment of the measure" hardly admits of doubt. How far he will go when the stake is practically before him, and when he has to face popular discontent in a more portentous form than that in which he has so far seen it, is more questionable. In any event, it may be said that Germany is rapidly drifting into the most dangerous crisis of her internal affairs since the formation of the empire.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT PUBLICITY.

IT is entirely possible that the existing disparity of sentiment between HARPER'S WEEKLY and the *Evening Post* on the question of "publicity" is a difference that relates more to theory than to practice. The *Post* declines at some length to admit that the publicity which is a characteristic of modern life is attended by extenuating benefits. To our mind, its lively appreciation of the current and glaring abuses of a contemporaneous tendency blinds it to certain solid advantages which that tendency yields. Nevertheless, so long as so great a preponderance of newspaper energy is exerted for the uncovering of all that is hidden, it may be as well that one journal at least should err on the side of keeping things covered up.

But however the *Post's* practice may recommend itself to thoughtful newspaper readers, we question if its theories find so general an acceptance as it believes among the persons by whose support it would wish to be sustained. For example, the WEEKLY quoted President ELIOT'S recognition of the abatement of "abuses and cruelties" which is due to "the publicity of modern life," but the *Post* somewhat peremptorily explains that "what President ELIOT meant was the abolition of governmental secrecy, the doing away with star-chamber courts and administration behind barred doors, arrest on *lettres de cachet*, and the rack and thumbscrew as instruments of cross-examination."

Possibly the *Post* is right, but what President ELIOT actually said (in an article on Popular Education in the December *Forum*) was: "Think how family and school discipline have been mitigated within two generations, and how all sorts of abuses and cruelties are checked and prevented by the publicity of modern life—a publicity which depends on the universal capacity to read." A reasonable deduction from this paragraph seems to us to be that family and school discipline have been mitigated, not by "the abolition of governmental secrecy," but by a diffusion of information as to what goes on in families and schools. Publicity had an inning when DICKENS took the roof off of Dotheboys Hall. It was unpleasant for the Squeerses, but it is a matter of conviction among the vulgar that, on the whole, it was a very good thing for schools. Less than two years ago the sanctity of private life was so far invaded as to permit the discovery that an English woman of respectable family had disciplined a little child to death. It was a painful disclosure for the MONTAGUE family, but if there were other cruel English-speaking mothers, it must have done them good to hear society grind its teeth.

It is a trite assertion that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Unless we misunderstand the *Post's* sentiments, it believes that it is just as well that half the world should not know how the other half lives, and that it has no sort of business to be speering around after information. But that is not the way it strikes the WEEKLY, nor does it believe that that represents the best sentiment of the day. To our mind it makes for the general welfare of society that all the classes that compose it, "being members one of another," should have some knowledge of the circumstances and conditions of one another's lives. Such knowledge, by lessening the chances of misunderstanding and ignorant prejudice, helps to weld all kinds of people together, and bring about the sort of democratic solidarity which wise Americans should endeavor to promote. It is not the "Mikes" and "Barneys" alone whose personal concerns may be profitably submitted to some measure of the public scrutiny, but much finer and possibly more respectable people may find a salubrious restraint in the liability of their current follies to get themselves recorded. Even the columns of social slop with which many journals regale their constituents may have their extenuating consequences, since the more the very poor can learn about the amusements, sentiments, and employments of the very rich, the less ground there would seem to be for envious animosity between them. And besides, who knows what heights of ostentation or depths of snobbishness we are saved by the timely reluctance of possible ostentators to face the record of their own achievements in the morning paper!

For kind and modest and sensible people who incur publicity that annoys them the WEEKLY is sorry. Indeed, its sympathy for them is so sincere that it will brave the sure and scorching sarcasm of the *Post* by urging them to try and cultivate the ability to smile instead of squirm when they find their names in the paper. Even to the most modest person that is not so impossible an accomplishment as it seems at first, and really it is worth acquiring. It is not quite enough that all the light of publicity should be concentrated on office-holders, criminals, and people of high fashion. If we are to know so much about one another, let us by all means know some things about the good and the wise and the modest. If, haply, being virtuous characters ourselves, our modesty shrinks from overt demonstrations of our merit, let us try each for himself to be a little tougher, considering that virtue self-engrossed is a mere personal luxury, but known and recognized is in the way to become a light in the path and a staff in the hand of our neighbor.

A MOOTED SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS.

PAINTING is so firmly intrenched in the good-will of amateurs, the demand for pictures to decorate interiors and satisfy the higher forms of æsthetic pleasure has entered so deeply into the customs of Americans, that the time has come to urge the claims of a sister and neglected art. To judge by the number of monuments raised and about to be raised, the number of heads, busts, and statuette figures fashioned every year, it seems odd to call sculpture a neglected art. But so it is. An undiscriminating demand creates an ample supply of statuary. But sculpture of a fine sort is the rarest of products here.

We marvel at the Tanagra figurines and the lovely groups in terra-cotta discovered in Greek tombs on both shores of the Ægean. Recognizing that they were wrought by unknown sculptors for the people, not for wealthy patrons or amateurs of note, we exclaim at the natural aptitude of the Greeks for the fine arts. But why should we remain in a state of barren wonderment? Why should we not try to cultivate an equal degree of aptitude among our people, and then see whether grand sculpture would not blossom naturally from a ground carefully prepared? So far we have been trusting to the methods of modern Europe, which have grown from monarchical ways of thought, and are based on the belief that a king, prince, or rich amateur must encourage the fine arts, which are accordingly regarded as luxuries. Why not boldly accept the fine arts as necessities to the higher education of the masses?

Such they were among the Greeks and such they are today, as we perceive when we note the course of painting, which is now democratic, and busies itself more than ever before with affairs of every-day life, the peasant, the artisan, the servant, and the merchant; with landscape open to the pleasure of the poorest, and sunlight which so far has escaped the tax-collector. But sculpture is not in the same way an art close to the bulk of the people. Even connoisseurs in sculpture are rare; and if we continue to ask for monuments, it is not because we like them, but because they are a fashion set by Europe. Good sculpture, however, is most enjoyable. We must see to it, therefore, that our sculpture shall no longer be an empty echo, an art vegetating precariously on a fashion, but the product of men in touch with a community that understands good work from bad, a people that greatly loves and wants sculpture, but will not tolerate it if it be inferior.

Something is done when the Metropolitan displays the Greek groups left by Mr. MOORE and the Art Loan shows antique terra-cottas and bronzes by BARYE. But we cannot expect only that native sculptors shall see these things and be inspired to quite other work. We must get the sculptors in touch with the people, as the painters now are. And how can that be accomplished?

One method, which has received a welcome from some

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our leading sculptors and amateurs, and will in all likelihood take shape, is to issue statuettes, groups, reliefs, or medallions in bronze and terra-cotta, as books are published, in a limited edition. They can be issued cheaper if a number of amateurs agree to take copies, and their value can be raised by having the original designs carefully selected by a jury, and by destroying the model, just as etchers destroy a plate after a given number of impressions have been printed. To furnish such an atmosphere as is needed, certain amateurs and sculptors have already discussed the establishment of a society of sculptors open to laymen, the object of which shall be to encourage good statuary, and widen the sphere of sculpture by producing objects fitted to the home or objects that appeal as much to various minds as pictures do. Legislative halls, churches, clubs, hotels, stations, and other places of general resort would be the more beautiful for good sculpture in one of its many forms, and perhaps do more good to the mass of the people than household ornaments. As in painting, so in sculpture, a general demand would enlist different artistic temperaments, and we may expect figures and groups which range from the most daring flights of religious and poetic thought to the most practical table ornaments treated from the art side.

If a society of sculptors and amateurs is launched, it will stand between the designer and foundryman, guaranteeing to the designer that his labor shall be paid, and to the foundryman that enough copies will be taken to pay the bare costs and his profit. It will bind the sculptors together, and put them in contact with amateurs; it will foster *esprit de corps*, and raise sculptors from that state of hopelessness in which most of them languish—hopelessness coming not merely from the ordinary misery that belongs to poverty, but from the apathy of the public, the general ignorance and indifference toward all sculpture that is not funereal or monumental in purpose. In the long-run, the finest talent for sculpture must be brutalized if the tasks given it are nothing beyond the busts of worthy but deceased citizens, and the frock-coats and trousers of statesmen equally dead, but perchance less worthy.

SOME SUBURBAN THOUGHTS.

THE man who moved to the suburbs the 1st of May is now screwing up closet-hooks for his wife, getting acquainted with the neighborhood, learning how to miss trains, and taking his first lessons at carrying bundles. All through March and April he "figured" surreptitiously on the backs of envelopes, proved two or three hundred times that he could live cheaper and get to his business four minutes quicker by living in the suburbs, and now he is out realizing his dream.

The confirmed New York city man who goes out into the suburbs to live finds much that is novel awaiting him. He may not, we admit, discover that he has so much to learn as the one who plunges into deepest Brooklyn, but nevertheless he has many new experiences. Life in the suburbs is always interesting, and a man, if he be a good runner, will always find much pleasure in it. But the man who cannot run easily and swiftly when he hears his train coming, who has not the knack of carrying his railroad ticket between his teeth when heavily loaded with bundles so that the gateman can punch it, or who cannot learn to stand on one foot in the middle of a mud-puddle and put on a wet galoche, has no business to make his home in the adjacent country. When this man attempts to live in the suburbs he simply furnishes diversion for the natives a few months and then returns to town.

But by nothing that we have said do we mean to intimate that there are any serious objections to the suburbs as a place of residence. Far from it; the suburbs are delightful. We simply mean that some men are better adapted for the life than others. Even the man who tries it and comes back disappointed could usually, had he persisted, have made a fairly successful suburbanite. The difficulty is that a man goes into the suburbs and expects to find everything the same as in the city. Either he pays no attention to the warning rumble of the approaching train, and misses it by two blocks, or he becomes excited at the whistle of a neighboring oil-cloth factory, shuts his teeth firmly together and runs with fierce determination, only to find that the train isn't due for ten minutes. The best type of suburbanite runs wildly, frantically, when necessary, but at other times he moves slowly and conserves his energy. Indeed, in the matter of learning to get on well with the suburbs when not naturally adapted to them, it is probable that there are few men, not native to them, with an inborn facility in all of the requirements of the successful suburbanite. Thus, a man may be a naturally brilliant runner and show little capacity for bundle-carrying, while another may take to all kinds of packages readily, and simply make himself ridiculous the first time he tries to outrun an express-train. As to which of these great twin demands on the suburban dweller is the more difficult it is hard to say. The successful carrying of bundles depends more, we fancy, upon a man's natural gifts than does the sure and ready overtaking of trains. In other words, there seems to be more hope of a man achieving good train-sprinting ability than noticeable package-express skill.

At first sight, of course, it would seem that there is no particular knack about bundle-carrying. Nor is there, when it is confined to a few bundles; but the management of a suburban cargo is quite another thing. The test is for a man to take thirteen packages of different sizes and varying shapes and a bag of peanuts for the children and then drop his ferry ticket in the box with his mouth. Few men, we presume, can do this without considerable natural aptitude. On the other hand, with respect to making a long hard run for the station in the morning, while we have no desire to belittle the great value of natural gifts, it nevertheless seems that the willingness to train carefully and scientifically and keep in good bodily health has much more to do with making a success.

While on this subject we may say that it seems somewhat strange that there are no regular amateur train-running clubs organized in the suburbs. The Westchester Cross-country Train-catchers' Club, or the New Jersey Morning Station Racing Association, or the Long Island Depot-chase League, would all, if they existed, be highly popular. We have the "Suburban" in horse-racing, but the real Suburban ought to be a foot-race. Regular organization would systematize the sport and give us official records. We can conceive of few things more interesting in amateur sport than a grand annual meet of several suburban running organizations. A number of highly attractive "events" could be arranged. All the usual distances could be run on both plank and earth tracks, and with and without umbrellas and hand-satchels. A race, open to all persons who had not lived in the suburbs above five years, with four inches of mud on the track, would prove popular. Two events could be made of this—with and without galoches. Other races could be run at varying depths of mud—four, six, eight, or ten inches. The meeting might be brought to an end with a grand free-for-all quarter-mile dash, six inches of Jersey mud, one galoche on foot, other in hand, with umbrella carried open, and railroad ticket in teeth. The WEEKLY is not uninterested in amateur out-door pastimes, and it would be glad to see the suburban run raised to the dignity of a recognized sport.

AN OVERSIGHT AND AN OPPORTUNITY.

Is it not odd that in the construction of artificial teeth man is willing to follow nature's lead so blindly? There seems to be no disposition to strike out and design any new style of masticating contrivance. That a man should use the teeth that he happens to find in his mouth without alteration can be understood, for teeth are good enough as they grow. But when the job is altogether in his own hands, and he has to make a wholly new set merely for common use in chewing ordinary food, it is a curious thing that he should stick so to the old designs. It seems never to have occurred to any one that the old style of teeth could be beaten, and yet natural history tells us that our teeth, as we know them, were devised for very different uses than we put them to. There was no pie in the world when the plans were drawn for human teeth. French cooks were not dreamed of then. HUYLER and his confederates were not. Food was not so much as known to be cookable. Teeth were made to gnaw bones and crack nuts with, and to supplement the nails as offensive weapons. In the course of ages they have differentiated somewhat, and shrunk back into the mouth; but the primitive fashion of them still holds, and, with slight modifications, they are the same teeth our remote progenitors wore when they lived in the tree-tops and their clothing grew on their backs. Nature has varied the style of them in individual cases, endowing some favored persons with full rows of double teeth, causing them thereby to be envied of their fellows. But dentists never seem to have followed this example. When they make new teeth, the more slavish their mimicry of the general type the more perfect they esteem their work to be. They are actually proud to be absolutely destitute of originality. They not only fail to consider whether the form of our present teeth is best adapted to our present use of them, but they seem never even to have asked themselves whether some different form of masticatory apparatus would not add to the beauty of the human visage. Women have had ideas on the subject so far as to have jewels embedded in their molars or bicuspids, but man or woman seems never so much as to have dreamed how they would look with a mouth adorned by teeth erected from original designs by MCKIM, MEADE, & WHITE, or THOMAS ST. GAUDENS. That Gothic teeth should be becoming to some styles of beauty and Doric or Ionic forms to others is obviously possible, but no one is known to have tested the effects that such a variation might afford. It is a strange circumstance, and the more you think of it, the more inexplicable it seems. If it were due to a superstitious dislike of innovation, or to a reverent respect for the Creator's masterpiece, it could be understood; but this is not a superstitious age, nor is there much respectful prejudice against bettering the Creator's work where that seems possible. The conclusion is unavoidable that it is due to a mere lack of originality and business enterprise.

It is not yet too late to remedy this oversight. American architects and American dentists have both been overrated if their combined skill and energy cannot show the later visitors to the Chicago Fair teeth of such novel and symmetrical forms that the beauty of them will be in every man's mouth, and presently the teeth themselves in every woman's. And really, to have built the White City itself will not be so memorable a triumph in the domain of form as to have contrived a cheap and feasible amelioration of the aspect of man.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE announcement in the daily papers that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt had been requested to withdraw his resignation as a civil service commissioner, and had consented to do so, is at least premature. It would be an excellent thing for the country and for Mr. Cleveland's administration if Mr. Roosevelt were definitely to be retained, if he is willing to make that sacrifice of his time and tastes, for there could be no better commissioner than he, and we trust that the announcement can soon be made with authority.

Love and politics work very differently on the Mexican blood. Recently a couple of rivals for the favor of a Mexican damsel, presumably beautiful, met in the dark and cut each other to death with short knives, surrounded by interested and sympathetic friends. But meanwhile political duels are so numerous and so entirely harmless that the Mexican press is agitating the passage of a law heavily punishing any one who shall accept a challenge, or send one that is accepted, and shall not then fight until one of the combatants is seriously wounded. To make the result surer, the law is to prescribe the weapons and fix a very short range at which they shall be used. All of which shows a curious movement in barbarism among our neighbors. The fight to the death in the dark over a woman's favor is simply an incident in savage and brutal life. The press discussion is an indication of the invasion of civilization, which, in Latin countries, tends to extinguish the habit of the duel by a course of progressive ridiculousness. In France nearly the last stage of extinction has been reached. In Mexico there remains a class in which the native savagery is still predominant. In the very indeterminate and mixed civilization of some portions of the Southern States of our own country there is a most curious development. The law forbids duelling, and sometimes the officers of the law interfere with it. Then the savagery breaks out in the street encounter, the "personal difficulty," which is characterized by the blood-thirstiness of the Mexican fight to which we have alluded, with none of its fairness, the contest being generally one of "spryness," and the slower disputant being simply a victim. Through these fluctuating phases, however, society moves everywhere and steadily toward the reign of order.

A good deal of very excellent satire has appeared in the press concerning the unwillingness of the Chicago fair managers to exhibit drawings from the nude model submitted by the pupils of a school of art in Philadelphia. Other things being equal, we should hardly expect Chicago to be sitting in judgment on the morals of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, in this case, has found many champions in the press of the East, and Chicago has been very skilfully and very pungently rebuked and instructed as to what may be decently done in art schools. Yet something is to be said for Chicago, and it will do neither Philadelphia nor New York any harm to hear and heed it. No one who knows what the drawing of the human figure requires will now dispute that study from the nude is the only way in which adequate knowledge and skill, both in observation and execution, can be acquired. But does it follow because such studies are necessary that they are proper objects to exhibit to a miscellaneous crowd of visitors? For our part we have our doubts, and very serious doubts. In the studio and the class-room peculiar conditions exist, the most potent of which is the intense occupation of the minds of the students in their work; and another, the general recognition of conventions, which, to say the least, are not those of the ticket-holders to the Columbian Exposition. Drawings that it is not only well but indispensable to make, and which may be interesting and instructive on the easels of students or the walls of a class-room, cease to be instructive to the eyes of the chance visitor, and, to put it with as much reserve as possible, become interesting from quite other causes. We are prepared to go further, and suggest that even in the cosmopolitan and highly developed society of our great cities, a much stricter selection of pictures of the nude figure for our public galleries might be made with advantage to all concerned, and not least to that of artists. If our hanging committees should agree, for instance, that only really good work should be shown, a large proportion of the nudes—say ninety-nine per cent.—would be left to the artists and their immediate friends, who are supposed to be proof against any mischievous influences from them.

Had the readers of the New York *World* on Sunday, May 7th, received at their homes a couple of volumes of 500 pages, each in very small type, or a half-dozen volumes in ordinary book type, with scores of illustrations, and contents ranging from poetry to statistics, from jokes to ancient history, and on to prophecy, they would only have had the equivalent of the hundred-page paper with which the *World* celebrated the Sunday nearest its tenth anniversary under its present ownership. It was a very remarkable production, and one which Mr. Pulitzer and his army of aides regard with entirely natural pride. The great building towering above the western end of the East River Bridge, the monument of the enterprise of the paper, is hardly more conspicuous after its kind than the commemorative library in newspaper form.

In the infinite variety of exchanges by which men seek profit and pleasure there is none quite so barren as the mutual scoldings of the editors of different nationalities. Owing to circumstances that may well make us charitable, our French brothers are peculiarly prone to the irritation that prompts to this occupation. Some time since an officer of the United States army, attached to the American Legation at Paris, Captain Borup, obtained some information concerning French defences in a manner that gave offence to the French government, and on their representation he was recalled, though our own government, after proper inquiry, found him innocent of any dishonorable conduct. On his return to this country he was detailed for duty at Chicago. When it was discovered that his duties there would bring him into contact with French officers, and that that would be distasteful to them, he was detached from that station. Before the change became known in Paris the press of that city proclaimed that our government had selected this "miserable spy" for his place as "a gross and wilful insult" to the French officers, and demanded that the marines and the band of the Republican Guard, which had been sent or ordered to Chicago, be straightway recalled, as the only dignified response to such an offence. Had these hot-headed writers had sufficient self-respect to make sure of the facts before indulging in such harsh and petulant epithets, they would have saved themselves some annoyance and discredit. In the intercourse of nations, as of men and women, it is much safer to assume that an insult is not intended until one is forced to recognize it, if for no other reason because a real insult can be met with so much more dignity. The other way is apt to leave one seeming, if our French friends will pardon the word, a little ridiculous.

We have no great fondness for recommending our readers to give money in particular directions—the appeals are so nearly innumerable, even for really good things, that to mention any seems invidious towards others. But we cannot resist the temptation to say that any one who writes for a circular regarding the Egyptian Exploration Fund to Dr. William C. Winslow, of Boston, will get some valuable hints as to judicious expenditure. The scheme of exploration is a wide and well-matured one; it is approved and aided by a very large number of the best men and women of the country, and it is directed to a field that has for many years exercised a peculiar fascination over the minds of educated people in all lands. The work of the managers of the fund has, so far, yielded rich fruit, and promises still richer.

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G. B. CORNELL,
Chief Engineer of the proposed East River Bridge.

right columns, with horizontal and diagonal bracings. By using steel two objects are gained—economy and rapidity in construction. The bridge is to have a width of 88 feet, or 3 feet more than the present one. Length of cable will be 3230 feet. The diameter of the cables is to be 22 inches, or 6¼ more than those of the old bridge. The wire used has an initial strength of 180,000 pounds to the square inch. For each of the 4 cables 17,000 single wires will be used, these will be made up into 19 smaller cables, and when bound round with wire will form the perfect cable. The downward pressure or the dead weight these cables will stand is 136,000 tons, the weight of the bridge being 26,000 tons. The stays, to prevent vibration, will be heavier for the new bridges.

What is known as the versine, or a line drawn from the string of a bow to the bow itself, will be 20 feet, but the grade will not be as steep as on the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

It can now be understood, with a lower grade, how it will not become necessary to change motive power in hauling cars. On the New York and Brooklyn Bridge locomotives are occasionally run, but they must be light ones, not over 19 tons, and then they can haul not more than two cars. On the bridge to be built, locomotives of 40 tons can be used without inconvenience. Stationary plants with endless cables are expensive in one way, but, above all, are of questionable usefulness, since they imply a change in traction. It is by no means impossible that in the three or four years to come the perfect electrical car will be found, in which case its use on the new bridge or bridges would at once find its proper sphere.

Bridge No. 2 is to be known as the Hudson Avenue Bridge. It is to have a clear span of 1470 feet. The piers are to be built, in Brooklyn, between Hudson and Gold streets, and the entrance at the junction of Myrtle Avenue and Hudson Street. In New York the pier will stand between Jackson and Scammel streets, and the entrance will be at the junction of East Broadway and Grand Street.



BISHOP WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
Successor to Bishop Phillips Brooks.

THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

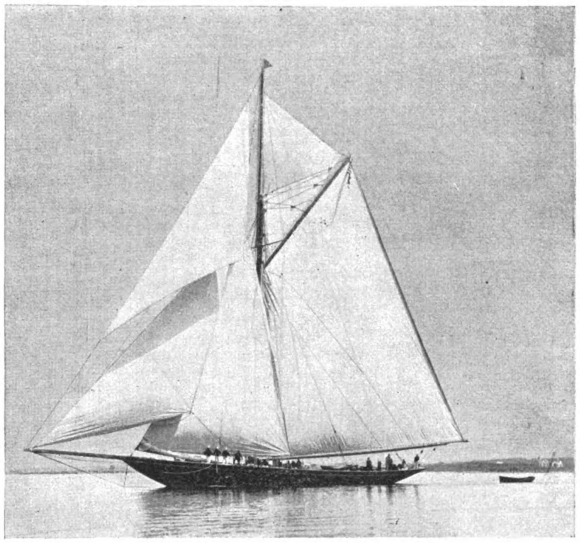
THE main idea of the two suspension-bridges which are to be hung over the East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn, is that they are part and parcel of elevated railroad systems. Summed up in a concise way, these bridges are no more to be blocks to travel than any ordinary trestle-work.

In presenting the first accurate picture of one of the bridges to be constructed over the East River, it may be seen that it differs but slightly in appearance from the present one. Still, in an engineering sense, there are variations, and these are due to the advance made in metallurgy. We might say, with lightening of material iron and steel have gained increase of strength.

The illustration shows what is to be known as the Williamsburg Bridge. It will span the East River, on the Brooklyn side, north of the ferry at the foot of Broadway, and south of the Havemeyer sugar-refinery. The entrance of the bridge will be at Bedford Avenue, or 1605 feet from the water's edge. This bridge will reach a point on the New York side between Delancey and Rivington streets, two blocks north of Grand Street. The height of the bridge will be 140 feet above high water, which is 5 feet higher than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, in accordance with the stipulations imposed by the Secretary of War, for the reason that the tides in the East River set in towards the Brooklyn shore.

The entrance on the New York side is to be at the corner of Grand and Willett streets, opposite to the junction of East Broadway and Canal Street, 2800 feet from the river. The span of the bridge from centre to centre of piers will be 1670 feet. This bridge is to be 75 feet longer than the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

The height of the piers above mean high water to the top will be 282 feet, and the roadway 120 feet above water-level. It will be noticed that the piers differ from those of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. They will be constructed of solid masonry to a point 40 feet above the railroadway, and then there will be steel towers 110 feet in height. These will be built up with 35 up-



THE "NAVAHOE."

Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's 85-footer, that is going abroad to represent America in the races for the Royal Victoria and Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

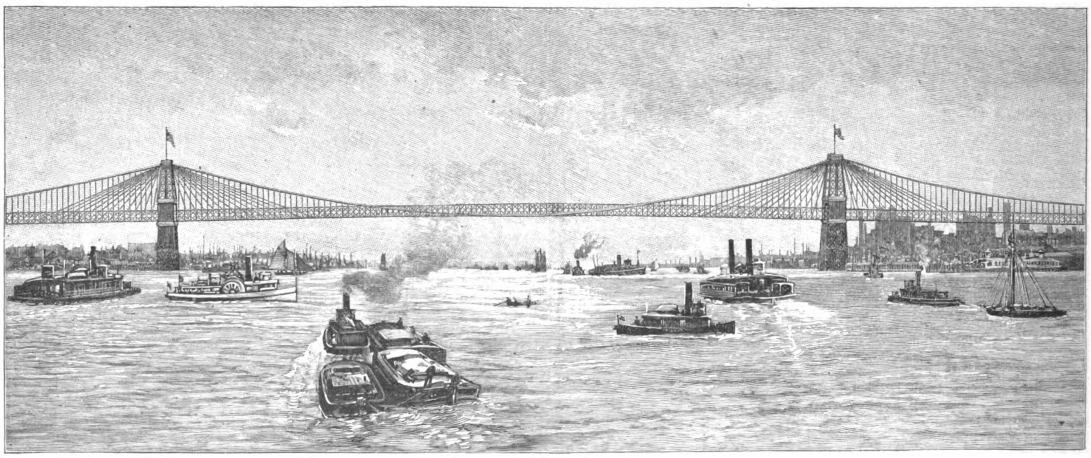
A line drawn from the Williamsburg Bridge to Bridge No. 2 would intersect a little beyond Willett Street in New York. Extend the line of elevated roads from both bridges backward in the opposite direction, and you cross all the present lines of elevated roads and many of the surface railroads.

In Brooklyn the Williamsburg Bridge will be an extension of the Broadway elevated system. The new elevated road in New York is to be built on private property to the Bowery, and thence through Spring to West Street, and on to Desbrosses Street and the Pennsylvania Railroad Ferry. It will be perfectly feasible to run trains from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the Desbrosses Street Ferry in New York, a distance of 2 5/16 miles, in eleven minutes. As the Brooklyn centre is to-day at Flatbush Avenue and Fulton Street, Bridge No 2 would reach it by means of the present elevated road.

Convenience of city travel, which means comfort and speed, must include cheap fares. By the charter granted the East River Bridge Company, the fare on the Williamsburg Bridge, by the route from Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, to the North River at Desbrosses Street in New York, must not be more than five cents. The work is to be commenced this summer.

The best idea which can be conveyed of the rapid increase of New York and Brooklyn may be presented in this way. During the last nine years the increase alone of the population of these two cities was equivalent to the number of people actually living to day in Liverpool and Munich. For the month of April alone of this year, according to the most reliable authority—the Health Boards—the increase in the two cities is set down as 7754. When the new bridges are ready for travel, New York and Brooklyn will be represented by the census as containing 3,500,000 souls. Additional bridges, then, become necessities.

George Birdsall Cornell, the engineer-in-chief of the new bridge, was born in New York city in 1855, and graduated in 1877 from the School of Mines and Engineers of Columbia College. Beginning as a rodman on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, he has passed through all the various grades of his profession. He is perhaps as well informed as any one in the country as to the special requirements of city elevated roads, having laid out an important road in Chicago. In 1886 Mr. Cornell was chief engineer of the Union Elevated roads of Brooklyn. In April, 1892, he was appointed chief engineer of the East River Bridge Company.



THE PROPOSED NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER.

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THE VIKING SHIP AND HER GALLANT CAPTAIN.—From a Drawing by H. Reuterdahl.—[See Page 478.]
Sailed from Bergen on the way to the Columbian Exposition, May 1st.

THE STRATEGIC ASPECT OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

The canal is in Nicaragua, except from where it strikes the San Juan River to a point three miles from Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 62 miles. Throughout this distance the canal runs between Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

The population of Nicaragua is about 400,000, and that of Costa Rica about 225,000. Nine-tenths of this population is composed of aborigines, negroes, or mixed races, the remainder being whites, mostly of Spanish descent.

The crest of the isthmian part of the Cordillera which traverses North and South America runs generally parallel to the Pacific Ocean, its waters draining eastward to the Gulf, and westward to lakes Managua and Nicaragua. The Cordillera falls into low hills as it approaches the San Juan, and gradually rises again as it penetrates Costa Rica. Along the Pacific coast there is a range of hills called the Coast Range. Between these two ranges there is a depression, 200 miles long and 70 miles wide, with its longer axis parallel to the Pacific. This depression contains the two lakes mentioned above, and fertile plains, on which are located most of the cities and nine tenths of the inhabitants. The country between the Cordillera and the Caribbean is low and level, and covered with dense tropical growth. It contains several large rivers, but they are navigable only a few miles from the sea. South of the eastern end of the canal is the delta of the San Juan.

Lake Nicaragua is 110 miles long and 40 miles wide. At some points it is 240 feet deep. There are several islands in the lake, that of Ometepe, near the centre, being 10 miles long and 6 miles wide. This island has two peaks over 5000 feet high. The San Juan River, breaking through the Cordillera, drains Lake Nicaragua into the Caribbean Sea. The valley of this river, the waters of Lake Nicaragua, and a pass through the Coast Range, constitute the route of the canal.

The climate along the canal route is salubrious. This is due in a great measure to the northeast trade winds, which blow almost constantly over the country, cooling and purifying the air. The temperature rarely rises above 90 or falls below 70 degrees. Slight earthquakes are not infrequent, but their effect on fortifications may be judged when it is stated that Castillo Viejo, the old Spanish fort at the head of the San Juan, built as early as 1675, and with high parapets and a tower of 60 feet, stands entirely intact, without a crack in its walls, and as solid and substantial as if built yesterday. The soil of Nicaragua is productive, and affords fine facilities for grazing.

The eastern terminus of the canal is at Greytown. This harbor will, when completed, have an entrance 500 feet wide and 30 feet deep, and will contain 200 acres of the same depth. The first lock will be nine miles inland, in the foothills of the Cordillera, and out of reach of the heaviest guns that can be brought to bear upon it. The canal from the harbor to this lock will have a bottom width of 120 feet, and will thus practically form an extension of the harbor. Just west of the third lock, which is three miles from the first, is an artificial basin upwards of three miles long, and with a varying depth of from 30 to 70 feet. At Ochoa Dam the canal reaches the San Juan, and follows it to the lake. At the fourth lock, which is 3½ miles from the Pacific, is the Tola Basin, 5½ miles long, and with the same depth as the one mentioned above. It will contain a hundred of the largest ships, and will thus form an accessory port. The summit level runs from the third to the fourth lock, a distance of 153 miles. The sixth and last lock is 1¼ miles from Brito Harbor, which is the western terminus of the canal. This harbor will, when completed, contain 200 acres. A high rocky ridge jutting out from the coast range on the north shelters it, and affords a site for defences. The whole canal is 170 miles long. It has a minimum depth of 28 feet, locks large enough for the *City of Rome*, and the time occupied in going from one end to the other will not exceed 30 hours. Places where ships can pass each other will be numerous, and at many points whole fleets could be anchored or tied to the banks without impeding navigation.

ADVANTAGES OF CONTROL.

In war or in peace the exclusive control of this canal will be to us of inestimable value. For attacking or defending the coasts of our hemisphere, and the islands adjacent thereto, it is more advantageously situated than is Gibraltar for the Mediterranean. As a means of uniting the East and the West, it will be of more value than is the Suez Canal for uniting England with India. The latter saves but 3600 miles, while the Nicaragua Canal saves 9500 in the voyage from the Gulf ports to San Francisco.

If we are to continue our policy of protecting the smaller states of the two Americas against the larger ones, and all of them against foreign encroachment, we must control the canal. We must also defend our own country. Our Pacific coast is nearly defenceless. From New York to San Francisco it is 13,000 miles by water—half the circumference of the globe. Between the same points by the canal it is only 5000 miles. From New Orleans to San Francisco it is 13,500 miles. The canal will cut this distance down to 4000 miles, a still greater saving. Now England can hurl a fleet against our western ports by way of the Suez Canal or from Australia, while another fleet, with a base at home or at one of the numerous British strongholds along our eastern coast, is threatening the ports on the Atlantic.

Not only in war, but also in competing for the commerce of the world, and especially of the western hemisphere, will the nation controlling the Nicaragua Canal have an immense advantage. No trade will flourish unless protected by the strong arm of military power, and no better example of this can be cited than that of England. Where all the great nations of the world meet in the canal, and the nations through whose territory it runs are so miserably weak, the inevitable result will be that it will fall into the hands of some great power. If that power be not ourselves, then we may safely bid farewell to military or commercial supremacy in America. The golden moment is now here when possession is easy.

DEFENCE.

From the description at the beginning the rest of this article will be clear. There is no doubt that concessions for the military control of the canal could readily be obtained from both the countries in which it lies. If not, their small population and inferior character as compared with our own people would make forcible seizure and holding of the canal route an easy matter.

The Cordillera, with its outlying lowlands and tropical growth, together with the delta of the San Juan, makes defence against invasion an easy matter. The Coast Range, extending quite to the Pacific, opposes an almost equal barrier toward the west. The healthy climate and the productive soil are both favorable to the welfare of an army of occupation.

The best point to locate troops in the interior is probably the island of Ometepe. The locality is easily defended, and by ascending the mountain slopes almost any desirable temperature can be obtained. This point should be fortified and used as a base of supplies. From it the troops could be moved in any desired direction. The station should be connected by telegraph and rail with the United States, through Mexico. There could certainly be no objection to this in time of peace, or of war with a foreign nation. Locks, dams, etc., should be protected by earthworks, and the extremities of the canal by forts of the strongest kind. The latter should be supplemented by fixed and movable torpedoes and torpedo boats. Hospitals, storehouses, coal piles, etc., should be placed on the island of Ometepe, and a well-appointed dock-yard built there. The needs of merchant vessels being similar to those of men of war, it is probable that such a dock yard would be the source of a handsome profit to the United States. A fleet stationed in the lake would complete the plan of defence. For the general defence of the country Key West and the mouth of the Mississippi should be fortified, as well as the other important points further north. A strong fleet should be stationed in Hampton Roads, and another on the coast of California, to co-operate with that in the canal.

USE OF THE NAVY.

Lake Nicaragua is large enough for the greatest fleet to be drilled in all the evolutions of war. There the crews could find rest and refreshment, and the ships, by the well-known action of fresh water upon their hulls, rid themselves of the incrustations of the sea. With a large basin but a few miles from either ocean, and unimpeded navigation between, the ships could be concentrated in one basin or in the lake, and be ready to dart out upon the enemy at a moment's warning. After striking the blow they could return to refit.

It would require two fleets, separated by 12,000 miles of sailing distance, to blockade one of equal power in Lake Nicaragua. Steaming at the rate of 15 knots an hour, in 2¼ days Yucatan Channel, the south coast of Cuba, the Windward Passage, and even Maracaibo could be reached. In five days the fleet could be off the mouth of the Mississippi, in Florida Strait, among the Bahamas, in the Mona Passage, or at Martinique and Barbadoes. In five days from the western end of the canal it could be at the entrance of the Gulf of California or off the coast of Peru.

A fleet from Lake Nicaragua could join another from Hampton Roads, fight an enemy off Havana, spend two days in refitting in the lake, and then join the California fleet in a fight off the Gulf of California, all in 15 days from starting out. To offset the English strongholds in the Bermudas, the Spanish in Cuba, and the French in Guadeloupe and Martinique, we should have at least a coaling station at Samana Bay. We have never been fully awake to the chain of fortresses that is being forged around us. All this will be greatly to our advantage in peace, in time of foreign war it will be absolutely necessary to our safety. But if we wait for war to come, it will be too late. If we deny that war will come, then we are setting at naught the lessons of history since the world began.

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I.—THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.



IF you have always crossed the Atlantic in the spring-time or in the summer months, as do most tourists, you will find leaving New York in the winter more like a relief expedition to the north pole than the setting forth on a pleasure tour to the summer shores of the Mediterranean.

There is no green grass on the hills of Staten Island, nor any three-decked excursion boat flying the flags of all nations, and racing by to the banging of a brass band, nor do the ship's stewards wear white jackets. There are instead a long field of ice stretching far up the Hudson River, a wind that cuts into the face, and dashes the spray up over the tug-boats in frozen layers, and leaves it there like the icing on a cake. The Atlantic Highlands are black with bare branches and white with snow, and you observe for the first time that men who go down to the sea in ships know nothing of open fireplaces. An icy wind keeps the deck as clear as a master-at-arms could do it; and sudden storms of snow, which one had always before associated with streets or fields, and not at all with the decks of ships, burst over the side, and leave the wood-work wet and slippery, and cold to the touch.

And then on the third or fourth day out the sea calms down, and your overcoat seems to have gained an extra lining; and strange people, who apparently have come on board during the night, venture out on the sunlit deck and inquire for steamer chairs and mislaid rugs. These smaller vessels which run from New York to Genoa are as different from the big North Atlantic boats, with their twin screws and five hundred cabin passengers, as a family boarding-house kept by a lady of much refinement and lost fortune from a Broadway hotel. You never want to meet any one on the larger boats, and no one wants to meet you; but on these boats they have to meet you, and you soon get to know who is going to the Holy Land, and which is the dealer in Turkish curiosities, and which is the chaperon of who, and why the two families from Rochester or Ithaca do not speak to one another, as does every one else.

It is chiefly because you are sailing under a German instead of an English flag. There is no one so important as an English captain—he is like a bishop in gold lace; but a German captain considers his passengers as one large happy family, and treats them as such, whether they fancy their new relatives or not. The discipline on board the *Fulda* was like that of a ship of war, where the officers and crew were concerned, but the passengers might have believed they were on their own private yacht.

There was music for breakfast, dinner, and tea; music when the fingers of the trombonist were frozen and when the snow fell upon the taut surface of the big drum; and music at dawn to tell us it was Sunday, so that you awoke imagining yourself at church. There was also a ball, and the captain led an opening march, and the stewards stood at every point to see that the passengers kept in line, and "rounded up" those who tried to slip away from the procession. There were also speeches at all times, and lectures and religious services, and on the last night out a grand triumph of the *chef*, who built wonderful candy goddesses of liberty smiling upon the other symbolic lady who keeps watch on the Rhine, and the band played "Dixie," which it had been told was the national anthem by a "Southern lady," and the portrait of the German Emperor smiled down upon us over his autograph. All this was interesting, because it was characteristic of the Germans; it showed their childish delight in little things, and the same simplicity of character which makes the German soldiers who would not move out of the way of the French bullets dance around a Christmas tree. The American or the Englishman will not do these things, because he has too keen a sense of the ridiculous, and is afraid of being laughed at. So when he goes to sea he plays poker and holds auctions on the run.

There was only one passenger on board who objected to the music. He was from Detroit, and for the first three days remained lashed to his steamer chair like a mummy, with nothing showing but a blue nose and closed eyelids. The band played at his end of the deck, and owing to the fingers of the players being frozen, and to the sudden lurches of the ship, the harmony was sometimes destroyed. Those who had an ear for music picked up their steamer chairs and moved to windward; but the young man, being half dead and firmly lashed to his place, was unable to save himself.

On the morning of the fourth day, when the concert was over and the band had gone to thaw out, the young man suddenly sat upright and pointed his forefinger at the startled passengers. We had generally decided that he was dead. "The Lord knows I'm a sick man," he said, blinking his eyes feebly; "but if I live till midnight I'll find out where they hide those horns, and I'll drop 'em into the Gulf Stream, if it takes my dying breath." He then fell over backwards, and did not speak again until we reached Gibraltar.

There are other graceful attentions, besides the music, shown to the passengers on this Southern trip which could be introduced with profit by the Northern steamship lines. One of them is the distribution of land at irregular intervals along the route, and a constant supply of porpoises, which gambol about the bow of the boat with the greatest good-nature and infinite grace. There is also, after the first four days, a great deal of smooth water, and some well-arranged sunsets. There is something about the sight of land after one has been a week without it which supplies a want that nothing else can fill; and it is interesting to note how careless one is as to its name, or whether it is pink or pale blue on the maps, or whether it is ruled by a king or a colonial secretary. It is quite sufficient that it is land. This was impressed upon me once, on entering New York Harbor, by a young man who emerged from his deck cabin to discover, what all the other passengers already knew, that we were on the upper bay. He gave a shout of ecstatic relief and pleasure. "That," he cried, pointing to the west, "is Staten Island, but that," pointing to the right, "is LAND."

The first land you see on going to Gibraltar is the Azores Islands. They are volcanic and mountainous, and accompany the boat for a day and a half; but they could be improved if they were moved further south about two hundred miles, as one has to get up at dawn to see the best of them. It is quite warm by this time, and the clothes you wore in New York seem to belong to a barbarous period and past fashion, and have become heavy and cumbersome, and take up an unnecessary amount of room in your trunk.

And then people tell you that there is land in sight again, and you find how really far you are from home when you learn that it is Portugal, and so a part of Europe, and not an island thrown up by a volcano, or stolen or strayed from its moorings at the mainland. Portugal is a high red hill, with a round white tower on the top of it flying signal flags. Its chief industry is the arranging of these flags by a man. It is populated also by sheep, which cling to the side of the hill. There are also three men in a boat with a lateen-sail, not to speak of the dog which we could not see. It is, on the whole, a disappointing country. After this, everybody begins to pack and to exchange visiting-cards; and those who are to get off at Gibraltar are pursued by stewards and band-masters and young men with testimonials that they want signed, and by the weak in spirit, who, at the eleventh hour, think they will not go on to Genoa, but will get off here and go on to Tangier, and who want you to decide for them. And which do you think would pay best, and what is there to see in Tangier, anyway? And as that is exactly what you are going to find out, you cannot tell.

When I left the deck the last night out the stars were all over the heavens; and the foremast, as it swept slowly from side to side, looked like a black pendulum upside down marking out the sky and portioning off the stars. And when I woke there was a great creaking of chains, and I could see out of my port-hole hundreds of fixed lights and rows and double rows of lamps, so that you might have thought the ship during the night had run aground in the heart of a city.

The first sight of Gibraltar is, I think, disappointing. It means so much, and so many lives have been given for it, and so many great ships sunk by its batteries, and such great powers have warred for twelve hundred years for its few miles of stone, that its black outline against the sky, with nothing to measure it with but the fading stars, is dwarfed and spoiled. It is only after the sun begins to turn the lights out, and you are able to compare it with the great ships at its base, and you see the battlements and the mouths of cannon, and the clouds resting on its top, that you understand it; and then when the outline of the crouching lion that has faced all Europe for a hundred years comes into relief, you remember it is, as they say, the lock to the Mediterranean, of which England holds the key. And even while you feel this, and are greedily following the course of each rampart and terrace with eyes that are tired of blank stretches of water, some one points to a low line of mountains lying like blue clouds before the red sky of the sunrise, dim, forbidding, and mysterious—and you know that it is Africa.

Spain, lying to the right, all green and amethyst, and flippant and gay with white houses and red roofs, and Gibraltar's grim show of battlements and war, become somehow of little moment. You feel that you have known them always, and that they are as you fancied they would be. But this other land across the water looks as inscrutable, as dark, and as silent as the Sphinx that typifies it, and you feel that its Pillar of Hercules still marks the entrance to the "unknown world."

Nine out of every ten of those who visit Gibraltar for the first time expect to find an island. It ought to be, and it would be but for a strip of level turf half a mile wide and half a mile long which joins it to the sunny green hills of Spain. But for this bit of land, which they call "the Neutral Ground," Gibraltar would be an island, for it has the Mediterranean to the east, a bay, and beyond that the hills of Spain to the west, and Africa dimly showing fourteen miles across the sea to the south.

Gibraltar has been besieged thirteen times; by Moors and by Spaniards, and again by Moors, and again by Spaniards against Spaniards. It was during one of these wars between two factions in Spain, in 1704, that the English, who were helping one of the factions, took the Rock, and were so well pleased with it that they settled there, and have remained there ever since. If possession is nine points of the law, there was never a place in the history of the world held with nine as obvious points. There were three more sieges after the English took Gibraltar, one of them, the last, continuing for four years. The English were fighting America at the time, and rowing in the Nile, and so did not do much towards helping General George Elliot, who was Governor of the Rock at that time. It would appear to be, as well as one can judge from this distance, a case of neglect on the part of the mother-country for her little colony and her 6000 men, very much like her forgetfulness of Gordon, only Elliot succeeded where Gordon failed (if you can associate that word with that name), and so no one blamed the home government for risking what would have been a more serious loss than the loss of Calais, had Elliot surrendered, and "Gib" gone back to its rightful owners, that is, the owners who have the one point. The history of this siege is one of the most interesting of war stories; it is interesting whether you ever expect to visit Gibraltar or not; it is doubly interesting when you walk the pretty streets of the Rock to-day, with its floating population of 20,000, and try to imagine the place held by 6000 half-starved, sick, and wounded soldiers, living at times on grass and herbs and handfuls of rice, and yet carrying on an apparently forlorn fight for four years against the entire army and navy of Spain, and, at the last, against the arms of France as well.

We are apt to consider the Gibraltar of to-day as occupying the same position to the Mediterranean as Queenstown does to the Atlantic, a place where passengers go ashore while the mails are being taken on board, and not so much for their interest in the place itself as to again feel solid earth under their feet. There are passengers who will tell you on the way out that you can see all there is to be seen there in three hours. As a matter of fact, one can live in Gibraltar for many weeks and see something new every day. It struck me as being more different kinds of a place than any other spot of land I had ever visited, and one that changed its aspect with every shifting of the wind, and with each rising and setting of the sun. It is the clearing-house for three most picturesque peoples—the Moors, in their yellow slippers and bare legs and voluminous robes and snowy turbans; the Spaniards, with romantic black capes and cloaks and red sashes, the women with the lace mantilla and brilliant kerchiefs and pretty faces; and, mixed with these, the pride and glory of the British army and navy, in all the bravery of red coats and white helmets, or blue jackets, or Highland kilts. It is a fortress as imposing as the Tower of London, a winter resort as pretty as St. Augustine, and a seaport town of free entry, into which come on every tide people of many nations and ships flying every flag.

Around its base are the ramparts, like a band of stone and steel; above them the town, rising like a staircase, with houses for steps—yellow houses, with light green blinds sticking out at different angles, and with sloping red roofs meeting other lines of red roofs, and broken by a carpeting of green where the parks and gardens make an opening in the yellow front of the town, and from which rise tall palms and palmettoes, and rows of sea-pines, and fluttering union-jacks which mark the barracks of a regiment. Above the town is the Rock, covered with a green growth of scrub and of little trees below, and naked and bare above, stretching for several miles from north to south, and rearing its great bulk up into the sky until it loses its summit in the clouds. It is never twice the same. To-day it may be smiling and resplendent under a warm brilliant sun that spreads out each shade of green, and shows each terrace and rampart as clearly as though one saw it through a glass; the sky becomes as blue as the sea and the bay, and the white villages of Spain seem as near to one as the red soldier smoking his pipe on the mountings half-way up the Rock. And to-morrow the whole top of the Rock may be lost in a thick curtain of gray clouds, and the waters of the bay will be tossing and covered with white-caps, and the lands about disappear from sight as though they had sunk into the sea during the night and had left you alone on an island. At times a sunset will paint the Rock a martial red, or the moonlight softens it, and you see only the tall palms and the graceful balconies and the gardens of plants, and each rampart becomes a terrace and each casemate a balcony. Or at night, when the lamps are lit, you might imagine yourself on the stage of a theatre, walking in a scene set for *Fra Diavolo*.

There are no such streets or houses outside of stage-land. It is only in stage cities that the pavements and streets are so conspicuously clean, or that the hanging lamps of beaten iron-work throw such deep shadows, or that there are such high, heavily carved Moorish doorways and mysterious twisting stairways in the solid rock, or shops with such queer signs, or walls plastered with such odd-colored placards—streets where every footfall echoes, and where dark figures suddenly appear from narrow alleyways and cry "Halt, there!" at you, and then "All's well" as you pass by.

Gibraltar has one main street running up and clinging to the side of the hill from the principal quay to the most southern point of the Rock. Houses reach up to it from the first level of the ramparts, and continue on up the hill from its other side. On this street are the bazars of the Moors, and the English shops and Spanish cafés, and the cathedral, and the hotels, and the Governor's house, and every one in Gibraltar is sure to appear on it at least once in the twenty-four hours. It is here that the three peoples meet and pass, the Moors leisurely and with dignified bearing, the Spaniards who come over for the day, and who return each night, and the English soldiers. The ladies of the garrison shop here, driving about in dog-carts with soldier coachmen, and with them you see the natives of the Rock, who call themselves, and who are called "Rock scorpions," and who look like Spanish women in English women's frocks, and who are distinctly pretty. So, though after a different fashion, are their English cousins, with their fresh complexions and loose skirts and men's ties and long coats, and queer little straw hats tipped over their eyes. But the color and tone of the street are military. There are soldiers at every step—soldiers carrying the mail or bearing reports, or soldiers in bulk with a band ahead, or soldiers going out to guard the North Front, where lies the Neutral Ground, or to target practice, or to play football; soldiers in two or threes, with their sticks under their arms, and their caps very much cocked, and pipes in their mouths. But these make slow progress, for there is always an officer in sight—either a boy officer just out from England riding to the polo field near the Neutral Ground, or a commanding officer in a black tunic and a lot of ribbons across his breast, or an officer of the day with his sash and sword; and each of these has to be saluted. This is an interesting spectacle, and one that is always new. You see three soldiers coming at you at a quick step, talking and grinning, alert and jaunty, and suddenly the upper part of their three bodies becomes rigid, though their legs continue as before, apparently of their own volition, and their hands go up and their pipes and grins disappear, and they pass you with eyes set like dead men's eyes, and palms facing you as though they were trying to learn which way the wind was blowing. This is due, you discover, to the passing of a stout gentleman in knickerbockers, who switches his rattan stick in the air in reply. Sometimes when he salutes the soldier stops altogether, and so his walks abroad are punctuated at every twenty yards. It takes an ordinary soldier in Gibraltar one hour to walk ten minutes.

Everybody walks in the middle of the main street in Gibraltar, because the sidewalks are only two feet wide, and because all the streets are as clean as the deck of a yacht. Cals

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of yellow wood and diligences with jangling bells and red worsted harness gallop through this street and sweep the people up against the wall, and long lines of goats who leave milk in a natural manner at various shops tangle themselves up with long lines of little donkeys and longer lines of geese, with which the local police struggle valiantly. All of these things, troops and goats and yellow cabs and polo ponies and dog-carts, and priests with curly-brimmed hats, and baggy-breeched Moors, and huntsmen in pink coats and Tommies in red, and sailors rolling along in blue, make the main street of Gibraltar as full of variety as a mask ball, and much more amusing. This is the part of the town which every tourist can see, but he has little imagination if he thinks he has seen enough of it in three hours.

Of the Gibraltar militant, the fortress and the key to the Mediterranean, he can see but the little that lies open to him and to every one along the ramparts. Of the real defensive works of the place he is not allowed to have even a guess. The ramparts stretch all along the western side of the rock, presenting to the bay a high shelving wall which twists and changes its front at every 100 yards, and in such an unfriendly way that whoever tried to scale its slippery surface at one point would have a hundred yards of ramparts on either side of him, from which two points gunners and infantry could observe his efforts with comfort and safety to themselves; and from which, when tired of watching him slip and scramble, they could and undoubtedly would blow him into bits. But they would probably save him the trouble of coming so far by doing that before he left his vessel in the bay. The northern face of the Rock—that end which faces Spain, and which makes the head of the crouching lion—shows two long rows of teeth cut in its surface by convicts of long ago. You are allowed to walk through these dungeons, and to look down upon the Neutral Ground and the little Spanish town at the end of its half-mile over the butts of great guns. And you will marvel not so much at the engineering skill of whoever it was who planned this defence as at the weariness and the toil of the criminals who gave up the greater part of their lives to hewing and blasting out these great galleries and gloomy passages, through which your footsteps echo like the report of cannon.

Lower down, on the outside of this mask of rock, are more ramparts, built there by man, and from which infantry could sweep the front of the enemy were they to approach from the only point from which a land attack is possible. The other side of the Rock, that which faces the Mediterranean, is unprotected, except by the big guns on the very summit, for no man could scale it, and no ball yet made shatter its front. To further protect the north from a land attack there is at the base of the Rock and below the ramparts a great moat, bridged by an apparently solid piece of masonry. This roadway, which leads to the north gate of the fortress—the one which is closed at six each night—is undermined, and at a word could be blown into pebbles, turning the moat into a great lake of water, and virtually changing the Rock of Gibraltar into an island. I never crossed this roadway without wondering whether the sentry underneath might not be lighting his pipe near the powder-magazine, and I generally reached the end of it at a gallop. There is still another protection to the North Front. It is only the protection a watch-dog gives at night; but a watch-dog is most important. He gives you time to sound your burglar-alarm and to get a pistol from under your pillow. A line of sentries paces the Neutral Ground, and has paced it for nearly two hundred years. Their sentry-boxes dot the half-mile of turf, and their red coats move backward and forward night and day, and any one who leaves the straight and narrow road crossing the Neutral Ground, and who comes within fifty yards of them, passes a dead-line and is shot. Facing them, a half-mile off, are the white adobe sentry-boxes of Spain and another row of sentries, wearing long blue coats and queer little shakos, and smoking cigarettes. And so the two great powers watch each other unceasingly across the half-mile of turf, and say, "So far shall you go, and no farther; this belongs to me." There is nothing more significant than these two rows of sentries; you notice it whenever you cross the Neutral Ground for a ride in Spain. First you see the English sentry, rather short and very young, but very clean and rigid, and scowling fiercely over the chin-strap of his big white helmet. His shoulder-straps shine with pipe-clay and his boots with blacking, and his arms are burnished and oily. Taken alone, he is a little atom, a molecule; but he is complete in himself, with his food and lodging on his back, and his arms ready to his hand. He is one of a great system that obtains from India to Nova Scotia, and from Bermuda to Africa and Australia; and he shows that he knows this in the way he holds up his chin and kicks out his legs as he tramps back and forward guarding the big rock at his back. And facing him, half a mile away, you will see a tall handsome chap seated on a stone, with the tails of his long coat wrapped warmly around his legs, and with his gun leaning against another rock while he rolls a cigarette; and then, with his hands in his pockets, he gazes through the smoke at the sky above and the sea on either side, and wonders when he will be paid his peseta a day for fighting and bleeding for his country. This helps to make you understand how six thousand half-starved Englishmen held Gibraltar for four years against the army of Spain.

This is about all that you can see of Gibraltar as a fortress. You hear, of course, of much more, and you can guess at a great deal. Up above, where the Signal Station is, and where no one, not even officers in uniform not engaged on the works, is allowed to go, are the real fortifications. What looks like a rock is a monster gun painted gray, or a tree hides the mouth of another. And in this forbidden territory are great cannon which are worked from the lowest ramparts. These are all the present triumphs of Gibraltar. Before they came, the clouds which shut out the sight of the Rock as well as the rest of the world from its summit rendered the great pieces of artillery there as useless in bad weather as they are harmless in times of peace. The very elements threatened to war against the English, and a shower of rain or a veering wind might have altered the fortunes of a battle. But a clever man named Watkins has invented a position-finder, by means of which those on the lowest ramparts, well out of the clouds, can aim the great guns on the summit at a vessel unseen by the gunners lost in the mist above, and by electricity fire a shot from a gun a half-mile above them so that it will strike an object many miles off at sea. It will be a very strange sensation to the captain of such a vessel to find her bombarded by shells or balls that belch forth from a drifting cloud.

No stranger has really any idea of the real strength of this fortress, or in what part of it its real strength lies. Not one out of ten of its officers knows this either. Gibraltar is a grand and grim practical joke; it is an armed foe like the army in *Macbeth*, who came in the semblance of a wood, or like the wooden horse of Troy that held the pick of the enemy's fighting-men. What looks like a solid face of rock is a hanging curtain that masks a battery; and the blue waters of the bay are treacherous with torpedoes; and every little smiling village of Spain has been marked down for destruction, and has had its measurements taken as accurately as though the English batteries had been playing on it already for many years. The Rock is undermined and tunnelled throughout, and food and provisions are stored way in it to last a siege of seven years. Telephones and telegraphs, signal stations for flagging, search-lights, and other such devilish inventions, have been planted on every point, and only the Governor himself knows what other modern improvements have been introduced into the bowels of this mountain or distributed behind smiling landscapes on its surface.

On the 25th of February, at half past ten in the morning, three guns were fired in rapid succession from the top of the Rock, and the windows shook. Three guns mean that Gibraltar is about to be attacked by a fleet of war-ships, and that "England expects every man to do his duty." So I went out to see him do it. Men were running through the streets trailing their guns, and officers were galloping about pulling at their gloves, and bodies of troops were swinging along at a double-quick, which always makes them look as though they were walking in tight boots, and bugles were calling, and groups of men, black and clearly cut against the sky, were excitedly switching the air with flags from every jutting rock and every rampart of the garrison.

Behind the ramparts, quite out of sight of the vessels in the bay, were many hundreds of infantrymen with rifles in hand, and only waiting for a signal to appear above the coping of the wall to empty their guns into the boats of the enemy. The enlisted men, who enjoy this sort of play, were pleased and interested; the officers were almost as calm as they would be before a real enemy, and very much bored at being called out and experimented with. I found some friends of mine on the Jumper's Bastion supporting an imaginary battery. There never had been a battery in that place, and there did not seem any likelihood of one being brought there, and they explained this to his Excellency the Governor when he with his staff came galloping up, and asked what an unarmed infantry company was doing on an otherwise deserted rampart. I know now where to attack Gibraltar—at the spot where they have imaginary batteries. The real object of the preparation for defence that morning was to learn whether the officers at different points could communicate with the Governor as he rode rapidly from one spot to another. This was done by means of flags, and although the officer who did the flagging for the Governor's party had about as much as he could do to keep his horse on four legs, the experiment was most successful. It was a very pretty and curious sight to see men talking a mile away to a moving party of horsemen going at full gallop.

The life of a subaltern of the British army, who belongs to a smart regiment, and who is stationed at such a post as Gibraltar, impresses you as being as easy and satisfactory a state of existence as a young and unmarried man could ask. He has always the hope that some day—any day, in fact—he will have a chance to see active service, and so serve his country and distinguish his name. And while waiting for this chance he enjoys the good things the world brings him with a clear conscience. He has duties, it is true, but they did not strike me as being wearing ones, or as threatening nervous prostration. As far as I could see, his most trying duty was the number of times a day he had to change his clothes, and this had its ameliorating circumstance in that he each time changed into a more gorgeous costume. I remember one youth whom I saw in four different suits in two hours. When I first noticed him he was coming back from polo, in boots and breeches; then he was directing the firing of a gun, with a pill-box hat on the side of his head, a large pair of field-glasses in his hand, and covered by a black and red uniform that fitted him like a jersey. A little later he turned up at a tennis party at the Governor's in flannels; and after that he came back there to dine in the garb of every evening. When the subaltern dines at mess he wears a uniform which turns that of a member of Troop A into what looks in comparison like a second-hand and ready-made garment. The officers of the 13th Somerset Light Infantry wore scarlet jackets at dinner, with high black silk waistcoats bordered with two inches of gold lace. The jackets have gold buttons sewed along every edge that presents itself, and offer glorious chances for determining one's future by counting "poor man, rich man, beggar-man, thief." When eighteen of these jackets are placed around a table, the chance civilian feels and looks like an undertaker. Dining at mess is a very serious function in a British regiment. At other times her Majesty's officers are a casual lot; but at dinner, when you are a guest, or whether you are a guest or not, there is an intent to please and to be pleased that is rather refreshing. We have no regimental headquarters in America, and owing to our officers seeking promotion all over the country, the regimental *esprit de corps* is lacking. But in the English army regimental feeling is very strong; father and son follow on in the same regiment, and now that they are naming them for the counties from which they are recruited, they are becoming very close corporations indeed. At mess the traditions of the regiment come into play, and you can learn then of the actions in which it has been engaged from the engravings and paintings around the walls, and from the silver plate on the table and the flags in the corner.

When a man gets his company he presents the regiment with a piece of plate, or a silver inkstand, or a picture, or something which commemorates a battle or a man, and so the regimental headquarters are always telling a story of what has been in the past and inspiring fine deeds for the future. Each regiment has its peculiarity of uniform or its custom at mess, which is distinctive to it, and which means more the longer it is observed. Those in authority are trying to do away with these signs and differences in equipment, and are writing themselves down asses as they do so. You will notice, for instance, if you are up in such things, that the sergeants of the 13th Light Infantry wear their sashes from the left shoulder to the right hip, as officers do, and not from the right shoulder, as sergeants should. This means that once in a great battle every officer of the 13th was killed, and the sergeants, finding this out, and that they were now in command, changed their sashes to the other shoulder. And the officers ever after allowed them to do this, as a tribute to their brothers in command who had so conspicuously obliterated themselves and distinguished their regiment. There are other traditions, such as that no one must mention a woman's name at mess, except the title of one woman, to which they rise and drink at the end of the dinner, when the sergeant gives the signal to the band-master outside, and his men play the national anthem, while the bandmaster comes in, as Mr. Kipling describes him in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "takes his glass of port-wine with the officers." The Sixtieth, or the Royal Rifles, for instance, wear no marks of rank at their mess, in order to express the idea that there they are all equal. This regiment had for its name once the King's American Rifles, and under that name it took Quebec and Montreal, and I had placed in front of me at mess one night a little silver statuette in the equipment of a Continental soldier, except that his coat, if it had been colored, would have been red, and not blue. He was dated 1768. In the mess-room are pictures of the regiment swarming over the heights of Quebec, storming the walls of Delhi, and running the gauntlet up the Nile as they pressed forward to save Gordon. All of this goes to make a subaltern feel things that are good for him to feel.

There are more pleasant ways to spend the time in Gibraltar than in any one place of its size I have ever visited, and when I remember them I feel I have not given any idea of its charm or of its variety.

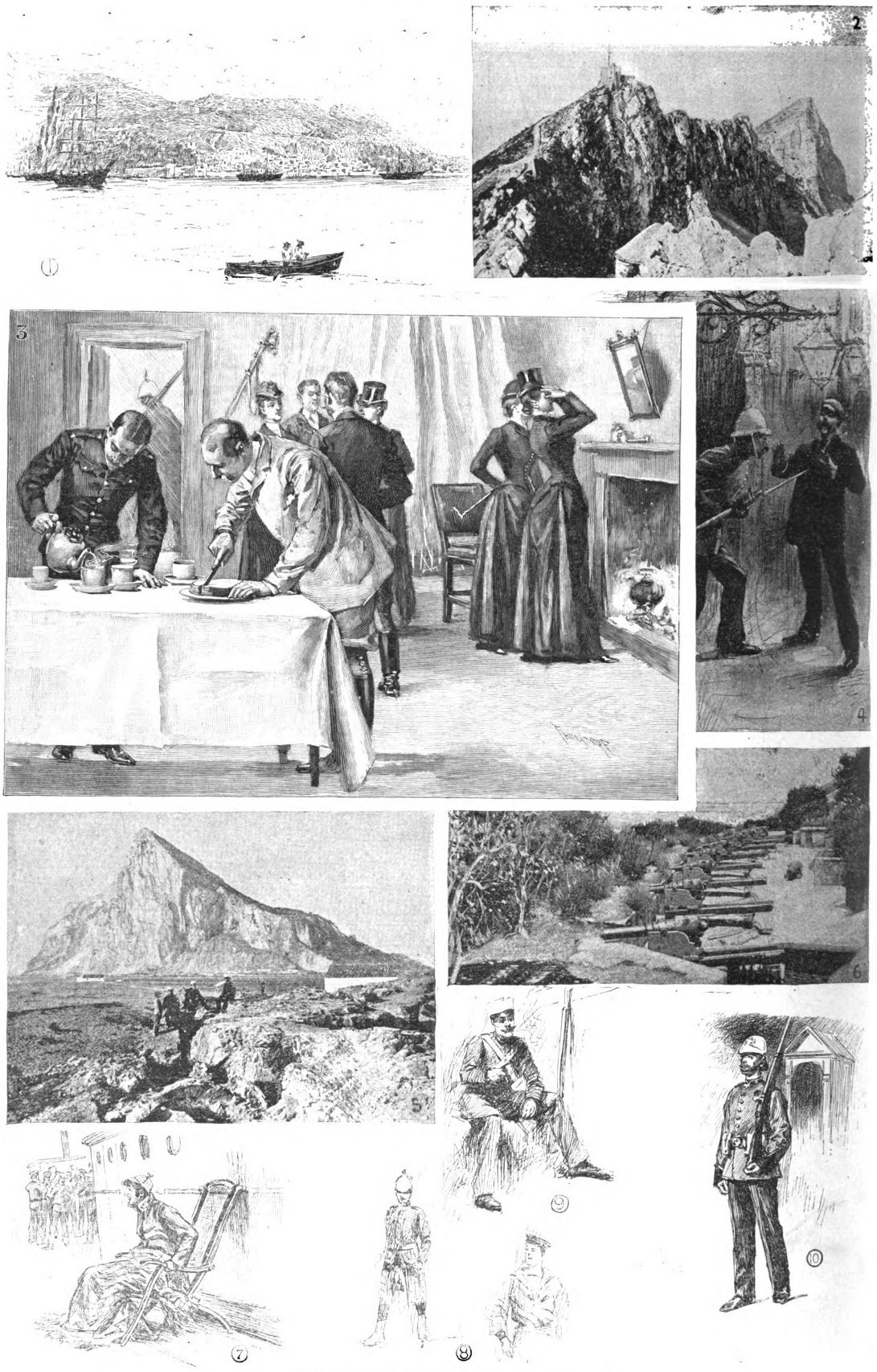
Every day there is tennis, and bands playing in the Alameda, and parades, or riding-parties across the Neutral Ground into Spain, and teas and dinners, at which the young ladies of the place dance Spanish dances. They learn to do this just as other young women learn to play the piano, and are asked to dance just as other young women are asked to play. The dancing is very pretty and very discreet, and every one, from the daughters of the highest in command to a very little girl horridly named Stumps, who looks like one of Du Maurier's littlest and prettiest girls, and who used to stone me from an inaccessible point of rock whenever I called on her sisters, who can teach Carmencita steps, and would obtain twenty pounds a week from the Vaudeville Club. Twice a week the Calpe Hunt meets in Spain, and chases foxes across the worst country that any Englishman ever rode over in pink. There are no fences, but there are ravines and cañons and precipices, down and up and over which the horses scramble and jump, and over which they will, if the rider leaves them alone, bring him safely. And if you lose the rest of them, you can go to an old Spanish inn like that which Don Quixote visited, with drunken muleteers in the court-yard, and the dining-room over the stable, and with beautiful dark-eyed young women to give you omelet and native wine and black bread. Or, what is as amusing, you can stop in at the officer's guard-room at the North Front, and cheer that gentleman's loneliness by taking tea with him, and drying your things before his fire while he cuts the cake, and the women of the party straighten their hats in front of his glass, and two Tommies go off for hot water. There was a very entertaining officer guarding the North Front one night, and he proved so entertaining that neither of us heard the sunset gun, and so when I reached the gate I found it locked, and the bugler of the guard who take the keys to the Governor each night was sounding his bugle half-way up the town. There was a dark object on a wall to which I addressed all my arguments and explanations, which he met with repeated requests to "move on, now," in the tone of expostulation with which a London policeman addresses a very drunken man.

I knew that if I tried to cross the Neutral Ground I would get shot at for a smuggler; for, owing to Gibraltar's being a free port of entry, these gentlemen buy tobacco there, and carry it home each night, or run it across the half-mile of Neutral Ground strapped to the backs of dogs. So I wandered back again to the entertaining officer, and he was filled with remorse, and sent off a note of entreaty to his Excellency's representative, to whom he referred as, a D. A. A. G., and whose name, he said, was Jones. We then went to the mess of the officers guarding the different approaches, and these gentlemen kindly offered me their own beds, proposing that they themselves should sleep on three chairs and a pile of overcoats; all except one subaltern, who excused his silence by saying diffidently that he fancied I would not care to sleep in the fever camp, of which he had charge. I had seen the officer of the keys pass every night, and the guards turn out to salute the keys, and I had rather imagined that it was more or less of a form, and that the pomp and circumstance were all there was to it. I did not believe that the Rock was really closed up at night like a safe with a combination lock. But I know now that it is. A note came back from the mysterious D. A. A. G. saying I could be admitted at eleven; but it said nothing at all about sentries, nor did the entertaining officer. Subalterns always say "Officer" when challenged, and the sentry always murmurs, "Pass, officer, and all's well," in an apologetic growl. But I suppose I did not say "Officer" as I had been told to do, with any show of confidence, for every sentry who appeared that night—and there seemed to be a regiment of them—would not have it at all, and wanted further data, and wanted it quick. Even if you have an order from a D. A. A. G. named Jones, it is very difficult to explain about it when you don't know whether to speak of him as the D. A. A. G. or as General Jones, and especially when a young and inexperienced shadow is twisting his gun about so that the moonlight plays up and down the very longest bayonet ever used by a civilized nation. They were not nice sentries, either, like those in town, who stand where you can see them, and who challenge you drowsily, like cabmen, and make the empty streets less lonely than otherwise.

They were, on the contrary, fierce and in a terrible hurry, and had a way of jumping out of the shadow with a rattle of the gun and a shout that brought nerve-storms in successive shocks. To make it worse, I had gone over the post, while waiting for word from the D. A. A. G., to hear the sentries recite their instructions to the entertaining officer. They did this rather badly, I thought, the only portion of them, indeed, which they seemed to have by heart being the part which bade them not to allow cows to trespass without a permit, which must have impressed them by its humor, and the fact that when approached within fifty yards they were first to use the bayonet and then to fire low. I found when challenged that night that this was the only part of their instructions that I could remember either.

This was the only trying experience of my stay in Gibraltar, and it is brought in here as a compliment to the force that guards the North Front. For of them, and the rest of the inhabitants and officers of the garrison, any one who visits there can only think well; and I hope when the Rock is attacked, as it never will be, that they will all cover themselves with glory. It never will be attacked, for the reason that the American people are the only people clever enough to invent a way of taking it, and they are far too clever to attempt an impossible thing. But if any other power is foolish enough to besiege this place, I hope it will not again sweep away all the officers of Prince Albert's 13th Somerset Light Infantry, and that it will train its guns so as not to hit the garden where "Stumps" plays on Gowland's Rampart.

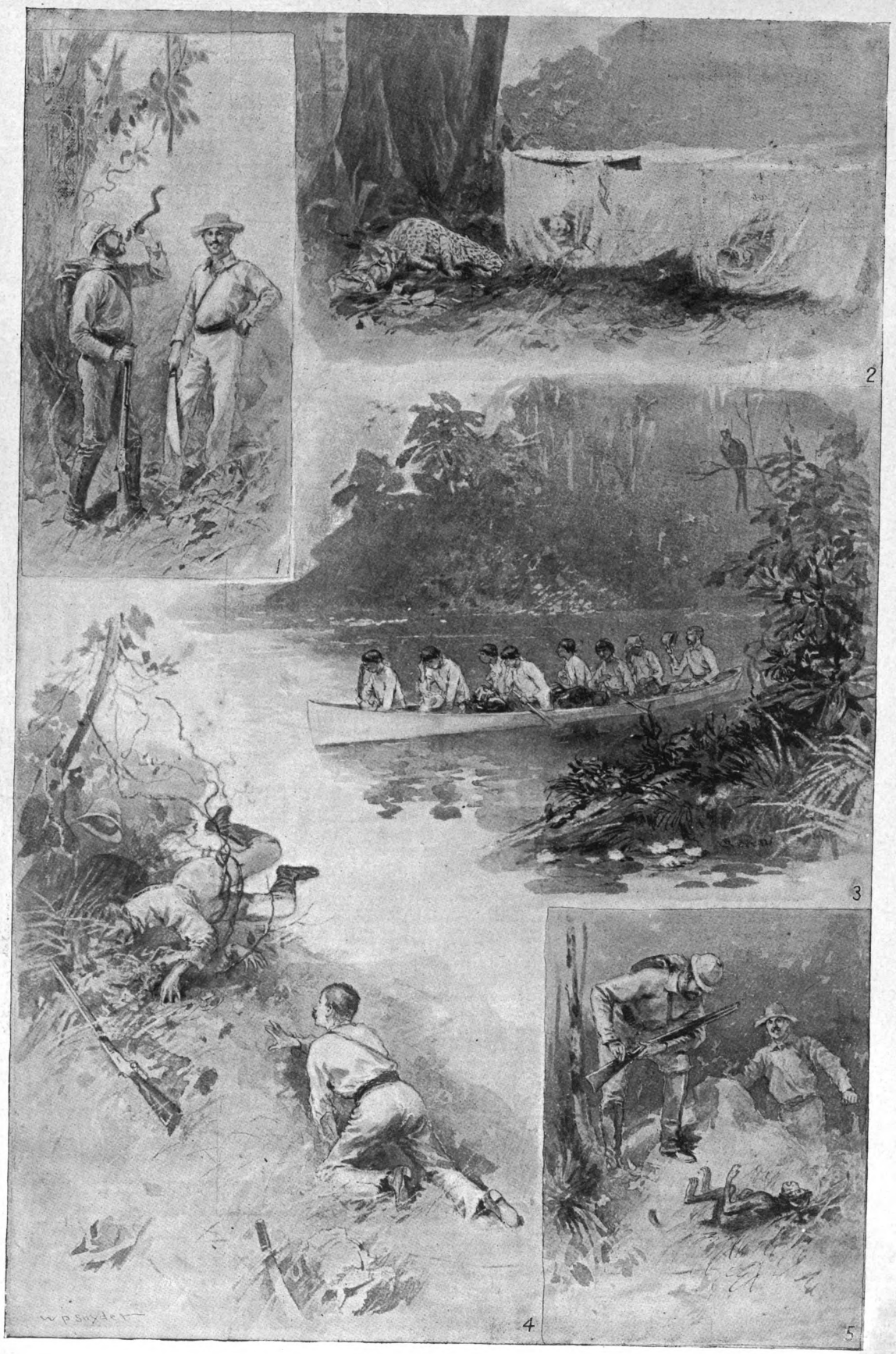
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THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.—[See Page 474.]

1. The Rock from the Bay. 2. Signal Station on the top of the Rock. 3. Drying your things before his fire while he cuts the cake, and the women of the party straighten their hats in front of his glass. 4. Where dark figures suddenly appear from narrow alleyways, and cry "Halt there!" at you. 5. Gibraltar as seen across the Neutral Ground—Spanish sentinels in the foreground. 6. Cannons masked by bushes. 7. The man from Detroit. 8. Types. 9. Spanish sentry smoking cigarette. 10. English sentry.

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IN THE NICARAGUA COUNTRY—ACROSS THE DIVIDE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 486.]

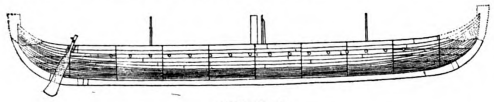
1. "I drank more than a pint, and found it cool and refreshing." 2. "I was suddenly awakened by a warm breath upon my head." 3. "The distant sound of an Angelus bell chimed soft and low." 4. "One foot slips, then another, and down you go." 5. "With an expression of intense agony, he fixed his glassy eyes upon me."

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THE VIKING SHIP.

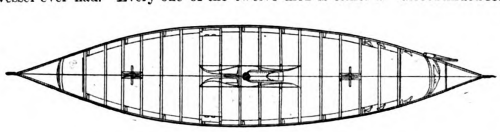
THIS little vessel was built upon the model of an old viking ship which was found about thirteen years ago buried deep in the ground under the village of Goystad, near Sandefjord. The new boat differs from its model in having a cover to shelter the sailors from the spray and rain, whereas the old vessel was entirely open. The bow is surmounted by a dragon's head, and a dragon's tail curls upward from the stern. Her measurements are: length, 77 feet; beam, 16 feet; and from gunwale to base of keel, 6 feet. The peculiar construction of the hull is shown in the diagrams below, which present both a side and a vertical view of the vessel.

She left Christiania early in April, for the purpose of visiting the different coast towns and allowing the people an opportunity to see her, and on the 1st of May she set sail from Bergen on her adventurous voyage across the ocean. While on the open sea she will of course be propelled entirely by the wind, but when she reaches the lakes twenty sailors will join the crew, the sail will be taken down, and the thirty-two oars which she carries will be brought into use for the rest of the voyage. Mr. H. Hansen, who recently arrived from Norway and will go on to Chicago to await the coming of the ship, said recently to the New York *Sun:*



SIDE VIEW.

"The viking ship has attracted much attention in Norway. The people are very proud of her. They say she is much more interesting than the caravels of Columbus, because the Spanish boats were made from pictures, while the viking is built directly from the original. Many are afraid that she will not cross the ocean in safety, but the sailors have no fear for her. The crew is the best that any vessel ever had. Every one of the twelve men is either a ship's captain or a first mate. They have no ballast on board except the fresh water, and as soon as that gets low seawater will be taken on board. They have also built a galley on board to cook the food. The ancient vikings only took a big kettle with them, but that would not do in these days. The men will sleep on reindeer skins, just as the vikings did, but, unlike the vikings, they will have on board sea-anchors, oil-bags, compasses, charts, and navigation instruments."



VERTICAL VIEW.

The captain of the *Viking* is Magnus Andersen, a journalist and experienced sea-captain. The first mate is Johan Gustav Gundersen, the hero of more than one ocean adventure; and the second mate is Christen Christensen, who superintended the building of the boat.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THEATRICAL novelties and dramatic happenings of interest were conspicuous by their absence at local play-houses during the past week. This is almost to be expected at this time of year, when the regular season at most theatres is practically over, and the summer season not as yet well under way. At the Union Square Theatre Mr. Wilson Barrett revived *Claudian*, one of the best pieces in his repertory, and was also seen as Hamlet and Othello. In all of these plays Mr. Barrett's strong personality and impressive methods were displayed to excellent advantage. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is a particularly interesting character study, on which he has bestowed much care, learned research, and deep thought. Many of his readings are unconventional, and though sounding a trifle strange, are not unwarranted, while the whole impersonation, though lacking something of the fire and enthusiasm of youth, as a psychological study of a character which no two people seem to interpret alike is of unusual power and merit. There can be no question about Mr. Barrett's ability as actor, author, and stage-manager. If he just misses absolute greatness it is possibly because he elects to be all three rather than any one of them. But, after all, why tragedy? The old-time actor who could tear a passion to tatters in the drama, and was able to do a low comedy bit in the farce, has passed off the stage, and with him most of the popular regard for pieces of the purely tragic kind. When we revive Shakespeare we revive his comedies, not his tragedies. The age, it is true, is one of analysis, but of an analysis too minute to find the broader, simpler human emotions of absorbing interest. The analytical mind of to-day prefers to use the microscope rather than the telescope in its search for an emotion. Mr. Barrett returns to England at the close of his present engagement.

If when Mr. Felix Morris left her company Miss Vokes lost a very excellent actor, she gained another and quite as good a one when Mr. Marius joined it. One thing, at any rate, is certain, that in the triple bill which Miss Vokes offered to her patrons last week (one which, be it said, was much better than the previous week's bill) Mr. Morris's absence from the various casts was not even noticeable. In saying that that delightful and perennial whimsicality *A Pantomime Rehearsal* was quite as amusing as when originally produced by Miss Vokes in this country, one says all that can be said of its performance in the way of praise. Like Topsy, *A Pantomime Rehearsal* was never made; it grew. Mr. Clay was indeed its putative creator, but the piece was practically written at rehearsal by the company, and as a more delightfully amusing bit of refined fooling has never been presented on any stage, it might be well to consider this method of play-writing with a view to its more general adoption. Both in the *Pantomime Rehearsal* and in *Wig and Gown*, which preceded it, Miss Vokes was, as always, entirely admirable. Her methods are rarely finished, and never fail in producing just the proper effect. In her particular line Miss Vokes is *facile princeps;* indeed, for delicate humor, lightness of comic touch, and suggestive and infectious gayety, she has not her equal on the contemporary stage. In the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, as the unruly amateur who is constantly giving up his rôle in disgust because his peculiar conception of the part is not allowed nor allowable, Mr. Marius made a most striking and artistic success. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the original in the part, played it as a scatter-brained lordling; later, the part became a French baron. Mr. Marius succeeds Mr. Morris in it, but does not follow him. He gives us a typical little French gentleman, voluble, irascible, vacuous, and stupid, but most genial, most attractively humorous. As a bit of refined artistic burlesque Mr. Marius's acting in this part could hardly be surpassed; for even while turning cart-wheels and being generally ridiculous, he contrives to be both legitimate and artistic. *A Pantomime Rehearsal* ran in London for over two years; played as it now is, one would think that it might almost be continued indefinitely at Daly's Theatre.

College theatricals seem to be considered as a fit and proper medium of college festivities, recreations, or charities all over the English-speaking world. Foreign students act too much in a different way, are too much given to Kneipen and duels, and so are too much taken up with beer and bandages to devote much care or attention to things histrionic. But there is scarcely a college or university of any size in this country or in England which has not an association of one kind or another formed for the purpose of allowing its members to disport themselves on the stage. At Cambridge, England, the A. D. C. (Amateur Dramatic Club) has been a recognized institution for years, and not a few now well-known actors have begun their stage career under its auspices. At Oxford University theatricals were discontinued for many years, owing to an unpleasant scandal which caused an upheaval of university social life for the time being. The Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard has an almost national reputation. The same may be said of the Strollers of our own Columbia University; and many other similar organizations in other colleges have attained at least local celebrity or recognition. Yale is again about to engage in college theatricals, having organized a society which is about to produce a burlesque on a large scale. All this by way of introduction to the entertainment given by the Columbia Strollers at the Irving Place (late Amberg's) Theatre during the past week.

Considered as a regular theatrical entertainment, this burlesque on *Ivanhoe* would have been amusing. The book was decidedly well put together, the music selected with both taste and discretion, and the whole put upon the stage in a thoroughly complete, adequate, and even sumptuous style. The management of the Strollers evidently appreciated the truth of the dramatic axiom that to make money you must spend money, and in consequence spared neither pains nor expense to have their burlesque produced under the best possible auspices, and the success which was attained amply justifies their course of action. With Mr. Richard Barker in the prompter's box, Gus Kerker in the conductor's chair, costumes by Dazian designed by Baron de Grimm, and all the other details of the production in the hands of equally well recognized authorities, one might have expected that the production would have been reasonably good—but hardly, however, as good as it was. Mr. Louis Fitzgerald, Jun., danced as well as, and kicked as high and even higher than, many of the shining lights of the Vaudeville now before the public. Mr. Lamb, as a jester, was generally comical, as was also Mr. Albert La Montague, though he was somewhat reminiscent of Mr Gresham as the erstwhile polished villain of *Adonis*. Mr. Duer's make-up and action as Rowena were quite remarkable, and Mr. Delancey Drake also made a capital woman. It seems almost invidious to particularize even thus far where all did so well and worked together with such a will and such good results. The burlesque of 1893 is certainly a glittering gem in the dramatic coronet of the Columbia Strollers. Other college dramatic clubs will certainly have to look to their laurels, as a more complete or more successful production of the kind has never been given in New York.

An "Olla Podrida" is a dramatic dish which seems to be suited to the palate of the New York public, as *Panjandrum* is attracting large audiences to the Broadway. This week witnessed the first production of Mr. Rice's historical extravaganza "1492," which inaugurated the summer season at Palmer's. *Adonis* still pursues a prosperous career at the Casino. When we add to this list *The Isle of Champagne*, which is promised at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for May 29th, it will be seen that we shall not suffer from any lack of musical extravaganzas this summer. Still, all these pieces are where they are, and in such numbers as they are, because the public wants them. This attitude of public dramatic taste may be in a way regrettable, but it cannot be overlooked. All this wealth of dramatic trifling can hardly, however, be taken as very conclusive evidence of that improvement of dramatic taste and that desire for a more legitimate style of theatrical entertainment on the part of the public which many have complacently claimed to exist. Still, much is to be forgiven to the weary and perspiring summer theatre-goer. At this season he likes his drinks frothy; why not his dramatics?

Music during the past week in New York has been represented practically solely by the concerts given by Mr. Seidl and his orchestra at the Madison Square Garden. These performances, looked upon as promenade concerts, were certainly sufficiently good, but hardly good enough to warrant the somewhat grandiloquent assertion of the management that they assumed the "dignity of a musical festival." The Garden amphitheatre is not a good locale for orchestral music; there is an echo which blurs everything, and which makes anything like delicacy or sentiment in orchestral work an impossibility. This may in a measure account for the fact that the music produced by Mr. Seidl's orchestra sounded for all the world like that made by an orchestrion. There was great technical accuracy, plenty of noise in the way of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, but little in the way of inspiration or feeling. It was music-painting of the extreme impressionistic order, tone-color laid on thick with the palette-knife of crude and often rude effect rather than with the brush or pencil of refined detail or delicate finish. As heard in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Seidl's orchestra can hardly be considered to have improved, or even to play as well as it did. As a representative metropolitan orchestra it is certainly not remarkable. Mr. Seidl is, however, to be congratulated on the exceeding interest and variety of his programmes, and also on the enterprise which leads him to place upon his programmes pieces like the prelude to *I Rantzau*, selections from Leoncavallo's new opera *The Clown*, and other novelties, which were heard with exceeding interest, though under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

BISHOP-ELECT LAWRENCE.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, newly elected Bishop of Massachusetts, was born in Boston in 1850. He comes of a line of merchants. His father was Amos A. Lawrence, a man eminent in Boston commercial circles, and influential in the early history of Kansas. The city of Lawrence, Kansas, and Lawrence University, Wisconsin, took their names from him. His grandfather was Amos Lawrence, who, with his brothers, gave the family name to Lawrence, Massachusetts. William Lawrence's mother, born Appleton, was the daughter of another great Boston merchant and politician.

The Bishop-elect graduated at Harvard University in '71, in the class with the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, William E. Story, Charles J. Bonaparte, and a number of other well-known men. He took his degree in divinity at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, in '75, going thence to the position of assistant minister of Grace Church, Lawrence. In a year he was made rector of the parish. In '84 he became Professor of Homilectics in the Episcopal Theological School, and upon the death of Dr. Gray, in '89, Vice-Dean and then Dean of the school. In '74 he married Miss Julia Cunningham. In '88 he published a life of Amos A. Lawrence. In '89 he was made Preacher to Harvard University. May 4, '93, he was elected Bishop for the diocese of Massachusetts.

Dr. Lawrence cannot recollect anything remarkable in his life. "Nothing ever happened to me," he has said a good many times this week, unconsciously repeating words of his illustrious predecessor. He pulls at his mustache and thinks; presently he remembers—that he is married, or that he preached the "Ancient and Honorable's" sermon once, or, at a sudden inspiration, he despatches little Ruth to her mother to learn whether Mrs. Lawrence is a *great* or a *great-great*-granddaughter of the first Bishop of Massachusetts.

Others remember more. They recall his success among the operatives at Lawrence, and among the cultured people of St. John's Chapel, Cambridge—lovely St. John's, celebrated by Longfellow; the enthusiasm with which he is received at the university, and at Trinity Church, Boston, and the high position to which he has brought the Theological School. They know that his has been that most admirable of careers, one in which every duty is so well done that it pushes inevitably into higher duties. The speech which named Dr. Hall as a rival candidate for the bishopric plead with the convention not to rob Cambridge of a man which it could not spare, but to take from England—a species of McKinleyism which met with no response.

The characteristic of Dr. Lawrence's preaching is its healthy manliness. Honest, frank, robust, vigorous, unconventional—those are his frequent words, and words which one must use to describe him. He is shy of sentiment. His grasp is on the realities of life. His spirit is that of Kingsley, Maurice, Robertson, and Brooks. In social relations he is a thorough democrat, equally at home upon Admiral Gherardi's flag-ship and in the cottages of the poor. His residence is one of the most delightful houses in Cambridge, making a pretty picture with the old Longfellow mansion, which stands next it. Here one is always meeting the men of the day—Professor Drummond, Bishop Potter, Sir Lyon Playfair, the Lord Bishop of Derry.

Dr. Lawrence was persuaded with difficulty to think of accepting the office to which he is now called, but having accepted it, he enters upon his duties gladly. No man stood nearer to the late Bishop than he did, and no one is better fitted to take up the work of the diocese in the spirit with which Phillips Brooks carried it on, and yet to join with that spirit a strong administrative individuality.



THE HON. THOMAS H. CARTER,
Re-elected Chairman of the National Republican Committee.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

MR. THOMAS H. CARTER, of Montana, who has been continued as chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a young man, having been born in 1854 in Ohio. He has lived in Illinois and Iowa, and went to Montana in 1882. He was a Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Montana, and after the admission of Montana to the Union as a State he was elected its first Representative. Mr Carter is considered to be a man of great political shrewdness, and in the West he is said to be a "hustler," which means that he is full of energy and vim, and fertile in resources.

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were asked to the boat party gathered at the foot of the mill shoot.

"Quit a-tippin' this skift!" some one cried, shrilly.

A man's voice rang out in gay remonstrance: "I'll quit quick enough, if I can git to see whar them oars is! Hold that lantern up, you fellers! I can't find whar I'm settin' this oar at."

Selden was paddling his skiff round the edge of the log-car, an end of which emerged from the black water like the muzzle of some great creature breathing itself. The lantern in the stern painted the river in pulsing carmine. In its rays he saw Lyde on the long float, her face turned to catch the words of a woman hard by.

"Oh—why, Miss Helders!" Selden heard the woman say. "My brother wants to speak to you to-night. He's got something important— Oh, there's your boat! Well, we're going to stop down below. John will see you there. He hasn't got here yet."

As Selden pulled into the stream in train of the other red-flecked skiffs, Lyde made an exclamation of surprise.

"What a stroke you're pullin'!" she laughed. "I'm splashed all over. They won't be a speck of starch in this calico agin we git down yender."

Selden laughed a little nervously as he steadied himself.

"What's that Irene was saying to you?" he asked. "Something about Hanna, wasn't it? He's something to say, has he?"

A skiff shot between them and the fringy black bank. In the lantern rays they saw Hanna and his sister.

"We're beating you!" cried Irene, gayly.

"You are indeed," said Selden, resting his oar. "You're beating me." He looked at Lyde, her pretty profile cut deep and white into the dark ground of the night.

"I reckon this is the last time," he said. "After to-night I've got to give 'way. I've rather liked taking Hanna's place, Lyde. But you—you haven't found it altogether pleasant, have you?"

"No," said Lyde, "I hevn't."

"You are honest," commented Selden, with a tinge of bitterness. "But I've seen of late that the matter was—was getting unbearable to you. Yet for myself I've been more than once on the point of forgetting that I filled another man's place—that it was all a joke."

"I hevn't," said Lyde; "I've never forgot."

Their skiff was nosing the bank. The others had landed, and their moving figures, grotesquely smote with ruddy light, could be seen half-way up the slope.

Selden, as he helped Lyde over the marshy space which the river had left in its fall, held her hand in a clasp of farewell.

"I am going back," he said, curtly. "I've got a lot of accounts to post, and—here's Hanna looking this way! I'll go before he comes. You know," and he made out to laugh a little—"it isn't pleasant for the usurper to be around when the king arrives." He added, lightly: "The peace-maker always gets the worst lick. I can't complain of my fate. But, Lyde, you'd ought to think of me kindly once in a while, for your happiness has cost me dear!"

Lyde snatched her hand away. Her head was rigidly poised, and in the gloom he saw her eyes flash.

"Don't you," she breathed, in a choking voice—"don't you dare pass sech words to me! I never ast you to do what you done. I wisht you hedn't. But now it's over, you might be man enough not to make fun o' me—not to strike me down with your light talk!"

"Lyde—"

"Oh, why didn't you let me be? I'd 'a' forgot him in a month without no help! I'd never 'a' known what it is—what it is—to live on the kind looks of them thet despise you! You aimed to be good to me. Oh, I know you aimed to be good to me! But it's like you'd cut my arm off 'cause they was a little sliver in my finger!"

Hanna was coming toward them, picking his way over a heap of drift which marked the staying of the flood. He caught the broken fall of Lyde's voice, and as he paused, bewildered, he caught also an exclamation in another tone, which seemed to hold elements of surprise, and relief, and tenderness.

"Why—is that you down there, Lyde?" he called out. "Let me help you over these snags." The shadows perplexed him. "Lyde!" he said again.

But it was not she who answered.

"Thank you, Hanna," said Selden, after an indefinite pause, his voice ringing through the gleam-flitted darkness; "*I* will take care of Lyde!"

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

III.—HOG-RAISING IN THE BLACK BELT.

JACKSON PETERS had just observed that a friend from the South was visiting him.

"Indeed?" was Jones's comment. "Well, don't tell him any of your impossible stories, or he'll never visit you again. How do you think that soulful symphony of yours about the Montana young lady you used to know, who killed the mountain lion and twisted off his agile tail and wore it for a boa, would impress a personal friend?"

"That is one of your own stories, Jones," returned Peters, stoutly.

"Originally, yes, of course; all of your stories, Jackson, were once mine. But I long ago forswore such crass, open-faced romances. If I can't tell an artistic story now, I keep still. By-the-way, speaking of the South, did I ever relate my experience at hog-raising in the Black Belt?"

Jackson Peters was inclined to think that he had, but he said, "No."

"I thought not," replied Jones, as he looked at Smith complacently. "I seldom repeat myself. The recollection, Jackson, which is galloping through the reaches of your mind is of my experience in Ohio at crossing the common honey-bee with the fire-fly, and getting a bee which could work all night. You should strive not to allow your memories to become confused. I went down into the Black Belt shortly after the war, when it was a good deal blacker than it is now. It was in central Alabama. The niggers, gentlemen, were so thick that they actually darkened the landscape. The whole region was gloomy with Africans. It seemed like a partial eclipse of the sun all the while. I had a plan at one time to set up reflectors about, here and there, to lighten up things a little, but I never carried it out. I said that I engaged in hog-raising. I did, but I did not grow the native razor-back variety. You know the old Southern excuse for this style of swine—that it doesn't pay to raise a hog that can't run faster than a nigger. Still, I determined to grow the obese style of porker which we see in the fashion plates of the agricultural papers." Jones paused, and puffed reflectively at his cigar.

"Makes me think of an experience an uncle of mine had in Georgia," said Jackson Peters. "Raising chickens—chickens disappeared every night. He rigged up an artificial explosive pullet on the principle of a torpedo, and set it on the ground near his hen-house. After that neighboring negroes disappeared every night. Ran on until finally the pastor of the African Methodist church mysteriously dropped out of sight, and then the government—"

"Jackson," broke in Jones, solemnly, "who was telling a Black Belt story—you or I? I never thought when I had you in my Second Reader class at Hemlock Hollow that you would so forget the respect you owe the man responsible for your early education. As I was saying, gentlemen, I determined to raise portly, short-legged hogs. I knew what I had to contend with. I owned at that time a fine full-blooded bull-dog named the Whited Sepulchre. He was a very intelligent beast, and game. I sent to New Orleans and had made a rubber hog—that is, a rubber bag which, when inflated, had the exact outlines of one of my fine swine. It was light, strong, and pliable. I put this on my dog precisely as a diver puts on his suit. I allowed the animal's



feet, nose, and eyes to remain on the outside; and then I blew up this artificial skin with a small bellows. It transformed him into a very presentable half-grown blooded pig. A farmer or stock-raiser could no doubt have distinguished him from the genuine article, but I believe that he would have deceived the editor of an agricultural paper. I then trained him to stay with my swine, but not to run off with them when they were frightened. In fact, intelligent as the beast was, I doubt if I could have taught him to run from anything. The chapter on "The Retreat" seemed to have been lost from that dog's book of military tactics. The first evening I had my hogs turned out in the pasture in charge of my inflated dog I determined to watch the proceedings. The swine were busily engaged in hunting for pecan-nuts, when a friend and brother in the guise of a large colored person with a fondness for fresh pork emerged from some neighboring brush. Instinct seemed to teach all of those hogs except one to make off as fast as their short and largely ornamental legs would carry them. The dark voter came up rapidly, and started to fall upon this loitering swine. Gentlemen, I was myself startled to see that hog rear on his hind legs, utter a deep, blood-curdling bark, and leap for the throat of the gentleman from Africa. He just missed, and the nigger turned and ran as I never saw another free American citizen run before or since. The Whited Sepulchre kept close behind, giving vent to hollow barks. They crashed away through the underbrush and were lost to sight. In a half-hour the dog returned, and I was alarmed to see a calm expression of satisfaction in his eye which made me fear the worst. However, I conducted my hog plantation for two years and never missed a hog. I cleared $30,000, but lost it all the next year on a pop-corn farm in Kentucky."

Jones paused, leaned back in his chair, and looked reflectively at the floor. Jackson Peters sniffed the air and said:

"Jones, this is unworthy of you. This silence is but a flimsy scheme to make us ask you how it happened."

"As usual, Jackson, you're mistaken. It is a matter of public record in the Reports of the Agricultural Department that tramps fired my barn where I had my crops stored. Of course the corn popped, and there being several thousand bushels of it, it foamed all over the township to the average depth of ten feet. I was sued right and left for heavy damages, and came out, gentlemen, with only two thousand dollars in the world."

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. PADEREWSKI is to be congratulated upon his successful escape from these hospitable shores. The piano is not the only instrument of which the distinguished Polish gentleman is master. He is easily the first of coeval humans in his ability to stir into harmonious expression the emotions of that powerful and complicated creation, the American female. It would seem that if his natural endowments rendered him peculiarly fit for any great service not connected with music, it would be to give a lock of his hair to every feminine admirer whose enthusiasm seemed to deserve it. But prodigal as nature has been to him, it is clear that if he were the seven Sutherland sisters all in one, and distributed his relics on a basis of two hairs to a lock, the late demand for trophies would have reduced him to a bare poll. Mr. Paderewski is a particularly manly and reasonable man of genius, and shows no overt partiality for the *ryde* of Bunthorne. He would be more or less than human if it were not a relief to him to get six days of salt-water navigation between him and his American devotees.

Mr. John W. Mackey, of San Francisco (well known as the husband of Mrs. Mackey of London), thinks that $12,500 is too much to pay for recent repairs done on his person by two physicians. Two months ago—after Mr. Mackey had been shot in the back by Mr. Rippey—two doctors attended him. One, Dr. Keeney, a surgeon, cut out the bullet; the other, Dr. Morse, his family physician, supervised his general health. Dr. Keeney thinks he did Mr. Mackey $7500 worth of good, and Dr. Morse thinks he visited him $5000 worth. Mr. Mackey demurs to these estimates.

The matter at issue between these gentlemen concerns the comparative value of personal repairs to millionaires and ordinary people. Mr. Mackey claims that it was the man, not the millionaire, who was perforated by the bullet. He is willing to pay liberally for work done on him as a human individual, but thinks it extortionate to charge him on a basis of work done on a ten-million-dollar estate. The physicians doubtless feel that so far as Mr. Mackey is concerned they have saved him all his millions, and are entitled to compensation on that footing. When a bullet-hole is made in a very poor man they are used to consider his poverty in making out their bill, and of course it seems to them a poor rule that won't work both ways.

The dispute involves delicate questions, with much to be said on both sides. The value of the individual mended is bound to enter to some extent into any estimate of the proper cost of repair, but whether the patient's fiscal value is to be considered or merely his personal worth is another matter. In this case the simplest way out might be to send Mr. Mackey a bill based on the doctor's estimate of what he owes as a mere son of Adam, to be supplemented by another bill for professional services done his estate, and this latter to be sent in to his wife. Certainly $500 would not be too much for Mr. Mackey to pay for "repairs to self," nor would $12,000 be an excessive bill to send to Mrs. Mackey for "restoring the usefulness of one tributary millionaire."

One of the interesting phenomena that transpire annually at this time of year is the rival exploitations of summer resorts. An interesting detail of it is the zealous preference of families for the particular spot they have elected to favor over others that are near by, and apparently just as good. The people who, after anxious consideration of all the other practicable places, have hired or built a cottage at Eden, banish all doubts the instant their choice is finally made, and not only are sure that Eden is the best place to go to, but have at the ends of their tongues all the reasons for the faith that is in them. It becomes part of their summer religion to boom Eden, to make proselytes to the belief in that place, to confute doubters, and particularly to stamp out such heresies as that North Eden or West Eden is as cool, or as beautiful, or as convenient, or as salubrious as Eden is. Eden is on higher ground and better drained than North Eden; is entirely free from the smell of the soup-works, which is perceptible at East Eden when the wind is northwest; has one more train a day than South Eden; and has purer water, with fewer microscopic fin-tailed whales in it, than West Eden. And, of course, the people at Eden are more advantageous to know and agreeable to meet than the residents of any of the subsidiary Edens. And so it goes all summer long, or until the Eden boomers buy a lot somewhere else, and have their eyes opened to a new set of unequalled advantages.

Notice is served in the *Christian Union* of the impending trial of an eleemosynary experiment which has long been discussed, and is of unusual interest. In August or September the People's Bank Association hopes to open the first of several model pawn-offices for the poor. The newspapers abound from day to day with stories telling how hard it is for the very poor to borrow indispensable small sums of money, and what exorbitant rates of interest are exacted for such loans. The legal rate at pawn-shops is three per cent. a month for the first six months, and two per cent. a month for succeeding months, but most pawnbrokers supplement these rates by charges for care of the articles pawned, so that as much as 800 per cent. per annum is sometimes paid to them for the use of money. The People's Bank Association proposes to begin by a charge of one per cent. a month, and expects to start with $100,000 capital, which is to earn four-per-cent. dividends for its owners. The success of such a movement seems to depend simply on the shrewdness of the money-lender employed. With the right man in the avuncular situation there seems to be no inevitable obstacle to the success of a plan which, if it does succeed, seems bound to help the right people at the right time. Plans for the relief of pawnbrokers who succumb to competition can be devised later on if they are needed.

A novel and impressive form of retaliation upon capital was that devised by the striking waiter who entered a Fourth Avenue restaurant, ate twice through the bill of fare, and then declared that two dollars was an extortionate charge, and refused to pay it. Provided a waiter's capacity is equal to his grudge, a *table d'hôte* dinner offers him a cheap and ample opportunity to glut his revenge.

"Ask and ye shall receive" the Scripture says, but even the most pious people are apt to be half-hearted in their experiments with that promise. When they ask it is usually with emotions analogous to those of a person who has adventured his carcass upon very thin ice and expects it momentarily to let him through. They ask with conditional clauses, and rebate coupons, and mental reservations, and never make any show of confident expectation unless they have been able to compute beforehand just where everything they are calling for is coming from.

But that is not the way with Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church. What he wants he asks for plain and large, without ifs or unlesses. Of course he receives on the same scale, and he thinks nothing of it. On the first Sunday in May Dr. Greer advised his congregation that the church had need of $80,000 for repairs. The plates were passed, and somewhat more than $80,000 was taken in. That is the way they do in Dr. Greer's church. They can put any stated amount on the plates if only they have a week's notice, so as to bring the money. There are twelve hundred people in the congregation, and when there is giving to be done, pencils and paper are put in each pew so that each member can figure up the amount of his proportionate share. If the congregation were all present on Sunday a week ago, they must have given about sixty-six dollars apiece; and when we consider the periodical recurrence of Sundays at short intervals, that certainly seems a good deal to put on the plate.

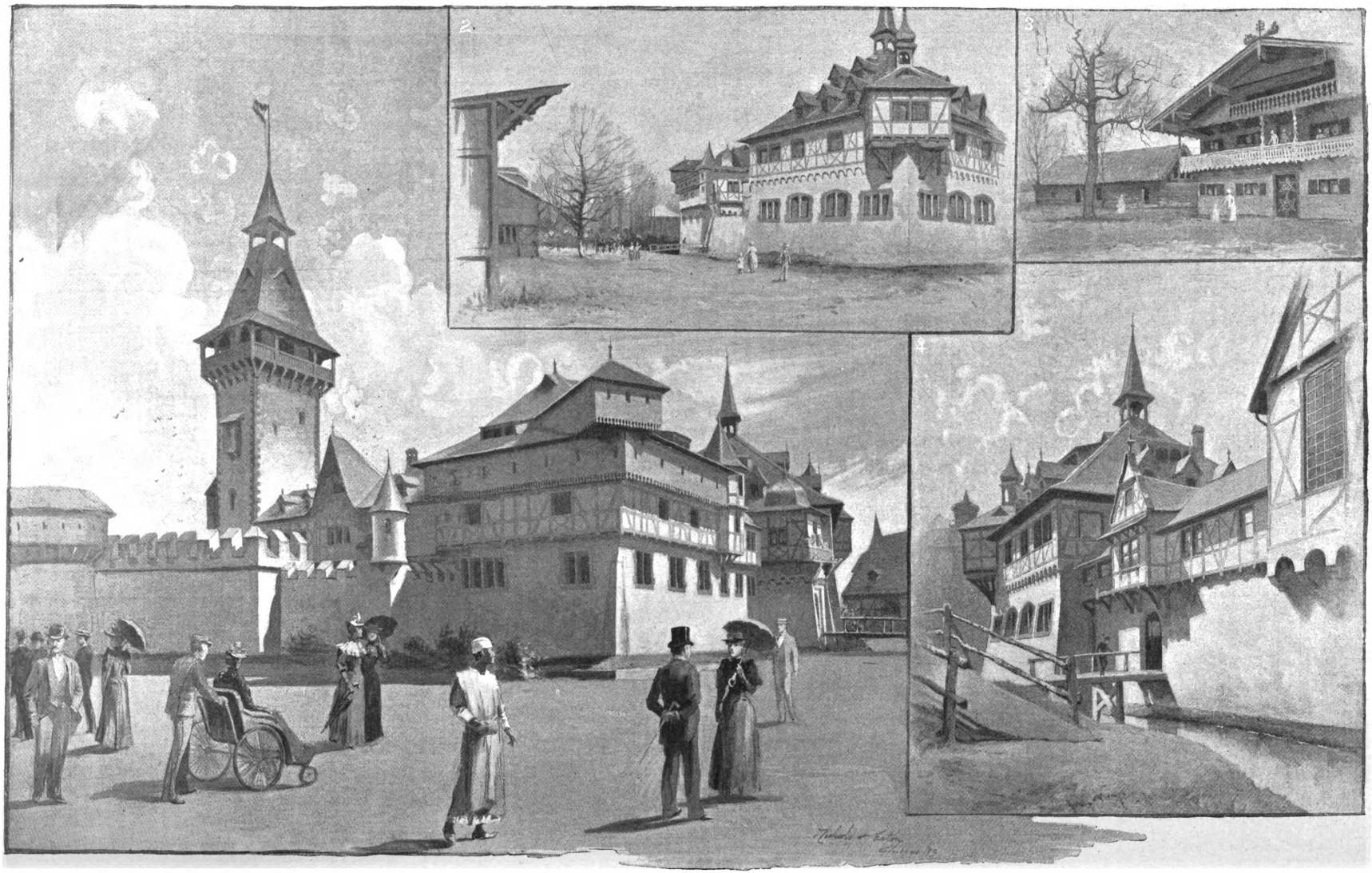
Of course it may be that all the members of the congregation do not give the same amount, but in that case they must give in preconcerted proportions, or else how could they manage to give set sums with such apparent accuracy.

E. S. MARTIN.

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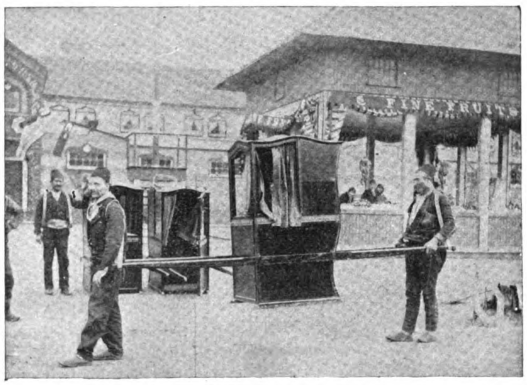
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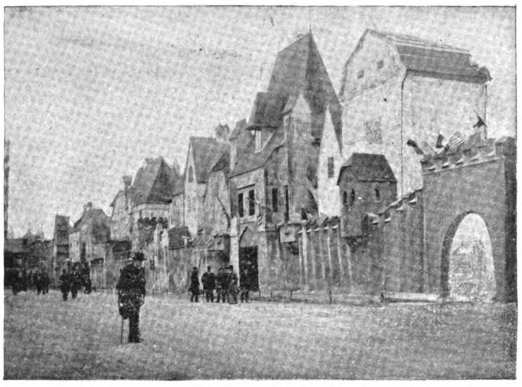
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN VILLAGE.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

1. Feudal Castle of the Fifteenth Century, Caub, Germany. 2. Southeast Corner of Castle. 3. Bavarian Highland House and Spreewald House, Prussia. 4. East End of Castle, showing Moat.

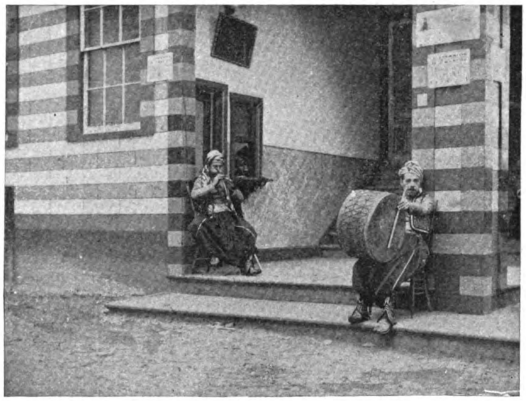
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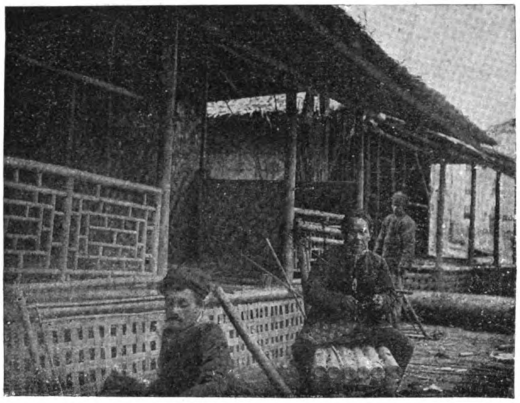
THE TURKS AND THEIR SEDAN CHAIRS IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



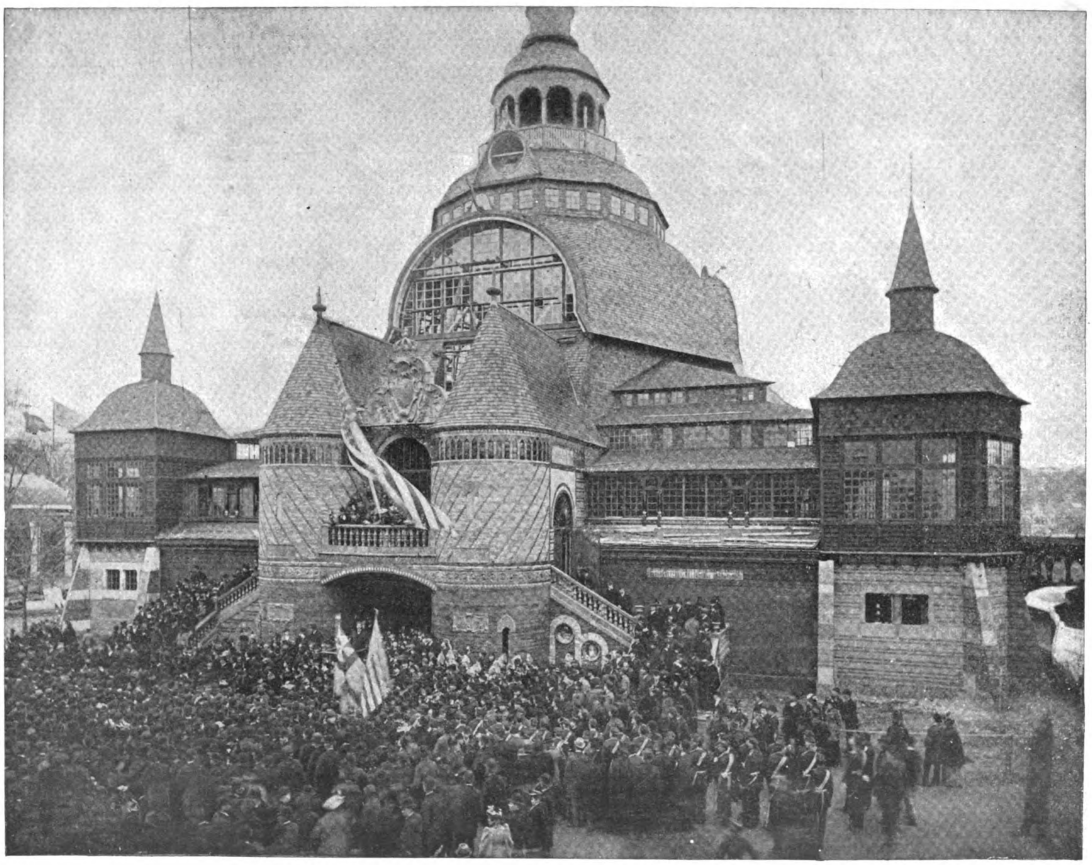
WALL OF THE HUNGARIAN VILLAGE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



ENTRANCE TO THE TURKISH THEATRE IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



JAVANESE AT WORK IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



DEDICATION OF THE SWEDISH BUILDING, MAY 1, 1893.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WITH THE FOREIGNERS AT THE BIG FAIR.

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ACROSS THE DIVIDE.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN., (LATE) U.S.N.



In eastern Nicaragua, 'twixt lake and ocean, lies the rich garden of the isthmus—the "dense jungle," the "pathless swamp," of quondam writers.

Is it strange, then, that this wild and picturesque region, untrodden by the foot of man, where primeval trees defy the blistering rays of a tropic sun, and birds and beasts of prey roam at large, should hold the traveller in its mystic spell? In the weird, however, there is ever a subtle fascination, and the element of danger often adds zest to an otherwise unsavory tale.

These may be the reasons that gave me an irrepressible desire to cross the "divide"—that highest point of elevation, where meet the water-sheds of eastern Nicaragua, and where lie nine-tenths of the work of the great interoceanic canal. Each time I broached the subject to my Indian guide, however, he endeavored to dissuade me from even making the attempt.

"During the rainy season you will find the swamps waist-deep—sometimes over your head," he said to me more than once. "If you must go, wait at least until the waters subside."

There seemed a tithe of reason in the fellow's logic, and so I began to despair; for days—nay, weeks—had passed without even a glimpse of the sun. Cooped up in a thatched hut, as the floodgates of the heavens were opened for hours at a time, I said to myself, "If forty days and forty nights of rain once submerged a sinful sphere, why cannot five times forty days and forty nights solve the problem of water transit across the isthmus?" Such musings gave me, indeed, a wholesome respect for the sage who remarked, "In the tropics there are two seasons—the wet season, and the—wet season." It was consoling, nevertheless, to learn that "next month" there would be less rain—possibly, I thought, because "next month" would have less days.

Towards the latter part of February, however, the sun deigned to show his face from time to time, and the long-anticipated journey began to materialize. There was danger of the bed of the lower river becoming dry, the native, said, and I was therefore more than anxious to reach the camp at the head-waters of the Rio San Juanillo. Here at least I was sure of obtaining provisions and ammunition from the engineers. To reach this point I had to undergo an experience that I would not care to repeat. The steamer was not to sail for a fortnight, and my only hope lay in a native canoe—that rapid transit of tropical countries in which one does more wading than paddling.

Daylight was the time fixed for our departure, but the sun was many hours high before we left Greytown. A short-cut through a narrow caño was attempted, but this soon placed us high and dry upon the crest of a huge shoal. I did not quite relish the idea of removing my boots and floundering about, ankle-deep, in soft mud, possibly to disturb the gentle slumber of a moccasin or some other deadly reptile. Necessity heeds not desire, however; and so overboard we all jumped, lifted the canoe upon our shoulders, and then deposited it safely on the other side of the obstruction.

Soon we were in the deepest section of the San Juan, with a clear sweep of five miles to the westward. I settled myself comfortably in the after-part of the canoe, and then began to study my strange shipmates, or "macheteros," as they were called. Among the many odd characters that one meets in Central America none so interested me as the Carib Indian of the Mosquito Coast. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I learned that I was to spend two days on the river with seven representatives of this almost extinct tribe.

The early history of this people seems shrouded in mystery. Some writers trace their origin to aboriginal cannibals, while others declare that they are the descendants of a ship-load of Africans wrecked on the shores of Honduras many hundreds of years ago. Even in the time of Columbus, Belt says, they were known as a warlike race, ever ready to ravage the villages of the peace-loving Nahuatals. Whichever may be the true theory, the present Carib of Nicaragua certainly savors more of the African than of the Indian. Not only does he possess the characteristic features of the former, but also the guttural dialect of the tribes along the west coast of Africa. They are a tall athletic-looking race, with skins smooth as velvet and black as ebony. The fact that they all speak a little English confirms my belief in their Honduras origin.

When the Carib is not drunk he is a marvellous worker, and can paddle against a strong current from daylight until dark, never stopping even for food. While hunting the rubber he first gorges himself, and then goes into the woods, where he subsists for several days on the juice of the water-vine alone. Four or five of these fellows have been known to gather around the carcass of a wild "chancho" weighing over two hundred pounds, and never to rise until the animal had been eaten to the bone.

Following the tortuous windings of the river, we entered the San Juanillo, or Little San Juan. This stream, as its name indicates, is only a small tributary of the San Juan—a narrow caño in the wilderness.

As the boat glides through the water, and the portals of the great forests close behind, the scene becomes one of indescribable beauty. In the swamp alone—the home of death and malaria—can one see such rich vegetation. Immense trees, their tops glittering in the golden sunlight, are covered with the rarest orchids, any one of which would prove a fortune to a New York florist. Parasitic vines that were seen and admired on the main stream are here found in wonderful and intricate array. Clasped in their fatal embrace, giant branches wither and fall with a crash that makes you involuntarily shudder, and realize the wisdom of the philosopher who believed in viewing enchanting scenes from a distance.

A sudden turn and we were confronted by a huge tree that had fallen across the stream, effectually blocking the way. Overboard jumped the men for the purpose of making a hasty reconnoissance of the situation. Machetes were plied, but all in vain, for the wood was so hard that it turned the edge of the sharpest blade. There was nothing left to do but haul the canoe bodily over the log. All hands, therefore, disembarked, and transferred the entire contents of the boat to the slimy surface of the tree. The lift was by no means an easy one, but finally we succeeded, and were soon gliding up the stream again. Another turn, and still another log—this time twice the size of the first. A superhuman effort failed to surmount this obstacle, and so we began preparations to tunnel out a path. Fortunately, the wood was old and rotten; so within ten minutes we were flat on our backs in the bottom of the boat. Passing under, we were treated to a shower of dead fibre, interspersed with spiders, scorpions, and other poisonous insects.

The banks now rise. The river narrows. Tangled and thorny vines render navigation unsafe except in mid-stream. Here the current is swift, and little progress is made. The paddles startle flocks of white heron, the plumage of which is highly esteemed even in these countries, while the liquid notes of the gold and black sissitote seem to come from a thousand directions. Chicoyos, the dainty love-birds of Central America, fly lazily by in couples to roost in the dark and never-trodden swamp. Now a score of noisy parrots follow overhead, and the tops of the trees begin to surge like the waves of the ocean. Presently the cause is evident, for a herd of chattering monkeys are seen among the top-most branches.

In the midst of this impressive scene a roar as of surf broke the stillness, and the distant sound of an angelus bell chimed soft and low. The men stopped paddling, removed their hats, and devoutly crossed themselves. Though we had journeyed all day, tracing the sinuous course of the San Juanillo, and were apparently far removed from human habitation, Greytown, as the crow flies, was not many miles away. The macheteros informed me that, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, the most delicate noises are sometimes audible at the head of this stream. The explanation is simple. The adjoining country is high; and sound, travelling in the direction of least resistance, is brought here on the trade-winds.

Soon the outlines of the forest grew dimmer. The shadows deepened. And as the life and motion of the day died away, the night-birds began their low cries.

Camp Cleveland was only ten miles distant, and I had hoped, by hard paddling, to reach there ere midnight. Neither love nor money, however, can induce a Nicaraguan to attempt the ascent of a jungle stream after dark. I did not relish the idea of passing the night without shelter on the shores of this swampy district, and had almost persuaded the men that there was perfect safety in mid-stream, when our boat suddenly struck a log. A few feet away there was a great commotion in the water, and my companions declared that we had run against an alligator.

"You see, it is worth more than our lives to proceed," said one of the men, in broken English. "After nightfall all the rivers are thick with alligators. These fellows are great cowards in the daylight, but become bold after dark. They catch their prey at night, and in the morning retire to some secluded spot to enjoy it."

Although I saw and felt the log myself, the subject was beyond argument. I was therefore resigned to my fate, and watched the men as they hauled the boat ashore and began to build a "casita." This is made by placing in the soft ground four upright poles, the ends of which are forked to receive two horizontal strips. Upon this frame are lashed several strips of wild cane, and leaves of the suita-palm form the roof. Though this improvised shelter is not entirely water-proof, it protects one from the heavy dews, which in tropical countries is almost as disagreeable as rain. Spreading a rubber blanket upon the damp ground, and tucking under me the ends of my mosquito-net, I passed the night—not as comfortably as though I were in a modern hotel, but consoled with the knowledge that it might have been worse. The next morning we were under way at daylight, and reached the head of the San Juanillo early enough to enjoy a warm cup of coffee with the engineers.

Camp Cleveland was located on the bank of a river, near the junction of the Deseado with the Laguna Bernado. I found the men in excellent health and spirits, despite their work among the dismal swamps back of Greytown. I was amazed, however, to find the skin of each almost as white as that of an Albino. This, they said, was due to the dense shade of the forest, which had not been mellowed by a ray of sunshine for three months. Only the day before my arrival a new site had been selected on the river-bank, and when the men found themselves again under the clear sky one of the younger members remarked, "I feel as though I were going to fly away."

The party had been well supplied with fresh meat, for wild hogs, deer, and turkeys were found in abundance. Around their first camp in the valley of the Deseado tigers and tapirs had kept up a continual howl all night, and their tracks could be seen every morning. Only one of the former had been met during the day, and he was discreet enough to run away before giving any one a chance to shoot at him. The insects, however, had been the cause of much discomfort.

At Camp Cleveland I learned that a trip across the "divide" would be attended with great difficulty, though it might be successfully accomplished under the direction of a competent guide. Many years ago, during a previous survey, the engineers had cut a picket through the swamps, and it was barely possible that this could still be traced. If so, the journey might be, comparatively, an easy one. Besides shortening the distance to headquarters, my objective point, it would give me an opportunity to examine the proposed cut through solid rock—a problem that cannot be solved in less than five years under the most favorable conditions.

None of my canoemates was willing to assume the functions of a guide, however, for it was in this very section of the isthmus that two men of the expedition had been lost a few months previous. They referred me to two Spanish rubber-hunters, who were said to know every inch of territory from Greytown to the lake. When I reached their hut I found one of these much-desired individuals snoring in his hammock, with every indication of having passed the greater part of the morning there, while the other was off somewhere in the woods endeavoring to replenish the larder. These men were evidently in desperate circumstances, and the fellow I met did not look unlike the starving apothecary that bartered poison to the unhappy Romeo. As soon as he learned that I was well supplied with provisions, and expected to pay well for his trouble, he seemed, indeed, anxious to pilot me, declaring that he had crossed three times during the past year, and had hunted rubber all over the valley of the Deseado. It was then after noon, and I decided to start at once.

About half past twelve o'clock, with sleeping-paraphernalia and provisions strapped across our backs, we started off in the direction of the picket. As the open river was lost to view and we entered those dark forests, Dante's inscription over the gates of Inferno flashed vividly across my mind. We had scarcely advanced more than 500 yards when I saw that every inch of the way would have to be cut with a machete. My companion could accomplish little, however, weighted down as he was, and I was therefore in self-defence forced to relieve him. It was gratifying, however, to see the expert manner in which the fellow wielded his sharp machete.

The machete differs in length and form according to the section of the country and the object for which it was originally designed. In the cane-growing regions of the west coast it is about thirty inches long. The blade is slightly convex, and increases in width near the end, which is rounded, very similar to the cimeter of the East. On the Caribbean coast it is a trifle longer, but the blade is not so convex. More than once the sight of an army of Indians with these murderous weapons glistening in the sunlight has caused a stampede among the government troops.

To form an idea of the character of any section of the isthmus one must actually pass over the ground. I had been told of the steep hills in the neighborhood of the eastern divide, but never dreamed they were such as we encountered. Even a close observer may fail to detect them, for every topographical feature of the country is shrouded by dense foliage and tangled undergrowth. Do you wonder, then, that the most expert "machetero" often passes within a few feet of an immense hill without even a suspicion of its existence, or that an observant engineer is sometimes floundering about in the muddy waters of a stream he thought many miles away.

The rain of the past nine months had left the ground still soft and slippery. Fallen trees lay along the hill-sides, and we were forced to climb with hands and feet to make any progress. Just as the goal is almost reached you are entangled in a thorny vine that threatens to tear your clothes into shreds. One foot slips, then another, and down you go, followed by sleeping-gear, provisions, and rifle. Sisyphus himself could scarcely have suffered more in his endless task of rolling that mythical stone up the hills of Hades.

Soon the country became a little less undulating, and promised easier work. Suddenly a sound as of distant thunder reached us, becoming louder as it drew nearer. Even the guide was seized with an undefined terror. To me it seemed like the dreadful rumble of the volcano—a harbinger of the still more dreadful earthquake—the roar of the black squall, the discordant grunting of a thousand wild-boars. For a moment all was silent, and then it broke forth again. With rifle and machete in hand, we stood and awaited its approach. Nearer it came, still louder the noise.

Looking in the direction whence the sound appeared, we saw a great herd of monkeys, black as night, swaying the tops of a score or more of trees. None save those who have heard the roar of the "Congo" through the deathlike stillness of a tropical wilderness can fully realize the intensity of the noise that these diminutive creatures are able to make.

I was anxious to examine the vocal chords of one of these peculiar animals, and therefore selected the largest specimen within gun-shot. If the previous noise might be called intense, what qualifying adjective will express the uproar as the rifle-ball sped through the branches, and the rest of the herd scampered away, leaving their companion to his fate. The wounded simia was not inclined to give up so easily as the founder of his race, however, and wrapped his long tail around a bough, though a 44-calibre ball had ploughed its way through the centre of his body. Again I fired, but the only result was to hear an almost human groan. Another shot through the body appeared only to strengthen his muscular grasp. Not until the next ball parted the tail itself did he deign to descend. If there be any truth in the nine lives accredited to the domestic cat, then the wild Congo has nine times nine. At all events, even the fall from this lofty perch left him still groaning in a piteous manner. With an expression of intense agony, he fixed his glassy eyes upon me, put his little hands over the wound in his side, and cried like a child. The most Christianlike act that I could now perform was to put the suffering creature out of misery—and even after my hunting-knife had been plunged into his heart he continued to emit groans that are still ringing in my ears.

I felt, indeed, guilty of a murder, and vowed then and there, over the dead body of my first victim, never to kill another monkey—a resolution which I kept throughout my entire stay in the tropics.

The exertion of climbing these steep hills had made us very thirsty, and so the guide began to look for the "bejuco de agua," or water-vine. In all of these forests thoughtful Nature seems to have placed every requisite to sustain the life of man, and wherever his needs are most urgent, there has she planted that which will satisfy him. The water-vine is found all over the isthmus, but most abundantly upon very high ground, where there is little or no chance of finding any drinking water. Soon we came upon a vine that resembled an old worn Manila-rope. This the guide seized in his left hand, and with a smart stroke of the machete severed it two feet below. Another cut a little above, and a stream of clear delicious water flowed from the lower end. I drank more than a pint, and found it cool and refreshing. If the operation be reversed—that is, if the stroke is made first above and then below—no water will flow. In the latter case all of the juice immediately runs down the stem into the ground before the lower cut can be made—a phenomenon that some scientist might explain.

All day we crossed and recrossed fresh deer, tapir, and wild-hog tracks, while ever and anon on the topmost branches of the tallest trees the yellow combs of wild turkeys glistened in the sunlight, and coveys of wild pigeons flew into our very faces.

Now we approached a forest of rubber-trees, which may be detected without the eye of an expert, for they are scarred and dying from the wounds of the machete. The rubber-hunter reminds me of the woman who "killed the goose that laid the golden egg." Each tree will yield only a certain amount of the precious juice per year and retain its vitality. When one of these improvident fellows makes a discovery, however, only a few months suffice to place his bonanza in the ranks of the many that have gone before. In consequence you may traverse these forests from end to end without seeing a virgin tree. The ordinary specimen of Nicaragua is from fifty to one hundred feet high and about two feet in diameter. The bark is white, and the leaves oval, with a slight inclination downwards. The cuts are made about two feet apart, and generally extend from the ground to the first branch, channels being scored in the sides to lead the juice into a bag. The average yield of a tree is from five to seven gallons of a milky fluid. This is mixed with the juice of the "wisth," which hastens congelation. After this operation the crude rubber is baled up and shipped north to be refined and further prepared for commerce. Another tree very similar to the rubber, and often mistaken for it, is the cow-tree. This yields a liquid very much like milk in taste and appearance, and more than once was drunk in coffee by the engineers.

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It was now almost sunset, and we had neither thought of the time nor of the picket, which should have been reached many hours ago. The monkey and the rubber-tree, however, had made us lose much valuable time. I was rather tired after the day's exertion, and not disinclined to eat and rest. We therefore cleared a small space and built a "castle" for the night. Before our blankets were spread darkness had closed around us. And I can't say that we longed for the "mask of the night" as did the impassioned Juliet, for with it came mosquitoes large and small, mosquitoes young and old, mosquitoes bold and ravenous, mosquitoes that could not be wounded by harsh words or even by blows.

And of the night—what shall I say? If the river-bank seemed lone and desolate, what simile can express the Stygian blackness that now shrouded the very air? Dark and impenetrable as a pall, the heart was oppressed with the stillness, broken only by the screech of an owl or the cry of some wild animal in the distant jungle. However warm the days may seem in Nicaragua, the nights are cool and refreshing—almost clammy in the forests—and one finds a heavy woollen blanket not only a comfort, but a necessity.

Those who are so fortunate as to live under Northern skies have doubtless never realized what a mosquito-net means to the belated traveller in the torrid zone. Until you have been snugly tucked under one in a dense wilderness, with the knowledge that you are secure not only from insects, but from snakes and wild animals as well, you will never believe that this simple piece of cheese-cloth is indeed an iron-clad citadel. The rubber-hunters say, and firmly believe, that no animal will ever attack a man if he be completely covered with a closely woven net. Before crawling under my canopy the guide had said to me:

"See that every inch of net is closely tucked under your rubber blanket. You need then have no fear of snakes and scorpions, and even if a tiger comes and smells you, he will go away again if no part of your body is exposed."

With this cheering bit of information, I bade my companion *buena noche* and lay down, being careful to hang both rifle and hunting-knife across the poles at the head of my "casita," and placing my revolver under the rubber pillow. Though thoroughly exhausted, I was a trifle restless, and my slumber did not seem as gentle as that of the traditional infant. The mosquitoes either forced their way into my apartment or managed to insert their long bills through the meshes, for I was soon stinging from head to feet.

Towards morning I had succeeded in scratching myself to sleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a warm breath upon my head. It was still dark, and I could see nothing without. Nevertheless, an indescribable feeling told me that it was not the wind that moved the lower part of my net backward and forward. A few yards away the guide breathed heavily. He, at least, was sound asleep. My first impulse was to seize the rifle, but I remembered that this was on the pole outside, and could not be reached without exposing myself to attack, if such was the object of my uninvited guest. Without stirring, I felt under my pillow for my revolver, quietly cocked it, and awaited developments. Soon I heard the crackling of dry twigs outside, as though some heavy animal were moving about cautiously. Again the net moved, this time quite near my head. I was almost tempted to fire, but managed to remain motionless, when, to my intense satisfaction, the cause of all this anxiety moved away, evidently dissatisfied or frightened. At all events, there were no sounds outside, and so I awakened my companion.

When I told the fellow what had occurred, he did not seem at all disconcerted, but merely remarked: "Oh, well, it must have been either a tiger or a mountain-lion. I have often heard them moving about at night, but never saw one in the daytime." We struck a light, and found the tracks so large that the palm of my hand could scarcely cover them. Without further incident, we rested well until the gray dawn began to lift the veil from off the forest.

When I tried to get up, however, I felt a stinging sensation in my right leg, and I was scarcely able to stand. To my horror, I found that, after the excitement of the night, I had neglected to tuck my net snugly under me again. The fresh trade-wind towards morning had blown it aside, and exposed my leg from the knee down. This offered to myriads of tropical mosquitoes a repast which they seldom enjoy, and it was evident that each had made the most of his opportunity, for I could scarcely place the point of a needle upon any spot that had not furnished a meal for one of these ravenous creatures. I dressed in great pain, becoming conscious that my leg was already beginning to swell, for there is a tithe of poison in the mosquito bite of these countries.

We lost little time in swallowing a cold breakfast, and then started off to search for the much-desired picket. This we found with exceeding difficulty, and even then the outlook was not a cheering one. The rapid growth of vegetation had almost obliterated every trace of its direction, and as far as the eyes could follow, skeleton branches, scorched and charred by the heat of long silent years, lay across the once beaten path. The ground was soft and slippery from recent rains, and the guide looked on and shook his head. We made the attempt, however, but I suffered intense pain in the leg. Fortunately, I had a small bottle of vaseline among my effects, with which I anointed my numberless wounds, and then continued the journey to the westward.

Soon the ground became softer, and we were confronted by an immense swamp, elliptical in form. The guide sounded, and found it waist-deep for a few yards, beyond which his stick failed to touch bottom. Cutting several leaves of the silico-palm, with which the edges of all these swamps are timbered, he placed them in the water and directed me to follow. As we stepped upon each, it sank as deep as the knee, then became buoyant, and transported us safely to the other side. After climbing a few more steep hills, I was forced to slit my boot, so swollen had my leg become. I struggled on, however, scarcely able to walk. Two miles more, and the white tents of the little camp at the Saltas de Elvira would shelter us for the night. It seemed almost across the continent, however, for with each step I felt as though a thousand needles were piercing my flesh. Just as the blue smoke of the camp-fire curled above the distant tree-tops, and the savory odor of a roasting "chancho" filled the air, I was forced to succumb, and sat down, unable to move a step farther. It was then almost dark, and my companion, not wishing to pass another night in the wilderness, insisted upon carrying me. Perched upon his shoulders, he cut a path through the dense foliage, and reached camp just as the dinner-horn awoke the slumbering echoes of the forest.

Long after the memories of this jungle experience are buried in oblivion shall I recall the thoughtful attention of the engineers that night. The next morning my leg was festered, and swollen to twice its natural size. A canoe was manned by four stalwart Jamaicans, however, and they were directed to transport me down the Rio San Francisco to headquarters. Here I lay upon my cot for three long weeks to dream of a wild and picturesque region, but one that will ever remain a "terra incognita" to at least one member of the last expedition across the isthmus.

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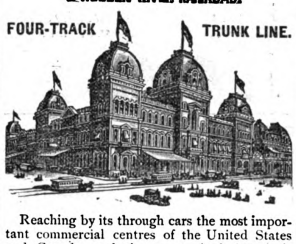
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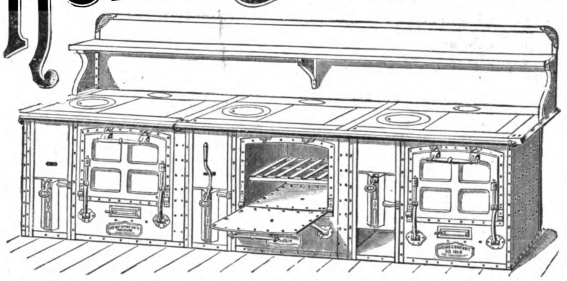
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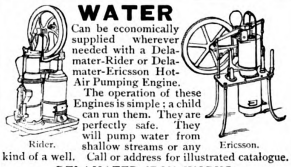
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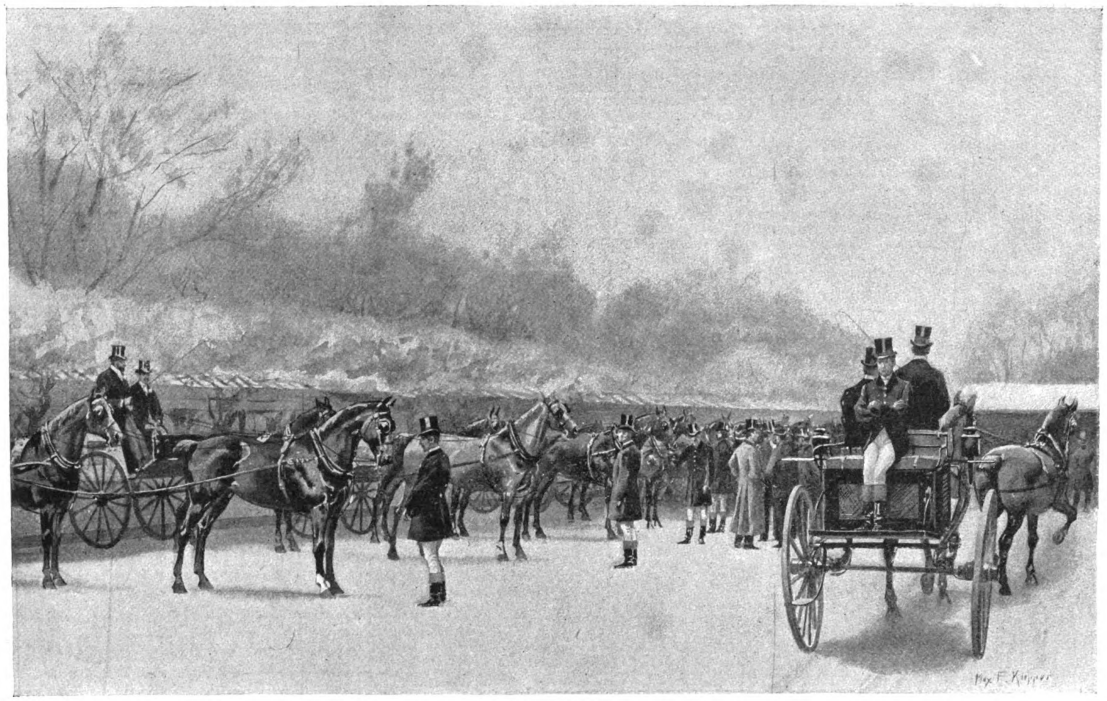

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MEET OF THE NEW YORK TANDEM CLUB—THE RENDEZVOUS IN CENTRAL PARK.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE LONDON *Field* OF APRIL 15TH publishes a tiresome ...tter signed by some English resident of Chicago, whose ...evishness arises evidently from having been caught on the ...rong side of the "market." We cull the following gems:

'I have heard rumors lately that negotiations are going on with the ...iversity crews to get them to row out here while the World's Fair is ...ing held, in return for having their expenses paid and also receiving a ...m sum of money.... It is a common thing for college glee-clubs, even ...m Harvard and Yale, to go on concert tours during the vacations, pock... ...ng the profits for their own uses.... As another instance of the univer... ... pursuit of the nimble (and dirty) dollar, I may say that Lieutenant ...ary, U.S.N., the Arctic explorer, is advertised to give some lectures ...e this week.... Whatever the abstract merits of the case may be, I do ...st that our English university crews will—I cannot say run no risk, ... that is inevitable if they come out at all—but that at least they will ...e no possible grounds for being classed with guides and glee clubs ...l mandolin-players who disport themselves for hire. H. P. T.

'[We understand that no English university crews are going to row, ...obably warned by the experiences of the English crews at Philadelphia 1876.—ED.]"

We have become accustomed to the diatribes of disgrun...d, ill-bred Britishers whose successful pursuit of the "nim...e and dirty dollar" in this country enables them, for the ...st time in their life, to live like gentlemen, and were there ... other point in the extracts above, no space would be ...ven the matter here. To the editor's note, however, serious ...jections are taken, and a challenge hereby issued for him ... corroborate the insinuation contained in his statement. ...e fact that the editor of the *Field* finds his space of so ...le value as to print untruthful as well as wearisome let...s is neither here nor there, but we will not have our ...portsmanship impugned without demanding the evidence ... which such an insinuation is made. Either this editor is ...nsely ignorant on the subject, or unmindful of facts which ...y be obtained of any of his countrymen who have tested ...r sportsmanship.

As for H. P. T.'s drivel it is not worth serious considera...n, but for the enlightenment of the English reading pub... it may be well to state that college glee, banjo, and ...ndolin clubs in the United States make their "concert ...rs" for the purpose of keeping the *alumni* in touch with ...ir *alma mater*, and that the money made over and above ...penses is *given* to the support of various college sports, ...ilding of club-houses, athletic fields, and other like uses.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ALWAYS PAY their own way. Nei...r our crews, our cricketers, our polo-players, nor our ...ck athletes have ever, in the discussion of international ...tests, suggested that Englishmen pay a cent of their ex...ses, nor would either Yale or Harvard publish to the ...rld their inability to send a crew abroad because of a lack ... expense-money. When an American crew does go it ... have all the money the occasion requires, and it will ...re come from the undergraduates and the *alumni* without ... preliminary flourish of trumpets.

...ieutenant Peary's pursuit of the "nimble and dirty dol...r" is the very laudable one of getting together enough ...ney to make another trip to the arctic regions for the ...efit of the world at large, bilious Englishmen included.

PROBABLY THERE IS NO EVENT toward which every ...rtsman in this country would look with greater delight ...n an international eight-oared boat-race between either ...ford or Cambridge and Yale or Harvard. But in spite ...he sporadic attempts that have been made from time to ...e to bring this about it does not come off, and, worst of ... we are farther away from it to-day than we were two ...rs ago. Had the Yale crew of year before last won their ...w London race there would have followed an inter-national, for the matter was all but settled when Harvard upset it entirely by demonstrating on the American Thames that Yale could not that year be the representative American crew. Last year the Yale winning crew could have gone had the men themselves been eager enough to go. This year the refusal of Oxford to the joint challenge of Yale and Harvard was final for the season, and the newspaper flutterings stirred up every few weeks anent the matter are merely the vaporings of newsmongers. Mr. Fletchor, the President of the Oxford Boat Club, refused the formal challenge for three specific reasons, and the rendering of any one of them inoperative would not in any way alter his decision. There will be no international race this year, and it is likely that when it does come about it will be upon the English water. The only concession likely to be obtained from the Englishmen is the date of the race, and even then it is more than likely they will hold out some time for March.

THE CORNELL-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA GAMES, to be held at Philadelphia on the 20th, will mark a turning-point in track athletics at both these universities. At neither one of them has there ever been any special activity. Cornell representatives at the intercollegiate championships have been few and far between, and no one from the U. of P. has attracted attention since Byrd Page did his remarkable jumping, and was followed for a short time by Webster. The U. of P has always held games, but only in the last year has there been any general effort in this direction. Indeed, Pennsylvania in the last couple of years has made phenomenal strides in all her departments of athletics. From a condition in which the chief ambition was to keep off the tail end, it has risen to where it disputes the leadership. Their baseball nines and football elevens have improved at an astonishing rate. Under the coaching of Woodruff the crew will undoubtedly row much faster than it has ever before, and now the track athletics have reached a point where they will upset calculations at the Intercollegiate championship meeting.

Cornell has been much worse off. They really have paid very little attention to track athletics, and only recently have had a cinder path and field. Since they acquired Percy Field their college records have been steadily improving, but are not even to this day of very high order.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these dual athletic arrangements. Yale and Princeton have done wonders by means of them, and Cornell and the U. of P will profit still more, for their need is greater. It is hoped Columbia may also be benefited, as this college seems to have settled into an athletic decline.

IN THE 100-YARD DASH THE U. OF P. has E. S. Ramsdell, 10⅖ seconds; Buckholtz, .10⅘; and Turpin, .10⅘. Ramsdell is well known for his broad jumping and his sprinting He was on the Princeton baseball nine last year. Buckholtz is probably the most promising man of the lot. He is well muscled, but as he has done 11 feet in the pole vault, and is good for 10 feet 6 inches easily, he will probably be reserved for that event at these games, and also at the Intercollegiate. In the 220, Ramsdell is good for .22⅖, and Captain Freeman and Judd have both done about .23⅘.

Cornell has, in 100 yards, Belknap, .10⅕; Bowen, .10⅕; Craft, who got third place at last year's intercollegiate championships; and Shaw, who has done 220 yards in 22⅗ seconds.

Quarter-mile.—The U. of P. has Captain Freeman, .52⅖, and several others, including Turpin, and Thompson, the baseball captain, who are improving rapidly; Cornell has Shaw, 51⅘ seconds; and May, a promising Freshman, 54 seconds. Half-mile.—U. of P.: E. W. Kelsey and Large, 2.04 and 2.05 respectively. These two are also in the mile. Kelsey is a strong runner and a plucky one. Cornell. Rulison and Webster, 2.06 and 2.07. Cornell's mile man is Green, who is good for between 4.40 and 4.50. In the walk, Cornell has no man who has done much, but Henderson has won generally in the college games. U. of P.: Mitchelson, 7.40 in the handicap games. He is a strong man, and is expected to improve his record this season. 120 hurdles.—U. of P.. Ribenack, 17 seconds; and Spear and Sylvester somewhat slower. These men are also running the 220 hurdles, the first doing .27⅗. Cornell: Wittemore, who holds the Western championship in this event, .16⅘. The 2-mile bicycle.—Cornell: Hinds, 5.40 to 5.50. U. of P.: Coates, 5.36. 16-lb. shot.—U. of P.: Knipe, of football fame, 40 ft. in practice; 89 ft. 4 in. with hammer. Cornell has for both of these events Tayler, their first-base man on the ball team, a big fellow, but whose value is prospective.

High jump.—U. of P.: Leslie seems destined to fill W. B. Page's shoes. He cleared the bar 6 ft. 1 in. last winter. Cornell has made no showing in this event. In a broad jump, Pennsylvania is strong with Ramsdell and Buckholtz, as they have done 22 ft. 6 in. and 21 ft. 5 in. respectively. Ribenack is also good for 21 ft. Buckholtz has a record of 11 ft. in the pole vault.

In none of these field events has Cornell any men of known ability, and it looks as though the U. of P. would win by a large margin. Another year Cornell will be able to make a better showing, as an interscholastic league has recently been formed under the auspices of the Cornell Athletic Association, and there will be competitions, and an annual field-day in baseball, football, and track athletics. Some seven or eight of the principal preparatory schools in and about Ithaca have joined the league, and these will act as a feeder to Cornell, as Andover, Exeter, St. Paul's, Lawrenceville, and others do for Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

UNLESS COLUMBIA'S TRACK ATHLETES perform as they never have before, Princeton will have something of a walk-over in the dual games next Saturday. All the old spirit seems to have gone out of Columbia, and it is not to the credit of the undergraduates that they fail to support either a 'varsity nine, football eleven, or crew, and that the once excellent track athletic team has dwindled to the ghost of its former strength. Princeton, on the other hand, in the last few years has been steadily improving this branch of its athletics. If this annual contest will do as much for Columbia, all of us who regret to see the blue and white trailing where once it led will rejoice sincerely. The Princeton team is weakened this year by the loss of Woodbridge, who will not compete at all, and Swain will not run until the intercollegiate championships.

Columbia has developed Smull, a promising sprinter, and if Harding should run he ought to take both hurdles. Kingsley, who gave promise last year of running a good 880 or mile, will compete, and so will Whitney. Of the others, only Bowman is known, and the rest have done nothing above mediocrity. Last year Columbia had the assistance of Lyman, ex-Yale, and Lee and Moen, ex-Harvard.

Princeton has in the 100 and 220 flat Allen NcNulty, good for .10⅗ and about .23. In 440, Brokaw, .51⅗; McCampbell, .53; Swan, .53⅗. 880 yards, Turner, 1.57⅖; Betts and Wintringer, 2.05. Mile, Black, 4.54; and Caton has done 4.31 from 110-yard mark. Walk, Borcherling, 6.52⅗, and Ottley. Neither the hurdlers nor high-jumpers have done much, and both Turner and Gill have cleared 20 ft. in broad. Banker has been riding the two miles in great form, and there is also Grandin; in shot there are Beveridge, Hall, and Harriman, with 37, 37.4, and 36 to their credit this year, and Hall has thrown hammer 95 ft. 8 in., with Taylor, 90 ft., and Balliett, 87 ft.

IT IS A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION that the fleet of foreign men-of-war, which anchored in our harbor to attend New York's contribution to the Columbus celebration, had sailed away before the final contests in the fencing championships. It is equally pleasing that the preliminary bouts

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were decided before the fleet arrived. It is altogether probable that had foreign officers been in port the distended announcement of the final competitions in the "Fencing championships of the United States of America, held under the auspices of the Amateur Fencers' League of America and the Amateur Athletic Union," would have attracted some of them to the Berkeley Lyceum last Thursday night, and sent them away sorely perplexed.

Only a member of the chosen coterie which has stamped its individuality on public fencing in New York city could have appreciated the eccentric exhibition. The foreigner might have fancied himself at one of the puppetshows for which the New World is justly famed, and he would have been constrained to study his programme again to become convinced that he was actually witnessing the decision of the fencing championships of America. Unless there had been a vein of humor in his make-up, he would probably have departed in disgust, though not without carrying away a mental photograph of Mr. Post's remarkable position on guard with the duelling-sword, or the apparent consternation of the judges every time a close question demanded their official attention.

IT REALLY SEEMS LUDICROUS to seriously discuss the exhibition of the other night, and to hail the winners as "champions" is tantamount to acknowledging that we have no fencing in this city. Judging by public performances, it is absolutely certain we have no school of fence in this city worth so calling. If the men who qualified for the final bouts of this championship exhibited the best form of the school in which they have received instruction, then their instructors had best emigrate to Chicago, where they can gain everlasting fame by founding a school for the maintenance and higher development of pig-sticking. There was no form; each contestant prodded at his adversary until one of them was touched, and not unfrequently both were touched. I did not see a single clean firm touch, and but one *riposte;* the blade was handled more like a whip than a foil, and most of the touches were slaps. There was not a lunge, and apparently none of the "champions" knew anything of defence. There was no fencing; none of that play in which the head and hand work together for the opening; none of that feeling of the opponent's blade. In short, there was nothing but slap, bang, hit, or miss, anything to get there. It was like turning loose two game-cocks in a ring.

It is not intended to assert here that there is no skill in the peculiar method shown Thursday night. On the contrary, success in such a "Let-her-go, Gallagher," style of fighting with the foil requires much skill and a strong sword-arm. But it is to fencing what Pennsylvania Dutch is to the pure mother-tongue.

THE FENCERS' LEAGUE WAS ORGANIZED presumably for the purpose of fostering the art in this city, and no one thoroughly acquainted with the condition of affairs will deny that the field for missionary work is large. But it is not susceptible soil. If there is any one feature of New York fencers more prominent than another, it is the utter satisfaction with which they contemplate their exploitation of the art of fencing. When they are divided into several cliques, each as certain that the others' form is as miserable as its own is ideal, some conception of the task in making a homogeneous whole may be gathered. Adding to this the further fact that of the half-dozen instructors in this city and Boston each is ever on the alert to hurt the professional reputation of the others, and only one or two have any license to instruct at all, and the situation becomes a veritable maze. Nevertheless, the League founders knew the state of affairs when they organized, and unless they intend to actually do something to clear up matters and put fencing on a healthy basis, they may as well dissolve. Their position now is farcical. The League at present has no excuse for existence, unless it be to collect the annual dues from its members, and invest the money in medals to encourage, rather than correct, continuance of the present poor form.

One hundred and fifty belong to this League, all fencers, and ostensibly all interested in fencing; and there are quite enough of them to turn the tide which seems to be setting against the sport in New York. The one way to recuperate is to, first of all, harmonize. In unity there is strength, and so long as the present divided state of affairs exists, just so long will fencing languish. The Fencers' Club has made a failure at building up a general interest for that very reason, and the League has an opportunity now of making a place for itself among the guardians of amateur sport, and giving fencing the assistance of which it stands sorely in need. Club-rooms where the fencers of all schools might meet and test their skill, under the eye of a really competent instructor, would go a long way towards solving the problem.

THE NEW YORK TANDEM CLUB opened the season of 1893 on Saturday last with its spring meet, and the thirteen members who braved the pouring rain proved that, like John Leech's sporting squire, they were not drawing-room whips, but were out because they "liked it."

Although the present club is only in its seventh year, having been organized in 1886 by the president, Mr. Charles Pfizer, Jun., and ex-president, Charles A. Baudouine, Jun., it is twenty-seven years since Mr. Burton Mansfield excited the curiosity of Seventh Ward dwellers, and instantly became the envy of amateur whips by driving two horses single file through the city. For a generation he has been deservedly recognized as the "father" of tandem in this country, and the best authority upon matters of "form" in this difficult but seductive mode of driving.

Saturday's Meet was, on the whole, a very creditable one, showing decided improvement over last year. The handling of reins and whips emphasized progression in the art, and the horses were a more even lot, showed more quality, and in formation and size better adapted for tandem-work. There were, too, several pronounced instances of ignorance on correct balance, and some neat turnouts spoiled the general effect by having the points of the shafts tilted up in the direction of the horse's ears—a defect easily remedied by lowering the tugs, tightening a strap, or adjusting the seat.

MANY OF THE TANDEM MEN must pay more attention to matching their horses if they wish to turn out in form. Under no consideration should the heavier horse be in the lead, and while it may be true that "no good horse is a bad color," yet color in tandem requires more attention than is, as a rule, given to it. It is quite as desirable that the leader should be of a lighter shade as it is that he should be the smaller in size. Then again several of the carts were much too high for the teams, the owners evincing poor judgment as to proportion. However, each meet shows an improvement, even if slight, and that is certainly something to the good.

THE WISDOM OF THE RECENT CHANGES in the Harvard crew is yet to be proved. Cummings has been moved up to 7, and Fearing put at 5. The evident reason for the change is to get an experienced oar behind stroke, which is first-rate in theory, but questionable in practice, when the "experienced oar" happens not to be a good follower. Cummings is a hard worker, and has rowed long enough to have experience, and to spare, but his strong point is not following the man in front of him. He would seem to be the last one to put at 7, which is certainly next to stroke the most important seat in the boat. It is imperative that stroke and 7 are absolutely together, for while there is one stroke in name there are two strokes in fact; what No. 8 (stroke) is to the starboard oars and the crew, No. 7 is to the port oars. Last year's losing crew had a stroke to 7 that were not together. To be sure, Fearing is a new man at rowing, but the work he has done in the boat, and his well-known adaptability and skill in every branch of athletics he has undertaken, would seem to give confidence in his ability to fill 7. However, a few days will show what there is in the new arrangement; it is hardly necessary to say that four good men in the stern, to carry back the stroke, are the key to a crew's steady work.

There is not a day to be lost. Yale's crew is settled upon, while Harvard, as usual, is still shifting the men about. Newell is now at 3, Richardson at 2, and Burgess at bow. The shell rolls, and the uneven work of the starboard oars is pronounced. The crew row a long stroke, but there is a hang at the catch, and the oars are not swept through on the same level. There is plenty of strength and endurance, but the watermanship is poor. Fennessey needs advice as to running up the stroke rather than allowing it to be run up on him. The crew is better than last year's, and has good material, but it is not making the improvement it should.

UNDER HARTWELL'S VIGOROUS COACHING and the calmer conditon of the water, the work of the Yale crew has been much more satisfactory. The men swing more in unison, catch the water harder, and are more careful on the recovery. The result is that the boat stays on its keel, and moves along better between strokes. As compared with Harvard, the work of the Yale crew is very much smoother, and the boat certainly travels steadier and apparently faster. Both Messler and Van Huyck have improved, and about the only man in the boat now whose faults are especially noticeable is Longacre at 4. It will take careful and patient coaching to make him a 'varsity oar. Goetchius is swinging better, but he still makes a break in the middle of the boat. The starboard oars work together absolutely, but the port side looks irregular with 2 finishing too soon, 4 holding on too long, and 6 cocking his oar.

ALTHOUGH THE SCORE OF THE HARVARD-YALE athletic games Saturday shows a difference of nearly 20 points (67–45) in Harvard's favor, they were hotly contested throughout. With a few exceptions every event was a struggle up to the very finish, and the winner of no one of the runs was known until the tape had been breasted.

Harvard showed surprising strength in the quarter and half, winning all the points, as well as first and third in both sprints. Yale's mile-winner, Morgan, captured his event with more to spare than any other track-winner; he is plucky and strong, and likely to lower the Intercollegiate record on a good track. The walk was the prettiest event of the day, the positions changing so as to keep the interest intense. Harvard's Endicott has improved; he was too strong for Wight. Had Shead been in better condition he would have made Lyman do better time to win the high hurdles, but at his best it is doubtful if he is as fast as the Yale man. Interest in the low hurdles centred chiefly in what Fearing (who is on the crew, and has not practised) would do; third was his best, but Harvard had a new man, Garcelon, who negotiates the sticks with great neatness and despatch, and he won in .26⅘. Yale held a surprise-party in the bicycle, taking first and second with two new men, and cutting out Harvard's veterans, Davis and Pratt.

YALE TOOK ALL THE HAMMER, as expected, and Shea, Harvard, astonished every one by winning the shot with a 40 ft. 8 in. put. He did as much several years ago, but no one thought he would arise to the occasion. Fearing took the high jump at a much lower figure (5 ft. 7¼ in.) than it has been won for several years, and Yale's men appeared considerably off form, as Harvard took second at same figure, and third 1½ inches lower. Sheldon, Yale, was expected to do 5 ft. 8 or 9 in., but his 22 ft. 2 in. in the broad, which took second to Bloss, Harvard (22 ft. 4 in.), evidently weakened him. Cartwright, Yale, vaulted beautifully, and deserved first, with 10 ft. 6½ in., Wheelwright, Harvard, doing well also with 10 ft. 3 in. The surprise of the meeting was Yale's failure to get points in the middle distances. The rain made the track slow, though it was in surprisingly fine condition. But the track was fast compared with the exasperating slowness with which the events were run off. Another year should see some improvement in this direction, as well as a change in date, which, by-the-way, is fixed by the constitution accepted by both colleges, and not chosen each year.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURE of the past week in college baseball was Brown's 2–0 victory over Yale after eleven innings and one of the cleanest contests of the year. Brown played a great game, especially in the field, and George's work was again of a high order. Not a run was scored until the last inning, and the game from beginning to end was desperately fought out. Time and again a hit would have won the match for either side, but cool, steady work prevented it. If Brown's team is not the strongest on the college diamond, it certainly is very near it. It has won all but two games this year; its fielding is very clean, and its general play scientific.

CARTER'S PITCHING SHOWS THAT HE IS NOT nearly so effective when used several games in succession. Professionals have long since acquired a fair grasp of this question of overworking a good thing, but collegians never know when to let up on a man in the box. Carter two weeks ago was almost invincible; Carter in the first Brown game was entirely outside the possibilities of the opposing batsmen; in the Pennsylvania game he was good enough to pull Yale through, although with an effort, and a marked one at that. There was warning enough; but Yale sent him in again in the next Brown game, perhaps because Wesleyan had shown them how weak they were without him, and he bore it well; but he was not the same man who had been impossible for Brown in New Haven, and Yale was defeated.

He will recruit considerably before the Princeton game of Saturday, and the New Jersey men will find him a hard man to hit, unless some evil genius of Yale's tempts them to pitch him a game or two in between. If they do, Princeton will not find the Yale nine invincible, for it is in the box that their strength lies. Carter has already been rated here as the most difficult of the college pitchers to find, and the nine which holds such a prize ought to have a show against even such an aggregation of players as Harvard possesses this season. But if the life is pitched out of his arm before the end of next month, Harvard will take two straight, and we shall hear no more of a third game. In the mean time Yale can show no good reason for refusing to listen to Harvard's sportsmanlike proposition for a game in case of a tie. It is disappointing to Yale's friends to note a repetition of last year's insistence, against all precedent, of the game on neutral ground being played first.

AFTER PLAYING A FAULTLESS game with Princeton the previous Saturday, Harvard piled up errors against Pennsylvania May 8th, and lost, 7–6. Upton and Trafford were off in their play, and both Hovey and Sullivan seemed to have greased their fingers, though both at times did brilliant work. The game was a striking illustration of the advantage of team-play. There was not a man on the U. of P. nine, with the exception of first-baseman Goeckle, that could replace a man on the Harvard team; but they played with perfect confidence in one another, while Harvard gave itself up to individual strength and team weakness.

Captain Frothingham can certainly strengthen his nine by putting Abbott on third and Mason in left field. Wiggins and Upton are the most effective battery combinations, but Mason's batting and base-running are too good to be lost.

Reese of U. of P. pitched a steady strong game, but Coogan seems to have fallen off in his back-stop work. The nine is a hard-hitting one, as may be judged from the fact that the average of six of the men is over 500.

Bayne's arm has not permitted him to pitch yet, and the nine will be stronger i. he is kept in left field and Reese left in box—since the latter is too good a man to lose. Blair is a hard hitter and fair fielder. Pennsylvania deserves all praise for the promptness with which it punished two members of its nine for infraction of training rules. To lay off so valuable a man as Thomas on the eve of a Harvard game showed the proper spirit, and the same kind Harvard has exhibited in playing without her star pitcher, J. Highlands.

IN THE YALE-PENNSYLVANIA GAME, won by the former, 5–4, Penn hit Carter, but lost the game by poor base-running. The same weakness was evident in the Harvard game. Yale played with more dash than had characterized their work up to that time. Stephenson lost his head, and Bliss played brilliantly. Hedges and Stephenson are falling off in their hitting; the rest of the team are improving (especially Speer and Case) enough to more than counterbalance this.

The Princeton nine will undoubtedly put up a much better game against Yale than it did against Harvard. Drake's condition has improved, and the whole team will play with more confidence. But Princeton has not shown the ability to play strongly in the face of adversity, and as both Le Yale and University of Pennsylvania teams have had superior seasoning, they will come against Princeton with a confidence that is very apt to carry them through to victory.

WILLIAMS, DARTMOUTH, AND AMHERST will have a close race for the championship, as the nines seem evenly matched. With a fair team behind them, O'Connor and Ranney ought to win the championship for Dartmouth, even if they have to pull out of as deep a hole as they did last year. O'Connor has had a great deal of experience, but is only effective when well supported by his fielders. One or two errors will make him pitch a listless game. Ranney's back-stop work and throwing are good, but he is painfully slow in getting after fouls and passed balls. There is some doubt whether this battery will be well supported, as the fielders and basemen seem heavy and slow.

Williams managed to win a game from Dartmouth through the good work of its battery, Howe and Draper. Howe has had some good coaching at Harvard, and ought to do well. Hollister and Howard are both good men, and are strong hitters.

Amherst, under Captain Stearns, is playing the best ball of the three, and left Williams the worse for wear in last Wednesday's game. Colby's pitching was very effective, and Allen handles himself well behind the bat. The mainstay of the team is Captain Stearns. He captained the Boston Athletic Association team last summer, and is one of the best batters among college ball-players.

ALTHOUGH THE LOS ANGELES DOG SHOW pointed to the general development that is being slowly made in such matters on the Pacific coast, yet the exhibition of last month was not an improvement on that of a year ago. The show building was small and inconvenient, and the judging-ring much too cramped. However, Mr. George Raper, who is a judge of wide experience, in spite of the difficulties, seemed to give general satisfaction. The quality, taken altogether, was certainly below par. The greyhounds made a good showing, and the setters and pointers were numerous, though there was a general lack of length and liberty. Bull-terriers at these exhibitions are always ridiculous if intended for show dogs. There is now a fox-terrier club in California which it is hoped will improve the breed; for at the present time it can be asserted that there is not a good specimen on the Western slope.

Judging from the incorrect and mixed condition of several of the pedigrees in the catalogue, it would seem that the American Kennel Club's stud-book is rather carelessly made up. The show deserves all encouragement, since no prizes were given to the successful competitors.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION at its recent meeting in New York ratified the two changes in the playing rules proposed by the Advisory Board in March. Briefly the new rules provide for a touch down being counted from the point at which the runner is downed behind the line, and not where the ball is carried over line or left behind line. This will leave no room for dispute in bringing ball out for a try at goal.

The other rule gives the centre rush on the side with the ball, *all* of it, instead of half of it as heretofore. This is one of the wisest rulings of recent years, and will entirely do away with the squabbling in the centre, which was carried to such an exasperating extreme last year.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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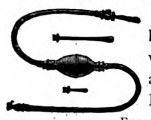


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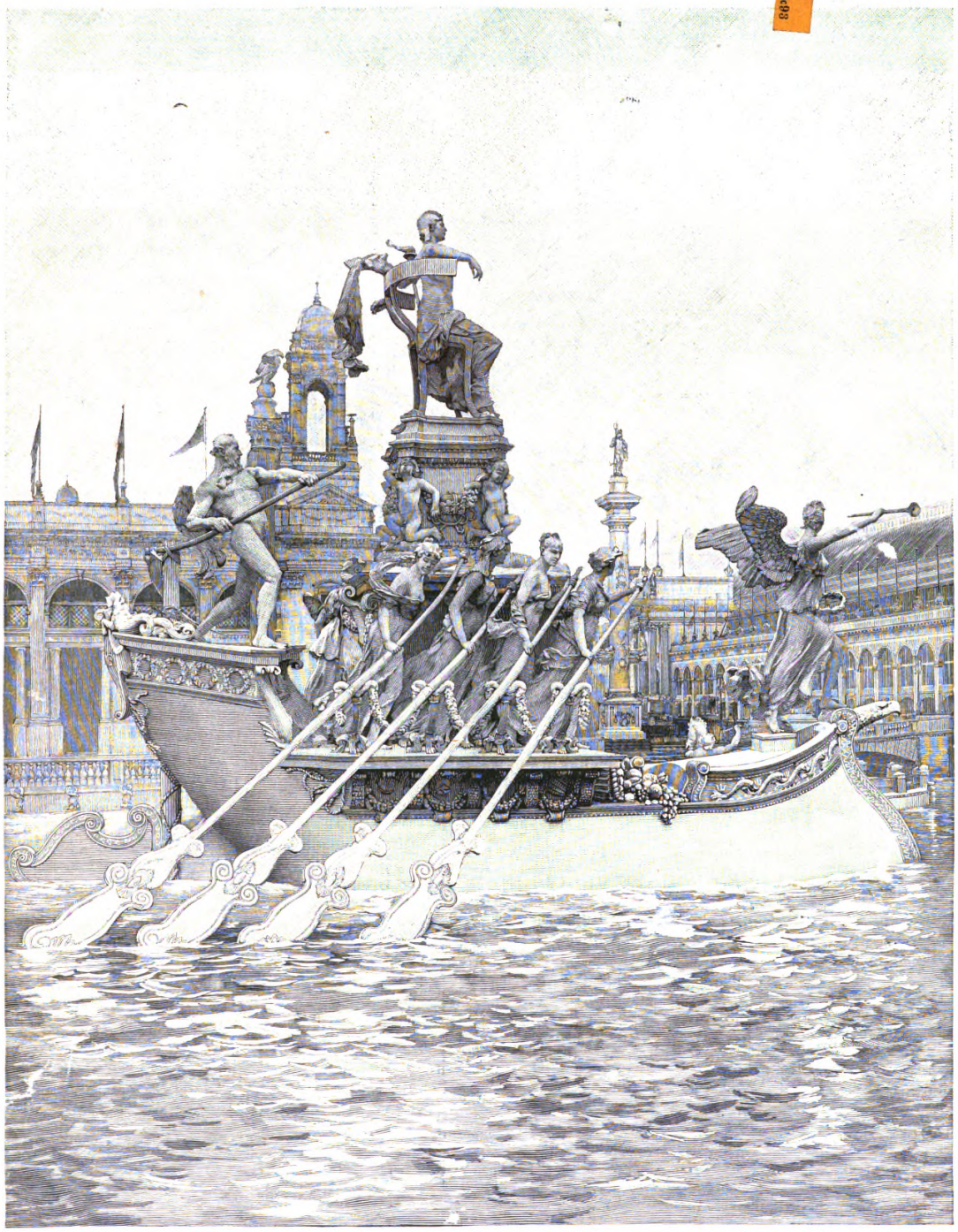
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN IN THE GRAND COURT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

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The action of the story takes place almost altogether in one of the big business blocks or "skyscrapers" of Chicago, and ranges over the whole building—from roof to engine-room, from bank presidents to lunch-counter girls.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

ON another page we publish an article entitled "A Western View of Silver," which, considering its distinguished authorship, may be regarded as containing a summary of all that can be said in favor of the free silver coinage policy. The argument, which cannot pretend to the merit of originality, proceeds upon various well-known assumptions, which, for their own convenience, the advocates of free coinage take for granted. The fundamental one of them is that "the general fall of values during the past twenty years is attributable to the appreciation in the value of gold, owing to its limited and insufficient supply, and followed the general demonetization of silver by some countries and the closing of the mints of other countries to the further coinage of silver." This would be important if it were true. But every well-informed and unprejudiced person knows that it is not true. There has been no such "general fall of values during the past twenty years" owing to such causes. A good many commodities have indeed become cheaper—mostly those the production of which has been cheapened, not by the scarcity of gold or the demonetization of silver, but by recent inventions, discoveries, and new mechanical contrivances, rendering production less costly; in other words, by the progress of civilization. And this cheapening process produced its effect before the demonetization of silver just as well as after it. There are other commodities which are sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer than they were twenty years ago, according to the changing general or local conditions of demand and supply. And there are still other commodities which since the demonetization of silver have steadily and considerably advanced in price—among them the very important commodity of human labor in almost every form and degree, physical and mental. Nor can it be said that when the price paid for human labor rises while the prices of most of the necessaries of life decline, the result will be, as our author asserts, "vast suffering and impoverishment the world over." The logical outcome would rather seem to be the opposite.

Another assumption is that we in the United States have "suffered less than other countries because of the additional circulation which silver purchases have afforded us"; that, in fact, since the passage of the silver purchase law "we have prospered greatly in comparison with other countries," and that "its repeal would mean further financial embarrassment"; indeed, it "would work incalculable injury to the people of the United States." It is difficult to listen with patience to assertions like these at a moment when the business community is staggered by a distrust which in greatest part has been brought about by the danger of our being pushed upon a silver basis by these very silver purchases, and when the speedy repeal of the silver purchase law is recognized by every sensible business man as the first prerequisite of a restoration of confidence. What we have been and are doing under the silver purchase law is to buy fifty-four million ounces of silver a year, issuing therefor Treasury notes. The value of these Treasury notes rests upon their being redeemable in gold. If they were regarded as redeemable not in gold but in silver, they would instantly depreciate. We therefore, in order to purchase silver, burden ourselves with a gold debt, and as this is a debt on demand, and our stock of gold is drawn upon whenever any of it is presented for payment, and Treasury notes are also constantly paid into the Treasury for government dues instead of gold, we may say that we are substantially parting with our gold for the purpose of buying silver; we surrender the world's money for what is not the world's money, and what we cannot sell again without an incalculable loss. For, as everybody knows, if we offered our accumulation of silver for sale, the bottom would drop out of the market.

Our contributor indeed says that the silver purchases have served to give us an increased paper circulation. The obvious answer is that if instead of purchasing silver we had kept our gold, this gold might have been used in one way or another as the basis of a paper circulation equally large and infinitely safer. As it is, our paper currency is in a fair way of becoming nothing better than *fiat* money. It would be sound with a good gold reserve behind it. It will be unsound with only a silver reserve behind it, and the more silver we purchase with gold, the more our gold reserve will necessarily diminish. As we part with our gold, substituting silver for it as a basis for our paper issues, our government paper currency is systematically made unsafe. The more there is of it, the more unsafe it will be. No civilized nation ever carried on a financial policy more idiotic than this, and if with eyes open we persist in it, and are overtaken by great disasters, we shall have richly deserved our punishment.

The remedy, and the only remedy, our contributor proposes for our financial ills is bimetallism, and the straight road to bimetallism he sees in the free coinage of silver. We do not mean to go here into a discussion of the question whether bimetallism as a system is practical and beneficial. It is sufficient to point out that free silver coinage is, under existing circumstances, not the road to bimetallism, but only to monometallism on the silver basis. It avails little to resort to high-flown metaphor, and say, as our contributor does, "we cherish the conviction that if this great people shall restore silver to the pedestal from which it was treacherously overthrown, no financial disturbance will follow." There is not a clear-headed business man in the country who does not know that the restoration of silver to the pedestal by means of a free coinage law will accomplish in a moment what the silver purchase act has been slowly preparing. Gold will instantly go to a premium. There will be a rush for the gold reserve in the Treasury, forcing the government to suspend gold payments. Gold will, as a matter of course, at once disappear from circulation. There will, in consequence, be a sudden and violent contraction of the currency, not only because there will be less in point of volume, but that which remains will be less in point of purchasing power than it was when held up to the gold standard. That values will presently adjust themselves to the silver basis is true. But the losses and disasters and sacrifices which the confusion inseparable from a sweeping change in the standard of values always brings with it are incalculable. As always they will fall most heavily upon persons of small means, the laboring-man, the farmer—not to speak of the savings-bank depositor and the pensioner—who have neither the knowledge nor the opportunity to take advantage of changing circumstances. This crisis will be a sad time for the good people who have been deluded into the belief that free coinage means "more money," and that "more money" means that government agents go around the country with big bags of silver dollars to put some of them into the pockets of all who need them. And after a time of disastrous disturbance and distrust, the American people, ashamed of their folly, will painfully work their way back to a policy which will put their monetary system once more in accord with the great commerce of the civilized world.

THE WAR ON MR. CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic machine in New York is evidently determined to maintain its attitude of hostility towards the President. It is perfectly natural and logical that it should do this. If any one really expected the harmony which was predicted in some interested quarters, he must be singularly blind to the characteristics of both Mr. CLEVELAND and the machine leaders. As the WEEKLY pointed out several months ago, harmony between the two is impossible, for the condition of its existence would be a revolution in human character.

Mr. CLEVELAND can no more adopt the habitual political immoralities of MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and CROKER than they can understand the wisdom of honest and sincere devotion to the public good. There was and is only one reason for desiring harmony that could have moved Mr. CLEVELAND and his friends, and that was the desire to maintain Democratic ascendency in the nation and in the State. But Democratic ascendency means nothing to these men if it does not involve the triumph of principles, while it is meaningless to the machine if it does not involve the distribution of the spoils among the "boys." Mr. CLEVELAND understands—no one better—that if the Democratic party is left to the control of the machine, the principles which are represented and advocated by himself and his friends will be defeated, no matter which party is triumphant at the polls. MURPHY and SHEEHAN know and care nothing about principles. Discussions of the tariff, the currency problem, foreign and domestic policies, or of civil service reform have no interest for them. As an astute observer once said, "A two-dollar bill is the only political document that MURPHY knows anything about." If the public service and work of Mr. CLEVELAND are to be carried to a successful conclusion, it must be through an organization inspired by the spirit of reform, with courage and determination not to rest or turn back until its principles are embodied in the statutes of the country.

The movement, led with splendid courage and self-sacrifice by ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, embracing in its ranks the very best that there is in the Democratic party of New York, was inaugurated to advance the cause of tariff reform, of sound currency, of purer methods of government, and the conflict against paternalism. These voters, a very large percentage of them being young men, called themselves, and were, Democrats. They were for CLEVELAND because his leadership was necessary to their cause. The mere fact that MURPHY, HILL, SHEEHAN, and the rest also called themselves Democrats, and pretended to accept Mr. CLEVELAND after his nomination, did not unite these factions into a harmonious body. Mr. FAIRCHILD and his friends made war upon the machine as bitterly as they warred against the Republicans, not only because its leaders had neither the will nor capacity to advance Democratic principles, but because, by their control of the organization, they were preventing true Democrats from making any effort in behalf of their cause. As the machine men cannot adopt the cause which triumphed in Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, simply because they cannot possibly understand it, it follows that harmony would mean an abject surrender by the President and his friends to the ignorant and corrupt spoilsmen who are now disgracing their party and the State whose government they unfortunately control.

The machine understands the situation thoroughly. Mr. HILL and Mr. SHEEHAN are in open revolt against the President. Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CROKER are making pretences of friendliness while they are conniving at war. Mr. HILL recently challenged the President by demanding to know who had "endorsed" four New York postmasters whom Mr. CLEVELAND had had the temerity to appoint without consulting him. Following the fashion set by Republican Senators eight years ago, he called for papers that the Executive Department of the government has always considered confidential. His purpose was to compel the recognition of the machine as the source of appointments. The obedient county organizations at once sent word to the appointees that they had better ask for the committee's "endorsement" if they wanted to be confirmed. HILL was defeated, but his war was begun.

Mr. SHEEHAN undertook to strengthen the hold of the machine by securing the enactment of changes in the charters of the smaller cities in the State. He was frustrated in his attempt, except in Buffalo, by the stand taken by a few Democratic Senators. The amendment which deprived the Mayor of Buffalo of part of his authority was passed through trickery. SHEEHAN'S conduct has been aptly termed "sneak-thief legislation."

Every bit of State and local patronage that can be controlled by the conspirators is turned into a weapon of offence against the President and his friends. The Governor is the tool of the machine. He is charged with transforming the Forestry Commission into a political machine—with turning out CLEVELAND men to make way for MURPHY men. He has revived the useless office of wine-inspector to make a place for a machine man. The State prisons are under the management of MURPHY men, and the Auburn prison was used as a bribe to win over an active politician who had been a friend of Mr. CLEVELAND, and whose power and influence were very great in his county. The Niagara Democratic County Committee met not long ago to decide upon the men who should be employed on the canal. The patronage had been turned over to it because it was loyal. Its members demanded the removal of

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ery CLEVELAND man, and the appointment of none t machine men.

These are illustrations of the kind of warfare that e machine is waging against the President and s friends, and for its own preservation. Notwithnding their professions of friendship, no intelligent person doubts that Senator MURPHY and Mr. OKER are supporting Mr. SHEEHAN and are counancing Mr. HILL. Mr. MURPHY has as absolute ntrol of the State organization as Mr. CROKER has Tammany Hall. The two cannot accomplish what ey desire except together, and as either one might t an end to the war by a simple word of command, y must be held responsible for all that is done. e machine in all this is doing its utmost to keep t of power those Democrats who believe in the ablishment of principles instead of the distribution spoils as the object of political effort. If the FAIRLDS and CLEVELANDS triumph, they can only be the rank and file, or, perhaps, merely the campllowers. Thus far the struggle is one-sided. The tue and intellect of the Democratic party in New rk have not yet shown that they have the power ontinuous organized opposition to vice and folly. nat standing they have is the result of desultory nting in some of the counties, and of the suicidal klessness of Mr. SHEEHAN.

REACTIONS OF LETHARGY.

s his latest story in HARPER'S WEEKLY Dr. CONAN YLE refers anew to those familiar "reactions of lethy" which were wont to follow the "outbursts of pasnate energy" whereby his friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes mplished the remarkable feats with which his name is ociated. The human heart, which loathes continuous with a righteous aversion, goes out enthusiastically to idea of "reactions of lethargy" as a necessary condition he best work. A contribution to one of the May magzes which embodied this idea was fondly scissored and ted in the contemporary press. It extolled the value of ing, pointing out that the beast of prey does not spend whole time day after day in "pottering around the forin a routine manner," but goes off occasionally on a vigus hunt, gorges himself on the proceeds, and then lies rn to repose and meditation. So prize-fighters husband r resources between "events"; and very eminent brainkers spend their summers in Europe, like Dr. DEPEW, o duck-shooting, like ex-President HARRISON, or enjoy tracted seasons of fresh air and contemplation at the butt of a fishing-rod, like DANIEL WEBSTER and Governor SSELL and President CLEVELAND.

lenty of writers patronize this method of work. Mr. RION CRAWFORD has said that his way is to toil terribly il he finishes the job in hand, and then to lie comparaly idle while the scheme of some new achievement is mering in his brain. The prevailing impression is that KIPLING works that way also, and Mr. STEVENSON is erstood to hit off some of his most unapproachable pernances by smiting the iron without intermission as long continues hot. So LOWELL wrote "The Vision of Sir nfal," and so Dr. JOHNSON turned out *Rasselas*.

n the other hand, the busy bee improves *each* shining r, only laying off in wet weather. It hibernates all winthough, and hibernation is a sort of lethargy; and, any-, the bee can hardly be called a brain-worker, and is r to be compared to a mill hand or a laborer than to a er. But Mr. HOWELLS, who *is* a brain-worker, clings he maxim about *nulla dies sine linea*, and Mr. JAMES'S irable stories give the impression of being wrought out ersistent painstaking rather than evolved from passions oil.

rudgery is vile. Every properly constituted person ad- that, and the system of short spells of toil and long inissions of repose, in so far as it annihilates drudgery, is stem that deserves all the popularity it enjoys. The t with it lies in those short periods of toil. Some poor tures who have to work find it so intolerably hard to back to labor after a long spell of loafing that they ld rather work a little every day than undergo the pain orming new habits of application every time they have hing serious to do. Such persons complain that the ow of the approaching curse darkens all the interval of t should be careless sunshine. They prefer to strain fate to their bosoms by a continuous hug, thinking by method to squeeze some of the life out of it, and make sier to wrestle with. They complain that it is almost as to stop working as it is to begin again; that they feel and bored for a while without their daily task, and find hardship to devise occupation, and that by the time have brought themselves into fit condition to join the re class their money is all gone, and it is time for them gin work again. It may be said that such persons are ctive, and their shortcomings should not avail to bring n adverse judgment on a system that is intrinsically l. Still, a system to which exception is taken by wholemay require amendment.

reasonable conclusion is that where the "reactions of rgy" plan does not seem to work, its failure is due to rfect application. When it comes so very hard to go ork again it should be inferred that the reaction has not inued long enough. That seems to be better under- in India. The author of *From Adam's Peak to Elitis* explains that when the brooding Asiatic becomes ible that he needs a reaction of lethargy he settles up nundane affairs, and gives himself up to contemplation the acquisition of the higher wisdom, without thought ntention of coming back to active life. His relatives respect his sentiments. If he has a family, provision is made for it, and his mind is relieved of care. Then he goes diligently about his new business, one of the first requirements of which is to learn not to think. It sometimes takes years to accomplish this preliminary step, but, once gained, it is of vast consequence, since, once a man is able to think or not as he wills, earthly considerations lose their grip on him, and he becomes a true autocrat of his environment.

Whether or not these retired Hindoos contemplate the possibility of an eventual accession of practical energy the curious reader may ascertain for himself. For our Occidental uses it would seem to be enough that would-be cultivators of leisure who chafe under the limitations of their intervals should simply agree that the period of their life on earth is not too great for the accumulation of energy to be spent in vast achievement in some future state. If they can conscientiously begin to work again before they die, so much the better. They get a surer thing that way. But if not, at least they will be able to set a fine example of tranquillity and repose, so that their laborious fellows may find refreshment for their jaded spirits in the sight of them.

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES.

WE understand that the assessors of Lowell, in Massachusetts, and of Paris, in France, are about to levy a tax on bicycles. Just why the assessors in two such different communities as Lowell and Paris should have arrived at a determination to put a special tax on bicycles at the same time we do not know, but we are ready to protest against the action no matter what may be the reason that led to it. If the proposed tax be on account of the fact that some unskilful and some selfish and reckless wheelmen make the roads unsafe for riders, drivers, and walkers, then the tax would be most unfair, indeed, for it would not bear evenly upon those who would have to pay it. The great majority of wheelmen are careful, considerate, and courteous, and live up to the rule of the road both in letter and in spirit. They should not be made to suffer because a few men are careless. The better plan would be to suppress the offenders by suitable punishment—a punishment that suits the crime.

If, however, the assessors in Lowell and in Paris mean to put a tax on bicycles merely because bicycles are property, and if they mean also to tax all other kinds of property whatsoever, then the proposition is another matter, and we are by no means sure that it should not be advocated instead of protested against. But it is not at all likely that in either place the taxation laws are so rational as to tax all property so that the burden should rest equally on everything. When that time comes, Utopia will have arrived also. Under present circumstances bicycles are not more suitable for special taxation than the tools of a man's trade, the books in his library, or, indeed, the shoes on his feet. The larger number of bicycles, no doubt, are used purely for pleasure and for exercise, but there are a very great many used by working-men—mechanics, clerks, lawyers, doctors, and merchants—to take them to and from their places of business. That is not the case to a considerable extent in great and populous cities where the streets are crowded with traffic, but in other places where the roads are suitable the bicycle is in very general use. It is probably in more general use as a means of transportation apart from pleasure in Washington than anywhere else. It has been stated that a wheelman can do six miles over a good road with as little effort as would be required to walk one mile. If this be true, then with a bicycle almost any man, however hard his work or long his hours, could actually live in the country—that is, he might live in the country if there were a good road between his home and his place of business. The miles of good roads in this country are not yet enough to give rise to the fear that everybody will move out of town, so as to ride to business on bicycles. But if this mileage of good roads is greatly increased in the near future, and we hope and believe that it will be, we shall owe a deep debt of gratitude to the bicycle-riders of the country. It was the wheelmen who started the present movement for better roads; they have been the most zealous road inspectors we have ever had, and the awakening sense of the people to the importance of improved highways has been mainly their work. So we think that the tax assessors had better let the bicycle-riders alone for the present at least, for the wheelmen still have much work of public importance before them.

THINGS TALKED OF

DURING the recent wild times in Wall Street there was one industry that was not depressed, but was carried on with immense activity and large profits to those who "got in on the ground-floor." This was the manufacture and distribution of disquieting rumors. The product is a staple one in that region, but in ordinary times the supply exceeds the demand, and the business is continued with slight gains and often at a loss. But when what the Street pleases to call its mind is excited, the demand increases greatly, and the rumor-mongers make "big money." An accident to a large house last week called general attention to the business, and there was straightway a great outcry against it, and the power of the law was invoked to restrain or suppress it. The law has no power to do so. A flagrant case might possibly lead to conviction and punishment, but it is extremely unlikely. With all possible respect to Wall Street, lying, whether tending to gloom or hope, is inseparable from the game played there. When many men are engaged in betting large sums that prices will go up or go down within a few hours or even minutes, and when the rise or fall depends not on any change in real values, but mainly on a change in men's feelings, lies will be told to affect feelings and effect the change in prices. There is no power outside of the Street that can prevent it. How far a reform could be made in the Street itself we do not now care to say, but if it is ever made it will have to be directed to the cause, and not to the incidental effects.

Mr. Gladstone in his old age is far more iconoclastic than he was at the beginning of his career. It looks as if he were setting out on a second youth, with the firmness bred of long and triumphant experience added to the audacity proper to the young. Last week he had the hardihood absolutely to decline to agree to an adjournment of the House of Commons over Derby day, in order to permit members to attend what has heretofore been regarded, even by the government, as a great national festival. This was, of course, so far as we can see, but the courage of plain common-sense, but it is a truism that nothing is so rare as that, particularly, if we may say so, in England. In that land of our beloved forefathers the fact that a thing has always been done is generally conclusive against omitting it, and the quality of mind to which this is due is no small part of the secret of English success. Walter Bagehot once remarked in effect that stupidity was the highest gift of Heaven to the English race, since they stuck to their work in blind ignorance that there was anything else possible. In the matter of the Derby, Mr. Gladstone sees that something else is possible, and something much better. But there is not a betting man in England that would lay more than one to twenty that the Grand Old Man will have a quorum in the House on Derby day.

Something akin to the mediæval "peace of God" has fallen upon the morning newspapers of New York. The *Herald* surprised its innumerable readers by reprinting the entire editorial page of the *Times* under its new management. The *Times* responded by a handsome picture of the new *Herald* building uptown, with a discriminating and favorable critique upon the architecture of that handsome structure. The *World*, in its hundred-page memorial issue, distributed several marked and flattering allusions among its contemporaries, and these have in turn given cordial credit to the characteristics of the young giant of journalism. How long this rose-water rivalry is to last no one shall safely predict, but as representatives of the disinterested readers of many papers, we beg to tender the great dailies the assurance of distinguished and grateful consideration.

The recent occurrence of several peculiarly atrocious and murderous assaults by Italians in this vicinity has renewed the talk about oath-bound secret societies among that race. Most of this talk is very wide of the mark. It is pretty well ascertained that no such societies exist in Italy outside of Sicily and Naples, while their extent there is undoubtedly exaggerated by the cloud of obscurity by which they are surrounded. It is, however, quite probable that there are members of the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra in New York, and that they band together to commit crime and to protect each other, as the members of the Mafia are fairly proven to have done in New Orleans in 1891. But there is no reason to fear that New York will be disgraced by any such bloody and cowardly work as was done in the Parish prison there. At the same time there are certain conditions tending to favor crime which our authorities may well study to abolish. It is a case in which physical and moral sanitation can be carried on to advantage at once. The chief danger arises from the crowding of the Italians of the lower class in the tenement-houses of two or three quarters. The Health Department has ample authority to enforce cleanliness and decent living in these. With such enforcement, the dense crowding will be in a great degree done away with. The possible criminals will be scattered, and most of the incentives to crime will be greatly diminished. Meanwhile we must not forget that the body of Italians here are industrious, sober, honest, and make quite as good citizens, "on the average," as any other race.

Secretary of War Lamont has thrown much light upon a question in the civil service that has long been mooted between the reformers and the higher officials. The former have held that it was both practicable and desirable in case of removals that a record should be made of the reasons for them. The latter have feared that this would restrict the authority of the superiors and tend to disturb discipline. Mr. Lamont has just ordered six discharges and fifty reductions in grade and salary on the report of a special committee, and in every case the report has given a succinct statement of the reasons for the action recommended. So far as these have been published they are clearly fair and sound. No name is, or need be, given to the public, though it is open to the person affected to make the record public if he choose to do so. It is impossible to see any reason why the same process should not be applied throughout the service. It would promote efficiency and prevent abuse in all directions. The Hon. Carl Schurz has given his very high authority in its favor. He declares that in four years in the Department of the Interior—and every one knows that its administration was then admirable—he never was called upon to make a change for which he could not put on record his reasons.

There has been nothing in recent American politics more curious than the coquetting of the Convention of Republican Clubs at Louisville last week with the ladies who were seeking a "plank" for woman suffrage. However many, or few, may be the women who want the ballot, those who do want it have an intensity and persistence of desire that will not take no for a final answer. The unfortunate Committee on Resolutions at Louisville was beset by a delegation that kept it in a stormy session from dewy eve to dawn. Then the committee, with a yawn of relief, reported the "plank" adversely. But the women were not thus to be disposed of. They carried the question into the convention, and there, amid the yells and groans and cheers of foe and friend, they gave battle to the committee—and they won. It is true that they got merely a recommendation to advocate the ballot for women as a matter of "education," but that was a triumph for them. There is not one of them, from the mother of the most numerous family to the mother of none, that cannot give every Republican in the land points on "education." They got more than they expected, and nearly all they hoped for. Now they have only to amend the Constitution of the United States to make their "issue" a national one. Meanwhile they have a year's stock of *gaudeam certaminis*.

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THE LATE GENERAL S. C. ARMSTRONG.
See Page 507.



SURGEON-GENERAL J. RUFUS TRYON.
See Page 507.

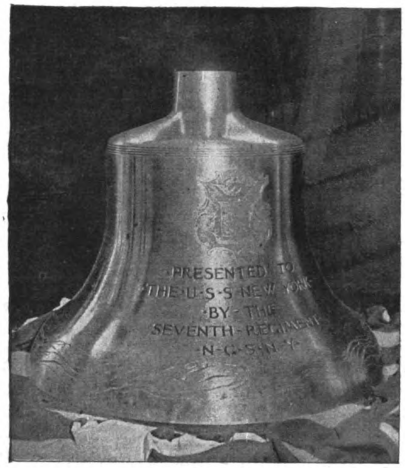


FRANK H. JONES,
First Assistant Postmaster-General.—[See Page 507.]

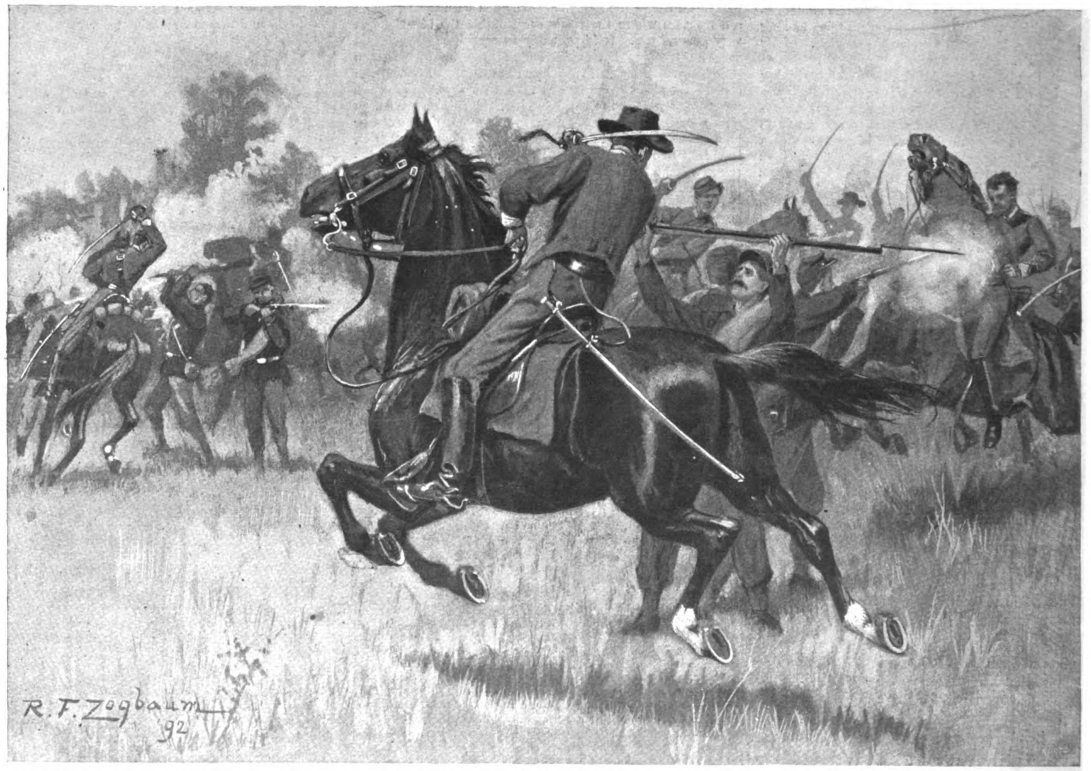
THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S GIFT TO THE U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

In connection with the growth of the United States navy a very pleasant custom has been inaugurated. The new war-vessels have been received with high favor by all people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and local pride has been aroused when the ships have been given the names of the great cities of the Union. Representative organizations and citizens of these favored centres have not been slow to extend their recognition of such compliments, and the *Baltimore*, the *San Francisco*, and other cruisers bear substantial testimonials from the people of the respective cities whose names they bear. New York has often been reproached with lack of local pride, but in the case of the new armored cruiser which carries the name of the metropolis there have been many evidences of friendly feeling. This latest and greatest addition to the navy has been highly spoken of in all quarters, and the ship has proved herself worthy of her name. The citizens of New York have been interested in her, and have given unmistakable proofs of their regard. The New York *Herald* instituted a popular subscription for the purchase of a silver service for the cruiser, and a generous sum was raised, many of the subscriptions being from the poorer classes. When the list was closed, enough money had been received to purchase a handsome set of plate to grace the table of the new vessel, and in an open competition Mr. Charles Osborne won the prize for the designs for the service.

The famous old New York "Seventh" has now come to the fore with a very unique gift from the members of the regiment. A ship's bell, costing somewhat over a thousand dollars, will be formally presented when the *New York* is placed in commission. Each company of the regiment contributed its share of the expense, and all the members evinced much interest in the matter. The bell is a large one, weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and is composed of American tin, American copper, and American silver. It is believed to be the first bell of its kind cast in this country of purely American ingredients. The casting was made by the Clinton H. Meneely Bell Company, of Troy, and Mr. Osborne, the designer of the silver service and vice-president of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, attended personally to the engraving. The inscription, on one side near the base, reads, "Presented to the U. S. S. *New York* by the Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y." A shield upon it bears the respective coats of arms of the United States, the State of New York, the city of New York, and the Seventh Regiment.



The committee appointed by the regiment consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Smith, Captain George W. Rand, and Lieutenants W. G. Schuyler, H. C. Duval, and John B. Holland. At the time of the casting of the bell a very pleasant incident gave evidence of the deep interest felt by all in the work. The committee and several invited guests were present on the occasion, and, moved by some happy impulse, they all threw into the metal some personal article of silver. A coin bearing the date of his entry into the regiment was given by one officer, and matchboxes and other valued mementoes were thus contributed. The gift is now on board the ship, and only awaits formal acceptance by the officers and authorities of the navy. This formality will take place after the cruiser has been put in commission.

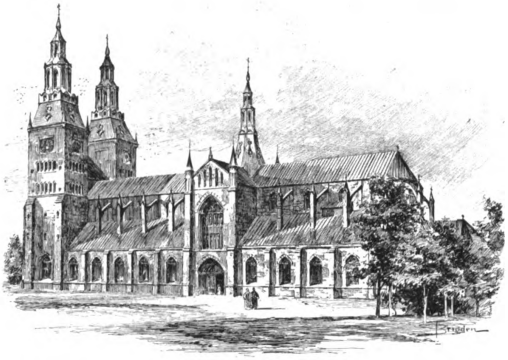


A MEMORY OF THE WAR.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See "A Ballad of May," Page 498.]

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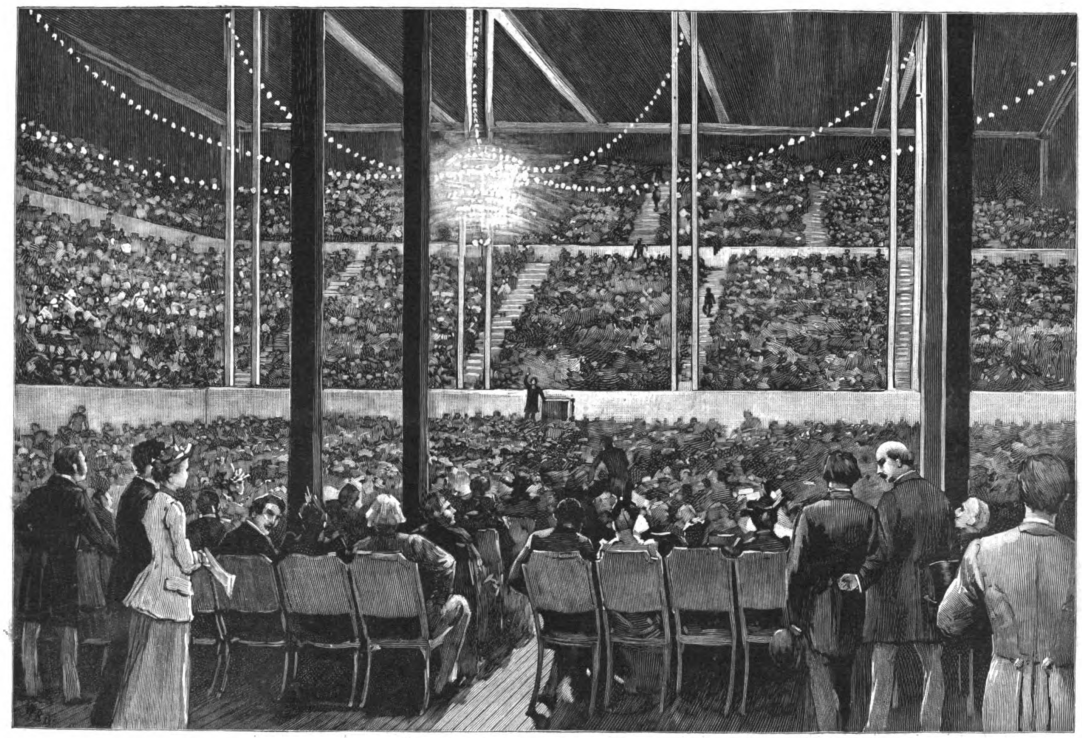
REV. ERIK NORELIUS, D.D., OF VASA, MINNESOTA.
A Swedish-American Leader.



UPSALA CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE DECREE WAS PROMULGATED.
From a Drawing made in 1700, two years before the Cathedral was burned.



BISHOP VON SCHEELE, OF SWEDEN.



VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM WHERE THE JUBILEE WAS HELD.
Drawn by Warren B. Davis, after a Sketch by Harwood.



REV. LUDVIG HOLMES,
Composer of the Jubilee Poem.



REV. MAURITZ STOLPE,
Pastor of Gustavus Adolphus Swedish Lutheran Church, New York.



REV. PROFESSOR C. E. LINDBERG,
Professor of Theology at the Augustana Conservatory, Rock Island, Illinois.



REV. C. J. PETRI, OF MINNEAPOLIS,
A Leader in the Jubilee Movement.

THE SWEDISH TRICENTENNIAL JUBILEE IN MINNEAPOLIS.—[See Page 507.]

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A BALLAD OF MAY.

See illustration on page 496.

WE were ploughing the far hill meadow, Abner, Reuben, and I,
In the flush of the sweet May morning, and the off horse balked at the rise
Midway in the longest furrow; and I patted and coaxed him on:
I remember the scent of the brown earth, the blue of the bending skies.

Said Abner: "We'll rest for the nooning; old Don's in an ugly mood.
No wonder he's tired, poor fellow; the colt doesn't do his share.
I know how a horse feels, David, with a stubborn drop in his blood,
When his mate is a bit of a shirk, Dave. I tell you it isn't fair!"

I was ready to flare in a moment. You see, I was fond of the colt.
I had trained him myself. He was flighty and full of kittenish pranks.
And he didn't know, and *I* didn't know, my dear little black Ben Bolt,
How grave and steady he'd grow yet, trained in the cavalry ranks.

For swift through the sweet May morning came the flying thunder of hoofs,
And "Dave! Dave! Dave!" called my neighbor Jonathan Bell.
It was hurry and scurry and hasten—"Arm for your fields and your roofs!".
And I left the boys and the ploughing, and galloped away pell-mell.

Do you know the blue Shenandoah, with its loops and twists of light,
Its foams of torrent, its gleams, its brawls, its sheen through the fields of wheat?
All through our mountain valley we were up, as we thought, for the right,
Our hearts and our wills were tempered to the glow of a fierce white heat.

The bluecoats were swarming near us. Over our winding ways
Glittered their dark battalions, and the flag we used to love
Flaunted its stern defiance through the grim and passionate days
When men did the desperate fighting, and women sought God above.

Well, it's all past! Heaven be thanked, boys! But there's never a Southern May,
Sweet with the lilac and jasmine, that I do not live again
Through the anger and storm and madness, and the rollicking times and gay,
When I was a boy on my black Ben Bolt, off in that hot campaign.

I am glad the flag of my fathers still waves o'er my native land.
And that grave, that my little maid Ethel covers with flowers to day?
Don't laugh! You fellows are heartless. Yet how should *you* understand?
That's Ben Bolt's grave in the meadow. We buried him there one May.

I'm grizzled and tough as a pine knot, and I limp a little, of course,
But I'd never have won my wife there, and the children on my knee
Would have called some other man father, but for the brave black horse
Who carried me safe through shot and shell, whatever our fate might be.

Battle and march and ambush, I and my black Ben Bolt,
We scrambled it through together, and we both went back to the plough.
But Abner and Rube were dead, boys! I tell you that Morgan colt
Had stuff in him hard to beat, and I wish he were living now!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FOGARTY—AN IMPRESSION.

BY KATE JORDAN.

THE clock in Trinity's steeple struck seven as he wiped his pen and slid from the high office chair. His legs were cramped from the position so long retained. It was a pleasure to stretch them, feel the muscles relax, and a sense of sleepy satisfaction steal through his blood.

He was the last one in the office to-night, and the keys were in his pocket. Beyond the closed doors he heard the plaintive undulations of an Irish tune the char-woman was laboriously humming on the stairs. The smell of the soapy boards crept faintly in like a rebuke to the dry dust lying undisturbed on tables and chairs. A fat spider dropped on the closed ledger, and in a small spasm of apprehension hurriedly swung itself up again on an imperceptible film. There were the crunch of an industrious mouse behind the wall, the tinkle of car bells from the street, the droning hum of water boiling in a can on the stove.

Fogarty noted these things as he pulled his gloves from the drawer, the one unshadowed gas jet above the desk making the corners of the room blacker, his intense worn profile sharper, and coercing every silver hair upon his head into a brighter shining. The jangle of the keys was surprising as he laid them down, and when he stamped his feet, as men do in plunging into a coat, the aroused echoes in the dusty deserted place silenced the mouse behind the wall, and caused a listening break in the char-woman's song.

With his usual care he opened the slats of the stove, that the red embers, sending up small tongues of fuchsia-colored flame, might the more quickly expend themselves, turned out the gas, and locking the door of the office, found himself on the street. The snowy length of Broadway glittered before him. It was a night of crystals and starlight; a magic tone in the steady, windless frostiness. How light and icy the air was! how clear the infinitude of blue against which the white angles of high roof-tops were silhouetted!

Before Fogarty had passed Trinity Church and the lines of graves shrined behind iron bars from the fret of life, he had met a pair of loitering lovers, had listened to the repeated and untrammelled laughter of a bulky man just ahead, and to the snatch of an Italian song from a merry-eyed, ruddy-cheeked vender, who was carrying home upon his head only two unpurchased plaster bits of the Madonna.

"How happy the world is!" thought Fogarty. Following came the thought, "I'll walk home to night," and his step upon the hard snow became light, expectant.

There were a few flakes falling yet, not appearing to come direct from the sky, but as if after an intermediate excursion somewhere in the wilderness of violet ether they were making a tardy and unwilling descent.

He lifted his face and felt it touched to that freshening warmth born of action and frost. Each street lamp as he neared it was a yellow jewel twinkling in the snowy night for him alone. The bright-eyed rapid walkers brushing against him on the pavement were his friends. And that barrel-organ churned in the gloom of a side street—ah, what was that organ saying?

He stood still and listened, while the high sweet notes of "Oft in the Stilly Night" became one with the beating of his heart. It was a call, a reminder. No; it was more: it was a presence that looked at him with the eyes of his youth, whose flowerlike breath was on his cheek, whose fingers searched for his heart.

Fainter came the music, so languishing, so penetrating, so full of the plaint of age for that which comes not again.

"Ah, Marie, Marie, when first you sung that song!"

Had he spoken aloud, or was it the voice of this other lost self, this shadow beside him? He scarcely knew. His thoughts had flown to Marie. Her laughter rang in his ears; he recalled the flash of her soft eyes; he heard again her voice, tripping, purring, and its lovable un-English accent.

Fogarty walked on. But now he did not see the façades of the many-storied buildings, the lights at hotel entrances. He no longer heard the clarion cries of the newsboys, the muffled roll of cars and cabs, nor any of the sounds of life filling the snow-wrapped town. He was thinking of the first time his eyes had rested upon Marie.

Twenty-five years ago. Yet every smallest incident was visible now as then.

I.

See the French quarter, the streets alive and noisy. The waiters in the small cabarets are lighting the gas in the wan July evening. It is a pulseless night after a humid, cloudy day.

Down the cracked marble steps of a house that once was grand comes a young man, a bundle of manuscript under his arm. His hair is rather long, his scarf indifferently tied, his velvet jacket flung wide open.

With a sort of envy Fogarty watched that dream figure take two flying leaps across the street, part a tangle of children playing at the curb, and swing himself with the *insouciance* of twenty-five into a little, muslin-curtained place with "Pension Française" painted in yellow upon the glass.

His feet grate upon the sanded floor, a ghostly echo, but marvellously clear. There is the flavor of soup in the air, the satisfying, inexpensive *soupe à la paysanne*, where meat, potatoes, sliced onions, and carrots make a heavy dinner for those whose pockets are light.

As he enters he notices that the round red proprietor with the bulbous nose is absent. His wife presides in his stead behind the cigars and wax-light near the door. She is smiling, and a cherry-colored splash of ribbon is outspread on the bosom of her crisp cambric gown.

"Ect ees Fogarty! You have came back!" she cries. "Ah, you don' then like the corntry?"

"Had to hurry back. Been promised a hearing for my opera. Ah, Madame Vatal, it will succeed. Yes, it will live."

"When we see heem on the stej?"

"Perhaps not for a year—perhaps even longer. Ah, what does that matter? I am young, and I am to have my chance. Give me some Cuban cigarettes. Thanks. La, la, la, tra, la, la— Ah-h-h! La, la, la. La-la-la! That's the beginning of the first chorus. Like it?"

"Beautiful," exclaims Madame Vatal, letting the tips of her fat fingers meet as she leans her elbows on the counter. "Oh, you air ver' claiver! Will you much money make?"

"Heaps!"

"Yais?"

"Besides, better still, I have enough material for fifty operas singing in my brain." And the smoke of the cigarette is a fragrant, courtesying column between them as he speaks.

"Yais?"

"A few more years, Madame Vatal, and I won't be here."

"Ware then?"

"Uptown. Near Union Square."

He flings his hat upon the counter, drags forward a chair, and with a gay, impudent glance at the French woman, chuckling silently, makes it a deep obeisance.

"Greeting to you, Fogarty! I am delighted to know you. Permit me to touch your hand. Ah, what charming rooms you have! That view of the park is beautiful. These quaint bits of pottery are priceless to you, I suppose. That tankard, I dare swear, was drained by a contemporary of Shakespeare's. This arm-chair, with its worn Utrecht velvet, wins me; it is worthy a poem. And that old clock, taller than my head, ticking away the moments of your brilliant life, gives just the touch I love to that shadowed corner. Hear its solemn melodious voice! See the silver deeps of that great mirror reflected in its satiny wood! Every artist loves an old clock. Spread beneath your feet, Fogarty, are these rugs. They smell of age and musk. The butterfly and the lizard have lent them their hues. Think you some Turk has knelt often on that frayed spot, his forehead to the earth, the call of the muezzin in his ears? You have your windows filled with flowers, Fogarty. You love hyacinths, I see. What man with melody in his soul does not? It is the poet's flower; there is a heaven of inspiration in its sweetness. It is the spirit's bell, and rings changes too subtle, too pure, for the body's hearing. Ah, the privilege of speaking thus intimately to you, Fogarty—the name that sets the world singing! I never lived until I heard *Seraphine*. I never loved until Gregoire's serenade set my pulses tingling. Fogarty, you are blessed of the gods—young, famous, rich! Fogarty, I am your most obedient servant."

How he laughs as he flings back his head and stares into Madame Vatal's puckered face!

"That's the Fogarty who is to be, madame," he says, his eyes sparkling as he takes up his manuscript. "But to-night, 'an you love me,' let the *soupe à la payanne* be plentiful and hot. I have eaten nothing since ten o'clock, and I've been busy all the afternoon rubbing together two dimes in my jacket pocket."

"You air too droll," she says, as she touches the bell. And then going to the foot of the stairs that is little more than a ladder leading to the floor above, she calls, "Marie! Ma-rie!"

There is an answer in French, and Madame Vatal rustles over to the table where Fogarty is now sitting, his pale slender fingers busy with the manuscript and forgetful of all else.

"I have a *sa*-prise for you. You don' hear nothing 'bout Marie?"

"No. Who is Marie, and what about her?" he asks, leaning back, while a pomaded garçon puts the bowl of peasant soup before him.

"She have come to leev here, *bef*-ore she go to tich some children up-a town. My husban' brother have died heem ver' queeck in New Orleans. Marie no like that-a ceety. She come here now. She cry too much. I want 'er to mek friends with so gre't man as you—going to be, eh? Spik funny to 'er. Mek 'er laugh. She très sérieuse. No like men, theatre—no like an-y-*thing*. She cry ver' much all time for 'er papa. Ah—Marie?"

This last, a question in a fond, drawling voice ending on a shrill note, is called forth by the half-reluctant appearance of a girl at the foot of the stairs. She is gowned in a thin black muslin, and wears it, poorly made though it is, with the native grace of the French woman. As yet her face is in shadow, and it droops a little. Another second and she stands by her aunt's side, the gas-light upon her.

Fogarty hears her called by name, and the two syllables ring in his brain with a variety of inflections. Her hand rests for a moment in his. She has looked once into his eyes, then swung herself away, and buried her face upon her aunt's bosom.

"I cannot help to weep. I cannot talk."

"Pauvre!" comes in a breath from Madame Vatal, and above the girl's head she works her eyebrows at Fogarty in a manner that expresses pity, tenderness, apology, and gives a final pucker to her lips which signifies, "It is but natural."

"There! there! Do not cry, Marie," she commences, soothingly, passing her hand down the girl's bent head. "Here is my young fren, M'sieur Fogarty, a gre't man, some day, petite. He is write the opera*s* magnifique. Oh, spik to heem. He is my good fren."

A trio of regular diners enter. Madame Vatal gives a twist to her starchy muslin and goes to meet them. Fogarty draws forward a chair for Marie.

"Won't you sit down? I promise not to look at you once, mademoiselle. I'm desperately hungry, and can talk without lifting an eyelash. Do sit down."

But despite this promise his eyes very frequently seek hers. There is that about her which enslaves his poetic senses and fires him with a dreamy enthusiasm. The aureole of youth shimmers around her pale blond head. Her eyes are brown, shot with golden lights. Sometimes they are drowsy under her sweeping lashes; sometimes, as she lets her reserve slip from her and talks to him, they flash with an intensity as beautiful as it is surprising. Her mouth is like a babe's, the chin dimpled and indecisive. Her soft, milky throat, encircled by a bit of black silk ribbon, has a stemlike grace. Her youth is evident in the simplicity of her gown, the long braid of hair that like a rope of woven gold lies heavily upon her back, in her shyness, and a sort of naïve restlessness not without grace.

"She is only seventeen or so," thinks Fogarty. "When she is a woman she will be a goddess."

II.

Memory sighs again the first slow notes of "Oft in the Stilly Night," and he sees a summer evening three years later. He is sitting with Marie on Madame Vatal's house-top.

Flowers are growing there in pots. The windows of the house opposite fling back the sunset fire. A dusty procession, with only the beat of drums, passes on the street just below. He watches the spires, clouds, and smoke, but most of all her laughing mouth as he teaches her the Irish melody.

Oh, love and youth—the words that follow—the stammering, burning words! Only once in a man's life are words spoken like those ringing their glowing changes in Fogarty's memory—once, when he is young, and sees Love's face for the first time.

III.

"You air ver' foolish. You talk so much 'bout money and the beautiful opera! No—no—I will not hear-a what you say. I cover my ears—so. Peste, what silly things you talk! The opera! The opera! The opera! All day I hear of heem. Marie, you *re*quest to marry you. She say 'yes.' All ver' good, all ver' nice. I say, 'Wait and see-a what money the beautiful opera make.' This I say to Marie. She laugh and toss 'er head. 'It will be right, I know. He tol' me that.'"

Fogarty sees Madame Vatal stamp her feet, place one hand upon her hip, and snap the fingers of the other contemptuously, while a derisive chuckle breaks from her lips.

"Look, now," and she lays her hand upon her heart, her round black eyes upraised in pretended awe, "the opera is put upon the stej. All lot fuss 'bout heem—oh, so great—so fine—so fine! Marie sing the airs all of the day. Oh, so fine! She no can tech her scholars, because she sit thinking all day of you and the fine opera. She come here, cheeks all red, hug me roun' the neck. She love you—love you—you air claiver, brave, fine—oh, so fine!"

Is it, indeed, Fogarty who listens in hopeless silence to these words, his face wan, his eyes heavy? They wound like arrow-thrusts, and every glance is a taunt. Madame Vatal's disappointed ambition makes her pitiless. For he has failed. He no longer holds her admiration as her most promising patron, important in her eyes from the anticipative renown following him. He no longer represents a mind well-stocked with melodies to be coined at so much apiece. His betrothal to Marie had meant prospective affluence before. Now it means the surety of poverty.

"Ever'body laugh at that opera. One night he is played—all beeg fuss 'bout *heem*—theatre crowded—you so proud—ever' one shek your han'. The next day—fizz—smoke—he is out. No good. It ees better you go 'way from Marie She too prit' to be poor."

IV.

In Fogarty's little room where he nests beneath the eaves it is quite silent. He is crouched beside the window looking

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with eyes that see nothing across the wilderness of sunlit roofs. A letter is crushed in his hand. It holds a message that stifles, deadens him. It tells him to believe that Marie, like the rest of the world, has passed by on the other side. Is her voice, then, to be forever silent for him, like the voice of the piano but a few feet away, which in his rage at fortune he has sworn never to touch again?

"She is going to marry her cousin, the big, laughing-lipped Jaques. He has followed her from New Orleans. Do you not know it? Every one says so. He has money, you know. You have none, poor Fogarty. Maybe you never will have any now."

So he has heard from his companions. It has been gossip in the neighborhood. But he has not believed, for Marie has been silent until now.

He opens the paper and reads some of the words again. They are written in most careful English. No blot, no fugitive tear-drop, spoils the perfection of that adieu.

"But yes, I love you. You know that very well. Ah, if you could have seen me these two weeks, like a miserable spirit walking up and down my room and thinking of you! Oh, why was the opera useless? You were so sure; I was so sure. And now? There is nothing to be done. There is nothing to expect. They are torturing me because I say I still love you. And what can I do? To marry would be madness; to wait, hopelessness. I love you so that I am afraid to see you and tell you this, lest when you whisper 'Marie!' my heart may soften too much. Ah, friend, why am I, too, poor? They are sending me away. I never will forget you. What will you think of me? Coquette and heartless, you will say. But no, you will be wrong. I ask that sometimes you think of me with pity. Ah, that the three years passed with you were only beginning, my friend, and that now I was as happy as on that summer night when you taught me your English song and said—But why recall those words now? Adieu! I press my lips to your brow. Pity me. MARIE.

"P. S.—I never will marry Jaques. Do not believe them, if they say so."

He remembers no more of that day save that, lifting his head, he finds the hours have flitted past him unmarked, and it is night. To have failed and to be alone—what is worse?

The city vibrates like a living thing. How the smoke rises from it, rises, curls, now level shreds of gauze like the edges of an air sprite's robe, growing paler, paler, drawn into the black overhanging deeps, gone at last, like the promise of his life, his hope, his love.

The vision fled. Fogarty looked up. He was again conscious of his fifty years, and of the winter night. His eyes were thoughtful only, not sad.

A newsboy crying "Extra!" jostled him, and more fully aroused he glanced at the letters on a lamp-post. He had walked very far, for he was at Bleecker Street, and only three blocks away was the house where Madame Vatal had lived.

"Just once; to-night," he said with a sigh, and turned the corner with a lingering step.

The houses he passed were old friends, though wearing now the garb of abject penury. Memories assailed him from every side.

He came to South Fifth Avenue, called in the old days Laurens Street, and saw the shop that had been Madame Vatal's. Over the red muslin curtain stretched across the lower half of the window the yellow cadaverous face of a Chinaman peered out.

The room under the roof where he had known the intensest joy and sorrow of his life was now a carpenter's loft; through the tangled iron crossings of the elevated road he could see the window high up on the opposite side.

Gone, quite gone, all traces of that lost summer-time, and gone the youth that had laughed at its hardships, its glowing eye fixed always upon the radiant after-time.

Fogarty walked on homeward now, and trudging along the well-known streets, a picture of the present rose before him, more near, more vivid, than any of the memories which had pursued him.

v.

A home not as richly complete as his early desires had sketched and his ambition demanded, still a happy home, a place of contentment, a refuge warm in the glow of mature love. Of money there is enough, of success a moderate quantity. A woman sits beside the fire. The glad flames leap. The imagined rosiness seems to flush the snowy street along which the dreamer trudges. The woman is not young, and above the fading eyes sparkles the silver which is Time's exchange for the years he gathers. She sits with both delicate hands held up to the blaze, her eyes sometimes following the maid who gives the last touches to a round table daintily laid for three; sometimes resting very tenderly upon the lowered head of a young man beside her, who reads aloud from a newspaper; sometimes with an expectant expression upon the door that soon must open to admit the one for whom they wait.

Wife and child.

Not one of the sadly tender visions of youth made Fogarty's heart glow as does this near picture of his home. And stranger still, it is Marie who waits for him, after all. Ah, no! ah, no! that letter bidding him good-by was not her last word to him. In his hour of bitterest need she had come back. It was one night alive with stars, oh, such years and years ago! he sees it so plainly. She crept to where he sat alone and stole her arms around his neck, and whispered that life was not life without him. Had he failed indeed and forever? Then the more he needed her.

And where had this marvellous joy come to him? Where but in the quiet of a little park he had always loved, a place long since wiped away, and supporting upon its once sunny site a great building filled with the hum of commerce. He seems to hear the splashing of the fountain among the tulips clustering over the basin's hem; the summer wind softly pats his face as it eddies round the curving paths; there is a searching fragrance across the snow like that which steals from flowers half dead; Marie's warm lips meet his, and the world slips away.

Years and years ago. Departed days. The sowing-time forever gone. The harvest is here, and what has he gathered? Is not Marie waiting for him at home? His son, tall as himself, who is to climb to the height he could not reach, is he not there too? If in the daytime the details of profitable but uncongenial commerce press heavily upon him, are not his nights at home festivals of melody? He sees a flower-shaded niche where a grand-piano yawns its great mouth invitingly toward him. To-night will he not hear the ripples and waves of music, full, resonant, satisfying, that make the bread of his spirit?

He is not famous. But can he complain, when the world has praised two of his operas, and Marie, faithful, tender, is by his side in the twilight of life?

O vision of grace! O picture touched with rays of gold as from a crown and with the purple of royalty! There at least he is surely sovereign and reigns by love. O light of days long gone, your spring-time charm and purity lacked the warmer tints that come with day's fainting promise.

Home, wife, child; the sweets of life are garnered in these words.

A wind leaped from the north, lifting the fresh snow into scurrying spirals and stinging wreaths of spray. The violet peace brooding over the white town was suddenly rent with wailing, and the lights, shaken and bent in the street lamps, made shadows fly waveringly along the lonesome streets.

People drew up their coat collars and said the night was changing, that bitter frost might be expected by morning. But to Fogarty, who felt the chill strike through to his heart, it was as if a demon had leaped into his garden of dreams and now stood chuckling at his side.

He was facing Washington Square. Under the electric lights that pulsed like living things, now opal pink, now purple red, the snow sparkled in irisated ridges.

He stood on the south side, looking north. To the left and right of the Memorial Arch were the unpretentious exclusive homes, the storied mansions of New York's early aristocracy. But around him in that queer juxtaposition that is one of the anomalies of the city's structure were houses whose ruined shutters and broken palings told at a glance of the lean poverty behind the walls.

They were small and old-fashioned. One blessed with imagination could easily shut out the scars of the years and see them as they were two generations ago, with shining windows, polished knockers, and well-kept area patches, each with its stone vase of pansies.

Into one of these old houses Fogarty turned. He had no need of a latch-key. The door swung on its hinges with every draught, and just within the hallway lay a streak of drifted snow.

A kerosene lamp on a hanging bracket threw its doubtful rays down the staircase, showed the time-yellowed stucco-work on walls and ceiling, the empty hall niches and spaces in the balustrades grinning like cavities in a huge mouth.

Up two flights he trudged, and at the top waited for breath. A door at the end of the hall was flung open, and a thin, dark-skinned little woman sprang out as if belched forth in the rush of smoke behind her.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fogarty? And even so late I 'ain't got your fire going yet. That wood's the plaguiest thing—smokes like old Nick. How's your cold to-night, Mr. Fogarty?"

"Better, thank you, Mrs. Zahn. And how is little Meta?"

Fogarty paused, a genuine sadness in his face, a faint pink staining his cheek.

"I didn't bring her the rabbit I promised her. I forgot it somehow—to-night. I'm so sorry. To-morrow I won't forget."

"Oh, she'll trust you," and Mrs. Zahn dangled her earrings. "And now I'll send your supper right up. You're late to-night, ain't you? It's most nine o'clock, and you look awful tired. I got some nice beef stew and a pancake that 'll tempt you to eat—a real German pancake, Mr. Fogarty, the kind my husband likes."

She caught up a coal-scuttle and broom, and clattered to the floor below. As she opened her door there was the wail of a sick child. It was closed again, and the house was quiet save for the swish made by the flapping of the street door.

Fogarty entered the room, now almost cleared of its smoke. He turned the light high, and looked at the fire sputtering fiercely, as if to make up for delay. A dreaminess like a veil hung over his face, refined by age to the delicacy of a woman's. The eyes were blue, and docile as a tired dog's. The hair, lying in negligent strands around temples and ears, was straight, and fine as silvery silk. In his slow light step, calm attentive gaze, in the equable movements of his white hands, there was something most gentle and benign.

The room, though bare, was not cheerless. A big square of carpet covered the floor; warm curtains of dull red reps hung at the windows; a collection of pipes was grouped on the mantel; an old square piano stood near the door; books and magazines were on the table. But the place was quiet. There was no evidence of any presence save his own. Fogarty moved nearer the fire in an absent-minded fashion and sank into a chair. His soft hat hung between his fingers, and he had forgotten to remove his overcoat.

It had been a strange night. One after the other he had torn away the veils from the past and let his fancy stray among the remembered faces gone forever. Visions, all true, save the last. Ah, that picture of the present, born of a moment's craving for life's natural joys! It was hard to wave it quite away. It was hard to come back to the platitude of lonely age and face the pale perspective of eventless days.

There had been no success for him. Marie, dead or alive—he knew not which—was far away. She had gone back to New Orleans and married Jaques only ten months after her renunciatory letter to him. Instead of a prosperous commercial business of his own, he was a poorly paid book-keeper in the office of Sparse & Parklow, wholesale dealers in coal. The small trunk in the corner near his bed was stuffed with useless manuscripts no one had thought worth the heeding. He had no wife, no child.

Oh, sweetest dream, that had stirred him to heaven-sent rapture and sharpest regret! It is what has not been, and what can never be, that awakens a vague sorrow more hopeless than that aroused by positive losses—the goal never reached, the something never done, the love we did not win, the friend we never knew.

Fogarty sighed. He had long since fallen into the habit, peculiar to lonely people, of talking to himself. He spoke aloud now: "Ah, memory, memory—shade that can never be outrun! Climb or fall, you keep ever by our side. You tell us of the have-been; and sometimes, on a night like this, when heart and soul are touched to quivering by the striking of a half-forgotten chord, you creep close to life's failures and feed them with lies. For just a little while they robe themselves in a happier personality, and revel in a vision of life as they would have made it if they could."

His hands—the long, delicate hands of the musician—tightened on the arms of the chair. A smile clung to his withered lips. The time for fever and bitterness had passed away. Resignation softened every line of the old face. He looked into the fire as one who looks into the eyes of a friend.

"Lies—all lies. We know that. But sometimes they are sweet. Come to me again, dear dream!"

He went to the piano and trailed his fingers tenderly over the keys. Slowly, and not louder than a sigh, came the strains of "Oft in the Stilly Night." He played it from the first note to the last with delicate fire and languishing pathos, his head lifted, his eyes closed.



A RECENT VIEW OF THE GREAT FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE first impression, that the Columbian Exposition is not fully completed, is already succeeded by the popular conviction that it is, nevertheless, the greatest fair the world has ever seen. Every visitor departs with exclamations of wonder and delight at what is spread before him in the lake-side city of white palaces. On other pages are shown illustrations of several notable buildings and ornaments which form part of the great architectural and artistic display upon the grounds. The famous Macmonnies fountain is unquestionably the most ambitious of the purely ornamental embellishments; indeed, it is the principal gem in the beautiful Grand Court of Honor. It was when President Cleveland opened the fair that the public first saw this beautiful fountain as the artist had conceived it, standing, not upon a mere terraced platform, but at the top of a series of cascades of musical water that was vivified by the light that penetrated it, and silvered by the spray that was flung from it as it descended. On either side of the picturesque group of sculptured figures are minor fountains, in one of which the water takes the novel form of a circle of wheat sheafs. The light and graceful entrance to the Stock Pavilion, and the Obelisk that stands before it, are seen in another picture, and are among the latest completed additions to the tremendous scheme of the builders of the fair.

The northern entrance to the Machinery Building, reproduced in a double-page illustration, bespeaks for the picture the admiration which the actual work forces from all who see it, and yet there are details of the solid structure which have an importance that no illustration can convey. These details are the winged Victories that dominate the towers. It would not be easy to exaggerate their influence in beautifying a dozen views which visitors obtain as they move about the open grounds. These Victories are fully draped figures of great size, yet so proportioned as to their height and their relation to the building that they seem neither gigantic nor trifling, and yet literally dominate the view above the sky-line. The treatment of the drapery, always so difficult an art to master, is accomplished in these statues with such truth and grace that the figures appear merely to touch their pedestals as swan's-down would rest upon the ground, or as birds pause between one flight and the next. Scarcely are any of the myriad embellishments in this great thronging of ornaments at the exposition more beautiful, more completely satisfying, than these joyous, all but soaring, truly angelic figures. Day after day we have seen them stay the steps and hold the gaze of visitors, and have ourselves confessed an inability to pass without rendering them the same tribute, or to leave them without at least once returning to enjoy again the exquisite pleasure that a sight of them produces. These statues, which are Victories in a double sense, are the triumphs over stubborn matter which were won by the art of Mr. Robert A. Kraus, of Boston, the well-known sculptor.

No comprehensive or cardinal feature of the great show excites more surprise and admiration than the exhibit of Germany. Whether one views that splendid part of it which is shown in the galleries of the building of Fine Arts, or in the less showy collections in the commercial and industrial palaces, everywhere the impression remains that Germany has been stirred to make a great showing, to forward and arrange it promptly, and to bestow the greatest care and taste upon the varying methods of displaying what has been so enthusiastically collected. A deep moral which underlies what we have seen of Germany thus far in the Columbian celebration is this, that if there must be kings, it is best that they should be young, broad-minded, and ardent. The Emperor William won praise for his splendid contribution to the naval celebration; for the cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, her officers, her armament, even her brass band and her hornetlike little picket-boat, were all examples of the best of each sort that he commands. And thus, it seems, he meant to give us warning that when we should see his contributions to Chicago they would renew and strengthen our belief that he is very much interested in our World's Fair—the first in which united Germany has taken a strong part—and that he is even more interested in having the father-land make a good showing among the nations. Two large and excellent portraits of himself that are to be seen in the German part of the Fine Arts exhibition will be studied by our people with far more pleasure and good-will than if the powerful young monarch had not so evidently ordered his subjects to put their best foot forward at this exposition—our most ambitious effort to entertain the world.

But there should be no "odorous" comparisons, and none is intended. Germany's display is mentioned merely as a notable feature at the moment. Other nations will contribute as much, and earn praise as high. England and France, more used to figuring in international expositions, proceed more slowly, but with confidence in their ability to make brave showings. Already in the art galleries England has surpassed herself, for never anywhere outside "the tight little isle" did her artists assemble their works with such force. Of the contributions of those adepts at world's-fairing, the French, there will never be need to say more than that France was present. Our own government has its exhibits in a very forward state, and the Federal buildings already house an exposition notable in itself. In a word, the Columbian Fair, as a whole, has truly been declared, in its present state, the best return for the fee charged at the gates that was ever offered to mankind.

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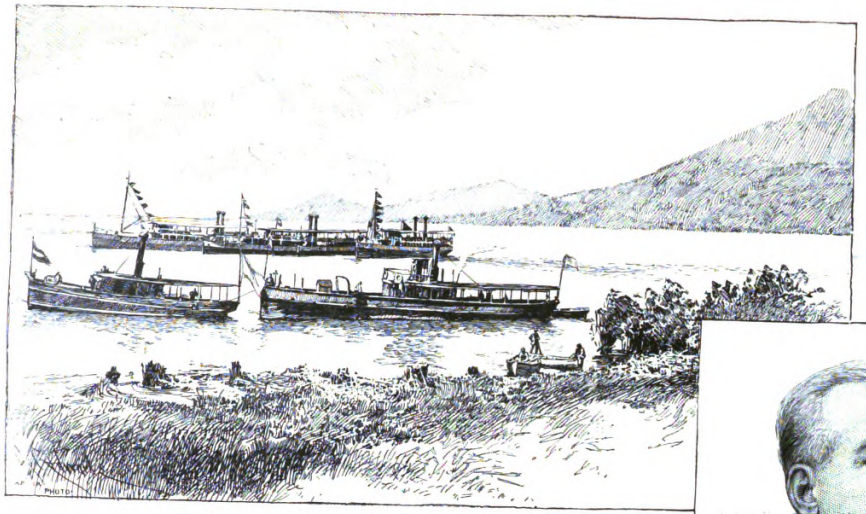
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE OBELISK AND ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK PAVILION.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 499.]

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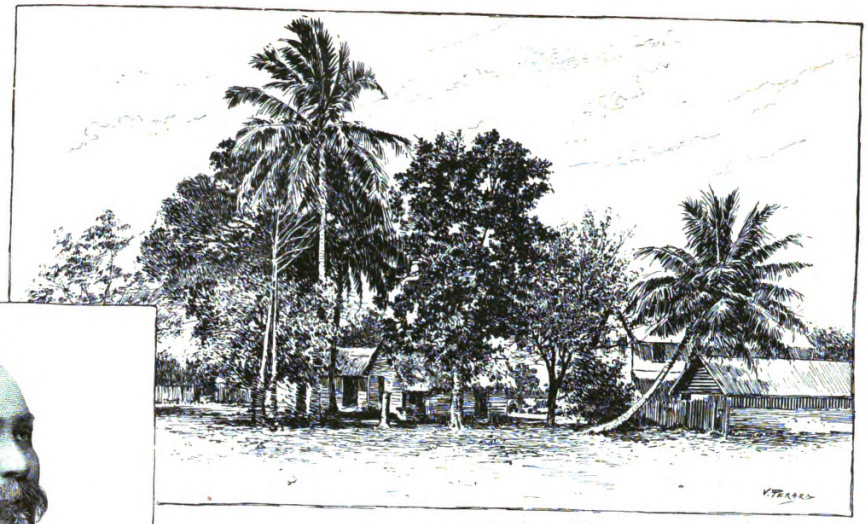
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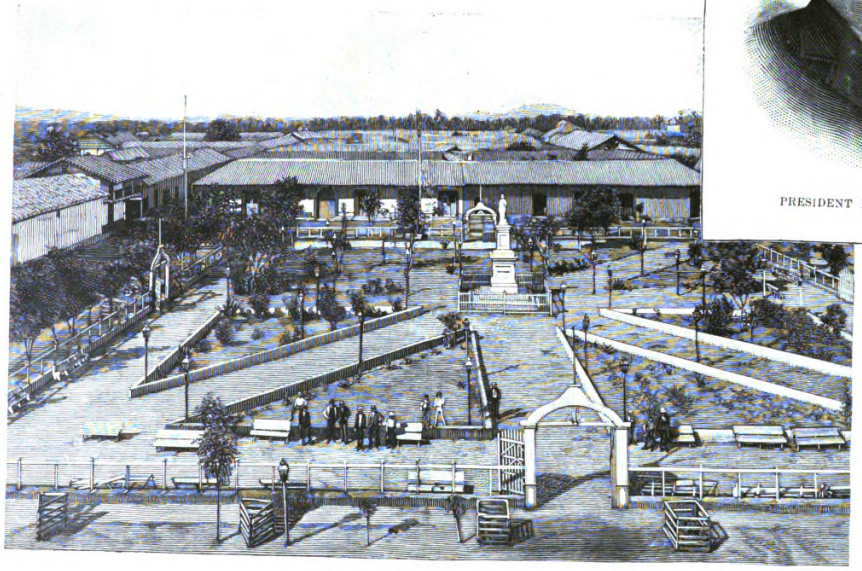
THE NATIONAL FLEET ON THE LAKE OF MANAGUA.



PRESIDENT ROBERTO SACAZA.



GREYTOWN.



THE PARK IN LEON.



THE NATIONAL PALACE, MANAGUA.

THE REVOLUTION IN NICARAGUA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 507.]

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THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

IV.—ACTIVE COLORADO REAL ESTATE.

"WHEN I was visiting at my uncle's in Wisconsin last fall, I went out to Lake Kinnickinnick and caught a shovel-nose sturgeon which weighed eighty-five pounds."

It was Jackson Peters who spoke, and he did it rapidly and with an apprehensive air, for Jones was watching him closely. As he finished, Peters drew a long breath, and seemed much relieved that he had got through the story without an interruption.

"Eighty-five pounds," mused Jones.

"Yes, eighty-five pounds. Eighty-five pounds and ten ounces, to be exact, but I called it eighty-five."

"Exactness does not help your story in the least, Jackson," continued Jones. "You might give us the fractions of the ounce, and your story would still remain a crude production. I am in the habit of speaking plainly, and I will do so now. I take it that we are to consider your story simply as an exaggeration—that the fish probably didn't weigh ten pounds. Simple exaggeration, Jackson, is not art, and is unworthy of a man of parts. Anybody can exaggerate—the street laborer as easily as the man in Congress. But artistic story-telling is another thing, and the greatest may well hope for distinction in it. Why did you not, Jackson, tell an artistic lie, and say that when you pulled your fish out of the water the level of the lake fell two feet?"

Peters moved about uneasily, but made no reply.

"You never tell fish stories, Jones?" observed Robinson, in an inquiring tone.

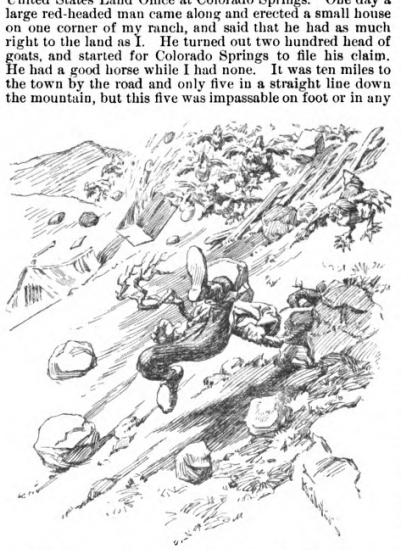
"Seldom, Robinson. The trail of crass exaggeration is over them all. Fish stories have become the common property of the inartistic multitude. Of course I do not for this reason suppress facts having a scientific or commercial value. For instance, last winter I went before the legislative committee on fisheries, and laid before it an account of my experience when I had a farm near Omaha, on the Missouri River bottoms, and baited two miles of barbed wire fence with fresh pork just before the June rise, and after the water receded removed 38,400 fish from the barbs, weighing, in the aggregate, over ninety-six tons. The Legislature passed a special vote of thanks for the facts."

Jones was becoming warmed up. "You have observed, Robinson," he went on, "that I seldom relate the marvellous. That is because it is too easy. I prefer to have the reputation of telling a plain tale artistically to that of telling a fabulous one like a realistic novelist. That is the reason I never told any one of my experience at breaking one hundred and sixty acres of land to ride."

"Tell us, by all means, Jones," said Robinson.

"Yes, go ahead," added Smith. Jackson Peters hid himself behind a cloud of cigar smoke.

"It was an exciting experience," said Jones, thoughtfully, as he gazed into the fire, "and one which I have never mentioned to anybody, although it happened twenty years ago. There is nothing so easy to lose as a reputation for truthfulness. I have my own to maintain. More men have lost their good names by telling the plain straightforward truth than by indulging in judicious lying. However, I will venture this time. It was, as I said, twenty years ago. There was a great mining boom in Colorado, and I closed my defective flue factory in Chicago, to the great joy of the insurance companies, and went out. I saw more money in hens than I did in mines, and decided to start a hen ranch. Eggs sold at five dollars per dozen. The hen, you know, requires a great amount of gravel for her digestion, and she also thrives best at a high altitude; so I went about two miles up Pike's Peak and selected a quarter-section of land good for my purpose. There was gravel in plenty, and I put up a small house and turned loose my three hundred hens. I became so interested in getting settled that I forgot all about establishing my right to the land before the United States Land Office at Colorado Springs. One day a large red-headed man came along and erected a small house on one corner of my ranch, and said that he had as much right to the land as I. He turned out two hundred head of goats, and started for Colorado Springs to file his claim. He had a good horse while I had none. It was ten miles to the town by the road and only five in a straight line down the mountain, but this five was impassable on foot or in any



other ordinary way. But I did not despair. I had studied the formation of the land, and knew what I could do. I took a half dozen sticks of giant powder and went over to a small ridge of rocks which held my farm in place. I inserted the powder, gentlemen, and blew those rocks over into the next county. I then lay down on my back and clung to a root while I rode that one hundred and sixty acres of good hen land down the mountain to Colorado Springs. It felt very much like an earthquake, and I made the five miles in a little over four minutes. Probably ten acres of my farm around the edges were knocked off along on the grand Colorado scenery, and most of the goats jolted off, but the hens, gentlemen, clung, the hens and myself. The corner of my front yard struck the Land Office and knocked it off its foundation. The Register and Receiver came running out, and I said, 'Gentlemen, I desire to make claim entry on the northeast quarter of section twenty-seven, township fourteen south, of range sixty-nine, and to prevent mistake I have brought it with me.' The business was all finished by the time the red-headed man came lumbering along, and I gave him ten minutes to get the rest of his goats off my land. He seemed considerably surprised, and looked at me curiously."

Jackson Peters was the first to speak after Jones paused.

"It is one of the saddest things in this life," he said, "that the man who always adheres to the exact truth often gets the reputation of being a liar."

"You are right, Jackson," said Jones. "I know of nothing sadder, unless it be, perhaps, to see a young man forget the respect he owes his former tutor. This life, Jackson, is full of sad things." H. C.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH it by no means deserves to be dismissed in short order as an imposition on the public with the scant courtesy accorded it by an evening paper, Mr. Rice's historical extravaganza produced at Palmer's Theatre last week can hardly, and even from its own stand-point, be regarded as a great achievement. But its artistic value of one kind or another—for even an extravaganza may have decided artistic value—has nothing whatever to do with the case; for "1492" was received with tumultuous applause, and will probably fill out the summer season at Palmer's Theatre to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned. The reason why is a little difficult to say. If Mr. Rice will recall to mind his own delightful extravaganza *Evangeline*, than which nothing more artistic of its kind has ever been written, as was and is well attested by its enduring popularity, he will readily see wherein "1492" is deficient. The author himself admits that it has no plot or story, and who could gainsay him? The music, original and selected, while it jingles along brightly enough, is unimpressive and uneventful even from a popular stand-point. The *mise en scène*, both as regards costumes and scenery, is gaudy rather than artistic; most of the puns and jokes are apparently products of the vintage of the period; and while the cast is excellent, the material with which they have to work is rather light-waisted, and better specialties than those introduced may be seen at any of our music halls. And yet, as has been remarked, the success of the piece cannot be questioned. Naturally there are a good many amusing moments in "1492"; with so many good people in the cast it could hardly be otherwise; but apart from this one would think that the success of the piece is in a great measure due to the fact that the principal part in the piece is played by the calcium-light.

As those versed in hypnotism and modern psychological phenomena well know, the unprotected avenue of approach to a man's inner nature lies in the eye. When that is dominated, which is easily done by means of making the subject gaze at some glittering object, the will is gone; the subject is helpless in the hands of the operator. Some suspicion of this psychological truth may have passed through Mr. Rice's mind when he invented and arranged the glittering scintillations of "1492." Except in the second act, which is notably dull in consequence, the eye is interested and attracted to such an extent that one's other senses may be allowed without inconvenience to lie dormant. There can be no question that hitherto the possible emotional effects of moving light and color used in conjunction with stage settings have been merely tentatively guessed at, and in no sense understood. As regards the company presenting "1492," Miss Teresa Vaughan was exceptionally pretty and winning in appearance, and sang with considerable charm. The chief musical hit of the first performance was made by her rendering of "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow" translated into German. There seems to be one invariable receipt to raise a laugh in dramatic work—as when in doubt in whist, play trumps; when in need of a laugh on the stage, speak some well-known English words in German. Mr. Walter Jones in the dual rôle of Ferdinand of Castile and a tramp of the "Weary-Walker" variety was genuinely and spontaneously funny and amusing, as was also, though in a less degree, Mr. Favor as the Royal Treasurer. As Queen Isabella, Mr. Richard Harlow's make-up was truly remarkable, and his action not only good, but artistic; but the introduction of such a character upon the regular stage cannot too strongly be deprecated. It may be allowable enough in college theatricals, where the reasons for the introduction are obvious, but has no artistic or admissible reason for existence in legitimate stage-work. One of the chief beauties of a piece like "1492" is that it may be varied indefinitely to suit the popular taste or fancy of the moment. One would think that Mr. Rice would temper the present unnecessary and rather unpicturesque vulgarity of his second act, whose surroundings and personages suggest the Bowery rather than Madison Square, without loss of time.

The question has recently been asked, what is an American play? One would think that a play by an American on an American subject, treating of or illustrating national characteristics or aspects of life readily recognizable as such, would properly answer to the name. The *Henrietta* certainly fulfils these requirements, for in its treatment of certain well-known aspects of distinctively American life it is perhaps the most distinctively American play that has been written. The best proof of this is that though from a dramatic stand-point possessing an exceptionally strong and interesting story, the *Henrietta* failed entirely in England, our English cousins being entirely unable to realize or appreciate as natural the phases of life and society depicted, because totally unfamiliar. The *Henrietta* is more than likely to occupy a permanent place in our national dramatic literature, as it seems to possess all the requisite elements of lasting popularity, in that it is palpably true to nature. Mr. Robson certainly is never seen to better advantage than as Bertie the Lamb, and his rare artistic tact and skilful comic touch make the eccentricities of a character whose absurdity borders on burlesque not only attractive, but even logical, consistent, and natural. His support in the main is adequate, though Mr. MacIntyre made the character of Nicholas Van Austin unnecessarily repulsive and disagreeable. This young man is simply a product of that nineteenth-century worship of the golden calf which absorbs every other feeling and destroys every natural and moral affection and sentiment; he is a villain rather through the force of circumstances than through choice. It is no disparagement to the artistic work and genuine humor of Mr. Woodward that he did not succeed in making one forget Mr Crane as the Giant of the Street.

Mr. Wilson Barrett marked the last week of his engagement by presenting a triple bill of unusual interest. His art is perhaps more attractive, more genuinely and picturesquely natural, in Henry Arthur Jones's delightful sketch, *A Clerical Error*, than in anything else he does. Mr. Barrett's quiet repose and convincing sincerity in this piece were in decided contrast to the somewhat morbid sentiment and intense sentimentality of Chatterton, which appeared overstrained. Dr. Weir Mitchell should certainly object to Mr. Barrett's perversion of his fanciful dramatic conceit, *The Miser*, for Mr. Barrett has turned into a rather meaningless and decidedly unpleasant tragic fragment what was in the original a fanciful, almost allegorical, bit of poetic thought with a supernatural turn and a happy ending.

The double bill, consisting of versions of *L'Ami Fritz* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, offered by Mr. Alexander Salvini last week was also, on the whole, of decided interest. In both plays, though his work was sincere, picturesque, and full of character, Mr. Salvini gave evidence of the fact that the influence of the enthusiastic methods of romantic melodrama was not easily thrown off. It being too prodigal of dramatic effect, Mr. Salvini fails in producing that dramatic contrast which is evidently his aim, and is also at times unnecessarily vehement, energetic, and unreposeful. When all is said and done, whether as an opera, a vaudeville, or a one-act melodrama—in English, at any rate—*L'Ami Fritz* is distinctly and decidedly dull. Its minute realism, by elevating ridiculously insignificant details to a position of dramatic importance, where they become actual events, diminishes rather than increases the naturalness and interest of both situation and story. As a play it certainly needs the greatest art of the greatest actors in the greatest theatre of the world (the Théâtre Français) to give to it either life or color. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, on the other hand, whether as opera or play, is full of thrilling interest, and Mr. Salvini's impersonation of the Lothario of the little Sicilian village was instinct with character, life, and nature. Here his melodramatic methods seemed not only admissible but necessary, and his presentation of the hot-blooded, shallow, vain little Sicilian village dandy was really powerful. He was ably supported by Mr. Redmond as Alfio and by Miss Judith Berolde, who made a most effective Santuzza.

The performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* as given at the Manhattan Opera-house lasted about an hour; not more than one-third of this time was taken up by actual dialogue, the rest being occupied by incidental music from Mascagni's opera and other sources. And yet, with the exception of one period, where Santuzza lay prone fainting on the steps of the church, the action never seemed to lag or the interest of the audience to flag. The music, though confined exclusively to the orchestra, seemed to accord admirably with the situation, and to intensify its dramatic power and significance. Does not a very pregnant suggestion for future development in dramatic music lie here? Space would not permit us to enlarge upon this subject to the extent that its interest and importance suggest and deserve, but it may be remarked *en passant* that the one field of musical composition hitherto practically untrodden and undeveloped is that of melodramatic music serving as an accompaniment to a situation or dialogue. Various composers—notably Schumann and Mendelssohn—seem to have had a dim inkling of its possibilities, but none have as yet followed out the subject to its logical conclusion. May not a music-drama in the Wagnerian sense, but without vocal music, be a possibility of the musical future?

At Chicago matters musical still seem to be somewhat troublous. A good deal of complaint is made about the high prices of admission charged for the various concerts at the exposition, and the complications resulting from Mr. Thomas's endorsement of non-exhibiting piano manufacturers are still unsolved. The appointment of a successor to or a supervisor over Mr. Thomas has not as yet been announced, though one Chicago paper made bold to publish the statement that Mr. Damrosch had been appointed to one or the other position. The fact of the matter is that some time ago musical matters at Chicago were decidedly at loose ends, and became in consequence much mixed. The positions of conductor-in-chief of the concerts of the exposition and director-general and supervisor of that conductor should manifestly not have been held by one and the same individual. Mr. Thomas has been filling this evidently incongruous position, and hence these jars where all should have been one vast harmonious whole. Altogether one gathers that the concerts thus far have been artistically successful, though the acoustics of Music Hall are said to be not of the best. Complaints are also made of a lack of popular music for the masses throughout the fair grounds. If we are to educate musically the great American public by this exposition, it will not do to shut up all the good music in one or two music halls and charge a high price of admission to get in at all.

Musical interests during the past week have been practically confined to the west side, where Mr. E. C. Stanton appropriately inaugurated his incumbency as manager of the Grand Opera-house with a season of popular and polyglot opera interpreted by the Hinrich Opera Company. Operas of the good old days, like *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Maritana*, were given in a style which, if not positively up to the highest standard, was sufficiently complete and artistic to be enjoyable. Two singers not previously heard in New York, Madame Natali and Signor Campanari, made decidedly favorable impressions. Mr. Seidl also continued his concerts at Madison Square Garden, which seemed to meet with popular approval. Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, the well-known pianist, was the soloist on Wednesday evening.

This week the opening of Mr. French's new American Theatre, with the great London success, *The Prodigal Daughter*, adds another to the already lengthy list of New York theatres. The Standard Theatre, temporarily closed, again opened its doors with a three-act local farce entitled *No. 3 A*. The Bostonians began a season of comic opera at the Garden Theatre; and next door, in the Amphitheatre, transformed for the nonce into a summer garden on a large scale, a series of performances sufficiently varied to suit the taste of all, consisting of minstrels, operetta, vaudeville, and ballet "for society and the masses"—so runs the legend of the management—was inaugurated. Occasion will be taken to refer to all of these later. Madame Materna is the principal attraction at two concerts, one of selections from Wagnerian operas, including *Parsifal*, and the other, Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah*, given at Music Hall this week on Thursday and Friday evenings. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

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A WESTERN VIEW OF SILVER.

BY THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT, U. S. SENATOR FROM COLORADO.



LIMITATIONS of space in this article necessarily exclude illustration, reference to authorities, or extended argument, and statements may seem dogmatic because brevity prevents elaboration. Warrant and authority, however, are believed to exist for every assertion made.

At the outset it must be assumed, because it is true, that the advocates of the adoption of bimetallism by the United States are animated by an unselfish devotion to the public welfare as broad, as lofty, and as ardent as the adherents of any other financial policy. They do not seek to build up one section at the expense of another. No monopoly of patriotic desire for the well-being of the whole country exists in any portion of it. The interests of the East and West are interwoven in countless ways, and must be practically identical. Your capital has made possible the development of our resources; our industry and courage have opened a fertile field for your investments.

The far West—and I speak of the section west of the 100th meridian—is practically a unit in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, through international agreement and adoption if possible, but if not, then by the United States without European co-operation.

The advocates of this policy are found in all the political parties. They have, as bimetallists, no necessary or natural affiliations with the Populist party, so called, nor are they to be classed with cranks or socialists. Adherence to the conviction that silver should be restored to its old position as a money metal is consistent with a belief, as to other questions, in the principles of either of the great political parties. The vast majority of the people cherishing these convictions are solvent, intelligent, thoughtful citizens, to whom the national well-being and the stability of our institutions are as dear as life itself. They have no sympathy with paternalism, or with any movement which shall rob human effort of the fruits of industry and ability. The overwhelming vote which this great section polled for the Populist ticket at the last election was not because of its belief in or sympathy with the general gospel of discontent which that party preached in its platform, but solely that it might emphasize its protest against the indifference or hostility with which bimetallism was treated by both the great parties.

"Time ripens all things." A few years ago the advocate of free coinage of silver was looked upon as belonging in the army of the long-haired. To-day probably nine-tenths of the American people are convinced of the insufficiency of the gold supply and the wisdom of bimetallism, and there is hardly a writer on political economy or a student of finance who does not advocate it. Men differ widely, it is true, upon the vital question as to whether the United States can safely embark upon the policy of free coinage without European co-operation, and as to the wisest method of inducing other nations to join in the re-establishment of the two metals; but as to the desirability of bimetallism there is little disagreement. It is doubtful at this moment whether the Brussels conference, the American delegates to which are gentlemen of great ability, will reach any definite agreement, but as an educator of the public mind the conference has done and will do incalculable good.

The people of the West are not governed in their demand for free coinage by the fact that certain Western States are large producers of silver. It is true that the mining industry is a most important one, giving employment, directly and indirectly, to more than a million people, and that its destruction means vast disaster to many communities, railroads, and manufacturing enterprises; and the realization of this undoubtedly intensifies the feeling of certain sections on the subject. The West believes in the free coinage of silver because its people have been taught, as has the whole civilized world outside the money centres, that the stock of gold in the world is insufficient for the needs of the world in the transaction of its business, and that the annual supply applicable for coinage by no means keeps pace with the growing demands of commerce and increasing population, the development of vast areas of country, new industries which invention and enterprise are creating, and the infinite and constantly extending needs for money as a medium of exchange in new communities remote from old commercial centres. The general fall of values during the past twenty years is attributable to the appreciation in the value of gold, owing to its limited and insufficient supply, and followed the general demonetization of silver by some countries and the closing of the mints of other countries to the further coinage of silver. This general and continued fall in prices benefits nobody, unless it be annuitants, of whom there are few in this country, and is the cause of vast suffering and impoverishment the world over. The United States has suffered less than other countries, because of the additional circulation which silver purchases have afforded us, but we share in the depression because of the intimate relation of our markets with those of Europe. Some day, possibly after another generation of further decline in values and still greater suffering and poverty, the wrong will be righted, and silver again assume its share in sustaining the needed volume of money. We do not believe it wise to wait the day of European consent. We live in the open, where all around us are the evidences of the vast progress already made, and the sure promise of future growth and prosperity. We are builders of the new; our eyes rest on countless acres whose virgin soil knows yet no furrow, and on hill and mountain where the iron and coal lie waiting the energy of man and the growing needs of a vast people who shall inhabit the land. We reflect that the products of these United States two years ago aggregated in value thirteen thousand millions of dollars, that no other land presents a tithe of our possibilities for the future; and we cherish the conviction that if this great people shall restore silver to the pedestal from which it was treacherously overthrown, no financial disturbance will follow. We are a hard-money people, believing in the coinage of both gold and silver as money—a coinage contemplated by the Constitution and sanctioned by generations of usage. Legislation degraded silver, as it would degrade gold if it should be demonetized; legislation must restore it.

The legislation since silver was demonetized, in the line of restoring its use, pleases nobody, and is vicious in that it makes silver a commodity. The Sherman act of 1890 increases the purchases, but the storage of silver as bullion, uncoined, is a menace to Europe, which fears it may be dumped as merchandise on the foreign market. Bad as it is, however, the Sherman act has been of infinite benefit to the country. The increased circulation it afforded prevented widespread financial disaster when the Argentine losses and the Baring failure occurred. Since its passage we have prospered greatly in comparison with other countries, and its repeal would mean further financial embarrassment.

The opponents of silver, on the theory, probably, of giving "a dog a bad name," have laid every financial trouble that has arisen for years at the door of the white metal. For instance, existing silver legislation, or the conditions which it has produced, has no more to do with the present gold stringency and gold shipments than has the Bering Sea dispute. If we had only gold coinage, if silver was unknown in our financial system, the gold would go exactly as it is going to-day, and as it will continue to go as long as and whenever the balance of trade, including the payment of coupons held abroad and the expenditures of Americans on the other side, is against us. The difficulty is at present augmented by the fact that there is not even enough gold for Europe; and Russia, in contemplation of the possibility of future wars, and Austria for purposes of remonetization, are buying gold in the United States because they can purchase it more readily here than in Europe. There is less gold in England than a few months ago, notwithstanding American shipments. Silver is dragged into the consideration of the subject by the assertion that if we had a stable financial basis—which is presumed to mean if we ceased purchasing silver—Europe would have confidence in us, which is now withdrawn, and would reinvest the money she draws from the country in our securities. The facts do not warrant the statement.

The great losses sustained by English investors in South America, followed by financial disasters at home, and more recently in the colonies, compelled many foreign holders to open their strong boxes and realize on their American securities. These securities, principally railway bonds, are largely payable, principal and interest, in gold; others are payable in lawful money. The securities returning for sale come indifferently in either sort, and without reference to the material in which they are payable. There are millions of dollars' worth of American railway stocks, such as the stock of the Pennsylvania, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and other dividend-paying railroads, also held abroad. These stocks rarely come back, because the least desirable securities come first, and the stocks often pay larger dividends on cost than the railway bonds, yet the dividends on the stock are payable "in lawful money," and not specifically in gold. There is no distrust abroad of American securities or American standards of value.

To this may be added the fact, which any New York banker will verify, that a few weeks since, when England had a breathing-spell after its losses elsewhere, a renewed and healthy demand sprung up for our securities, which was checked apparently by the Reading failure. It is somewhat surprising that silver was not blamed for this *fiasco*. The truth is that the credit of the United States is of the highest character. The investing world knows that its obligations are and always will be sacredly redeemed, and whatever may be our financial policy, our currency will never be debased or degraded.

An international coinage agreement would be of incalculable benefit, but without it the United States, with free coinage at the present ratio, would maintain the parity of the metals. Gold would not leave the country, except as it would go in any event to pay our debts abroad, nor would it reach a premium or be hoarded. There is no stock of silver in the world to be dumped in this country, nor is the production greater than the need for it as coin. France, with fewer resources and a much smaller population, fought the fight for the double standard successfully, and maintained the parity of gold and silver for seventy years. The United States can maintain the integrity of the metals with equal success, and until the other civilized nations of the world, tired of the depression and suffering brought about by an insufficient supply of gold appreciated far above its normal value, will return to the double standard of both gold and silver, the production of which from decade to decade seems limited by nature to the increasing needs of a growing world.

There must come, before many years, the resumption of bimetallism in Europe. Its advent would probably be hastened by action by the United States in any one of three ways:

First. By the purchase of gold by the United States. If the United States should issue not fifty but three or five hundred millions of bonds, and with the proceeds should buy gold abroad, the supply needed in Europe being already insufficient, the probable effect would be to compel other nations to re-enforce the yellow metal with the white at some parity. The people of the United States, however, would never tolerate a loan for the purchase of gold, an addition to the interest-bearing debt contracted for such a purpose, and the political party that attempted it would be repudiated at the polls.

Second. The unconditional repeal of the Sherman act would perhaps force Europe to some adequate measure for the protection of its vast accumulated billions of silver now in existence as coin. Such action would work incalculable injury to the people of the United States before relief could come. The immediate repeal of all tariff duties of every sort would bring about not nearly so great a calamity.

Third. By the inauguration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the United States, and the coinage of the bullion now in the Treasury, silver would at once return to its former value of $1 29 per ounce; the amount offered for coinage would probably not exceed, if it equalled, the number of ounces now purchased, and with the resumption of free coinage by the United States and the re-establishment of its value, France would soon again open her mints to silver, and Great Britain, in view of the great India interest, would probably follow with a measure recognizing silver to some extent, though perhaps a limited one.

A Western view of silver would be incomplete if reference were not made to the silly assertions by some Eastern writers and speakers that the cost of producing silver is something far below its market value, and this is advanced as an argument against its restoration as a money metal. Almost since the world began men have spent their lives and efforts in the search for the precious metals. The prospector is hardy, brave, hopeful, enduring privations, and risking life in his work. If he finds the rich pocket his fortune is made. Fifty fail where one succeeds, but the search goes on. The hills and mountains of the mineral-bearing belt are dotted all over with prospect holes and shafts which showed no pay mineral; there are vast workings abandoned because the mineral was too low in grade to work, and the valleys below show scores of dismantled mills deserted because the process was unfit for the ores, or because the mines had ceased to yield. When the pocket is found the profit for a time is often large, but take every element into consideration which goes into the cost of the search for silver and compare it with the yield, and there is no doubt that every ounce of silver has cost more than its value. A few years ago one of the placer mines in Colorado yielded one hundred dollars a day to the man. That particular gold cost less than a dollar an ounce to produce. Near by there were hundreds of men working in other gulches who found nothing. Was the cost of producing gold a dollar an ounce? A man once in Australia was riding across the country, when his horse stumbled over a nugget worth twenty thousand dollars, or thereabouts. Did that find serve to determine the cost of gold? Nineteen merchants out of twenty are said to fail. Would you measure the profits of mercantile business by those of two or three of the great New York establishments?

The sum of the labor and expenses incurred in the search for the precious metals is greater than the value of the precious metals produced, and this will be the fact as long as Mother Earth continues to hide her secrets in her bosom, and as long as the breast of man is filled with hope.

The intensity of feeling existing in the West in favor of the free coinage of silver can hardly be comprehended in the East. It is of infinitely greater moment to this great section than any other question of governmental policy, and while it is unsettled, party cries sound small and party ties have little strength. If either of the two great political parties would declare in favor of free coinage, that party would receive the overwhelming vote in many of the new States. The sentiment of a majority of the States of the Union is in accord with the far West. The South, which is vitally interested, is practically unanimous in favor of free coinage. The bogie of the force bill still dominated that section during the last election, although its ghost is forever laid. The absurd platform and still more absurd leadership of the Populist party kept thousands from voting its ticket. Party ties are still strong, and we love the traditions and cherish the record of the party to which we belong. If, however, neither party shall afford the relief which the people believe they need, and which they believe is consonant with the best interests of our country, there will surely come a time when from out of the two existing parties a third will come which shall unite the great South and West in common cause. Presidential patronage is powerful and the bribe of office is alluring, but neither patronage, nor office, nor party tradition will forever choke an intelligible and effectual demand for the restoration of silver to its place as a money metal.

Edw O Wolcott.

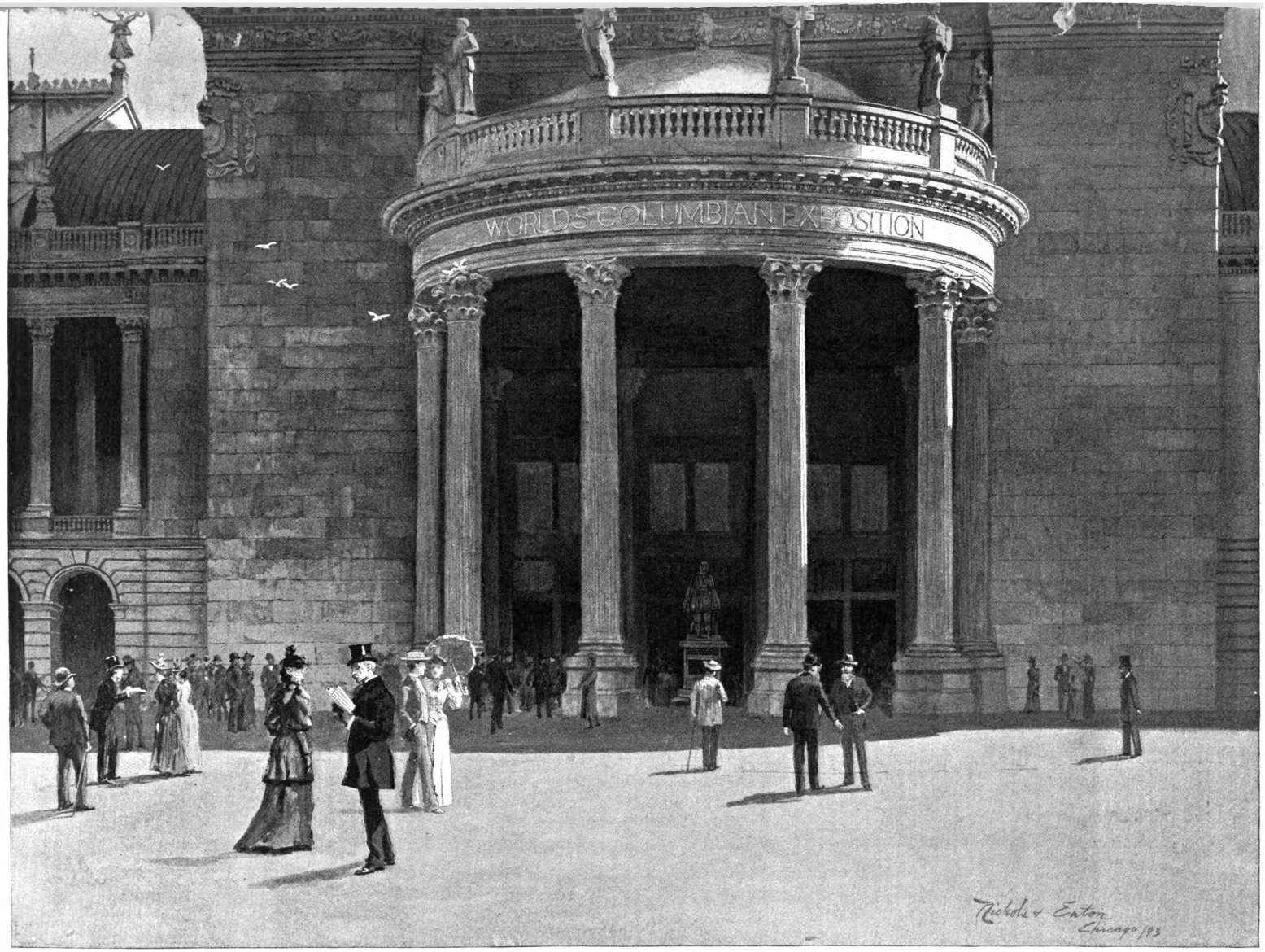
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—NORTH ENTRANCE TO MACHINERY BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

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A DAY WITH A CHINAMAN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Chinatown of Victoria, Vancouver Island, is really a considerable town in itself, and harbors perhaps as many Mongolian souls as there are in New York and its suburbs. As a large proportion of these Chinamen have never been further into the country than that seaport, their lives in that colony are often merely transferred, without being transformed by Occidental influence.

The houses are not peculiar; they are what the Chinese have leased. But in all other respects the sights and people—and the smells—are those of China. You never feel that in Mott Street, New York. Here one is certain to see as many Caucasians as Chinamen in the Chinese colony, but there the traffic of the streets is almost all Chinese. The poorer men and laborers go about in queer hats of straw or cloth, shaped precisely like inverted bowls, and many of them carry burdens by means of yokes balanced across their shoulders. The women dress as they did in China, and the funny little moon-faced babies and children are very numerous, and startlingly like the dolls one sees in Chinese bric-à-brac stores. The merchants and rich men of the colony are proudly and often exquisitely dressed, and a glance at their faces shows that they are not of the same element represented by the coolie Chinamen—almost the only kind that we see in the East.

The legends on the sign-boards of the stores are all Chinese, the sounds of two-stringed fiddles and of nasal kettle-drums issue from the alleyways and upper stories, the smell of sandal-wood and burning prayer-sticks weights the air, and as one picks his way through the soft-footed, loose-clothed crowds, every voice he hears is singsong and pitched in a high key.

It was on the principal street of stores in this Chinatown that I met one of the leading merchants, Mr. Mongkow. I met him by stopping in his store and discovering that he spoke English.' His was one of the largest establishments in the place, and he seemed a man of great influence and wealth. It is always impossible for a stranger to them to calculate the age of Chinamen, but Mr. Mongkow was distinctly a young man. He was just as distinctly a refined and honorable man. In his face he possessed the beauty of a young Hebrew girl. It was round, and without a care mark; its complexion was a rich blending of the olive with the rose; his nose and mouth were exquisitely shaped, and his eyes were large and dark and soft. He was very richly dressed. For a hat he wore a skull-cap of lilac silk shaped like half a ball. His coat was a wide-sleeved, voluminous garment of purple with red trimmings and buttons; his trousers were of the hue of his cap, and on his feet were beautiful embroidered shoes.

Upon hearing that his visitors were from New York, and were curious to know something about his countrymen, he led us up a stairway to a room over his store, where the goggle-eyed clerks were weighing goods upon scales that they held in their hands, and where the stock was all done up in parcels upon rows of shelves. The room to which we were shown was a private office on the second floor, where, he said, it was his custom to entertain other merchants whenever they came to visit or to barter with him.

At the first glance the apartment seemed as rigidly plain as a priest's parlor, but a study of the appointments showed them to be of very costly character. The only articles of furniture were a table and some chairs, but each of these was made of teak-wood, delicately hand-carved and very old. Although Mr. Mongkow made no signal and spoke to no one, a Chinese servant followed him to this room, and there received an order for champagne. Two quart bottles of this wine were brought, and it was noticeable that no attempt had been made to cool them by the application of ice. Mr. Mongkow, in asking us to drink with him, explained that he kept champagne for his American visitors; that he entertained his countrymen with tea. He told us that he had learned to speak English in a Sunday-school in San Francisco, and that reminded me how very many times I had heard, and have since heard, Chinamen say the same thing. I cannot speak for them, but for myself can say that as many as twenty have told me they went to our Sunday-schools solely to learn English and English ways; and when I add that each of them with whom I have become acquainted has plainly shown me that he entertains no idea of rejecting the religion of his country, it seems to me that there is a chance to draw a conclusion as to the religious value of the missionary work going on all around us among the Chinese. Mr. Mongkow explained that he had three names—his own name, his business name, and the name he got in Sunday-school in San Francisco. He did not speak English sufficiently well to make me understand more than this fact. Why he had the three names I could not comprehend. He told me that the names of companies and what appeared to be firm names on the signs over Chinese stores were not names in our understanding of the term, but mottoes. And the name of his corporation, being translated into English, meant "The Old and Famous Trustworthy Company." I took no note of it, but when I say that the words "Wong Ti Foo" are thoroughly suggestive of his company's name, it will be conjectured that his explanation applies to the generality of Chinese signs that we see.

After our visit in his store we were invited to join him that evening at the Chinese theatre. It was a barnlike building, and contained a pit for those who paid a small admission fee, and a gallery for the women and the well-to-do. The women were all seated together on benches at one of the ends of the horseshoe-shaped gallery. They came to the theatre bareheaded, and scrambled over the backs of the seats to take their places. In doing so they caused frequent revelations of those parts of their dresses which were meant to be concealed, exposing slippers very much like those that the men wore, and a curious bandaging of their ankles between their trousers and slippers; but whether the bandage was some form of stocking, or a mere method of fastening the under-clothing, it was impossible to see. These women were all immoral, and we were informed that it was not considered in good taste to be seen looking at them.

The theatre filled completely before the play began. The stage possessed no curtain and no scenery. High up in the wall behind it was a little window, behind which it was the habit of the actors to sit and watch the play during such times as they were not upon the stage. For instance, if a man were killed in the first act, he went up to this window and sat there in full view of the audience; or if a woman announced that her child was being eaten by a tiger and she must hurry to save it, she simply hurried to this window and sat down.

The first persons to appear on the stage were the musicians, four or five in number, with as many of those most singularly shaped and alarmingly toned instruments with which the well-informed are already familiar. The world's education is too far advanced to describe the Chinese play here. As I looked at the crudities of the stage machinery and management it occurred to me that these were not so very much more rude than the beginnings of our own dramatic methods. After all, we began without scenery, and with a herald to announce whatever we had no other means of conveying to the comprehension of the assemblage, and so do the Chinese in their plays.

With Mr. Mongkow to interpret it, the performance was really interesting. The play was *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*. The story was of a time of political corruption, in which an emperor became satisfied that some persons who were building a palace for him were robbing him. He rescinded his contract with them, and then fell into a state of wild despair over his inability to find an honest man to build the palace. In the mean time the poor young hero had been swimming imaginary floods, had been fighting pasteboard lions and slaying them, had been resisting the blandishments of his sweetheart, who had no patience with his ambitious desires, and finally reached the emperor and read the placard announcing his Majesty's search for an honest man to build the palace. He may have been honest, but he became fabulously wealthy out of the building of the palace. And there that night's section of the play stopped. By attending the theatre for two or three nights longer I could have learned the rest of this interesting drama.

During the play I noticed that the members of the imaginary nobility whenever they sat down were very careful to bring their heels on a line only two inches apart and to turn out their toes pigeon-fashion. I asked Mr. Mongkow why they did this, and he told me it was because they were gentlemen, and that he would not dream of sitting down among polite persons or before the camera of a photographer without being careful to dispose of his feet in the same manner.

On the next day Mr. Mongkow took us to the Joss-house, which, I noticed, he always pronounced as if it were spelled "Jose" house. It is an ordinary three-story brick building, very much like a plain dwelling, except that it has a piazza before its second story, and from that piazza flags are swung on special occasions. It cost the Chinamen $18,000, but the appointments of the temple on the second floor cost almost half as much beside. I don't think that if I had strayed into it without a guide I should have suspected it was a temple. It was rather like a museum, almost packed with Chinese curios. Against the walls were cabinets of gilded wood and teak, and stacks of strange axes, helmets, shields, spears, and other arms and armor, fashioned as if for giants. From the ceiling depended richly decorated lanterns of paper and silk and lamps of glass and hand-carved woods, signs in gold and green, and banners heavily fringed and gorgeously embroidered. On the floor stood two very large altars, both shaped so little like any devices of our own that it is difficult to give the reader an idea of their appearance. Mainly constructed of glass and gilded wood, they suggested one of Barnum's or the Lord Mayor's pageant wagons more than anything else, except that they were without wheels, of course. They were not like either our altars or our cabinets, but were rather large boxes whose sides were carved into open-work, whose tops were heaped with gods and figures and lamps, and whose backs rose above the tops in a continuation of gilding and mirror-glass. The effect of all the appointments of the room was glittering and gorgeous. If none of the details were expensive, the total cost was still evidently very great. The ceiling and walls were almost hidden, so great was the number of ornaments. The chief Joss was a dwarfed figure of a king clad in gold, and wearing a golden crown with red streamers flowing from it. He sat in a little niche in the hindermost of the altars. Before his feet were many bunches of paper flowers and peacocks' feathers, and six cups of tea were spread before him against a possibility of his becoming thirsty.

An accommodating Chinaman offered to pray to his god, that we might see how it was done. As a preliminary he went to the farther end of the great hall and summoned an attendant by knocking on a door. The attendant came out, bringing a pillow-shaped cushion of red carpet, which he flung down before the altar in front of the one bearing the image of the god.

The devotee produced some money and made a bargain with the priest—if priest he was—for a candle and some prayer-sticks. These the attendant obtained by going behind a counter which I had not noticed before. It was placed a couple of feet from the wall opposite the entrance to the room. It was startlingly like a counter in a store, and in a lot of little cubby-holes behind it the man kept candles, prayer-sticks, and tiny billets of paper, which, we were informed, were the prayers themselves. He handed the devotee a dozen or more of those little pencils of punk which we call prayer-sticks, and the purchaser, after lighting the sticks, bunched them together in one hand, while he sank upon the pillow on his knees. Holding the burning sticks in that position, he bowed several times, bringing his forehead almost to the floor. He then arose and put three or four of the burning prayer-sticks in a box at the door of the temple, and three or four others in a pot on the balcony outside the windows. He then lighted his candle and carried it to the rear altar, where he placed it in front of Joss. At the same moment a servant came, and in the most vigorous fashion beat a beautiful drum. This drum was held in air, higher than a man's head, by means of a frame-work set in the wall. The drum was decorated in green and gold, and was the shape of a great hat-box, with one end of skin and one end of wood. When the servant had pounded the drum as long as he thought necessary, and twice as long as we deemed sufficient, he walked to the other side of the room, and taking up a metal hammer, began to beat a large, loud bronze bell in the same way. Mr. Mongkow explained that this was to notify Joss that somebody was in his house saying his prayers, the supposition being that Joss might be asleep or off on a visit. At all events, it was considered best to notify him. While these alarms were sounding, the devotee prostrated himself on his knees and palms, and lifted and lowered his body several times, bringing his forehead close to the floor with each movement. Then he arose and went to the counter and purchased a prayer. He said he desired one intended for a man about to embark on a ship. The prayer was handed to him upon a little platter, such as those upon which grocers serve butter to small purchasers. He lighted the prayer, and he held it while it was reduced to smoke and ashes. Then he threw the cinders and platter in the stove. That was the end of the ceremony.

In the temple Mr. Mongkow showed me a picture of an almond-eyed, bearded gentleman, and told me that the personage's name was Qua Gee, and that he was venerated because he had attained the ripe age of 230 years, and was married to one wife 200 years and had 100 children by her. I asked him why so many of the deities, or saints, or whatever they were, were pictured with beards, and why I had noticed that some of the notables on the stage, the night before, had worn false beards. He said that the reason was that a few centuries ago beards were common in China, and therefore most of the heroes and gods were pictured with beards. He added that beards were very much admired by his countrymen—a statement that surprised me very much, as I had somehow obtained an impression that the Chinese regard beards as unclean adornments, and have religiously destroyed them for centuries, just as our Indians have done.

A queer revelation of Chinese customs was made during my talks with Mr. Mongkow. He said that he very much wished to see New York. "But," said he, "it all depends upon my mother. I fear that the old lady, who is getting well along in years, may decide to have me go to China and take the place of the head of her house."

"But what will you do with your business?" he was asked.

"Why, I will have to sell it," said he. "I have been expecting to have to do so for a year."

"What! you don't mean to say that at the command of your mother you would abandon a business that you have built to such proportions?"

"You don't understand," said he, with an amused expression. "In China we have to do what our parents say as long as they live. It is merely a different form of obedience from yours, and not a bit more troublesome than yours. In America you do what your wives say; in China we begin and end by obeying our parents."

From the white people I heard many interesting things about the Chinese. I repeat what I heard, and for what it may be worth. The most intelligent white men told me that the Chinese were at once feared and regarded as indispensable. White labor is extremely difficult to get on the Pacific coast. The population is apt to consist largely of men who come out in the hope of "striking it rich," as they say, and who will hope to strike it rich until they die. They work only semi-occasionally, and then principally to obtain the means to go from one place to another, where rumor says there is profitable mining. The Chinamen, on the other hand, are permanently there, are industrious, and can be cheaply employed. If they were not there it would scarcely pay the white men to clear a place of its jungle and timber; but if purchasers of land go to a Chinese employer and make an offer of $40 an acre, or thereabouts, they will see the land instantly swarm with Chinamen, and almost as speedily become transformed into tillable ground. Sometimes the Chinamen will contract to clear land in return for the use of it for a certain period, and they are such excellent gardeners and are so industrious and frugal that a short lease of it returns them ample profit.

The Chinese only stay an average of four years, but, as the white men say, they cannot take away the houses they have built, the clear ground they have produced, or the railroads or vegetable farms that their labor has constructed. For instance, they cannot take away Victoria, and they have done more to make room for its recent growth than any other agency.

The Chinese railroad laborer gets $1 25 a day; a white man wants $1 75 to $2. The immense fish-canning business that is done on the coast is performed by Chinese. The whites do not like either the work or the wages. The work in the canneries is all performed in eight weeks of each year. The Chinese leave the hundred and odd other forms of their labor and supply this demand. It would be impossible to find white men for that eight weeks of work.

As servants they are very capable in many respects, and very undesirable in others. They never gossip about the affairs of a family that employs them. They learn whatever it is desired they should know, acquiring skill with apparent ease by means of their wonderful power of imitation. They are perfectly willing to do every sort of household work, and the average servant will act as cook, chambermaid, launderer, and waiter all at once for one salary. They cannot bear to be ordered about by women. They will take any amount of scolding or fault-finding from a man, and none from a woman. In two cases of which I heard the Chinese servants chased their mistresses out of their houses with axes. A very vexatious thing is that they never give warning when they are going to leave a place. They suddenly announce, "Me want to go," and the utmost questioning is not likely to elicit any more than "Me want to go; me tired." One lady in Victoria told me that she moved from one house to another, and employed a new servant. He staid an hour. The next one staid an afternoon; the next one staid a day. Puzzled and worried, she persuaded one who was about to leave her to tell her why he was dissatisfied. He took her to the sink in the kitchen, and showed her a peculiar mark in chalk under the sink. It was a notification by one servant to all the others that the head of the house was not kind or honest in his dealings with his servants. She explained that she had but just moved into the house, and the servant took off his street apparel and remained with her. But he told her that whenever a Chinaman came to work in a new place he always looked through all the pots and pans and kettles and cupboards for some piece of paper or mark of some kind left by preceding servants, and explaining the character of the house.

Among the ignorant white people there and on the coast of British Columbia the only form of superiority in the Chinese that you hear praised is their cunning. You will hear how they pretend not to speak English when they know it very well; how cleverly they smuggle opium and themselves over our border; how they band themselves together to protect their own criminals. You will hear that the thieves wear false pigtails, which come loose when the police catch hold of them by that appendage. But a very different account of them is given by their competitors in business, and by the most intelligent students of their progress. The best-informed men on the coast admit that centuries of competition in commerce have developed in the Chinaman a degree of ability that makes him a rival to be feared. I have said that the Chinese monopolize the market-gardening; so they do the shrimp-fishing; so also the labor in the canneries. In other lines they are rapidly becoming monopolists. In California, in the making of shirts and low-priced cigars, in the control of the pork trade, in the making of women's underclothes, and several other important businesses, they are leading or strongly competing with the white men. In the various lines they follow they learn to use the most modern machinery, and when they start for themselves they raise the money with which to equip themselves therewith.

The most peculiar Chinaman I saw was a druggist in the heart of the Victoria Chinese colony. He was a little dried-up, leather-skinned old fellow wearing a pair of the most enormous and weird goggles. A Chinaman came to his

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shop and handed him a prescription, and I saw him make it up. Among the ingredients that he put in the compound were a part of a dried lizard, a piece of dried snake-skin, some beetles, and some herbs. When he had gathered a teacupful of these strange things he emptied them out of the paper in which he had gathered them, and into a trough scooped out of a plate of iron that lay on the floor. That piece of iron was his mortar. He next took an instrument like a rolling-pin—an iron roller with a long handle at either end—and laid that upon the trough. Then he reached up to the ceiling, caught hold of two loops of leather, lifted himself above the ground, put his feet upon the handles of the roller, and rolled the implement to and fro until he had ground the drugs to the fineness of flour.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

LIKE several other fellers with more time than common-sense,
I went out to Chicago for to see the fair commence;
And such a muddle as was there I never seed before,
Not even when they're takin' stock up at our country store.

There was things that I thought was fine. They had one buildin' there
So big 'twould cover up my farm, with lots o' room to spare;
An' I ain't wanderin' from the truth an atom when I states
The grounds would hold Schoharie and its subbubs in their gates.

Some fellers said the architexture was so very fine,
An' mebbe 'twas, but I don't want much of that sort in mine.
It seemed to me like some big lot of statchers broken loose,
With gables, balconies, an' things of very little use.

An' one thing that they thought was fine jest kept me on the smile:
A great long stilted thingumbob they called a Perry stile.
Up in Schoharie Perry 'd find himself a-feelin' flat
If he should try to sell us folks a stile or two like that.

As for the show, I s'pose 'twas good, but my! most of the things
They had there wasn't no more use than dudes or diamond rings;
Pianners, as was no more good to folks as couldn't play
Than jest so many snow-storms when you haven't got a sleigh.

An' ploughs an' harrers built so big you couldn't make 'em go
Without enough o' horseflesh for to run a tallyho;
An' slews an' slews of other things of jest the same poor kind,
That wouldn't please Schoharie while Schoharie had her mind.

An' so I thinks, an' so I says, Chicago's welcome to
The show she's got, and if she's pleased, what's that to me an' you?
Schoharie hasn't got no need for feelin' envious
Because Chicago had a pull an' got the fair from us.

An' when next autumn comes around, unless there's some mistake,
These foreign visitors will call Chicago's show a fake,
If they will only take the time to come here and compare
The Jackson Park exhibit with Schoharie's County Fair.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE SWEDISH TRICENTENNIAL.

THREE hundred years ago, in the quaint old town of Upsala, in the far-away land of the Swedes, religious freedom was forever established by the promulgation of a decree which gave to this hardy people that splendid panoply for peace or war, liberty of conscience, liberty of speech. This week, in the city of Minneapolis, which has become the new home of so many thousands of the sons and daughters of Scandinavia, there was celebrated on a scale of unusual brilliancy the tricentennial of this great event.

Prince Karl, afterwards Charles IX., was occupying the throne of Sweden on the 20th of March, 1593, while his brother Sigismund was absent in Poland. Since the 5th of that March a council had been sitting in Upsala, and at the end, after the most careful consideration, this decree was adopted as the basis of religious freedom in Sweden.

For many weeks the Swedes of America had been planning for this celebration. Preparations had been made for the accommodation of full twenty thousand visitors from the West and Northwest. The thousands who have been in Minneapolis in attendance upon the Jubilee—which the celebration has been named—have found that hearty and wholesome welcome which no people in the world more freely accord. The exercises were to have been held on the actual anniversary of the issuance of the decree, the 20th of March, but it was found necessary to postpone them to the 22d and 23d of May.

The exercises were held in the large auditorium of the exposition building, which has been remodelled, since the National Republican Convention, into a very compact and at the same time commodious and permanent auditorium, one of the largest in America.

No nation loves music more fervently than the Swedes, and those who have made the New World their home have lost none of this love in the journey over seas. So it was arranged that as fine an orchestra and as fine a chorus of Swedish singers as could be gathered in the land should be trained for the event. Nearly a hundred picked performers made up the orchestra, while about one thousand voices were heard in the magnificent choral work. Rare soloists rendered the more florid music, while oratorio and hymns of noble movement and sonorous chants gave the great chorus opportunity for such display as comes not save where royal voices and splendid themes are joined in happy wedlock.

The first evening of the Jubilee was taken up with a sacred concert. All through the exercises of the succeeding day the choral and orchestral work was a fine feature.

Many of the most prominent speakers, lay and clerical, among the Swedes of America, were in attendance, and spoke eloquent words in touch with the spirit of the occasion. There was a strong probability that Prince Bernadotte, whose morganatic marriage not long since, by which he voluntarily gave up his right of succession to the throne, was noted in this country, would be present; but in a cordial letter he expressed his regret that his duties as the head of the navy of Sweden prevented his acceptance of the invitation. He spoke in terms of warm praise of the city of Minneapolis, which he recognized as the home of so many thousands of his countrymen in America. Bishop Scheele, of Sweden, one of the most noted prelates of the Swedish Lutheran Church on either side of the ocean, was a prominent figure in the assemblage.

A cantata was composed for the occasion by Professor R. Lagerstrom, one of the prominent members of the church, and it was sung with excellent effect. A poem, written by the Rev. L. Holmes, was also an interesting feature of the jubilee.

The Jubilee has been an important event in the history of a race right worthy the safe place it holds in the New as well as the Old World.

W. S. HARWOOD.

NICARAGUA.

THE well-known Spanish writer Baroness Wilson, who has made a careful study of South America during her travels through that country, has authorized the writer to glean for this little sketch from her celebrated work *América y sus Mujeres.*

Nicaragua was discovered by Gil Gonzaley de Avila, and for many years formed one of the fifteen provinces of Guatemala, while Leon was the capital. This city is of slight commercial value nowadays, but in spite of its ruined condition it still retains a semblance of its ancient splendor. The cathedral was built in 1780, and this ancient structure is both beautiful and unique. President Sacaza resides near the park, which he has improved and beautified. And the latest news from Nicaragua is that he is intrenched in Leon with the government forces, while the revolutionists hold Granada, Masaya, and other towns.

The National Palace in the capital is a handsome building, as may be seen by the illustration. Managua was chosen for the capital on account of the rivalry and jealousy between the cities of Leon and Granada. The houses are usually built one story high, and are large and spacious, but very simply furnished, as the people are more fond of comfort than of style, and the life they lead in Nicaragua is simple and patriarchal. They are kind-hearted and hospitable; their purse is always open to the needy, and their hearts ready to sympathize with the unfortunate; and they are invaluable friends, but bitter enemies.

The view of Greytown gives a slight idea of the luxuriance of tropical foliage, while the white house with green blinds reveals the presence of a thrifty Anglo-Saxon resident by its prim aspect and the tidy appearance of the grounds.

Baroness Wilson was the first woman to cross the canal in a steamboat, and she was attended by the Prefect and several other officials, as she was a guest of the nation. This trip across the canal was taken on February 29, 1892.

We give a view of the Managua Lake, with the national fleet, and the lofty heights of Momotombito in the background.

Jaguars, bear, black tigers, and other wild beasts abound in the forests, while serpents, vipers, snakes, and other reptiles infest the woods. Thousands of butterflies flutter through the air over the plains, and they are remarkable for the gaudy and brilliant colors of their wings. Nicaragua is not exempt from poisonous scorpions, tarantulas, and hornets, as well as other venomous insects which make life a burden to the traveller in tropical climes, and sometimes cause him to forget the beauties of the tropical scenery which so charm the eye.

Nicaragua has about 300,000 inhabitants. It is rich in natural resources, such as gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver. The fragrant cedar wood is a favorite article of exportation, as well as indigo and coffee. But sugar-cane is the plant which flourishes most luxuriantly in that country, and it attains such a growth that the sugar plantations often resemble woods, the stalks are so thick and large.

There are seven universities or colleges, and medical and law schools both in Leon and Granada.

President Sacaza is about fifty years old, and he has a firm will of his own; is a man of decided character, who will brook no opposition, although in private life he is affable and mild. He is very fond of his wife, so much so that they still appear to be in their honey-moon, although they have been married many years.

Nicaragua attained its independence and emancipated itself from Spanish rule in 1821, and the anniversary of that event is always celebrated on the 15th of September with great rejoicings.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG, who died at Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute on Thursday, May 11th, was one of the most self-sacrificing philanthropists of his time. He was born a little more than fifty-four years ago in the Sandwich Islands. His father was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and his mother was a Chapman from Massachusetts. His father was among the earliest of the American missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and in 1848 was the Minister of Public Instruction. General Armstrong received his preliminary education in the public schools founded by his father and in Oahu College, Honolulu. His father died in 1860, and Armstrong came to this country and entered Williams College. He was graduated in 1862. Among his classmates were several, including the sons of President Mark Hopkins, who on leaving college entered the army. Several of them rose to distinction, but none obtained such prominence as General Armstrong. He went out as Captain, was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, but rejoined the army in time to take part in the fight at Gettysburg, where he led a most gallant charge, being one of the most conspicuous of the minor officers on the field. He then became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth United States Colored Infantry, and afterwards Colonel of the Eighth United States Colored Infantry. At the close of the war, immediately on Lee's surrender, he was made a Brigadier-General, and in 1865 was mustered out of the service. His relations with the colored troops apparently determined his life work for him. General Howard made him Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in 1866. He made his headquarters at Hampton, and remained there until the time of his death. He devoted his life and his splendid energies to building up an institution at which the children of both colored and Indian races have been educated. For some time only colored people were taught at the school, but subsequently Indians were placed there. General Armstrong worked constantly for the success of his institution, and had the satisfaction of seeing it grow into great prosperity. There seems to be nobody left to take his place. He was the soul and inspiration of the work, and had not only the affection of the children and young people who came under his care, but the veneration of the older people, especially of the colored race, who realized the noble work that he was doing for their offspring. During the days that elapsed between his death and the funeral there were many touching incidents of the love and respect which both the colored and Indian pupils felt for their benefactor. In the whole neighborhood around Hampton he was the most distinguished and beloved figure. The artillery battalion at Fort Monroe, under the command of Colonel Frank, did what probably has not been done in honor of the memory of any volunteer officer of the late war. Colonel Frank, himself a pall-bearer, paraded the whole battalion at the funeral. By his own request, General Armstrong was buried in a little graveyard on the grounds of the institute, in which lie the remains of a few of his old pupils. He rests there among Indians and negroes, to whose service he devoted his life.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL FRANK H. JONES.

THE President has now two Assistant Postmaster-Generals. On Wednesday, the 10th of May, he appointed as First Assistant Frank H. Jones, of Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Jones is another representative of the young and progressive Democrats whom Mr. Cleveland seems so pleased to call to his assistance in the administration of affairs of the government. He was born thirty-nine years ago, and was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1875. He then studied law, and has been a practising lawyer ever since his admission to the bar. His first appearance in politics was as a member of the General Assembly of Illinois. By the time of his election he had established a reputation for ability and force, and was recognized at once as one of the most prominent members of the Legislature. He was one of the leaders in the long struggle which resulted in the election of General John M. Palmer as United States Senator. During that struggle a hundred and one members of the Legislature stood firmly together for Palmer, and their firmness and unbroken ranks resulted in the success of their effort. Mr. Jones is the President of the League of Democratic Clubs of Illinois, and was a delegate to the last Democratic National Convention. He is known throughout the State as one of its best speakers, and he was selected to make the dedicatory oration of the Illinois State Building at the World's Fair on May 18th. Since the contests over the Senatorship ended, the Democrats of Illinois have come together, and there are now no factional politics, as there were when the Morrison and Palmer forces were arrayed against one another. The victory which Mr. Morrison won in the State for Grover Cleveland helped to bring about this result, the wisdom of the course being vindicated by Mr. Cleveland's success in the State at the general election. The Illinois State delegation, of which Mr. Jones was a member, was unanimously for Mr. Cleveland, although at one time it required the whole of Mr. Morrison's authority, strongly exerted through Mr. Cable, to keep the delegation from casting its vote for him. The result of this would have been, if the bargain contemplated had been carried out, that the snap delegation of New York would have also voted for Mr. Morrison. The importance of this effort can therefore be realized. In all these movements, as in all party movements that have taken place since Mr. Jones was admitted to the bar, he has borne his part, and sometimes his part has been conspicuous. The young men who Mr. Cleveland has appointed to conspicuous offices in Washington are recognized as exceptionally able. It is a common thing to hear it said that Mr. Cleveland has introduced more clever young men to the society of the capital than any of his predecessors, and among these young men it is expected that Mr. Jones will not be the least important.

THE NEW SURGEON-GENERAL.

DR. J. RUFUS TRYON, who has recently been appointed Surgeon-General of the Navy by President Cleveland, has a most enviable official and professional record. The fact that he was chosen over the heads of fourteen of his seniors only emphasizes the gentleman's eminent fitness for the position. Dr. Tryon is a New-Yorker, a resident of Coxsackie, which is his native town, and is fifty-six years old. He is a thoroughly educated physician, being a graduate of Union College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and having studied his profession some years abroad. In addition to this he had the advantage of a practical experience as a surgeon during the war of the rebellion, through which he served with the greatest credit to himself, first in the army and then in the navy. As naval surgeon he was with Farragut until the close of the war, and was in charge of the Naval Hospital at Pensacola, where he looked after those who had been wounded in the great admiral's fight in Mobile Bay.

Whatever Dr. Tryon has had to do he has done well. There never has been a time when he has not enjoyed the confidence of his superiors. He has been the hardest sort of a worker, never shrinking from any task which was laid upon him.

In the Naval Hospital at Boston after the close of the war, as assistant in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department from 1866 to 1870, on special service of the most responsible kind, Dr. Tryon has met every requirement of every position which he has filled. Neither the perils of war nor the terrors of yellow fever, which he faced during his service at Pensacola, had the slightest power to turn him from the path of duty.

In the year 1884 he represented the navy at the International Medical Congress which met at Copenhagen, and the prominence which this gave him, like every distinction he has won, was simply the result of his own sterling qualities. Of course, a man with such a record could not fail to have the amplest testimony to his ability. P. J. Horwitz, Medical Director of the United States Navy, and ex-Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department, writes that, in his opinion, Dr. Tryon is "more competent to fill the office of Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery than any other officer on the active list of the Medical Corps of the Navy." This is not extravagant praise, for Dr. Tryon has moved forward in his profession with the most creditable rapidity.

The work that the gentleman has done has been of the utmost value. It is impossible in the brief space at our disposal to even catalogue his services, and it is pleasant to be able to record that this new honor which has come to him is a recognition which he has well earned.

W. E. CHRISTIAN.

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AMONG THE CHINESE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—Drawn by T. Langguth.

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THE INFANTA EULALIA.



THE HUSBAND OF THE INFANTA.

THE PRINCESS EULALIA.

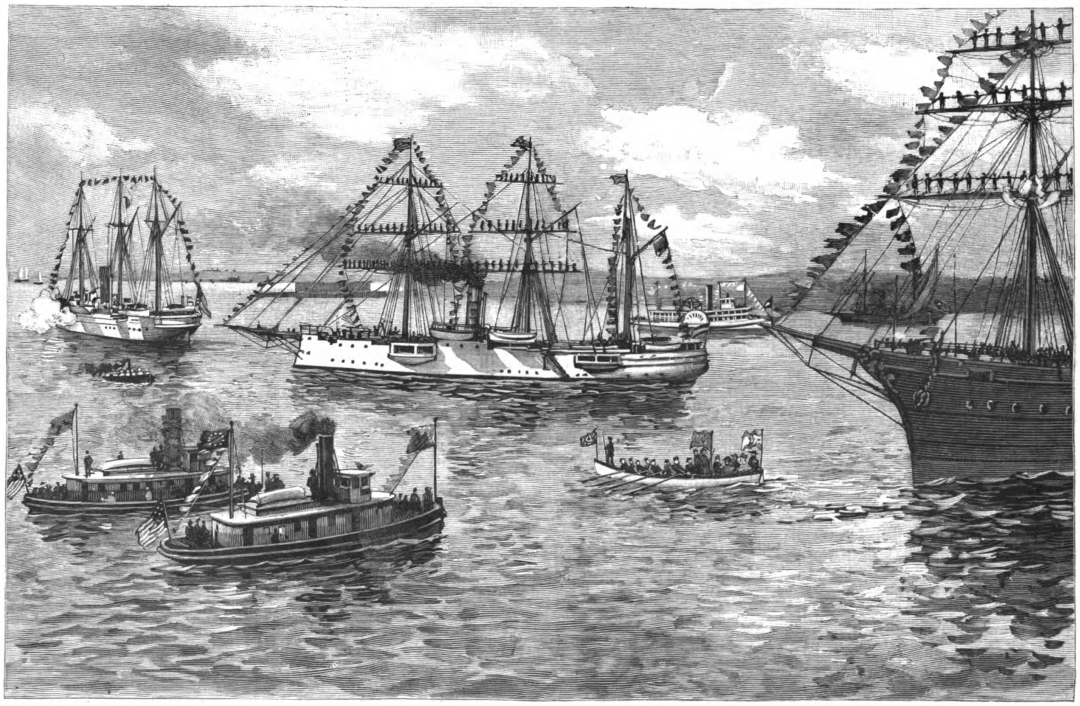
In order to assure ourselves that we are entertaining a very unusual guest we need only transcribe from the Almanach de Gotha the elaborate "descriptive list" of the Infanta Marie-Eulalie-Françoise d'Assise-Marguerite-Roberte-Isabelle-Françoise de Paule-Christine-Marie de la Piété, etc., Altesse Royale, born at Madrid February 12, 1864, married at Madrid March 6, 1886, to Antoine, Prince de Bourbon-Orléans, son of the Duc de Montpensier. This multitudinously named Princess is the first member of the royal family of Spain that has ever set foot upon any part of the New World that Columbus, according to the old inscription, gave to Castile and Leon, not only upon the continent, but upon the ever-faithful isle that, with Porto Rico, is the last remnant of those Spanish possessions that were originally held to comprise a hemisphere.

It was on Friday, May 19th, that the Princess set her foot upon the soil of the continent, having first set it constructively upon American soil in setting it upon the American "royal yacht," so to speak, the *Dolphin*, which was put at her disposal by the government. The faithful reporters have made mankind remark that that member was wetted in the course of the complicated transfer from the *Reina Maria Christina*, the crack passenger ship of the line between Spain and Mexico, which transfer was by stages in which the captain's gig of the *Infanta Isabel*, the Spanish man-of-war which has for some time lain in the harbor of New York, the Infanta Isabel herself, and the *Dolphin's* barge successively took part. The little accident was a direct result of Spanish etiquette. It seems that it would have been beneath the dignity of the Infanta of Spain to be brought into a foreign port except in a national vessel, and the gig that was to convey her from the safe and comfortable and stately but officially unrecognizable merchantman to the man-of-war was rather a crank craft, the crankness of which was increased by the fact that all the occupants were forced to stand up and balance themselves as best they might when the Infanta came on board. Given this artificial condition and the natural condition of such a little chop of a sea as often prevails in the bay of New York, the wetting was a natural enough result.

Spanish court etiquette had indeed been a considerable bugbear to the American official and unofficial mind for some time before the arrival of the Infanta. It had more or less vexed the Department of State, and it had loomed very large indeed upon the horizon of certain women of society in New York, who had projected a private-public ball to the Princess. A painful rumor, the genesis of which is difficult to trace, ascribed to the Spanish government a fixed determination not to let the Infanta land until the Spanish government had been assured that the call she made upon the President, in order to let him know that she was here, would be promptly returned by that functionary in person at the hotel honored by the Infanta. Inasmuch as this requirement was a requirement that the President should "pay a visit," which no President had officially done since the foundation of the government, it was not remarkable that it should have given rise to an extensive perturbation. This perturbation was allayed only upon the publication of an official despatch from Madrid declaring that inasmuch as the attachment of any conditions to the reception of the Spanish Infanta would be a reflection upon the courtesy and hospitality of the United States, the Spanish government had made no conditions, and would make none. In other words, the American government and people were left free to entertain the Spanish Princess in the American way. Whether the alleged imposition of conditions had proceeded from the excessive zeal and loyalty of some Spanish official on this side of the Atlantic, or whether it proceeded from the superheated imagination of an American Washington correspondent, is a question that is still open. But that the court etiquette of Spain, in its unabated rigor, would have subjected our official and unofficial hospitality to a cruel ordeal is sufficiently evinced by the little incident of the transfer from the Spanish merchantman to the Spanish man-of-war. That an Infanta should incur the risk of a wetting rather than a suspicion of disrespect is a proposition that recalls the legend of the Spanish king who was roasted to death because the proper functionary was not at hand to remove him from the fire.

Happily, the disposition of the Infanta herself and her cheerful willingness to be entertained in the manner that pleased her hosts have co-operated with the friendly disposition officially manifested by the Spanish government, and have removed a burden of anxiety from those women of America who had projected festivities in her honor. That the government had every desire to do her honor is quite manifest from the accounts of her sojourn thus far. Commander Davis welcomed her to the *Dolphin* on behalf of the government, and carried her and her suite to Jersey City (a proceeding the intrinsic inhospitality of which must be condoned in consideration of its necessity and its friendly intention), where a special train was waiting to convey her to Washington, where she was received at the station by the Secretary and Assistant Sec-

Dolphin. *Infanta Isabel.* *Reina Maria Christina.*



THE INFANTA ON HER WAY TO THE SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR IN NEW YORK BAY.

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retary of State and the military representative of the President, and conveyed to her hotel in the President's carriage, escorted by four troops of cavalry. The next morning, by a call at the White House, she apprised the President that she was in the United States, and the Gordian knot tied by the diplomatists or the correspondents was cleverly untangled through the return of the visit within four hours by Mrs. Cleveland and the military representative of the President. Subsequent callers comprised nearly the whole diplomatic corps. The programme prepared for the Infanta in Washington included a special service on Sunday, at which the papal delegate was to officiate; a dinner on Monday, given by Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. Curry having been Minister to Spain in Mr. Cleveland's first term; a state dinner on Tuesday at the White House, comprising, besides the Infanta and her party, the members of the cabinet and their wives, the Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller, the senior Major-General of the army and Mrs. Schofield, and Senator Sherman, representing the Foreign Committee of the Senate, and members of the diplomatic corps; and a ball at the British Embassy on Wednesday. On Thursday she is to leave for New York, and on Friday to be the guest at a ball to be given in her honor at the Madison Square Garden. After what official welcome may be devised at Chicago, she proposes to take advantage of the convenient *vieux* to go as far West as the Yellowstone Park and to remain and travel in this country for a month or two. Her suite comprises, besides her husband, the Marchioness de Cerco Hermoso, her maid of honor, the Duke of Tamames, gentleman-in-waiting to their Highnesses, Señor Jour, their chamberlain, many attendants and servants, and the Zaragoza military band, which was left in New York during the excursion to Washington.

As might be supposed, the stay of the Infanta in Cuba was the occasion for exuberant demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the ever-faithful islanders. On the day after the arrival of the royal party a besamános or court levee was held at the palace of the Captain-General; the Spanish flag-ship and a German man-of-war in the harbor were visited. Other festivities were a ball given by the Countess of Fernandina, a garden party at the Captain-General's country-seat, a special performance at the theatre, and a bull-fight.

The Infanta Eulalia, aunt of the present king, was the favorite sister of his father, Alfonso XII., and is reported to be especially popular in Spain. Though a Spaniard, she has blue eyes and brown hair, and though the mother of two girls, aged six and four, she retains a girlish gracefulness of form and a girlish sprightliness of manner. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking English, French, and Italian as fluently as her own language.

MAY 30, 1893.

It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
That 'twas not part of Nature's own sweet way,

That on the field where once the cannon's breath
Lay many a hero cold and stark in death,

Some little children, in the after-years,
Had come to play among the grassy spears,

And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
Had left a wreath of wild flow'rs over one

Who fought to save his country, and whose lot
It was to die unknown and rest forgot?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

INSIDE THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE.

BY EUGENE YOUNG, OF SALT LAKE CITY.*

On page 86 of the book of Doctrine and Covenants (which contains the revelations of Joseph Smith) it is announced that no person who is not properly baptized by a proper servant of God can attain the highest salvation in the world to come, and out of this has grown the temple-building propensity of the Mormon people. For they allege that within a few hundred years after the crucifixion the Holy Gospel was taken from the earth because men had gone astray from the truth, and that from then until the foundation of this Church there has been none on the earth authorized to administer the ordinance of baptism; and it thus happens that all who died during that time will not reach the highest salvation, as there has been no provision for administering the ordinance in the spirit world, it being another doctrine of the Church that whatever is recorded on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and what is not recorded on earth shall not be recorded in heaven.

In order to let those who have died without a knowledge of the gospel have an opportunity to embrace it in the other world—for Mormonism teaches that the gospel is preached to the spirits in prison on the other side of the veil—by a revelation of Joseph Smith we are told that the descendants of those who have died without such an opportunity may take the names of the dead and be baptized for them. And it being announced in another of the revelations of Joseph Smith that no baptism for the dead will be sufficient unless it is done in one of the temples erected to God, it is the ambition of the Mormons to build as many temples as possible, so this, to them, highly important work may be carried on.

The Mormons claim that this doctrine of baptism for the dead is not new by any means, and point to I. Corinthians, xv. 29, as well as to many other passages in the Bible and Book of Mormon, in support of their position. And coupled with this observance in their temples they have other ordinances administered therein calculated to draw the hearts of the fathers and children to each other, and also to solemnize celestial marriage, or union for time and eternity.

These being the purposes of temple-building, it can readily be understood why it is that the Mormons have undergone so many sacrifices to build them. This building, the Salt Lake Temple, in particular, has cost millions of dollars, and many of the zealous Mormons can say that they have undergone great hardships to contribute towards its completion.

Endeared to them because of the great work they are to perform in it, as well as because of the great difficulties they have overcome in building it, there can be little wonder that the whole Mormon people has long been looking forward to the completion of the building with a great deal of impatience, and that many have even kept themselves alive for a great many years to be present at its dedication. And the thousands of Mormons who flocked into Salt Lake City for the dedicatory ceremonies—which have now lasted two weeks, on account of the limited capacity of the building—attested the interest felt.

The outside of the Temple is sufficiently familiar to most well-informed persons to preclude the necessity of giving a description of it; but as only three or four hundred Gentiles, among whom was the writer, have been admitted to the building, which was on the day before its dedication, a description of the inside appointments and adornments may prove interesting.

The Gentiles who had the privilege of viewing the inside were taken in through the broad doorway in the west end of the building, and turning to the right, descended into the basement. The first room they entered, the font-room, is in the west end of the building, and contains the beautiful but massive font of marble and iron, which is upheld by twelve life-sized bronze oxen. The font is surrounded by a delicate iron railing, and is approached by a short flight of narrow marble steps. Small alcoves or closets lead off from the north side of the room, which contain marble bath-tubs, and are used for anointing with oil in the regular ordinances. The hangings and decorations of this room and the alcoves are rich but not showy.

Leaving this room, the procession entered a hallway which is a continuation of an underground passageway leading to the attendants' annex, a small building in the same yard, and leaving the hallway, passed into a large room in the northeast corner of the basement, in which are about one hundred and fifty opera-chairs. This room, which is perfectly plain, with the exception of an adornment in the shape of an ornamental water-tap with an onyx basin, is called the Creation Room, and here a person going through the ceremonies hears lectures on the creation of the earth, intended to prepare him for what is to come.

Passing out of this room into the southeast corner of the building, the visitors found themselves in a room intended to typify the earth as it was after the time of the creation, and at the placing of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The ceiling is painted to represent the sky, with sun, moon, and stars, and all that is peaceful in nature is represented on the side walls. Tropical plants and trees, wildly profuse yet in symmetrical order, are seen on every hand, while through the leaves one catches fleeting glimpses of richly plumed birds, and on the sward, feeding side by side, all kinds of animals. The blending of art and nature in the deep embrasures of the windows, where palms have been placed, and painted birds seem to be hovering over them, is truly exquisite. In here lectures are given by learned theologians on the fall, the room being fitted with seats.

From these beautiful surroundings the party proceeded by a richly carved cherry staircase to the first floor of the building. At the top of this staircase on the right hangs a picture of Jesus preaching to the Nephites on this continent—a scene taken from the Book of Mormon, the figures in which are thrown out in bold relief and are life-sized. But turning from this to the left, another room painted very much like the one through which they had just passed was entered. But though the resemblance to the Garden of Eden room presents itself at first, yet soon one sees that there is a marked difference in the character of the paintings that adorn the wall. Instead of an orderly arrangement of plants and trees, here are vast tangled forests, from whose dark depths rise hoary, craggy mountains, seamed and torn by the contending elements; and instead of placid rivers, there are rapids and waterfalls, while in all the animals a spirit of contention has taken the place of the spirit of peace. This room is intended to typify the earth after the introduction of sin, and also the condition of the terrestrial kingdom, and in it are given lectures on the fall and the present condition of mankind.

To explain the next room that the party passed into it is necessary to digress for a moment and state that in the Mormon system of salvation there are to be three kingdoms—the Celestial, Telestial, and Terrestrial, compared respectively to the sun, moon, and stars, the first of which is reserved for those who embrace the gospel on this earth and whose works are good, the second for those who embrace the gospel in the other world after their friends are baptized for them here, and the third for those who altogether refuse to accept the gospel; though there is some modification of this in the belief that men shall be judged by their works.

This much being premised, the symbolism of the next two rooms is easily understood, for the one we first enter is supposed to present to the eye a representation of the glory of the Telestial kingdom. Finished in white and gold, with rich hangings and costly upholstering, the effect is most chaste and harmonious. Several costly paintings hang on its walls, among which is one representing Joseph interpreting the butler's dream, and companion pictures representing respectively Jerusalem and the banks of the Dead Sea. Lectures on the heavenly state, in keeping with its character, are given here.

Passing through drooping silk damask curtains hanging from a fifty-foot arch, the party at last reached the most beautiful room in the building, the Celestial Room, intended to typify the glory of the highest kingdom in the hereafter as compared with the lower kingdom. If human art can present an idea of heaven, it must be presented in this part of the building, for an air of rest and comfort pervades the very atmosphere. The background, of warm terra-cotta brown, is relieved by hangings of the richest material and most exquisite shades of color, and also by eight massive and richly carved Greek columns, four each on the north and south sides, each of which ends in a niche for the bust of a prominent churchman, the busts of Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, now president of the Church, and George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, his counsellors, being already placed in four of these niches. Over the arch at the west end of the room is a figure of the Virgin in white, the work of a Utah sculptor; and two rich paintings hang at the east end, representing respectively the Hill Cumorah, where Joseph Smith is supposed to have found the plates of the Book of Mormon, and Adam-on-di-Ahman, a place in Missouri, where Adam is supposed to have built an altar when he was cast out of the Garden of Eden, it being a part of the Mormon belief that the Garden of Eden was on this continent. The roof, however, is the most beautiful part of the room, as bunches of fruits and flowers, naturally moulded and artistically painted, hang thereon in convergent lines, forming a satisfying picture for an æsthetic taste.

However, the beauties of the building are not yet ended. For the centre one of three alcoves leading off from the Celestial Room to the south is as beautifully fitted up. This is called the Sealing Room, and is used for the marriage ceremonies. It has a domelike roof, in which are set large circles of colored lenses, through which strong incandescent lights throw varied beams of color, and has many costly hangings and vases. The altar is rich, while the floor is of hard-wood blocks about an inch square.

Above this, on the next floor, are a number of rooms fitted up for the use of the different orders of the priesthood, and still further up, on the next floor, is the large assembly-room, fitted up elegantly, and having a seating capacity of about two thousand, one end of which has a stand for the Aaronic priesthood, the other for the Melchisedek or higher priesthood.

The Temple is fitted throughout with most costly electroliers, for it is lighted entirely with electricity. The heating is done by steam. Two large and costly elevators are in the west end of the building, but the broad granite staircases are not steep, and one therefore experiences little fatigue in passing through the structure.

There are many things to be seen in the building which cannot be described, because there is nothing they can be compared with, they are so entirely original. And then, too, there are sacred things that will be put in hereafter, and which are only to be seen by the initiate; but the foregoing will convey a good idea of the purposes and fittings of the building, at least sufficient to sweep away some erroneous ideas. The Temple, in all its massiveness outside and complete symbolism inside, is a fit monument to the faith and sincerity of the Mormon people, and those who cannot believe as the Mormons do at least give them credit for a willingness to do the commands of their ruler. Such magnificence as the great structure they have last reared presents cannot elsewhere be found in this new Western country, and it is a marvel one should be willing to travel far to see.

* A grandson of Brigham Young (son of his eldest son). Not a member of the Mormon Church.

THE PLAGUE SPOT OF EUROPE.

THE "Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers," which in vulgar English means the company which runs the gambling-hell at Monte Carlo, held its general meeting recently, at which the business of the year was discussed.

The winnings of the fiscal year were 23,000,000 francs, or 1,000,000 more than for the previous year. The capital of the company is 30,000,000 francs, bearing 5 per cent. interest, the dividends, which are always declared in May, varying. Last May 165 francs were paid on each share, the total revenue of each share being 190 francs, or 38 per cent.

In each of the last six years 1,000,000 francs has been set aside as a reserve fund, which in 1913 will equal the capital of the company, and will then be paid back to the stockholders. In addition to this, the company will still possess all the buildings, gardens, and other realty. Each year the 1,250,000 francs paid him by the company for the privilege of carrying on their nefarious work in his province is applied by the present Prince of Monaco to the building of churches, schools, and hospitals. In addition, the company pays the entire cost of government of the province. The population has the schools free and pays no taxes, but has no part in public affairs. The company pays the theatre 250,000 francs yearly; the orchestra costs the same amount, and the pay-roll for officers and servants, among them 100 croupiers, foots up 1,500,000.

To the press is paid yearly 800,000 francs, one Paris paper alone receiving 75,000, others 25,000, and the provincial papers from 1000 to 10,000, according to their importance. Newspaper correspondents also, among them several Englishmen, stand on the list, paid not for what they write, but that they simply keep still. The company has also its "pensioners," people who have lost their whole fortunes in play, and receive support in proportion to the amount which they have lost. For example, one Englishman who lost 2,000,000 receives 40 francs a day, another 10, and others the same amount per week. Among the other expenses is that of the removal of the victims of play. The hotel bill is paid, a railroad ticket bought, and twenty or forty francs given them, according to the length of the journey. The entire expenses of the company are 11,250,000 francs yearly.

The number of suicides during the last year was five. These happened in the hall itself, the numerous other cases never coming to light. A young American, having lost his own fortune and that of his mother and sister, threw himself under the wheels of a railroad train. Two Americans from New Orleans shot themselves not long ago after they had lost 1,000,000 francs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

ONE of the gladdest of the glad sights of the cheerful latter end of May is the display of colored shirts in the haberdashers' windows. It is the instinct of man, as it is of nature, to bloom in the spring; and bloom he does, according to his means and opportunities. If he has a country-house with a garden he grows tulips and daffodils in quantities graduated to his leisure, or his ability to hire gardeners. If he lives in town and has no garden, his aspirations take shape in a gorgeous exuberance of blossom on his wife's and daughter's hats. And if he has no daughter and no wife, he buys a colored shirt and a pair of yellow shoes, gets a flower for his button-hole, and perhaps sends somebody a nosegay, and so keeps pace with the season and in sympathy with the Creator's works. It is a very poor man, in these days, who cannot treat his spring fever to an application of colored shirt.

That portion of the British public which relieves its feelings by letters to the *Times* has been bursting forth with voluminous vehemence over the case of a young lady student at University College, at Bangor, in North Wales. This young girl, described by her friends as of distinguished abilities and irreproachable character, was obliged, on grounds of economy, to leave the college boarding-house and take private lodgings near by. After which, the story goes, the matron of the boarding-house, Miss Hughes, discriminated against her, and insinuated that she was not a fit companion for girls of modest mind. Thereupon the young woman declared war on the matron, and demanded an investigation, at which the conclusion was reached that the matron was wrong. But somehow out of the altercation arose a squabble between nonconformists and Churchmen, which has contested valiantly with the home-rule bill for space to spread itself in the *Times*. The immediate result is that the matron, refusing to apologize, has lost the license of her establishment, and gained a squad of eloquent defenders, who are carrying on a vociferous combat with the friends of the girl.

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In a circular sent out to Americans in his line of business the proprietor of Hakubunkwan announces his purpose to visit the Chicago fair. His name is Sahei Ohashi. He lives in Tokio, Japan. When he started on this tour of the world that he is now prosecuting, many hundred eminent men gave him dinners, a former Minister of Home Affairs in Japan provided him with letters to Japanese ministers in all countries, and Privy Councillor Count Katsu punctuated his departure with a poem. But really there was no need of dinners or letters or specially constructed poems to publish the merit of a person so able to speak for himself as Proprietor Ohashi. His own circular describes his Hakubunkwan as the head and front of all contemporary devices for diffusing knowledge throughout Japan. He tells us that it is the largest publisher and the largest advertiser in that country; that it has published complete libraries of all the more important branches of Chinese and Japanese literature; that it issues nine periodicals and fifteen serial publications, sending out an average of two new works a day, and a total of ten million copies of books and magazines in the course of the year. Moreover, it "publishes books and periodicals at such low prices that other publishers cannot compete with it," thereby establishing by the ultimate test its right to exist and the title of its proprietor to be received in all civilized countries with the distinction which undoubtedly awaits him. Any one who doubts the possession of Japan by the spirit of modern enterprise should read Proprietor Ohashi's description of his Hakubunkwan. If he is still unconvinced, he should try to meet the proprietor himself when he passes through New York.

If it is possible for an Infanta of Spain to have anything so merely human as a real good visit, the American people hope that Eulalia will have one all the time she is their guest. It was friendly and polite of her to come, and friendly and polite of Spain to send her. There seems to be much obscurity as to the proper manner of receiving her and showing her around, and there were some indications last week that the Administration was slightly rattled at the prospect. If anybody knows what ought to be done, it is to be hoped that he will place his information at the disposal of the government. The spirit which is fit to govern the occasion is simply that shown by the great Duke of Marlborough when he passed the butter to the King of Prussia. The great thing is to make the Infanta comfortable in body and mind. If it should turn out that she would not be comfortable at a hotel, it will be a simple matter to pitch a brand-new tent for her in Central Park; if she is used to have gentlemen stand on their heads in her august young presence, it is likely that President Cleveland will make such an approximation to that attitude as the restraints of republican manners will permit; if she needs a bull-fight to make her feel at home, there is abundance of beef in Chicago, and it will go hard with Buffalo William if he cannot manage to chase some of it around a ring. Any form of polite attention that Mrs. Sherwood can suggest or that Secretary Carlisle can issue bonds for ought to be shown to the Infanta. It is not every day that she gets an outing, and everybody will want this one to be so conducted that when she gets home she can lay her hand on her heart and assure her royal mother that she had a perfectly lovely time.

Collectors have begun to hunt for pieces of John Ruskin's poetry, and some scarce bits are already reported to be in their hands.

Dr. McAll of the McAll Mission is dead, General Armstrong of the Hampton (Virginia) school is dead, and Miss Frances Willard is reported to have broken down from overwork in England, and gone to Switzerland for her health. Doubtless Miss Willard will regain her strength in time, and be able to resume her labors as the chief of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She must learn, however, to be more temperate in her endeavors, and forego such orgies of protracted exertion as have now brought her low. Lady Henry Somerset, with whom she has been visiting for a year past, seems to have taken bad care of her, and must bear some of the responsibility for the absence of rum's most energetic foe from the Columbian Exhibition.

No doubt the McAll Mission will go on without Dr. McAll, and the Hampton school without General Armstrong, since their work was too thoroughly done to collapse as soon as the builders' hands were removed. They were remarkable men, fit to be considered together. Each saw an unoccupied field of missionary labor, and showed the way into it. Dr. McAll undertook the religious instruction of the godless Parisian, General Armstrong the education of the untutored freedman. Dr. McAll, being a Scotchman, was never conscious of the humorous absurdity of sending missionaries to the French; General Armstrong, being the son of missionaries to Hawaii, and used to seeing "natives" taught, was not appalled by the difficulties of educating negroes. Both of these pioneers did work of great value, and lived to see the utility of their efforts receive very general recognition. They must be classed with the limited number of truly successful men, who undertook what was worth while, and accomplished a respectable proportion of what they undertook.

The White City is to disappear after the fair, but not wholly. The memory of it will be left, as well as also a granite shaft to mark the spot where Phœbe Couzins fell.

The newspaper men in Chicago who have been writing about the fair and little else for the last six months, complain violently of the difficulty of writing endlessly on a single topic. Their fellows elsewhere begin to suffer from the same inconvenience. That is possibly the reason why the venerable discussion of the relative merit of "the United States is," and "the United States are" has broken out in some parts of this State. This month of May, when nothing but the fair, "goes" with much impetuosity, is as good a month for the discussion of such topics as one could wish. It gives rest and change to the editorial mind, and no one is the wiser.

The impending deposition of the Khan of Khelat for the murder of 3000 of his subjects, including five of his wives, offers an extra good chance for some one to write a companion poem to Lanigan's "Akoond of Swat." The right to introduce the line, "Where is he at?" in such a poem has already been preempted, but large possibilities of effective verification remain still unimproved. The obstacle to the job is the imperishable "Akoond" himself, who is like Kipling's "Danny Deever" in the curious quality that enables him to defy imitation through the same irresistible form and substance that invite it.

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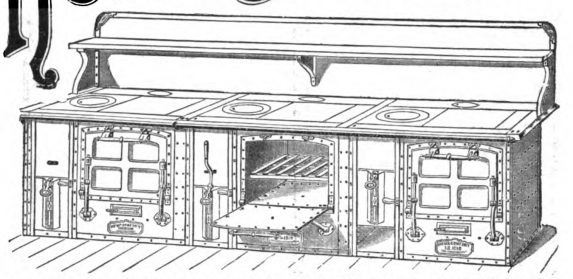
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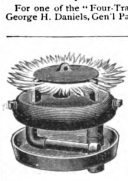


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THE SMALL BOY.

THE precise reason why naturalists have not given more study to the small boy is somewhat obscure. The exact and scientific knowledge which we possess of the small boy is found, when one looks into the subject, to be deplorably scattering and unsatisfactory. There is no department of scientific work more easy to begin than the study of the small boy, unless it be the study of woman. But the study of the small boy involves none of the dangers incident to that of woman. It is a melancholy spectacle to see a young scientist who started out with all the enthusiasm of youth to make a life study of woman meekly leading his first subject to the altar, thereby forever estopping himself from pursuing his investigations further. The number of studious young men who are thus the victims of their scientific zeal each year is something alarming.

But beyond the small physical danger of having an eye shot out by a bean-shooter, or some similar accident of a trivial nature, the investigator of the small boy runs little risk. And the field, as we have intimated, is practically unworked. The science of the small boy is to-day where the science of plants was when young Linnæus was tying up his shoes with bits of wire and combing his hair with his fingers at Upsala. No satisfactory classification of the small boy has ever been carried out. He is often, in the public mind, divided into the two classes of good and bad; but this is purely arbitrary and utterly unscientific, since no two persons would agree as to the line of demarcation between the two divisions, and two observers, given the same specimen to examine, would, as often as not, place it in opposite groups. Another objection to this plan, and the one which really shows its inherent weakness, is its complete break-down in the later development of the small boy; since it is no uncommon thing, but rather the reverse, to find the small boy who would be generally assigned to the bad class developed into an exemplary citizen, perhaps the pastor of a church or an active philanthropist, while another, who in youth would have been as unhesitatingly placed in the good class, surveys the world through the restraining bars of the county jail.

Another purely fanciful system of classification for the small boy which some one has suggested is based on the word he uses to designate his father. This plan is complicated, and while it may appeal to the theorist, and does certainly produce well-defined groups, nevertheless seems to have but small scientific basis. This would give us a large species of small boy, said to abound in the State of Missouri and adjacent territory, who calls his father "dad." Another far-reaching species, who calls his father "paw," seems to be a native of Illinois or Indiana. Nor must we forget those found in a state of nature in Pennsylvania who call him "pap," and the variety, with a somewhat uncertain habitat who pronounces it "pop." In this State we find the kind who calls his father "pa" very numerous, while in this city, among a great number of species, both native and exotic, there is a kind who refers to his father as "the governor," though this is probably only a domesticated variety of the wild species which speaks of him as "the old man." Then we have, too, the class, scattered almost everywhere, who use the word "papa"; and the peculiar variety, found throughout the New England States, and particularly abundant in the neighborhood of Boston, who never addresses his paternal parent by any less stately word than "father." But this system can never meet with any general favor, the fundamental objection to it being that it is based on a distinction for which the boy is in but a small way responsible. The New England infant transferred to the region of southern Indiana can be readily taught to call his father pop, poppy, popper, or paw.

Another system, which has been vaguely followed in some quarters, would divide the small boy into two classes, one of which wears his father's trousers with little or no alteration, and the other leather leggings. This, like the last, has no reason in nature; and a further weakness is found in the fact that in later life the former too amply betrousered boy frequently has to lend the one who was the leather-legging boy money so that he may have any trousers at all.

Perhaps a classification which would be at least better than any so far proposed would be one dividing the small boy into two grand divisions of those who like to go to school and those who do not. He falls readily into these classes, and environment appears to have but little to do with the distinction. The class who does not like to go to school would, of course, be much larger than the other everywhere except in Boston; and each species could easily be subdivided into many varieties, as, for instance, in the school-loving class, those who wear spectacles and those who do not, or those who show a special love for Greek and those who seem to take naturally to esoteric philosophy. Nor does this classification seem to fall to the ground so utterly in later life, since we then almost always find the small boy who did not like to go to school doing a rushing business, with the other acting as his clerk or operating his passenger-elevator. Our outline is crude, but it may furnish a hint for some investigator. It is time that more was known of the small boy.

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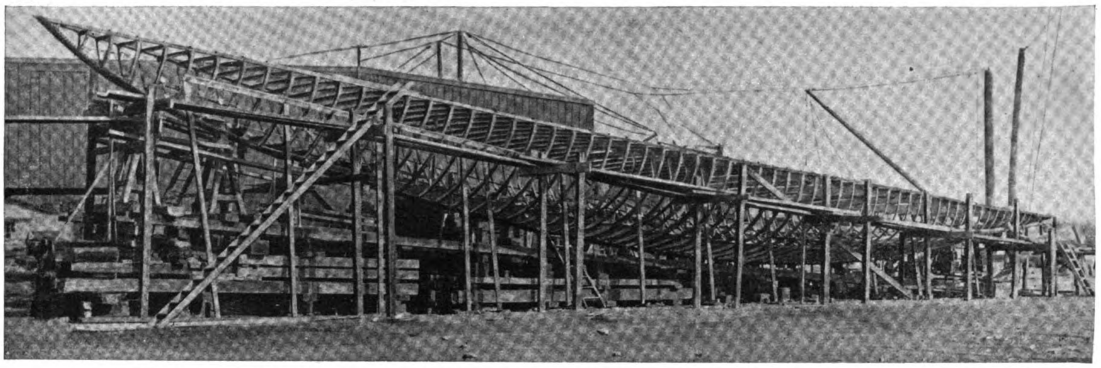
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PILGRIM—IN THE FRAME.

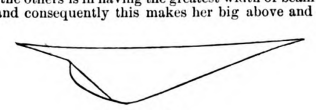
AMATEUR SPORT

THERE WILL BE MANY A LESSON given both American and English yachtsmen, and many a pet theory exploded, before the winner of the *America's* cup is declared. The little class of 21-footers last year showed the possibilities of fin and bulb keels, and the American designers have taken advantage of the demonstration in laying the lines of the cup-defenders. Englishmen have been steadily growing towards the American idea in the last few years of their yacht-designing. The *Volunteer* was a revelation to them of what a high-powered boat could do, and they have not been slow to take advantage of their American experience in the yachts they are building this year. Indeed, it truly looks as if they were attempting this year to fairly outdo us, for, by what may be deducted from the estimated lines of the British craft, they will have longer overhangs, deeper draught, and carry more canvas than ever before. With the exception of the *Pilgrim*, their yachts will draw more water than any one of our cup-defenders, and the spread of canvas they are to show will come very close to what is proposed on the American boats. In fact, this year marks an entire revolution in English yacht-designing that can be traced directly from the Yankee boats. Two of the British yachts will have 90-foot booms, and England has never seen such width of beam and such overhangs as her racing yachts will show this year.

THE AMERICAN CUP-DEFENDERS will undoubtedly represent the highest development of the racing-machine which has been growing upon us in the last three years, and the result will be all the more interesting because the designers of the several boats are not only the most prominent in this country, but also the boldest in carrying out radical changes. The trial races to decide the cup-defender will be quite as interesting as the final event, since it will be a test of the comparative merits of fin keels, true keels, and centreboards, each type from its most skilful designer. As this is a point on which every yachtsman has a different theory and a plausible argument, it will be instructive to have a practical result by the highest productions of the ablest architects. It looks as if this year would decide on the limits to which designers may go, and that there is point in the assumption is rather shown by the recent changes the *Navahoe* has undergone since her launching. Among others, the recent one of shortening her mast by three feet evidently means that she was not able to carry the tremendous spread of canvas that it was intended she should.

The lines of the boats given herewith have been drawn on the estimated dimensions, and make no pretence of being absolutely correct, but they do give a very good idea of the type of each boat. The lines of the British boats are according to the New York *Herald's* English correspondent.

OF THE THREE BRITISH BOATS, the *Calluna*, designed by William Fife, Jun., seems to excite the greatest amount of interest abroad. She is reported to look like a thoroughbred racer, and to be one of the handsomest boats the young Scotchman has ever turned out. She has a very sharp bow and a very graceful sheer. In her first trial she stood up well under a fairly good breeze, and went through the water with very little disturbance, leaving a clean wake. While the *Calluna's* boom is only 85 feet, being five feet shorter than those of the other English boats, and hollow like the others, she makes up her sail area by having a greater hoist. The estimated dimensions of the boat are: Length over all, 128 ft., water-line length, 85 ft., beam, 25 ft.; draught, 14 ft.; length of bowsprit, 19 ft. She has 70 tons of lead on her keel, and, as may be seen from the lines here given, she looks not unlike a great spoon in the water. The *Calluna* is Fife's first big boat, and he seems to have hit it just right. She has the most businesslike look of all of them, and English yachtsmen are generally inclined to believe that it will be this boat which will meet the *Navahoe* in the Cape May and Brenton Reef cup races. Her most noticeable difference from the others is in having the greatest width of beam at the rail, and consequently this makes her big above and small



CALLUNA.

under the water; besides all which she looks more like a boat than any of the others, and varies very much from the *Britannia*, *Valkyrie*, and any other vessel that Fife has ever designed. She has already challenged for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, which she is sure to win.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUTTER *Britannia* has the largest sail and spar plan, and is the most powerful-looking one of the lot. While she has something of the appearance of the *Valkyrie*, yet she sets out of the water higher than Dunraven's boat, has a finer stern, and her lead keel of 80 tons is more of the bulb shape. She has a counter of nearly 30 feet, a strong bilge, and, as a matter of fact, looks as if she could stand up under a lot of canvas, but does not give one the impression of being so fast as the *Valkyrie*. She does not look so much the racer. Her estimated dimensions are. Length over all, 125 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; draught, 15 ft.; boom, 90 ft.

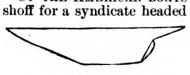
The *Valkyrie*, which G. L. Watson has designed for Lord Dunraven, naturally creates the greatest amount of interest in America, since this is the boat with which England will make another attempt to wrest the *America's* Cup from us.



VALKYRIE.

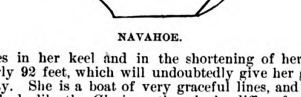
She is the most radical departure of all the English boats, with a spar and sail plan that takes away the breath of Englishmen Her mast is stepped well forward, and the bowsprit is only 16 feet long. The boat has a long, finely drawn out body, and looks every inch a racer, and her driving power will be great. The estimated dimensions are: Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft., beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; draught, 15 ft. 6 in.; boom, 90 ft.

OF THE AMERICAN BOATS THE COLONIA, built by Herreshoff for a syndicate headed by the well-known yachtsman Archibald Rogers, is the first of the cup-defenders to be put overboard. She is a typical Herreshoff boat, resembling the *Navahoe* and the *Wasp;* without being so deep in proportion as the latter, her bow is sharper, and her overhang is not so great as seen in the *Navahoe*. She is the largest and deepest keel sloop that has ever been built in this country, and with her graceful curves and wide beam, and 50 tons of lead on her keel, looks as if she would give a good account of herself. Her estimated dimensions are· Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 24 ft., draught, 16 ft. It is said that her sail plan will exceed that of Mr. Carroll's yacht, *Navahoe*.



COLONIA.

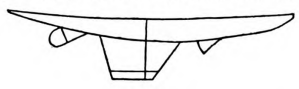
The *Navahoe*, R. P. Carroll, of which comment has already been made in this department, has been undergoing some



NAVAHOE.

changes in her keel and in the shortening of her mast, formerly 92 feet, which will undoubtedly give her greater stability. She is a boat of very graceful lines, and in the water looks like the *Gloriana*, though she differs from that boat in having a straight keel. Probably it would be more to the point to say that she is an improved *Wasp*, though her keel does not end so abruptly, is of good width, and the bow is smooth and powerful. Her estimated dimensions are· Length over all, 124 ft.; water-line length, 84 ft.; beam, 23 ft. 8 in., draught, 13 ft.; boom, 90 ft.

OF ALL THE BOATS BUILDING, *Pilgrim*, the Boston syndicate cup-defender, from the design of Stewart and Binney,



PILGRIM.

certainly excites the greatest amount of interest. It will be seen from the photograph of her taken in the yards that her lines are very easy and graceful, and that she ought to slip through the water very cleverly. The little sketch in this issue, from her estimated dimensions, will show what a departure she is from anything that has ever been attempted in so large a boat. Her length over all is said to be 120 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 23 ft.; hull draught, 5 ft.; depth of fin, 17 ft.; total draught, 22 ft. It will be seen from these figures that she has a greater draught than any other racing boat, and while having less length, has a beam nearly as wide as that of the *Navahoe*.

If the theory of greatest power on the smallest displacement is a good one, and it certainly sounds so, and if the fin keel, given a practical test in the 21-footers last year, is equally valuable to so large a boat, then the *Pilgrim* should be the success of the year. It is certain there will be nothing half-way about her performance. She must either be a big success or a complete failure. The great depth of her fin keel gives her as much stability on twenty tons of lead as does the seventy tons on the Herreshoff boats, and although on a number of tons less displacement she will have a greater sail area than the *Volunteer*, yet her spread of canvas will be less than that of any other one of the cup-defenders. The boat is steel throughout, and of a little heavier construction than the Herreshoff boats. So far as can be judged from the bare dimensions and estimated lines, the *Pilgrim* seems to commend herself as the most likely racing-machine of the year. With almost one hundred tons less displacement than any of the other cup-defenders, a small body under the water, and a good broad beam to heel on, she will slip through the water at an astonishing rate. But, at the same time, there remains to be proved how the fin idea is going to adapt itself to big boats.

Of the other cup-defenders building, little is known of the *Morgan*, except it is reported that she will have the biggest sail rig ever put on a single-sticker.

WITH ALL THE SECRECY which just now seems to be generally considered so essential to the building of a racer on either side of the ocean, it is refreshing to visit Lawley's yard at South Boston, where no yacht has yet been built in secret, and where the Paine boat, fair to look upon, both as to form and workmanship, has grown in the open. Unnecessary resistance has been cut down to the lowest possible limits without the sacrifice of power, and she will be fitted with every device that human ingenuity can contrive to give power and close-windedness. She is an enlargement of the twenty-one-footer *Freak*, with such improvements as were suggested by last season's racing in a class embracing the fastest boats ever built. In this class, *Freak*, the highest-powered fin keel, was easily superior to all except *Alpha*, the lowest-powered centreboard boat, and *Freak* and *Alpha* were quite evenly matched. But *Alpha* was in the water a long time earlier, and was better handled than the other boats, and had this advantage, which would not work in the large boats, that her ballast, being almost entirely of live weight, could be changed and trimmed as occasion required, an advantage which was of great benefit.

The Paine cup-defender shows the results of the twenty-one-foot class—an enlarged and improved *Freak*, with finer lines, with the deep bulb fin keel, but with a centreboard throughout, and a second centreboard forward of the fin to give a better grip in light breezes, with great power and large sail spread and small resistance.

Theoretically the Boston boats should be faster than the Bristol creations, but it must be admitted that practical results sometimes overturn theories. It has been stated on good authority that the Herreshoffs have come to the conclusion, after due experiments, that an out-and-out bulb fin keel in the large class is unlikely to prove successful. This may be; but if so near an approach as the *Wasp* can be so successful, it would seem that a further step in the same direction might be taken to advantage. The fin keel, being entirely independent of the hull, can be so easily moved that any desired change in the lateral plane or in lead can be easily made, and that alterations are sometimes necessary is evident from those made even at Bristol.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS to be decided on Manhattan Field May 27th do not promise so many noteworthy individual performances as have the ones of the last two or three years. At the same time the general excellence of the contests is very likely to be superior; and as there are, moreover, one or two stars, it is quite possible that in their particular events we may see some record-breaking. Running over the entries, it looks as though the mile run, the mile walk, and the hammer are the only events in which new records may be made, and it will be only with a fast track and a fair day, and the men in the pink of condition, that the walk and the mile-run records will be touched. The hammer record is of course sure to go, for Hickok, Yale, has already made a world's record of 112 ft. 9 in. with a wire handle, and a collegiate record of 111 ft. 11⅜ in. with a wooden handle, and the present Intercollegiate record, made by J. R. Finlay, of Harvard, '91, is only 107 ft. 7½ in. As for the walk, it depends entirely on Borcherling of Princeton whether he betters his own performance of last year, when he placed the Intercollegiate record at 6 min. 52⅘ sec. It is doubtful if he does so, for last year Collis of Columbia pushed him, and this year there seems to be no one who can walk fast enough to make Borcherling extend himself. If C. O. Wells's, Amherst, record of 4 min. 33⅗ sec. in the mile run is to be lowered, Yale's new man, Morgan, will be the one to do it; that is, unless some small college produces a wonder on the day, and, if there are any such, they have been kept very quiet. Morgan has shown on the several occasions this year when he has run that in his best form he is superior to any other college athlete on the track. In the Harvard-Yale games, when he made his final effort, he had no difficulty whatever in running away from Harvard's best men. In this race, on a very bad day and a heavy track, he made the excellent time of 4 min. 35⅗ sec., and, should the day be auspicious next Saturday, it seems as if he could do the two or three seconds better that are needed to give him a record.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF 823 ENTRIES this year foreshadows a tedious afternoon. The entries in these championships

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have, in the last few years, altogether outgrown the facilities for handling them, and the standard of management has by no means kept pace with the growth. This department, after the championships last year, warned the executive committee of the Association that, unless much improvement was made, these games would drag out to a wearisome length. The entries last year showed that the most necessary reform was needed in weeding out the athletes. There were dozens of men who had no more chance of scoring than they had of arousing the interest of the spectators. Half of the entries were really handicap men, and simply took up time and detracted very much from the general interest. As an instance, there were men in the broad jump who could not do over 18 ft. It seems the height of absurdity to permit so many mediocre athletes to enter at all. Of the 823 entries this year there are probably 500 outclassed. It seems to have grown to be the thing, in the last year or two, for colleges to vie with one another in the number of entries made, and instead of picking out and sending only men who really have a chance of doing anything, they gather up by handfuls all the men who have worn a spiked shoe.

OF THE ENTRIES THIS YEAR Yale sends 82; Harvard, 78; College of the City of New York, 68; University of Pennsylvania, 67; Princeton, 58; Columbia, 56; University of New York, 56; Amherst, 48; Swarthmore, 43; Georgetown, 43; Cornell, 40; Union, 34; Brown, 29; Fordham, 24; Stevens, 24; Wesleyan, 20; Lehigh, 13; Rutgers, 11; Williams, 9; and Trinity, 3. To be sure, this large showing, and from institutions that have been practically unknown in athletics, makes a very striking illustration of the development that has been brought about in college athletics in the last year or two; but while it is very gratifying to know that these universities are building up, it is no reason why they should attempt to publish the fact by sending a large number of men to this annual contest who have no chance whatever of even winning a heat.

MEN SHOULD NOT BE ENTERED in these games unless they are in championship form, and the one way to decide that is for the Intercollegiate Athletic Association to fix a standard, and to prescribe that no entries be received unless they have reached that standard. An arrangement of this sort would give athletics at the different colleges a greater impetus than at present, for the reason that with a fixed standard it would be necessary every spring to decide on worthy representatives for the Intercollegiate championships, and this would excite competition, and the result would be 10 or 12 men chosen, instead of 40 or 50. Managers of athletic games never seem to grasp the true secret of making an afternoon's sport successful. It is summed up in the word "despatch," and the only association that apparently appreciates it is the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association. Although the individual performance of their entries are not brilliant, the games held in the armory annually are the most interesting of the winter season, simply because the programme is carried out promptly, and without vexatious delay. The college championships for the last couple of years have dragged on till 7.30, or even as late as eight o'clock in the evening, and it wears people out; 75 per cent. of the spectators who attend athletic games are interested more in the individuals than they are in the general performance, and it bores them to a degree to sit through the usually long-drawn-out programme. There is no reason whatever why these championships could not be over by five o'clock, but the only way to attain such a result is to confine the entries to men who have license to compete, and not take up time with endless trial heats between men who are not even good second class.

Another matter that should have the consideration not only of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, but of every college association that holds games, is the costume of the entries. Last year there were seen some very queer conceits from the smaller colleges, such as star-spangled trunks with tights, and the less gaudy home-manufactured articles. Under-shirts, and trousers cut short at the knee, may be *de rigueur* in games "up country," but they are decidedly out of place in the Intercollegiate championships.

Still another point for action is the wearing of club emblems by athletes in strictly college meetings. The club emblem and the college colors do not harmonize at such times.

BEARING IN MIND THE NUMBER OF WINNERS both Harvard and Yale have lost since last year, a casual glance over the entries suggests that this is Yale's year to win the cup; but a careful going over of each event and the most likely winners does not bear out the first impression. Last year Harvard scored 48 points; Yale, 38; Columbia, 14; and Princeton, 10. This year it looks as though from five to eight points would again separate Harvard and Yale, with Harvard still in the lead, Princeton third, University of Pennsylvania fourth, and Columbia last. With the large number of entries and the quantities of unknown men coming from the smaller colleges, it would be strange indeed if some one of them does not spring a surprise and make an upset in the calculations; and there is so little difference between Harvard and Yale that it would not take very much to change the complexion of the result.

IN DISCUSSING THE PROBABLE WINNERS in these events, it should be borne in mind that only an athlete's public performance can be taken as a basis, and every championship has shown that the consistent performers are in the minority. If Swain of Princeton is in condition this year, he should win the 100 yards; he has made faster time than any other of the entries, but he has not been in very good shape all the spring. Assuming, however, that he is in form, he should secure five points for Princeton, and Harding of Columbia, if he runs, should take second. Ramsdell of the U. of P. will be a disturbing factor in general calculations if he runs, as he is likely to do, in this event. He has done .10⅘, and in the 220, .22⅘. It is possible he may reserve himself entirely for the broad jump, but not probable, and should he happen to be in prime condition he will come very near taking the 100. Both Swain and Harding will have to be at their best to lead him, and if they do not, the points he secures will very likely put Pennsylvania ahead of Princeton in the final score. This will be an uncertain event, for between Swain, Harding, and Ramsdell there is little to choose—though they should, in form, finish in order named. If Harding does not run in the sprints, and confines himself to the hurdles, Harvard, with Lefurgey, should get third. Richards has shown that he is very strong for 100, and with such a well-known trainer for sprinters as Murphy it is not improbable that he may show up on the 27th much faster than he has heretofore, and secure unlooked-for points for Yale. Cornell has Craft, who finished third last year to Yale's two great sprinters, Swayne and Allen; but his chance of scoring depends on the form of the others. The condition of Swain in this event will change the points considerably. Princeton has another likely man, F. W. Allen, who has done .9⅘ from the 5-yard mark, and U. of P. has Buckholtz, .10⅘; and Cornell, Belknap, .10⅘.

IN THE 220 MERRILL HAS SHOWN FORM that entitles him to be placed first. He has done 22⅘ sec., and he is a very strong runner and a consistent performer. He is a man who can always be relied on. He has done faster work than Swain or Ramsdell in this event, and he ought to beat them, though Swain should take second place, and Ramsdell, and Richards of Yale, will fight out third, unless Thompson of Harvard should run, and in that case Harvard might get an extra point. If Swain is not in good condition in this, Richards will be sure to beat him out, but, by all rights, the Princeton man should get second. Ramsdell will hardly risk hurting his broad jump by running two hard heats in this. He will probably confine his sprinting to the 100. With Merrill, Bingham, and Pinkham, Harvard ought to get seven points in the 440. Yale has Bennett and Chubb, and Princeton has Brokaw. Turner of Princeton may run in this event, as he did last year, but he will make a very great mistake if he does, for it is doubtful if he could win it, and, in any event, it will be a hard, killing race that would jeopard his chances in the half-mile. The U. of P. has Freeman, but he has not shown form equal to these others, and Cornell has Shaw, who has done 51⅘ sec., and it is not improbable that he, together with Brokaw of Princeton, will make a race for the third place. If Merrill and Bingham run as they did in the Harvard-Yale games they should finish one, two. Charlie Brewer, of Harvard, must be taken into consideration, if he competes. Whether he will be put in the 220 or the 440 only trainer Lathrop knows, but it may be safely asserted that in whatever event he does run he will be a dangerous man, though he has been laid up this spring.

Turner of Princeton, unless some unforeseen accident happens, should certainly win the half-mile—he has been invincible ever since Walter Dohm retired—and Corbin of Harvard should take second. He secured that place last year to Turner, when the former did 1.59⅘, and the latter has beaten that time by two-fifths of a second this season so far. Scoville of Yale will be kept busy in getting third place, as Lakin and Hubbell of Harvard are about as good as he, and Cornell has Rulison, who has done 2.04⅘. Lakin's time is about the same, and Scoville's is a couple of seconds slower. U. of P. has Kelsey and Large, 2.04 and 2.05 respectively. Columbia had a promising novice last year in Kingsley, but this company is too fast for him.

YALE WILL TAKE FIVE POINTS IN THE MILE run with Morgan, and Harvard will probably take the other three with Fenton and Blake. Princeton has Caton, who has done 4.31⅘ from the 110-yard mark, and Columbia has Whitney, who is hardly strong enough to hold the first three men. He has been doing some half-mile work this year, but if he goes into that event he will be outclassed. He is not a strong man, and not able to stand the pace the others would set.

The walk is a sure thing for Borcherling of Princeton, who has a record of 6.52⅘, and Endicott of Harvard and Wight of Yale will fight out the second place, with the chances in favor of the former. If Endicott is as strong as he was at the Harvard-Yale games, he should surely win two points for his college (though Wight recently did a quarter in 1.36), while Bardeen of Harvard and Ottley of Princeton will keep the Yale man moving to hold the third place. Bardeen won third last year, and Ottley has improved until he is good for about 7.05 or 7.06.

Columbia will probably reserve Harding for both hurdles. If he is in any kind of form he ought to win the 120. He secured that event last year in 16 seconds. Lyman of Yale and Shead of Harvard will fight out the second place, and the Yale man should be the favorite, as he is stronger and in better condition. Cornell has Whittemore, who has done 16⅘ seconds, and he will make a hard fight for third.

In the low hurdles Harding should also get first, since he ran second to Fearing last year in 25⅘ seconds. His most dangerous rival will be Garcelon of Harvard, who has shown great ability in negotiating the sticks, and has a record of 26⅘ seconds. Eaton of Yale has been sick, but if he is in condition he will be apt to make a very strong fight for the second place. If he does run it will be a very close thing between him and Garcelon, and if he does not, Yale will have Van Ingen for third place.

THE BICYCLE IS A VERY UNCERTAIN EVENT, and is likely to make a material upset in calculations. The Harvard-Yale games showed that Harvard's old men, Pratt and Davis, were not invincible, for Glenny and Parmelee both crossed the line before them in 5.48⅘. Since then Osgood of the U. of P. has ridden the distance in 5.28, while Coates has done 5.36. The unexpected generally happens in this race, a collision letting in some man who had not been considered at all. If everything goes well, however, Osgood ought to win, with one of the Yale men second, and the rest of them fighting for the other point. Princeton has Grandin, but he has not shown form equal to the others.

The high jump seems to belong to the U. of P. with Leslie, who has cleared 6 ft. 1 in.; and Sheldon of Yale should win the second place, for he has done better than any of the others. Fearing of Harvard will probably not compete; he showed recently that training on the crew does make great difference in his form. Harvard's best man will be Sherwin, who, although recently laid up with an injured knee, ought to be able to take third place if he does not take second. None of the other colleges seem to have any men of note in this event.

IN THE BROAD JUMP there is going to be a great contest between Ramsdell of the U. of P. and Bloss of Harvard. The former has done 22 ft. 6 in., and Bloss did 22 ft. 4 in. recently. Sheldon of Yale did 22 ft. 2 in. the other day. Buckholtz, U. of P., has done 21 ft. 5 in., and Rubenack, also of U. of P., 21 ft. Shead of Harvard will hardly be able to win a place in this if he runs in the hurdles; he is not strong enough. Ramsdell should win, with Bloss second, but both men are very uncertain performers, especially the latter, and it would not be at all surprising if Sheldon, who is more consistent, should carry off the event. This state of affairs would also change the result of the total score. In fact, all the possible changes in results seem to be in favor of Yale, and if the blue should have good luck in these upsets, it would not take very many of them to make up the difference that exists now on paper.

The pole vault also seems to belong to the U. of P., as Buckholtz has a record of 11 ft., and has been doing 10 ft. 6 in. without any difficulty. Cartwright of Yale did 10 ft. 6 in. at the Harvard-Yale games, and is certainly good for second, if not first, since he failed at 11 ft. by only a narrow margin. Wheelwright of Harvard did 10 ft. 3 in., and Sherwin has done better than that; but it is not likely that he will do so well this year with an injured knee, if he competes at all. On public form, Pennsylvania should win this event, but it is such an uncertain game that their position is by no means safe.

FIRST IN THE HAMMER SHOULD GO TO YALE, with Hickok, and Hall of Princeton, who has thrown near 100 feet, ought to take second; but he will have to throw up to his best figures in order to do so, for Cross of Yale is said to have recently done 100 feet, Taylor of Princeton is credited with doing 90 feet, and Acton of Harvard is said to be good for about 88, and Knipe, U. of P., 89 feet.

In the shot, if Shea does as well as he has been doing lately, he should make five points for Harvard, and Hickok should take second for Yale, with Hall and Beveridge of Princeton striving for the last place. The Pennsylvania man, Knipe, of football fame, is said to have done 40 feet, and is, therefore, a dangerous rival in this event. If he should happen to win first place it would make a very serious change in Harvard's points, but if Shea is out of shape, and Hickok should win, it would be equally as bad for the crimson.

It looks as if Pennsylvania was going to be a disturbing element in scores. On public form they should get fourth with about 15 points, but if their entries do all that is expected of them, they are likely not only to go ahead of Princeton, but put Yale ahead of Harvard. The sprints will cut a prominent figure in the general results, and the U. of P. men will be closely watched.

FOLLOWING THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIPS will come the Decoration day games of the New Jersey Athletic Club, which promise good sport, judging from the quality of entries and the special features on the programme.

The N. J. A. C. occupies an unique position in this vicinity. Without furnishing its athletes with board, washing, and lodging, as have some of its larger rivals, it has nevertheless not only retained its members, but increased. Some of the present champions were developed on its grounds, and subsequently fell victims to the tempting lure of other clubs with larger bank accounts and less sportsmanship, but the N. J. A. C. has continued to thrive just the same. Its games are always interesting, and it has one of the most picturesquely located athletic fields in the country. The particularly good feature of the coming Carnival of Sports is a relay mile race between teams of four (each man to run a quarter) from Princeton, Harvard, and Yale. Aside from this, champion high-jumper Sweeney is going to attempt to break his own, the world's record.

THE AMERICAN HUNT AND PONY RACING ASSOCIATION opened its racing season at Washington on May 11th under most favorable circumstances. The weather was all that could be desired, the track in perfect condition, and the entries numerous in all the races. Over thirty stables were represented, and the class of horses a decided advance on those seen heretofore. A three days' meeting, with six races each day, a year or two ago would have been considered an impossibility, and the fact that this one was a success shows distinctly that the A. H. & P. R. A. has passed from the list of ventures on to that of established prosperity. There was little to criticise save the scratching, and of this there was too much entirely, particularly on the first day, when every one seemed waiting for a soft place in the handicaps to follow. The delay at the post was slight, and the jockeys, both amateur and professional, got out on much better time than usual. The starter, Colonel Sherlock Swan, gave great satisfaction, and he is a decided addition to the strength of the association.

The handicapping was also fairly satisfactory, and many of the finishes close and exciting. As the number of dates claimed this year insures almost continuous racing, the association was fortunate in having its opening meeting in every way a model one, and if the committee will insist on the standard being kept up, they may rest assured the sport they represent will rapidly advance in popular favor.

THE MAN WHOM CAPTAIN IVES would like to see in New Haven just at present is Al Cowles, and for the reason that he is as clever as any of Yale's coaches on the subject of rigging. It is becoming a question of very careful rigging to get Messler and Van Huyck where they can get their power on with the rest, and at a physical advantage. Cowles can do this if any man can, and meantime Hartwell is giving them the best coaching a Yale crew has had for years. Under his steady hammering the old faults have become less noticeable. The oars on the port side are now well together, save that of No. 6, which is still higher off the water than any other oar in the boat. The men swing together better and have the recover under control, but seem to be turning the blades under water at the finish instead of lifting them out before turning. Cook has been up again, and is evidently taking plenty of interest in this year's men, which speaks well for their chances. Meantime, any one who picks up the Freshmen crew for "chumps" is likely to make a mistake. They are big fellows, it is true, but not hulking nor clumsy as such men are apt to be, and Captain Cross will have some good ones with him.

CHANGES IN THE HARVARD NINE have been necessitated by Hovey's retirement. Captain Frothingham has moved into his old position at second, and he will fill it creditably, though probably not cover so much ground as Hovey. This leaves right-field open, which Upton and Mason, with catcher's position, will likely take between them. Mason led the team in batting last year, and Upton has been doing wonderful work with the stick this year. It was his home-run in the eighth inning that made a tie out of defeat in the last Brown game. The batting of either will place him ahead of Corbett for right field. Abbott has been put on third and Cook in left. Abbott is doing well, and if he continues, the change will be permanent, in which case Cook will have to do better than he has so far to get left-field, as either Browne, Hayes, or Winslow, of the Freshman team, all of whom have been batting heavily, could fill the place creditably. Colonel Sam Winslow coached the team a few days last week in batting, the principles of which he has made a study, and the benefit is expected to be seen in Harvard's next game.

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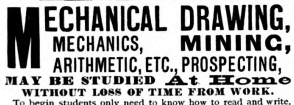
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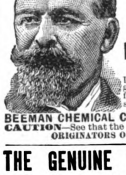


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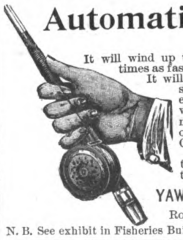
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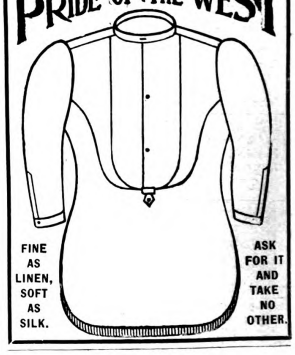
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THE SILVER QUESTION. By Congressman John De Witt Warner, of New York. In this Number.

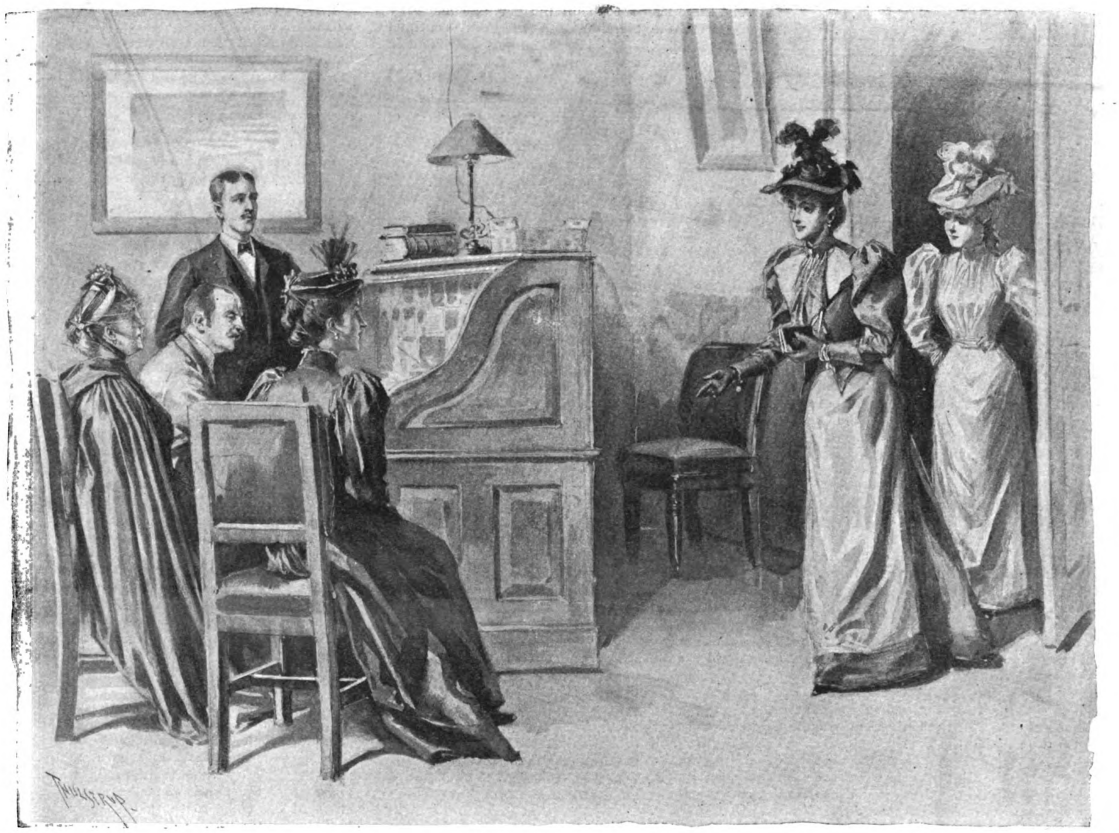
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.



INTRODUCTION.

BETWEEN the former site of old Fort Dearborn and the present site of our newest Board of Trade there lies a restricted yet tumultuous territory through which, during the course of the last fifty years, the rushing streams of commerce have worn many a deep and rugged chasm. These great cañons—conduits, in fact, for the leaping volume of an ever-increasing prosperity—cross each other with a sort of systematic rectangularity, and in deference to the practical directness of local requirements they are in general called simply—streets. Each of these cañons is closed in by a long frontage of towering cliffs, and these soaring walls of brick and limestone and granite rise higher and higher with each succeeding year, according as the work of erosion at their bases goes onward—the work of that seething flood of carts, carriages, omnibuses, cabs, cars, messengers, shoppers, clerks, and capitalists, which surges with increasing violence for every passing day. This erosion, proceeding with a sort of fateful regularity, has come to be a matter of constant and growing interest. Means have been found to measure its progress—just as a scale has been arranged to measure the rising of the Nile or to gauge the draught of an ocean liner. In this case the unit of measurement is called the "story." Ten years ago the most rushing and irrepressible of the torrents which devastate Chicago had not worn its bed to a greater depth than that indicated by seven of these "stories." This depth has since increased to eight—to ten—to fourteen—to sixteen, until some of the leading avenues of activity promise soon to become little more than mere obscure trails half lost between the bases of perpendicular precipices.

High above this architectural upheaval rise yet other structures in craglike isolation. El Capitan is duplicated time and again both in bulk and in stature, and around him the floating spray of the Bridal Veil is woven by the breezes of lake and prairie from the warp of soot-flakes and the woof of damp-drenched smoke.

The explorer who has climbed to the shoulder of one of these great captains and has found one of the thinnest folds in the veil may readily make out the nature of the surrounding country. The rugged and erratic plateau of the Bad Lands lies before him in all its hideousness and impracticability. It is a wild tract full of sudden falls, unexpected rises, precipitous dislocations. The high and the low are met together. The big and the little alternate in a rapid and illogical succession. Its perilous trails are followed successfully by but few—by a lineman, perhaps, who is balanced on a cornice, by a roofer astride some dizzy gable, by a youth here and there whose early apprehension of the main chance and the multiplication table has stood him in good stead. This country is a treeless country—if we overlook the "forest of chimneys" comprised in a bird's-eye view of any great city, and if we are unable to detect any botanical analogies in the lofty articulated iron funnels whose ramifying cables reach out wherever they can, to fasten wherever they may. It is a shrubless country—if we give no heed to the gnarled carpentry of the awkward frame-works which carry the telegraph, and which are set askew on such dizzy corners as the course of the wires may compel. It is an arid country—if we overlook the numberless tanks that squat on the high angles of alley walls, or if we fail to see the little pools of tar and gravel that ooze and shimmer in the summer sun on the roofs of old-fashioned buildings of the humbler sort. It is an airless country—if by air we mean the mere combination of oxygen and nitrogen which is commonly indicated by that name. For here the medium of sight, sound, light, and life becomes largely carbonaceous, and the remoter peaks of this mighty yet unprepossessing landscape loom up grandly, but vaguely, through swathing mists of coal smoke.

From such conditions as these—along with the Tacoma, the Monadnock, and a great host of other modern monsters—towers the Clifton. From the beer-hall in its basement to the barber-shop just under its roof the Clifton stands full eighteen stories tall. Its hundreds of windows glitter with multitudinous letterings in gold and in silver, and on summer afternoons its awnings flutter score on score in the tepid breezes that sometimes come up from Indiana. Four ladderlike constructions which rise skyward stage by stage promote the agility of the clambering hordes that swarm within it, and ten elevators—devices unknown to the real aboriginal inhabitants—ameliorate the daily cliff-climbing for the frail of physique and the pressed for time.

The tribe inhabiting the Clifton is large and rather heterogeneous. All told, it numbers about four thousand souls. It includes bankers, capitalists, lawyers, "promoters"; brokers in bonds, stocks, pork, oil, mortgages; real-estate people and railroad people and insurance people—life, fire, marine, accident; a host of principals, agents, middlemen, clerks, cashiers, stenographers, and errand-boys; and the necessary force of engineers, janitors, scrub-women, and elevator hands.

All these thousands gather daily around their own great camp-fire. This fire heats the four big boilers under the pavement of the court which lies just behind, and it sends aloft a vast plume of smoke to mingle with those of other like communities that are settled round about. These same thousands may also gather—in instalments—at their tribal

(*Continued on page 527.*)

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THE GEARY LAW.

IF the Congress of the United States had taxed its whole ingenuity to devise an act of legislation for the very purpose of exposing the American people to the contempt and ridicule of all civilized mankind it could hardly have succeeded better than by the enactment of the law providing that all the Chinese living in this country should have themselves registered with certain government officials, and that those who failed to do so by a certain day should first be put into prison and then shipped back to China. This act presents a most striking combination of depravity of heart and of feebleness of mind. Nothing can be more brutal in purpose, and it is at the same time so foolishly planned as to be incapable of practical execution. The idea of imprisoning and forcibly deporting a hundred thousand Chinese for no other crime than that of simply being Chinese is inhuman and barbarous enough to drive the blush of shame upon the cheek of every American who has the good name of his country at heart. And to enact such a law without considering what it means to imprison and to carry across the Pacific Ocean a hundred thousand persons—for the contingency of general disobedience on the part of the Chinese to the mandate of registration had to be kept in view and provided for—was worthy only of a set of brainless boys playing at legislation. But this is what the Congress of the United States has done, and what President HARRISON approved with his signature. That the Supreme Court has decided the act to be constitutional does not make it more moral in its character or less silly in its provisions. Nor does it reflect upon the Supreme Court, for Congress may do a great many atrocious and foolish things which the Supreme Court, according to correct principles, will be bound to recognize as being within the limits of the constitutional powers of the national legislature.

The agencies which brought forth this law are known to every well-informed man. It stands as one of the most striking triumphs of brazen demagogy in the history of our days. It was pretended that the people of the Pacific States were almost without exception hotly intent upon the removal of the Chinese from this country. A Presidential election was impending. The representatives of the two great political parties in Congress thought it "good politics" to outbid one another for the votes of the Pacific States. The more extreme an anti-Chinese measure was proposed by one side, the more necessary it seemed to the other to adopt it. In their mad race for partisan advantage Republicans and Democrats tumbled over each other, and the GEARY law was the outcome. Now that the Presidential election is behind us, we are confronted by the consequences of the reckless competition for votes. Not only does the wickedness as well as the folly of the thing done come home to us, but we also become aware of the fact that the thing was done on a false pretence. It is not true that the people of the Pacific coast are unanimously in favor of the expulsion of the Chinese, nor even in a measure approaching unanimity. If they were they would not need a law to drive out the Chinamen. The Chinese in America do not live on one another, but on the white people. It is to the white people that they sell their wares if they are merchants or manufacturers, or their labor if they are laborers. If the white people wish to get rid of the Chinese, all they have to do is no longer to buy from them nor to employ them—in other words, to make it utterly unprofitable to them to be here. Then the Chinese will make haste to get away without any other measure of compulsion. But so long as the white people of the Pacific coast continue to buy from the Chinese, and to employ them as laborers, and thus to offer them an inducement for staying in this country, it must not be pretended that public sentiment there is overwhelmingly against the presence of the Chinese, and they must not ask for the exertion of the national power to expel them. Such a demand is, under the circumstances, a barefaced imposition.

The truth is that the anti-Chinese movement on the Pacific coast has been artificially worked up by the most reckless among the labor agitators, and that, as has frequently been the case also in other parts of the country, the politician, too cowardly to resist the current, took up the cry, and made it appear as the expression of a universal sentiment. That the infusion of a large Mongolian element into the population of this country would not be a desirable thing may be generally admitted. But there never has been any real danger of this. The number of Chinese among us has always been small, and it is a well-known fact that a very large majority of them, after a few years sojourn here, return to their native country, while only an infinitesimal proportion settle down permanently on American soil and become fathers of families. It is true that on the Pacific coast they congregate in sufficient numbers to make perceptible what disagreeable qualities they have. But it is also in the development of the Pacific coast that Chinese labor has made itself especially useful, and it will be universally admitted that without it the Pacific States would not have become what they are. And if the Chinese disappeared to-day it would probably be found extremely difficult to fill their place in the working force of that region, and a pro-Chinese reaction would not be an impossible thing. At any rate, they have not brought any distempers or dangers upon American society, nor do they threaten to bring any, that would require violent remedies or preventives. Such an act of barbarism as the GEARY law is therefore, looked at from whatever point of view, without the slightest excuse.

It may be taken as a favor of fortune that the statesmen who framed the GEARY law and put it through Congress forgot to attach to it an appropriation of money, making its execution possible. They have thus relieved the President of the duty of doing what he would have had to do had the necessary means been given him. The incarceration and deportation of a hundred thousand Chinese would require the expenditure of millions, while not a dollar has been appropriated for the purpose, and as the Constitution does not permit the President to draw money from the Treasury "but in consequence of appropriations made by law," he can use no public funds for the enforcement of the GEARY law, for which no appropriation has been made. The demagogues may fume and threaten, but they cannot compel the President to violate a fundamental law of our constitutional government for the purpose of executing a legislative act the execution of which was not provided for. Thus we may at least escape the disgrace of seeing practically consummated by executive act, in the name of the American people, that which the American people are heartily ashamed of; for it is hardly to be assumed that the new Congress will leave the GEARY law on the statute-book, or even vote money for its enforcement in the face of the public sentiment which in the mean time has made itself heard against it, and which, when aroused, speaks in more powerful tones to the politicians in Congress than the orators of the sand lots in San Francisco.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE TREASURY.

FRIDAY, the 5th of May, will be long remembered in Wall Street as one of the days that have brought disaster to speculators and their creditors. On the following day some of the newspapers printed interviews with leading bankers and brokers, and most of those who gave their opinions and their sentiments to the press condemned Secretary CARLISLE for not using his power to prevent a panic. One of them remarked that Mr. CARLISLE did not know his business, his business being that of banking. He was said to be the head of the largest bank in the country.

This view of the Treasury of the United States is not uncommon. Many bankers, representing the most important and most widely known houses in the country, have gone to Washington for the purpose of consulting and advising with Mr. CARLISLE and of urging him to use his resources for the benefit of the money market. They have insisted that it is the duty of the Treasury to play beneficent parent to the banking interests whenever they find themselves in difficulty. This idea is the result of long development and steady growth. It has been fostered by the government itself. Time after time the Treasury has gone to the relief of Wall Street. It has bought in millions of its own bonds at a premium, and it has transferred money from its vaults to the banks for the purpose of "easing" the market. If the bankers regard the Treasury as a reservoir of money for their benefit in time of need, it is because previous administrations have accepted the theory and acted on it until there is abundance of precedent for it.

It is announced that this administration intends to change all this, and to return to the old conception of the Treasury, which is the conception of the law under which the department is organized.

As a simple business proposition there is no soundness in the contention that the Secretary of the Treasury ought to go to the aid of the money market. The Secretary is not the head of a banking institution, and he has none of the varied resources that are possessed by bank presidents. He cannot prevent borrowing by raising his rate of discount, for he does not discount. He cannot lend money without security to crippled institutions. He cannot carry stocks for venturesome speculators who have got beyond their depth, but who may yet be saved by a little timely and immediate help. He is not the guardian of funds which are placed in his hands that he may make profit on them. He is simply the collector and disburser of the public revenues, and what he does is strictly defined by laws which he must obey, and which leave him no discretion.

Nothing can be done by the Treasury for the money market without expense, and the Secretary has no right to use the public moneys in aid of private citizens. When the Treasury bought in its bonds at a premium, the transaction was at the public expense. If bonds should be issued in order that the fears of the money market may be allayed, a debt would be imposed upon the country for the benefit of persons who are engaged in the business of buying securities and loaning money.

The practice of helping the money market has been in operation for so many years that it may be said to have become a Treasury habit. The relations between the Secretary and the bankers have become very intimate. The former has felt it to be his duty to prevent a stringency in the money market, while the latter have held it to be a duty they owe to the government to give to the Secretary whatever advice he requests, and to place at his service the results of their experience and training. The obligations have not been one-sided. The duties have been reciprocal. The evil, however, has been great, and the remedy should be applied as soon as it can be without immediate disastrous results to the business interests of the country.

The evil is the impulse and stimulus that are given by this participation of the Treasury in the business affairs of private citizens to the communistic demands that are constantly made upon the government by individuals and organizations. Like the protective tariff, the habit of easing the money market with the public funds is paternalism, and paternalism in a republic is liable to be communism. The Farmers' Alliance people, who urge that the government shall lend money on wheat and corn, and the silver miners, who say that their product shall be purchased with the public funds, argue that as the government has come to the aid of the manufacturers and the money market, it is only fair that it should help them out of their financial difficulties. There is no limit to the results of the lesson which is taught by the interference of the Treasury in private business, and when the divorce between the two can be safely decreed, the business of the country, including banking, will be on a sounder basis.

Mr. CARLISLE has recognized the existence of the partnership by appealing to the patriotism of the banks, asking them to come to the aid of the Treasury, as they did in the last weeks of Mr. FOLGER'S term, by lending him their gold. There is no doubt that the banks will do all in their power to avert a general panic, but in the mean time the heads of our moneyed institutions must be prepared to see Mr. CARLISLE undertake to carry out his desire that the Treasury shall eventually cease to be a factor in the private businesses of the country. It is wrong that such a partnership as has existed should continue after it can be safely terminated. Bankers have facilities to meet a coming storm and to protect themselves by various devices known to their trade, but the Treasury can be little in the partnership but an almoner, and it cannot be that without avoiding the law. The Treasury collects and disburses the public revenues. That is the sole purpose for which it was created. The exigencies of the war compelled a union with the banks, but that union, besides being one of debtor and creditor, devolves upon the government simply the duty to protect the holders of the currency based on its obligations from loss by the failure of the banks. These are not only the functions prescribed by law, but they are the only functions which can be safely performed by the political power in this country. It is inevitable that the time will come when the notion that the Treasury **is an institution like the** Bank of England will **have to be abandoned.**

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AN APPEAL FOR THE ARMY.

WHERE does the army "come in"? We do not ask this somewhat abrupt question in a fault-finding spirit, but simply to call attention to the pathos of the present situation. We take it upon ourselves, in short, to speak for several thousand young and ardent army officers scattered about on the girlless plains and among the hopless and flirtless mountains. Is the navy going to continue to be coddled and given all the good things of life as it has been for the past month or so? Is the navy ever to be smothered in summer girls (happy death!), while the army is left practically without a girl to its name? We simply say again, where *does* the army come in?

For the past two or three years or more the navy has, of course, been getting more than its share—indeed, we presume the navy always has—but it is only since the Columbian exercises began that the partiality of fate has become absolutely shameless. Even the idea of having a few companies of the army at the fair has, we believe, been abandoned; but still the navy keeps on in its mad round of pleasure, constantly hugging the shore and the—that is to say, constantly hugging the shore. Of course fragments of the army occasionally get into what we may call the girl latitudes, as at Washington and at some of the few posts near the larger towns and cities, but for the most part the army is kept strictly in the young-womanless zones—in the arid regions so far as girls are concerned, country which needs to be irrigated with girls, where great ditches ought to be cut which would let in floods of girls. If any one thinks that the capacity of the army for the full enjoyment of girls is not every whit as great as that of the navy he simply shows his ignorance of the subject. Look at the army before it leaves West Point! Here it has some sort of chance, and to say that it does not embrace every opportunity and—that is, we mean, for any one to say that it does not show in every way that it is as worthy of girls as is the navy is to talk utter foolishness. In a few days another section of the army will graduate at West Point amid battalions—ay, regiments—of the best kind of girls; and then the poor fellows will be sent out to Fort Prairieblast, or some such place, five hundred girlless miles from nowhere, on a girl-famine-stricken plain where a naval officer would resign in a week.

There is a popular belief that the navy takes long cruises on the billowy deep, where, from the nature of things, girls must be as scarce or scarcer than on the most arid plain. This, we say, is the popular notion, but observing young army officers have noticed that with the improvements in naval architecture these voyages are made with constantly increasing quickness, and that the sly marine dogs always steer straight from one girl-crowded port to another. They may voyage entirely around the world, but this simply means rapid flitting from port to port, and a pleasing variety in girls. The idea that many of these foreign girls are not nearly or quite up to the standard of the home variety is a mistake. And when these crafty salt-water fellows sight a summer hotel anywhere in the four quarters of the globe, the observing army officers notice that they always steer up to it, drop all their anchors, and make long repairs on their engines. It is firmly believed in army circles that if our Indians had a good lively navy to keep our maritime forces busy, there would be fewer serious accidents to war-ship machinery in the neighborhood of summer-resort hotels. Or if our Indians could be done away with—abolished by act of Congress, perhaps, or declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, maybe, and the army quartered around in the vicinity of the summer resorts, life for it would be pleasanter. Or if summer-hotel people could be induced to build near the forts instead of in the neighborhood of navy-yards and coaling-stations and such places, as they always do, that would also make army life more worth the living.

We suspect that the government will not pay much attention to the suggestion, but we feel quite sure that there is a general willingness in the army, especially among the younger portions of it, in whom the mellow memories of West Point have not altogether died out, that some such arrangement as this be made: Let fifteen or twenty tons of colored picture-books be sent out and carefully distributed among the Indians. Then, while they amuse themselves with these, let the army be withdrawn for three months and stationed near Newport, let us say, or in the neighborhood of Saratoga, for instance; or perhaps it might be well to allow it to stay a few weeks around Old Point Comfort, and then gradually move it along up the coast as the season advances. This, it is believed by some, would no more than even up matters with those salt-water picnickers. Marry, come now; is not the uniform of the army as gorgeous as that of the navy? Doth not the army suffer as much danger? Hath it not as proud memories and as glorious associations? Is it not in all ways, then, as fitted to rend in twain the feminine heart? Ay, that it is. The navy is getting more than its share. Give the army a chance.

ROYALTY IN WASHINGTON.

SOCIETY at Washington has been suffering in strenuous circumstances. Too much royalty and imperialism have been precipitated upon it. It has been obliged to pull itself together and to think. It has been called upon to consider the deeper ethics of etiquette, and to arrange for itself and, unasked, for the President, the manners which plain republicans should observe toward royalty and its representatives. It was a hard struggle for Washington society, especially in view of the fact that it is much more accustomed to guess than to consult the authorities. Indeed, so far as the outside world is concerned, in all this stress and storm period no one consulted precedent except Mr. CLEVELAND, and he consulted and obeyed one that he had made himself.

The nation and its capital have been invaded by royalty. As a precursor, a herald, an envoy, what you will, came the Duke of Veragua. He is a respectable Spanish grandee, bearing a title won for him about four hundred years ago by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. He is an Admiral-General by grace of descent. He does not command ships, nor does the Spanish Kingdom expect him to defend her on the high seas. He raises bulls, and bulls of such excellent breed that the attractions of a bull-fight are greatly enhanced if the advertisements announce that the Duke of Veragua's bulls are to participate. Such is the difference between ancestor and descendant; such the distinction between title and actual occupation.

When the Duke of Veragua was received at the White House, Washington society was hurt in the innermost recesses of its sense of propriety. A woman of diligent mind watched the *cortége* of the Duke and Duchess, under leadership of Commander DICKINS, depart and return on its visit to the White House. According to her no doubt veracious account only twenty minutes elapsed from the time of leaving the Arlington Hotel until the return thereto. In the meantime the Duke and Duchess had visited the President and MRS. CLEVELAND, and had had the pleasure of seeing them. It is stated on high authority that the Duke's mind had great difficulty in determining whether or not he would clothe himself in his uniform, and make a formal and formidable occasion of his visit. He finally went in his uniform, and Mr. CLEVELAND received him in his uniform—a business suit.

It is useless to disguise the truth. Washington did not like the lack of ceremony, and complained, with what justice we do not know, that the ducal party was not asked to sit down. It has discussed this momentous matter for several weeks without much knowledge and without much judgment. Indeed, Washington did not know the fundamental and essential fact that the Spanish government had particularly requested this government not to receive the Duke of Veragua with marked distinction, but to treat him as a private citizen, especially as the Queen Regent was sending over, as her personal representative, at the invitation of the nation, her sister-in-law, the Infanta EULALIA.

The next turn that the Washington mind received was from the visit of the Grand-Duke ALEXANDER of Russia. What should the leaders do with his Imperial High Mightiness? A Duke was bad enough, but here was a Grand-Duke. The President settled matters very easily for himself by not having anything to do with this visitor, who came unaccredited, and was evidently bent on having a good time. The task of entertaining him was turned over to private citizens, who gallantly came to the rescue of their country in the hour of its social emergency. But there was much suffering behind the arras, while the joy seemed unconfined out in the open. It is reported that for days the women of Washington tortured their minds with the question as to how his Imperial Highness should be greeted. Some were for the courtesy due to royalty in its own palaces. Some were for kissing his noble hand. Some were for a plain American hand-shake; and, to the credit of our American womanhood be it said, the last prevailed.

While the Imperial Highness incident was in progress there came the EULALIA cloud upon the horizon. Society leaders had nothing to do with this except as spectators and critics. This function of criticism is always dear to them, and they exercised it on this occasion long before there was anything to criticise. They assumed that the President intended to be a boor, and so infected the peculiarly Spanish mind of the Spanish Minister that he made the mistake of asking Secretary GRESHAM what the President was going to do, to which the Secretary, with the inborn dignity of an American gentleman, responded in substance that the Spanish government must assume that the President would not be rude to a lady and a guest of the nation. First, society insisted that the President should meet the Infanta in the harbor of New York, then, that he should meet her at the railroad station in Washington, and finally, that he should return her call in person. He did neither, and yet the Infanta seems to be pleased with her reception, notwithstanding society's prognostications of ill.

Some day society in Washington and elsewhere will wake up to the fact that rules of etiquette are the local or national means for expressing good manners, and that good manners are universal. All that the sticklers for etiquette understand are the rules. They who have the inward spirit of good manners may know the rules or they may not; but they who know the rules and also possess the spirit are satisfied with what is genuine, whether it is or is not expressed according to their particular code.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE latest number of the *National Review* of London contains an amusing collection of brief articles under the title of "The Tory Press and the Tory Party." It comprises "A Complaint" by Fitzroy Gardner, and "An Answer" by the editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, the *National Observer*, and the *St. James Gazette*. The complaint is, in brief, that the Tory papers are not sufficiently "up to date"; by which Mr. Gardner means that their style is dull, that their news is not amusingly presented, that they do not have cartoons of a taking order, and generally do not attract those readers who do not agree with their politics. The answer is, in substance, that if the Tory press cannot attract the attention of the readers of the other party except at this price, its managers are willing to go without it. It hardly seems necessary to get up a "symposium" to establish facts thoroughly known on both sides. There is no making a cast-iron rule for the conduct of newspapers, and especially of political newspapers. Each of these will correspond to the general tone of its party until the party changes tone. A Tory paper on the lines suggested by Mr. Gardner would simply be an illustrated daily edition of "Randy" Churchill. That may be the Toryism of the future. Lord Randolph clearly thinks that it is to be, though it smacks strongly of plagiarism on Disraeli. But it is not the Toryism of to-day. Mr. Gardner forgets that though evolution involves change, change away from the lines of evolution leads nowhere.

The old Yankee phrase has it that there are "deacons and deacons," so there are various types of the species ambassador. Mr. Richard Harding Davis holds a commission that is clearly honorable and honored. He has just completed his series of visits to the countries lying on the shores of the Mediterranean, having had audiences with the rulers thereof, and obtained numerous and valuable privileges in the prosecution of his mission. His journey was closed at Constantinople, where he was decorated by the Sultan with the Cross of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie, which, we venture modestly but firmly to suggest, was never more worthily bestowed. The first of the series of Mr. Davis's despatches was laid before the considerable body in whose behalf he holds his commission in the WEEKLY of May 20th, under the title of "The Rock of Gibraltar." The few who have not read it are the only ones of his highly respectable constituency who can be unaware of the admirable manner in which he has performed the task accepted by him.

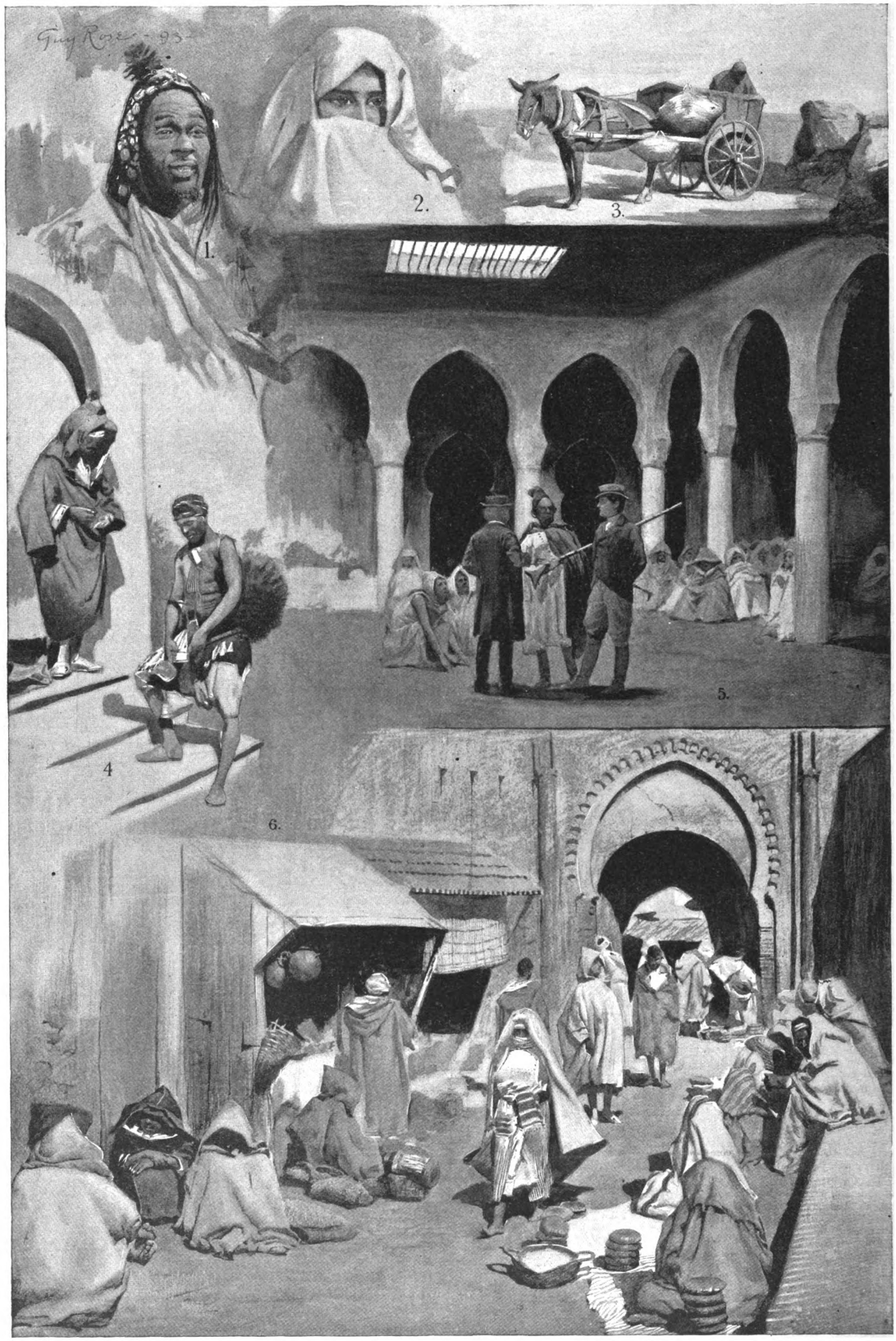
There is a complicated suggestiveness in the story of an American consul in Edinburgh, bearing the historic name of Wallace Bruce, raising a subscription for a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the war for liberty. Such a monument is to stand in Calton Hill Cemetery, on a lot set apart by the Town Council of Edinburgh. The design is by Mr. George E. Bissell, himself a veteran of the war, and is to consist of a life-size statue of Lincoln surmounting a base decorated with the flags of the two countries, with a freed slave raising his hand toward the great emancipator. The subject is well chosen. In August next Mr. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration at the dedication of the monument, and, as all good Americans know, will do it worthily. The Scottish-American soldiers were among the bravest and best, and deserved the quaint and earnest tribute paid to them by General Grant when presented with the freedom of the city where this monument is to stand. It is these memories common to the two peoples that knit the closest and most lasting ties.

Justice Cullen, of Brooklyn, has added another to his many claims on the respect and gratitude of the people, not only of that city, but of the State. In granting a permanent injunction against the construction of a street railway, he took the ground that the aldermen, in giving the franchise for nothing when a considerable sum had been offered by another company, were guilty of wasting the property of the city. It happens—though of this the court could not take cognizance—that the company thus favored was made up of politicians of the dominant party, and was to all intents a ring concern. The judge's decision is therefore directly in restraint of the system of public plunder from which Brooklyn has suffered, and by which it has literally been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Judge Cullen will be remembered as having given the most searching and courageous decision in the famous—and infamous—Maynard case. It is the crying shame of Governor Flower's administration that with such judges on the Supreme Court bench, he degraded the Court of Appeals by the appointment of Maynard.

Some of our foreign friends are inclined to make light of the women's share in the great Chicago enterprise. They say that much of the "work"—literary, oratorical, artistic, what not—has been, not to put too fine a point upon it, and to use a phrase that the women ought to understand, taken from the oven a little too soon, and that the participants would have done better to wait until they had something more worth showing. Doubtless there is ground for this kind of criticism, but the pebbles seem to us to be thrown from glass houses. The exhibits, personal and other, made by the stronger sex can hardly be said to be monotonously perfect after their kind. We have a painful consciousness that a large, a very large, proportion of the speech and writing of males on the subject of the World's Fair might have been better baked. Some of it might have been reduced to ashes with advantage. And there is another side to the question. It is not to be denied that there is excellent work by women at Chicago—artists, decorators, architects, writers, to say nothing of less pretentious exhibitors. It is our judgment that competition among the women, were a high level is attained by some, will tend strongly, directly, and permanently to raise the level of the others. Not of all, of course. There are women of impregnable vanity and hopeless stupidity, as there are men similarly afflicted. But wherever a woman of sincere purpose, wishing to do the best, and ready to work for it, sees other women's achievements of a worthy sort, she receives a definite impulse, an inspiration, and with these guidance and help. The result, despite any failures or errors, is good, and sensible men as well as sensible women will rejoice in it.

The gentlemen seeking to extend the organization of Good Government Clubs in the city of New York have issued a plain and succinct statement of their principles and purposes. The general aim is a series of social clubs, each at a convenient point of the territory it is intended to cover, within which it is meant to gather as many as possible of those who desire good city government, and are ready to work for it if some practicable methods are open to them. The clubs will first direct their energies to four cardinal objects: 1, Honest and unblassed primaries; 2, Ballot reform; 3, Separate municipal elections; 4, Home-rule. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages of any of these things. Any one who has given attention to the work that is to be done will understand that while they will not in themselves accomplish all that work, they are indispensable to its accomplishment. The last two are the most important and the most urgent, because they must be secured through the Constitutional Convention which will be chosen in November. There will not be another opportunity in twenty years, and the Good Government Clubs will aim directly to secure delegates in this convention. The City Club and Good Government Club Association, with a club-house at Lexington Avenue and 58th Street, are already organized. Others are in process of organization in the 23d, 11th, 12th, 10th, and 14th Assembly districts. Persons wishing to associate themselves with organizations of this sort may send their names with address to any one of the following secretaries: Edmond Kelly, 120 Broadway, Secretary Club A, Territory N.E. of 7th Avenue and 40th Street; Henry R. Kunhardt, Jun., 32 Beaver Street, Secretary Club B, Territory N.W. of 7th Avenue and 40th Street; Charles Taber, 26 Exchange Place, Secretary Club D, Territory S.W. of 4th Avenue and 40th Street; C. M. Perry, 111 East 18th Street, Secretary Club E, Territory S.E. of 4th Avenue and 40th Street.

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SKETCHES IN TANGIER.—Drawn by Guy Rose after Photographs.—[See Page 522.]

1. A Street Dancer. 2. A Woman of Tangier—showing how they hide the Face. 3. Sanitary Outfit in Tangier dumping Refuse over the Wall: this is the only Cart in Tangier. 4. Water-Vender at the Door of a Private House. 5. In the Prison. 6. Bread-Merchants at the Gate.

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THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY THE HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER, OF NEW YORK.



SUCH is the term by which is commonly designated a congeries of embarrassments now arriving at an acute stage.

Our Constitution gives Congress the prerogative "to coin money," regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix "the standard of weights and measures."

It is plain that this provides for administrative, as distinguished from general economic or political, functions, and that the intent was to facilitate, not to interfere with, financial transactions. One who claims otherwise is driven to assert that our forefathers contemplated that the Federal government, at the expense of its own citizens or to their damage, to spite some particular foreign nation, might legitimately invite or repel foreign coins by over or under valuation, or that it should not only fix and preserve correct standards of weights and measures, but, in the attempt to encourage wholesale or retail trade, as the case might be, might arbitrarily fix false proportions between the several measures of quantity or weight. It is clear, not merely from what our Constitution omits—which, unfortunately, our Supreme Court might feel at liberty to supply—but from what it says, which no tribunal has yet ventured to contradict, that no such powers were contemplated. That the power given is one which with its exercise carries its sanction, may—as we have seen to our sorrow—render it uncontrollable by our courts. But this very fact should make a scrupulous conservatism in using it as delicate a point of Republican honor as it is of Democratic faith.

The first Secretary of the Treasury recommended, and Congress authorized, coinage of gold and silver at their then commercial relation to each other. The standard adopted had scarcely gone into use when, by change in the relative commercial value of these metals, it involved an overvaluation of silver as compared with gold. The prompt result was to reduce our currency to a silver basis. During the administration of Jackson, in order to remedy this, and also to favor gold production, just developing in the South, our currency was debased by reducing the amount of gold in a gold dollar; so that in our currency gold was overvalued as compared with silver. The result was to drive silver from circulation (except in purposely underweighted subsidiary coin). During the war Congress passed the legal-tender act, by which was arbitrarily confiscated, in attempted aid of government, a varying proportion of the property of the more prudent and trustful of our citizens. In 1873, not as a political or financial but as a purely administrative measure, and in recognition of the status which had then continued for over forty years, our coinage laws were so amended as to omit provision for free coinage of silver. Shortly afterward the market value of gold and silver became so changed that silver became comparatively cheap. Then promptly commenced an effort, engineered by mine-owners, intelligently co-operated in by many who sought a new way to pay old debts, and assisted by others with varying motives or notions, again to debase our currency.

By a series of compromises, each on the constant assumption that it was the business of our government to attend to the business of its citizens instead of leaving them free to manage their own affairs, we have catered to those who thought we wanted more currency and that the government should furnish it, and have compromised with the mining States, which used their inordinate representation in Congress to buy a market for their wares by authorizing ever larger purchases of silver for government account, until now, without even pretended regard to our varying needs, we purchase more than six tons a day. The credit of our government has been good. By the retirement of small bills or other currency our people have been forced to use silver or silver certificates for financial small change, and a forced market has been found for a part of our purchase. But the inevitable is coming. For months our Treasury has been on the brink of a dilemma. It must choose between promptly discrediting the greater part of the money actually in circulation (outside of the Treasury and bank vaults) and temporarily postponing this disgrace by throwing into the breach the funds which we have heretofore held in avowed and honorable trust for the redemption of our greenback currency, which has long since become current throughout the world on mere confidence in our scrupulous good faith.

We have come to the edge of the abyss. We cannot long remain there. Exceptional financial conditions may retard the crisis for a season; others equally probable may accelerate it. We must promptly retrace our steps or take the plunge. Which shall we do? There can be but little doubt. We will renounce the undemocratic principles we have too long followed; we will repudiate the suggestion that government should interfere to debase our currency; and sooner or later we will renounce all duty in the matter beyond certifying to the weight and fineness of such pieces as our people shall find most conveniently shaped and sized, of such metals as they shall generally prefer to use in business transactions. There was once prevalent in our public affairs a theory in accord with which the representative from a mining State was justified in asserting that in return for the subsidies secured by law to manufacturing enterprises in the East, silver-mining should be assisted in finding a market for its product. But that theory has been discarded; and henceforth, though it is probable that silver-mining will always attract fully as many investors as it is to the country's interests that it should do, it will not be favored at the expense of either agriculture, manufactures, or commerce.

The Sherman act must go—not because one section or class demands this, not even because its father has repudiated it, but because it is the pending form of the political heresy of which we are repenting. There will be nothing "done for silver"—except, by coinage or otherwise, to dispose in some way of the government stock—unless in the line of temporary makeshifts that may pacify the less clear-sighted of the silver advocates, but will soon be repudiated even by them.

To this policy, however, there are made objections so strenuous as to attract, if not to deserve, notice.

We are told, for example, that this will discredit silver, and establish us on a gold basis. If any considerable proportion of our citizens are found to believe that the price of gold is increased (or the gold price of commodities decreased) by our legislation, then, in deference to their convictions, and to avoid the possibility of unfairness, the law should be so amended as to leave each plainly free to contract for silver or gold, as he pleases, and to refuse either if he shall have stipulated for the other. Our government has no business to favor gold. Its duty is not to encourage especially any business, but to facilitate such business as of their own accord its citizens prefer to do. But the real trouble is that our law of 1873 simply recognized the status which the business world had agreed upon. We were on a gold basis before that law; and we are so yet—not because of the law, but because those who do business prefer gold. That is their privilege. It is their business they are doing, and not that of the government. Our silver friends can do business on a silver basis if they choose. The government has no right to try to make others do business with them or in their fashion.

Again, it is argued that we can maintain the parity of the two metals at the present forced ratio, and therefore that we can safely concede that much to those who plead for silver. Our experience has proved the opposite. For the last forty years that we had free coinage of both gold and silver it failed to raise gold the two or three per cent. which would have made it commercially equal with silver. In the light of this, how can we expect that our fiat will raise silver the fifty per cent. of its own value that now intervenes between it and gold?

It is argued that the law of 1873 deprived "the great debtor class" of the right to pay in what is now a cheap medium, and that this alleged wrong should be righted. But, before 1873, silver had for forty years been worth so much more than gold that it is inconceivable that the debtor did not intend to pay in gold; while, as to every contract made since 1873, every debtor knew when he made it that the word "dollar" meant a gold dollar. Even if the idea were to confiscate the property of creditors in order to relieve debtors whose existing debts were contracted before silver first went below one dollar an ounce (as if that had anything to do with them), is it fair, in order thus to dole out illegitimate charity, to scale down the far greater amount due on contracts made within a year, and since silver has been about where it is now?

Again, who are the debtor class? Wage-earners are just those who most generally pay cash for what they get, and give their employers from a week to a month's credit for wages. And it is so hard to turn farming property into good security that, though the farmers worry about their debts, they are really less in debt than is any other property-owning class, and the one who has been able to borrow half as much as he owns is an unfortunate exception. But the capitalist and the railroad or financial corporation are generally in debt to the extent of seventy-five or ninety per cent. of all they hold—indebted to trust companies, insurance companies, savings-banks, and other institutions, whose capital is held for the benefit of wage-earners and people in moderate circumstances. These would lose, and wealth—individual and corporate—would gain, by depreciation of our debt-paying currency.

It is said that the stock of gold in the world is too small for the multiplying uses of currency. This is unquestionably true; and it is also true that all the gold and all the silver, coined and bullion, are but an insignificant figure in the world's currency. But how will the abstention of our government from forced currency of silver remove from circulation a single dollar's worth of real currency? There never was a legitimate metal circulation that was not current before law had recognized it, and the most characteristic development of modern finance is the multiplication of devices by which, the amount and quality of the product being guaranteed, one article after another is made a part of the current funds of Christendom. Destroy a hundred bales of cotton, a thousand bushels of wheat, a ton of silver, a hundred-weight of gold, the repute of a business man, or the confidence of a community—the last item being by far the most important—and you have contracted the currency. Make any law you please, and you will not have increased it an iota. Shake public confidence by arbitrarily meddling with any important factor, and you increase, beyond the resources of the earth to meet it, the demand for gold that is everywhere and always current.

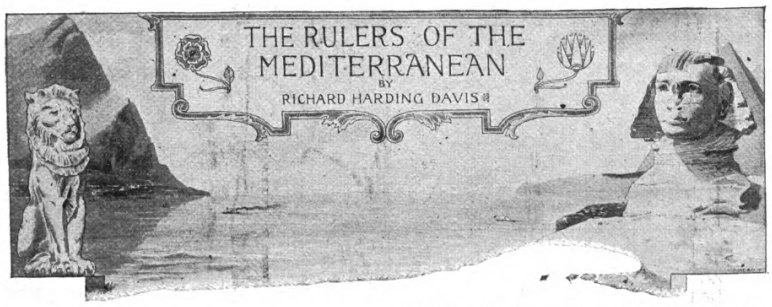
It is said that we need more currency *per capita*. No one has ever pointed out even how to guess at how much we should have *per capita;* but business men are agreed that the greater the facility with which property can be so handled as to enable it to be used without sacrifice, or pledged without delay and risk, the better it is for every one. Our uniform experience, verified during the last few weeks, has been that as we approach a silver basis, gold will be hoarded, and pass out of circulation. It is a much smaller proportion of our effective currency than is actually supposed; yet, if we consider this point alone, it would be many years before silver could be coined to take its place.

But there is a more conclusive answer. If we need more currency why do we not let the country have it in the natural way? The principle at stake involves more than the repeal of the Sherman act. "Money" and "legal-tender" questions are but parts of a larger one—that of currency; and not merely in principle, but in practice and legislation alike, the question of our paper-note circulation is so intertwined with that of coinage that treatment of the one forces consideration of the other. The principle on which the Sherman law will be repealed is not that it is not politic to have so much silver in circulation, but that it is not the government's business to force anything into circulation. The broad ground on which it rests is that the government should go out of business other than its own. It cannot consistently take its hands off the coin currency and still assert its duty arbitrarily to limit the paper currency. Freely coining the gold of its citizens (and their silver as well, if they wish it coined), it may and should take reasonable precautions to prevent counterfeit, and insure in each piece the required weight and fineness of metal. Freely permitting such expansion or contraction of paper currency as the business of the country may from time to time bring about, it may similarly insist upon such administrative functions—such custody of any special security, such control of the printing of the notes, such assays of the soundness and resources of the issuing banks, as shall reasonably guarantee their paper currency to continue instantly redeemable whenever desired. This done, there can rise no legitimate demand that the government supply currency. It will have facilitated the supply of all that the increasing ingenuity of our business men can safely base on the property of our citizens. The *per capita* conundrum will be answered, not merely by the facility thus given toward making effective as current capital gold and silver, bank-notes and commercial paper, wheat in the elevator and cotton in the press, but, through commercial expedients yet undreamed of, by making commercially current more and more of the several classes of property in which men make investments. Progress will thus be made toward the goal, ever more nearly to be approached, but never to be reached, when the *per capita* circulation shall be the average total wealth of the American citizen. But this is the business of commerce, not of legislation.

Will Congress act in the direction indicated? I believe, yes. Those who doubt it have less faith than have I in the fidelity of the Fifty-third Congress to the pledges of the National Convention that framed the commission held by the majority of its members, in the integrity and firmness of him whom we have placed in the Presidential chair, in the already overwhelming conviction of our people that commerce should be freed from government interference, and in their growing appreciation that to interfere with the money end of a transaction—especially after it has been carried out on one side—is tyranny as much more intolerable than to fine its citizens for choosing their markets, as it is more insinuating in its method, and more demoralizing in its effect.



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II.—TANGIER.

A GREAT many thousand years ago Hercules built the mountain of Abyla and its twin mountain which we call Gibraltar. It was supposed to mark the limits of the unknown world, and it would seem from casual inspection, as I suggested in an article on Gibraltar, that it serves the same purpose to this day. Men have crept into Africa and crept out again, like flies over a ceiling, and they have gained much renown for having done so at Africa's expense. They have built little towns along its coasts, and run little rocking, bumping railroads into its forests, and dragged launches over its cataracts, and partitioned it off among emperors and powers and trading companies, without having ventured into the countries they pretend to have subdued. But from Paul du Chaillu to "Willie" Chanler, "the Last Explorer," as he has been called, just how much more do we know of Africa than did the Romans whose bridges still stand in Tangier?

The "Last Explorer" sounds well, and is distinctly a *mot*, but there will be other explorers to go, and perhaps to return. There are still a few things for us to learn. The Spaniards and the Pilgrim fathers touched the unknown world of America only four hundred years ago, and to-day any commercial traveller can tell you, with the aid of an A B C railroad guide, the name of every town in any part of it. But Turks and Romans and Spaniards, and, of late, English and Germans and French, have been pecking and nibbling at Africa like little mice around a cheese, and they are still nibbling at the rind, and know as little of the people they "protect," and of the countries they have annexed and colonized, as did Hannibal or Scipio. The American forests have been turned into railroad ties and telegraph poles, and the American Indian has been "exterminated" or taught to plough and to wear a high hat. The cowboy rides freely over the prairies; the Indian agent cheats the Indian—the Indian does not cheat him; the Germans own Milwaukee and Cincinnati; the Irish rule everywhere; even the much-abused Chinaman hangs out his red sign in every corner of the country. There is not a nation of the globe that has not its hold upon and does not make fortunes out of the continent of America; but the continent of Africa remains just as it was, holding back its secret, and still content to be the unknown world.

You need not travel far into Africa to learn this; you can find out how little we know of it at its very shore. This city of Tangier, lying but three hours off from Gibraltar's civilization, on the nearest coast of Africa, can teach you how little we or our civilized contemporaries understand of these barbarians and of their barbarous ways.

A few months since England sent her ambassador to treat with the Sultan of Morocco; it was an untaught blackamoor opposed to a diplomat and a gentleman, and a representative of the most civilized and powerful of empires; and we have Stephen Bonsal's picture of this ambassador and his suite riding back along the hot sandy trail from Fez, baffled and ridiculed and beaten. So that when I was in Tangier, half-naked Moors, taking every white stranger for an Englishman, would point a finger at me and cry, "Your Sultana a fool; the Sultan only wise." Which shows what a superior people we are when we get away from home, and how well the English understand the people they like to protect.

Tangier lies like a mass of drifted snow on the green hills below, and over the point of rock on which stands its fortress, and from which waves the square red flag of Morocco. It is a fine place spoiled by civilization. And not a nice quality of civilization either. Back of it, in Tetuan or Fez, you can understand what Tangier once was and see the Moor at his best. There he lives in the exclusiveness which his religion teaches him is right—an exclusiveness to which the hauteur of an Englishman, and his fear that some one is going to speak to him on purpose, become a gracious manner and suggest undue familiarity. You see the Moor at his best in Tangier too, but he is never in his complete setting as he is in the inland cities, for when you walk abroad in Tangier you are constantly brought back to the new world by the presence and abodes of the foreign element; a French shop window touches a bazar, and a Moor in his finest robes is followed by a Spaniard in his black cape or an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman learns nothing and forgets nothing. He may live in Tangier for years, but he never learns to wear a burnoose, or forgets to put on the coat his tailor has sent him from home as the latest in fashion. The first thing which meets your eye on entering the harbor at Tangier is an immense blue and white enamel sign asking you to patronize the English store for groceries and provisions. It strikes you as much more barbarous than the Moors who come scrambling over the vessel's side.

They come with a rush and with wild yells before the little steamer has stopped moving, and remind you of their piratical ancestors. They look quite as fierce, and as they throw their brown bare legs over the bulwarks and leap and scramble, pushing and shouting in apparently the keenest stage of excitement and rage, they only need long knives between their teeth and a cutlass to convince you that you are at the mercy of the Barbary pirates, and not merely of hotel porters and guides.

My guide was a Moor named Mahamed. I had him about a week, or rather, to speak quite correctly, he had me. I do not know how he effected my capture, but he went with me, I think, because no one else would have him, and he accordingly imposed on my good-nature. As we say a man is "good-natured" when there is absolutely nothing else to be said for him, I hope when I say this that I shall not be accused of trying to pay myself a compliment. Mahamed was a tall Moor, with a fine array of different-colored robes and coats and undercoats, and a large white turban around his fez, which marked the fact that he was either married or that he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca. He followed me from morning until night with the fidelity of a lamb, and with its sheeplike stupidity. No amount of argument or money or abuse could make him leave my side. Mahamed was not even picturesque, for he wore a large pair of blue spectacles and Congress gaiters. This hurt my sense of the fitness of things very much. His idea of serving me was to rush on ahead and shove all the little donkeys and blind beggars and children out of my way, at which the latter would weep, and I would have to go back and bribe them into cheerfulness again. In this way he made me most unpopular with the masses, and cost me a great deal in trying to buy their favor. I was never so completely at the mercy of any one before, and I hope he found me "intelligent, courteous, and a good linguist," as the guide's recommendations always read.

As a matter of fact, there is very little need of a guide in Tangier. It has but few show places, for the place itself is the show. You can find your best entertainment in picking your way through its winding narrow streets and in wandering about the open market-places. The highways of Tangier are all very crooked and very steep. They are also very uneven and dirty, and one walks sometimes for hundreds of yards in a maze of dark alleys and little passageways walled in by whitewashed walls, and sheltered from the sun by archways and living-rooms hanging from one side of the street to the other. Green and blue doorways, through which one must stoop to enter, open in from the street, and you are constantly hearing them shut as you pass, as some of the women of the household recognize the presence of a foreigner. You are never quite sure as to what you will meet in the streets or what may be displayed at your elbow before the doors of the bazars. The odors of frying meat and of fresh fruit and of herbs, and of soap in great baskets, and of black coffee and hasheesh, come to you from cafés and tiny shops hardly as big as a packing-box. These are shut up at night by two half-doors, of which the upper one serves as a shield from the sun by day and the lower as a pair of steps. In the wider streets are the bazars, magnificent with color and with the glitter of gold lace and of brass plaques and silver daggers; handsome, comfortable-looking Moors sit crossed-legged in the middle of their small extent like soldiers in a sentry-box, and speak leisurely with their next-door neighbor without gesture, unless they grow excited over a bargain, and with a haughty contempt for the passing Christian. There is always something beneficial in feeling that you are thoroughly despised; and when a whole community combines to despise you, and looks over your head gravely as you pass, you begin to feel that those Moors who do not apparently hold you in contempt are a very poor and middle-class sort of people, and you would much prefer to be overlooked by a proud Moor than shaken hands with by a perverted one. But the pride of the rich Moorish gentlemen is nothing to the fanatic intolerance of the poor farmers from the country of the tribes, who come in on market-day, and who hate the Christian properly as the Koran tells them they should. They stalk through the narrow street with both eyes fixed on a point far ahead of them, with head and shoulders erect and arms swinging. They brush against you as though you were a camel or a horse, and had four legs on which to stand instead of two. Sometimes a foreigner forgets that these men from the country, where the foreign element has not come, are following out the religious training of a lifetime, and strikes at one of them with his riding-whip, and then takes refuge in a consulate and leaves on the next boat.

I find it very hard not to sympathize with the Moors. The Englishman is always preaching that an Englishman's house is his castle, and yet he invades this country, he and his French and Spanish and American cousins, and demands that not only he shall be treated well, but that any native of the country, any subject of the Sultan, who chooses to call himself an American or an Englishman shall be protected too. Of course he knows that he is not wanted there; he knows he is forcing himself on the barbarian, and that all the barbarian has ever asked of him is to be let alone. But he comes, and he rides around in his baggy breeches and varnished boots, and he gets up polo games and cricket matches, and gallops about in a pink coat after foxes, and asks for roast beef, and complains because he cannot get his bath, and all the rest of it, quite as if he had been begged to come and to stop as long as he liked. Sometimes you find a foreigner who tries to learn something of these people, a man like the late Mr. Leared or "Bébé" Carleton, who can speak all their dialects, and who has more power with the Sultan than has any foreign minister, and who if the Sultan will not pay you for the last shipment of guns you sent him, or for the grand-piano for the harem, is the man to get you your money. But the average foreign resident, as far as I can see, neither adopts the best that the Moor has found good, nor introduces what the Moor most needs, and what he does not know or care enough about to introduce for himself. Tangier, for instance, is excellently adapted by nature for the purposes of good sanitation, but the arrangements are as bad and primitive as they were before a foreigner came into the place. They consist in dumping the refuse of the streets, into which everything is thrown, over the sea-wall out on the rocks below, where the pigs gather up what they want, and the waves wash the remainder back on the coast.

If some of the foreign ministers would use their undoubted influence with the Bashaw to amend this, instead of introducing point-to-point pony-races, they might in time show some reason for their invasion of Morocco other than the curious and obvious one that they all grow rich there while doing nothing. The foreign resident has a very great contempt for the Moor. He says the Moor is a great liar and a rogue. When people used to ask Walter Scott if it was he who wrote the Waverley Novels he used to tell them it was not, and he excused this afterward by saying that if you are asked an impertinent or impossible question you have the right not to answer it or to tell an untruth. The very presence of the foreigner is an impertinence in the eyes of the Moor, and so he naturally does not feel severe remorse when he baffles the foreign invader, and does it whenever he can.

As a matter of fact, the foreign invader at Tangier is not, in a number of cases, in a position in which he can gracefully throw down gauntlets. There is something about these hot raw countries, hidden out of the way of public opinion and police courts and the respectability which drives a gig, that makes people forget the rules and axioms laid down in the temperate zone for the guidance of tax-payers and all reputable citizens. As the sailors say, "There is no Sunday south of the equator." It is hard to tell just what it is, but the sun, or the example of the barbarians, or the fact that the world is so far away, breeds queer ideas, and one hears stories one would not care to print as long as the law of libel obtains in the land. You have often read in novels, especially French novels, or have heard men on the stage say: "Come, let us leave this place, with its unjust laws and cruel bigotry. We will go to some unknown corner of the earth, where we will make a new home. And there, under a new flag and a new name, we will forget the sad past, and enter into a new world of happiness and content."

When you hear a man on the stage say that, you can make up your mind that he is going to Tangier. It may be that he goes there with somebody else's money, or somebody else's wife, or that he has had trouble with a check; or, as in the case of one young man who was fêted and dined there, had robbed a diamond store in Brooklyn, and is now in Sing Sing; or, as in the case of a recent American consul, had sold his protection for $200 to anyone who wanted it, and was recalled under several clouds. And you hear stories of ministers who retire after receiving an income of a few hundred pounds a year with $200,000 they have saved out of it, and of cruelty and bursts of sudden passion that would undoubtedly cause a lynching in the chivalric and civilized State of Alabama or Tennessee. And so when I heard why several of the people of Tangier had come there, and why they did not go away again, I began to feel that the barbarian whose forefathers swept Spain and terrorized the whole of Catholic Europe had more reason than he knew for despising the Christian who is waiting to give his country the benefits of civilization.

Tangier's beauty lies in so many different things—in the monklike garb of the men and in the white muffled figures of the women; in the brilliancy of its sky, and of the sea dashing upon the rocks and tossing the feluccas with their three-cornered sails from side to side; and in the green towers of the mosques, and the listless leaves of the royal palms rising from the centre of a mass of white roofs; and, above all, in the color and movement of the bazars and streets. The streets represent absolute equality. They are at the widest but three yards across, and every one pushes, and apparently every one has something to sell, or at least something to say, for they all talk and shout at once and cry at their donkeys or abuse whoever touches them. A water-carrier, with his goat-skin bag on his back and his finger on the tube through which the water comes, jostles you on one side, and a slave as black and shiny as a patent-leather boot shoves you on the other as he makes way for his master on a fine white Arabian horse with brilliant trappings and a huge contempt for the donkeys in his way. It is worth going to Tangier if for no other reason than to see a slave, and to grasp the fact that he costs anywhere from a hundred to five hundred dollars. To the older generation this may not seem worth while, but to the present generation—those of it who were born after Richmond was taken—it is a new and momentous sensation to look at a man as fine and stalwart and human as one of your own people, and feel that he cannot strike for higher wages, or even serve as a parlor-car porter or own a barber-shop, but must work out for life the $200 his owner paid for him at Fez.

There is more movement in Tangier than I have ever noticed in a place of its size. Every one is either looking on cross-legged from the bazars and coffee-shops, or rushing, pushing, and screaming in the street. It is most bewildering, and if you turn to look after a particularly magnificent Moor, or a half-naked holy man from the desert with wild eyes and hair as long as a horse's mane, you are trodden upon by a string of donkeys carrying kegs of water, or pushed to one side by a soldier with a gun eight feet long.

There is something continually interesting in the muffled figures of the women. They make you almost ashamed of the uncovered faces of the American women in the town; and, in the lack of any evidence to the contrary, you begin to believe every Moorish woman or girl you meet is as beautiful as her eyes would make it appear that she is. Those of the Moorish girls whose faces I saw were distinctly handsome; they were the women Benjamin Constant paints in his pictures of Algiers, and about whom Pierre Loti goes into ecstasies in his book on Tangier. Their robe or cloak, or whatever the thing is that they affect, covers the head like a hood, and with one hand they hold one of its folds in front of the face as high as their eyes. The only times that I ever saw the face of any of them was when I occasionally eluded Mahamed and ran off with a little guide called Isaac, the especial protector of two American women, who farmed him out to me when they preferred to remain in the hotel. He is a particularly beautiful youth, and I noticed that whenever he was with me the cloaks of the women had a fashion of coming undone, and they would lower them for an instant and look at Isaac, and then replace them severely upon the bridge of the nose. Then Isaac would turn towards me with a shy conscious smile and blush violently. Isaac says that the young men of Tangier can tell whether or not a girl is pretty by looking at her feet. It is true that their feet are bare, but it struck me as being a somewhat reckless test for selecting a bride. I will recommend Isaac to whoever thinks of going to Tangier. He speaks eight languages, is eighteen years old, wears beautiful and barbarous garments, and is always happy. He is especially good at making bargains, and he entertained me for many half-hours while I sat and watched him fighting over two dollars more or less with the proprietors of the bazars. He was an antagonist worthy of the oldest and proudest Moor in Tangier. He had no respect for their rage or their contempt or their proffered bribes or their long white beards. Sometimes he would laugh them to scorn, them and their prices, and again he would talk to them

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sadly and plaintively; and again he would stamp and rage and slap his hands at them and rush off with a great show of disgust, until they called him back again, when he and they would go over the performance once more with unabated interest. Mahamed always paid them what they asked, and got his commission from them later, as a guide should; but Isaac would storm and finally beat them down one-half. Isaac can be found at the Culpe Hotel, and is welcome to whatever this notice may be worth to him.

I had read in books on Morocco and had been given to understand that when you were told that the price of anything in a bazar was worth three dollars you should offer one, and that then the Moor would cry aloud to Allah to take note of the insult, and would ask you to sit down and have a cup of coffee, and that he would then bent you up and you would beat him down, and that at the end of two or three hours you would get what you wanted for two dollars. It struck me that this, if one had several months to spare and wanted anything badly enough, might be rather amusing. The first thing I saw that I wanted badly was a long gun, for which the Moor asked me twelve dollars. I offered him eight. I then waited to see him tear his beard and unwrap his turban and cry aloud to Allah; but he did none of these things. He merely put the gun back in its place and continued the conversation, which I had so flippantly interrupted, with a long-bearded friend. And no further remarks on my part affected him in the least, and I was forced to go away feeling very much ashamed and very mean. The next day a man at the hotel brought in the gun, having paid fourteen dollars for it, and said he would not sell it for fifty. We would pay more than that for it at home, which shows that you cannot always follow guide-books.

There are only five things the guides take you to see in Tangier—the café chantant, the governor's palace, the prisons, and the harem, to which men are not admitted. They also take you to see the markets, but you can see them for yourself. They are bare open places covered with stones and lined with bazars, and on market-days peopled with thousands of muffled figures selling or trying to sell herbs and eggs and everything else that is eatable, from dates to haunches of mutton. It is a wonderfully picturesque sight, with the sun trickling through the palm-leaf mats overhead on the piles of yellow melons at your feet, and with strings of camels dislocating their countenances over their grain, and dancing-men and snake-charmers and story-tellers as eloquent as actors clamoring on every side.

The café chantant is a long room lined with mats, and with rugs scattered over the floor, on which sit musicians and the regular customers of the place, who play cards and smoke long pipes, with which they rap continually on the tin ash-holders. The music is very strange, to say the least, and the singing very startling, full of sudden pauses, and beginning again after one of these when you think the song is over. It is not a particularly exciting place to visit, but there is no choice between that and the hotel smoking-room. Tangier is not a town where one can move about much at night. There is also a place where the guests tell you that you can see Moorish women dance the dance which so startled Paris in the Algerian exhibit at the exposition. As I had no desire to be startled in that way again, I did not go to see them, and so cannot say what they are like. But it is quite safe to say that any visitor to Tangier who thinks he is seeing anything that is real and native to the home life of the people, and that is not a show gotten up by the guides, is going to be greatly taken in. The harem to which they lead women is not a harem at all, but the home of the widow of an ex-governor, who sits with her daughters for stranger women to look at. It is a most undignified proceeding on the part of the widow of a dead Bashaw, and no one but the guides know what she is doing. I came to find out about it through some American women who went there with Isaac in the morning, and were taken to call at the same place by an English lady resident in the afternoon. The English woman laughed at them for thinking they had seen the interior of a harem, and they did not tell her that they had already visited her friends and paid their franc for admittance to their society.

The other show places are the governor's palace and the prisons. The palace is a very handsome Moorish building, and the prisons are very dirty. All that the tourist can see of them is the little he can discern through a hole cut in the stout wooden door of each, which is the only exit and entrance. You cannot see much even then, for the prisoners, as soon as they note a face at the opening, stick it full of the palm-leaf baskets that they make and sell in order to buy food. The government gives them neither water, which is expensive in Tangier, nor bread, unless they are dying for want of it, but expects the family or friends of each criminal to see that he is kept alive until he has served out his term of imprisonment.

A great deal has been written about these prisons of the Sultan, and of the cruelty shown to the inmates, notably of late by a Mr. Mackenzie in the London *Times*. You are told that in Tangier, within the four square walls of the prison, there are madmen and half-starved murderers and rebels, loaded with chains, dying of disease and want, who are tortured and starved until they die. For this reason no one in Morocco is sentenced for more than ten or twelve years, so you are told, because he is sure to die before that time has expired. It seemed to me that if this were true it would be worth while to visit the prison and to tell what one saw there. When I was informed that, with the exception of two residents of Tangier, no one has been allowed to enter the Sultan's prison for the last *ten years*, I suspected that there must be something there which the Sultan did not want seen: it was not a difficult deduction to make. So I set about getting into the prison. It is not at all necessary to go into the details of my endeavors, or to tell what proposals I made; it is quite sufficient to say that in every way I was eminently unsuccessful. It was interesting, however, to find a people to whom the arguments and inducements which had proved effective with one's own countrymen were foolish and incomprehensible. For two days I haunted the outer walls of the prison, and was smiled upon contemptuously by the Bashaw's counsellors, who sat calmly in the cool hallway of the palace, and watched me kicking impatiently at the stones in the court-yard and broiling in the sun, while the governor or Bashaw returned me polite expressions of his regret. I finally dragged the Consul-General into it, and brought things to such a pass that I could see no way out of it but my admittance to the prison or a declaration of war from the United States.

Either event seemed to promise exciting and sensational developments. Colonel Mathews, the Consul-General, did not, however, share my views, but arranged that I should have an audience with the Bashaw, during the course of which he promised he would bring up the question of my admittance to the prison.

On board the *Fulda* I had had the pleasure of sitting at table next to the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of the *Evangelist*, and a distinguished traveller in many lands. While on the steamer I had twitted the doctor with not having seen certain phases of life with which, it seemed to me, he should be more familiar, and I offered, on finding we were making the same tour for the same purpose, to introduce him to bull-fights and pig-sticking and cafés chantants, and other incidents of foreign travel, of which he seemed to be ignorant. He refused my offer with dignity, and I think with some regret. I was, nevertheless, glad to find that he was in Tangier, and that he was to be one of the party to call at the governor's palace. On learning of my desire to visit the prison Dr. Field added his petition to mine, and I am quite sure that Colonel Mathews wished we were both in the United States.

We first called upon the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who received us in a little room leading from a pretty portico near the street entrance. It was furnished, I was pained to note, not with divans and rugs, but with a set of red plush and walnut sofas and chairs, such as you would find in the *salon* of a third-rate French hotel. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was a dear kindly old gentleman, with a fine white beard down to his waist, but he had a cold in his head, and this kept him dabbing at his nose with a red bandanna handkerchief rolled up in a ball, which was not in keeping with the rest of his costume, nor with the dignity of his appearance. He and Dr. Field got on very well; they found out that they were both seventy years of age, and both highly esteemed in their different churches. Indeed, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was good enough to say, through Colonel Mathews, that Dr. Field had a good face, and one that showed he had led a religious life. He rather neglected me, and I was out of it, especially when both the doctor and the cabinet minister began hoping that Allah would bless them both. I thought it most unorthodox language for Dr. Field to use.

We then walked up the hill upon which stand the fort, the prisons, the treasury, and the governor's palace, and were received at the entrance to the latter by the same gentlemen who had for the last two days been enjoying my discomfiture. They were now most gracious in their manner, and bowed proudly and respectfully to Colonel Mathews as we passed between two rows of them and entered the hall of the palace. We went through three halls covered with colored tiles and topped with arches of ornamental scroll-work painted red and blue. At the extreme end of these rooms the Bashaw stood waiting for us. He was the finest-looking Moor I had seen; and I think the Moorish gentleman, though it seems a strange thing to say, is the most perfect type of a gentleman that I have seen in any country. He is seldom less than six feet tall, and he carries his six feet with the erectness of a soldier and with the grace of a woman. The bones of his face are strong and well placed, and he looks kind and properly self-respecting, and is always courteous. When you add to this clothing as brilliant and robes as clean and soft and white as a bride's, you have a very worthy-looking man. The Bashaw towered above all of us. He wore brown and dark blue cloaks, with a long under-waistcoat of light blue silk, yellow shoes, and a white turban as big as a bucket, and his baggy trousers were as voluminous as Letty Lind's divided skirts. He could not speak English, but he shook hands with us, which Moors do not do to one another, and walked on ahead through court-yards and halls and up stairways to a little room filled with divans and decorated with a carved ceiling and tiled walls. There we all sat down, and a soldier in a long red cloak and with numerous swords sticking out of his person gave us tea, and sweet cakes made entirely of sugar. As soon as we had finished one cup he brought in another, and, noticing this, I indulged sparingly; but the doctor finished his first, and then refused the rest, until the Consul-General told him he must drink or be guilty of a breach of etiquette.

The Bashaw and Colonel Mathews talked together, and we paid the governor long and laborious compliments, at which he smiled indulgently. He did not strike me as being at all overcome by them; he had, on the contrary, very much the air of a man of the world, and seemed rather to be bored, but too polite to say so. He looked exactly like Salvini as Othello. While the tea-drinking was going on we were making asides to Colonel Mathews, and urging him to propose our going into the prison, which he said he would do, but that it must be done diplomatically. We told him we would give all the prisoners bread and water, or a lump sum to the guards, or whatever he thought would please the Bashaw best. He and the Bashaw then began to talk about it, and the doctor and I looked consciously at the ceiling. The Bashaw said that never since he had been governor of Tangier had he allowed either a native or a foreigner to enter the prison; and that if a European did so, he would be torn to pieces by the fanatics imprisoned there, who would think they were pleasing Allah by abusing an unbeliever. Colonel Mathews also added, on his own account, that we would probably catch some horrible disease. The more they did not want us to go, the more we wanted to go, the doctor rising to the occasion with a keenness and readiness of resource worthy of a New York reporter after a beat. I can pay him no higher compliment. After a long, loud, and excited debate, the Bashaw submitted, and the Consul-General won.

The first prison they showed us was the county jail, in which men are placed for a month or more. It was dirty and uninteresting, and we protested that it was not the one which the Bashaw had described, and asked to be shown the one where the enemies of the government were incarcerated. Colonel Mathews called back the Bashaw's soldiers, and we went on to the larger prison, immediately adjoining. Some time ago the inmates of this made a break for liberty, and forced open the one door which bars those inside from the outer world. The guards fired into the mass of them, and the place shows where the bullets struck. To prevent a repetition of this, three heavy bars were driven into the masonry around the door, so close together that it is impossible for more than one man to leave or enter the prison at one time even when the door is open. And the opening is so small that to do this he must either crawl in on his hands and knees, or lift himself up by the crossbar and swing himself in feet foremost. It impressed me as a particularly embarrassing way to make an entrance among a lot of people who meditated tearing you to pieces. I pointed this out to the doctor, but he was determined, though pale. So the guards swung the door in, and the first glimpse of a Christian gentleman the prisoners had in ten years was a pair of yellow riding-boots which shot into space, followed by a young man, and a moment later by an elderly gentleman with a white tie. We made a combined movement to the middle of the prison, which was lighted from above by a square opening in the roof, protected by iron bars. This was the only light in the place. All around the four sides of the patio or court were rows of pillars supporting a portico, and back of these was a second and outer corridor opening into the porticos, and so into the patio. The whole place, patio, porticos, and outer corridor, was about as big as the stage of a New York theatre. It was paved with dirt and broken slabs, and littered with straw. There was no furniture of any sort. With the exception of the sink upon which we stood, directly under the opening in the roof, the place was in almost complete darkness, although the sun was shining brilliantly outside.

I think there must have been about fifty or sixty men in the prison, and for a short time not one of them moved. They were apparently, to judge by the way they looked at us, as much startled as though we had ascended from a trap like goblins in a pantomime, and then half of them, with one accord, came scrambling towards us on their hands and knees. They were half naked, and their hair hung down over their eyes; and this and their crawling towards us instead of walking, made them look more or less like animals. As they came forward there was a clanking of chains, and I saw that it was because their legs were fettered that they came as they did, and not standing erect like human beings. The guard who followed us in was over two minutes in getting the door fastened behind him, and my mind was more occupied with this fact than with what I saw before me; for it seemed to me that if there was *any* tearing to pieces to be gone through with, I should *hate to* have to wait that long while the door was being opened again. This thought, with the shock of seeing thirty wild men moving upon us out of complete darkness on their hands and knees, was the only sensation of any interest that I received while visiting the prison.

The inmates looked exactly like the poorer of the Moors outside, except that their hair was longer and their clothing was not so white. There was one man, however, quite as well dressed as any of the Sultan's counsellors, and he seemed to be the only one who objected to our presence. The rest did nothing except to gratify their curiosity by staring at us; they did not even hold out their hands for money. They were very dirty and poorly clothed, and their long imprisonment had made them haggard and pale, and the iron bars around their legs gave them a certain interest. The atmosphere of the place was horribly foul, but not worse than the atmosphere of either the men's or women's ward at night in a precinct station-house in New York city. Indeed, I was not so much impressed with the horrors of the Sultan's prison as with the fact that our own are so little better, considering our advanced civilization. I do not mean our large prisons, but the cells and the vagrants' rooms in the police stations. There the vagrant is given a sloping board and no ventilation. In Tangier he is given straw and an opening in the roof. To be fair, you must compare a prisoner's condition in jail with that which he is accustomed to in his own home, and the homes of the Moors of the lower class are as much like stables as their stables are like pigsties. The poor of Tangier are allowed, through the kindness of the Sultan, to sleep on the bare stones around the entrance to one of the mosques. For the poor sick there has been built a portico, about as large as a Fifth Avenue omnibus, opposite this same mosque. This is called the hospital of Tangier. It is considered quite good enough for sick people and for those who have no homes. And every night you will see bundles of rags lying in the open street or under the narrow roof of the portico, exposed to the rain and to the bitter cold. If this, in the minds of the Moors, is fair treatment of the sick and the poor, one cannot expect them to give their criminals and murderers white bread and a freshly rolled turban every morning.

If I had seen horrible things in the Sultan's prison—men starving, or too sick to rise, or chained to the walls, or half mad, or loathsome with disease—I should certainly have been glad to call the attention of other people to it, not from any philanthropic motives perhaps, but as a mattter of news interest. I did not, however, see any of these things. Dr. Field, I believe, was differently impressed, and is of the opinion that the outer corridor contained many things much too horrible to believe possible. He compared this to Dante's ninth circle of hell, and made a point of the fact that the guard had called me back when I walked towards it. I, however, went into it while the doctor and the guard were getting the door open for us to return, and saw nothing there but straw. It seemed to me to be the place where the men slept when the rain, coming through the opening in the roof, made it unpleasant for them to remain in the court.

It may seem that my persistence in visiting the prison is inconsistent with what I have said of foreigners forcing themselves into places in Morocco where they are not wanted, but I am quite sure that had any one heard the stories told me of the horror of these jails, he would have considered himself justified in learning the truth about them; and I cannot understand why, if the members of the legations who tell these stories believe them, they have not used their influence to try and better the condition of the prisoners, rather than in introducing game-laws for the protection of partridges and wild-boars. It is, perhaps, gratifying to note that the two gentlemen of whom I spoke as having visited the prison in the last ten years were the American Consul-General and another resident American. Both of these contributed food to the prisoners, and reported what they had seen to our government.

On the whole, Tangier impresses one as a fine thing spoiled by civilization. Barbarism with electric lights at night is not attractive. Tangier to every traveller should be chiefly interesting as a stepping-stone towards Tetuan or Fez. Tetuan can be reached in a day's journey, and there the Moor is to be seen pure and simple, barbarous and beautiful.

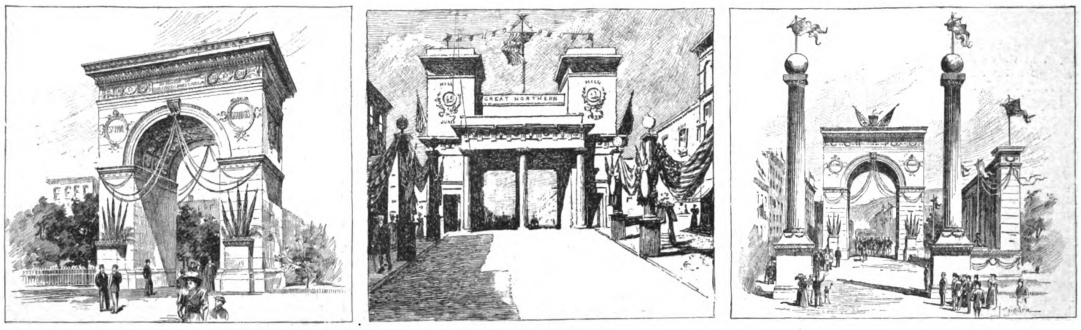
THE LOST ATLANTIS.

Deep in our soul-seas there are sunken hopes
That once gleamed marble-white, pure shafts of stone
With carvings thereupon of cryptic joy
Long, long forgotten; streets submerged, that erst
Were brave with every sign of festal life;
And scented groves that stand for dreams; and near,
Great towers stately builded, palaces
For pleasure-making when the time was May;
All dim in tangles of mermaiden's hair.
The traffic of a world of elder time
Choked potently by water, and engirt
With grewsome shapes and growths beneath the brine.

Deep in our soul-seas, drowned; while present waves
Glide smoothly o'er the lost Atlantis, once
So regnant in our Past; and summer sails
Fleet onward toward new Western isles, since man
Must ever gear him for new quests, and leave
The mute memorials of the lapsed years.

RICHARD BURTON.

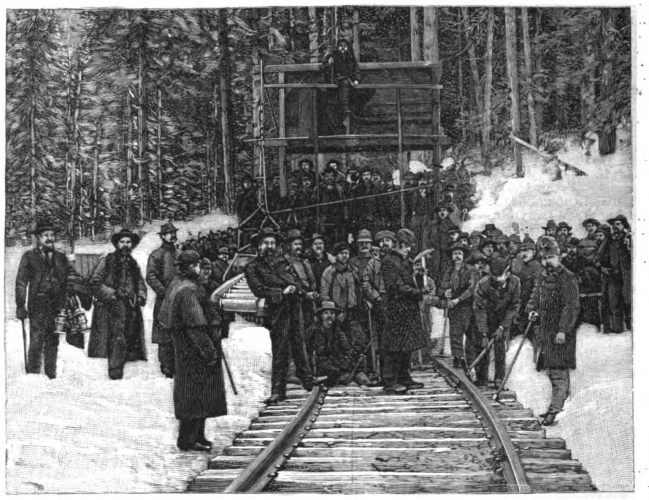
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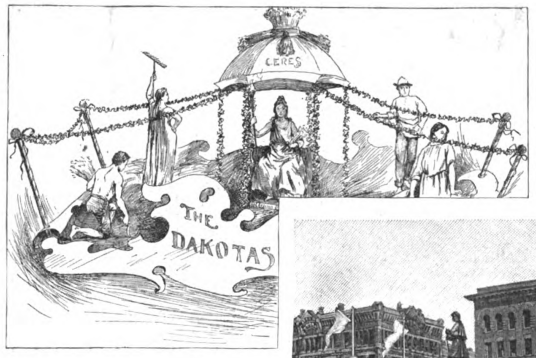
SOME OF THE ARCHES.



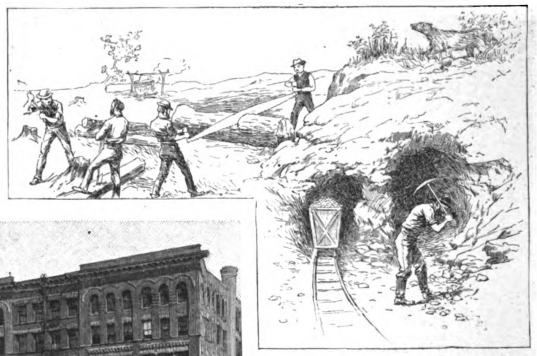
JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD.



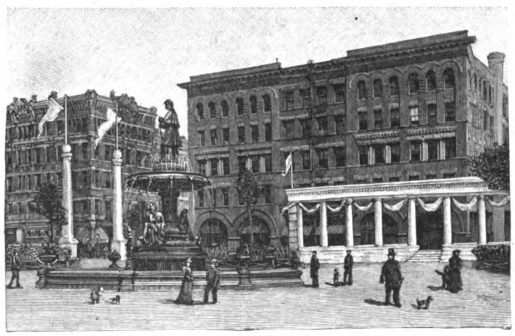
DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.



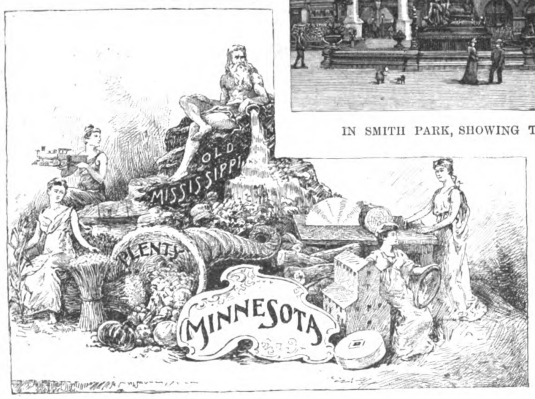
FLOAT—THE DAKOTAS.



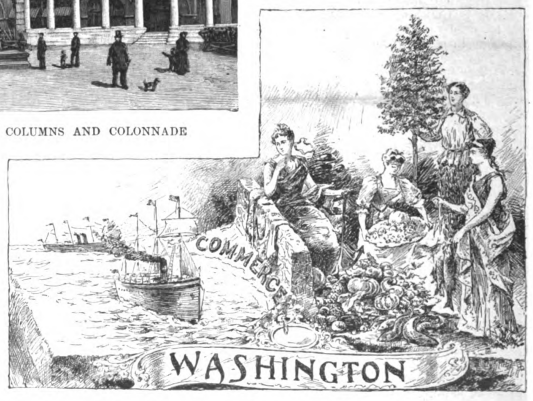
FLOAT—WISCONSIN.



IN SMITH PARK, SHOWING THE COLUMNS AND COLONNADE



FLOAT—MINNESOTA.



FLOAT—WASHINGTON.

COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD—CELEBRATION OF THE EVENT IN ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

From the Architects' Designs—Sketches by W. L. Banning, Jun., and from Photographs.—[See Page 531.]

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—HOODEN, OR PEACOCK PALACE.
The Japanese Exhibit on Wooded Island.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

COLONEL WILLIAM PASSMORE CARLIN, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., was appointed Brigadier-General by President Cleveland on May 17th, to fill the vacancy which had existed since last March. Colonel Carlin is a native of Illinois, having been born in Rich Woods, Greene County, on November 24, 1829. He was appointed as a cadet to the United States Military Academy by the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas in 1846, and in July, 1850, graduated from the academy with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry, and was placed on duty at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, being made Second Lieutenant a year later. In March, 1855, he received the rank of First Lieutenant, and engaged in the Sioux expedition under General Harney, and later, in 1857 and 1858 respectively, took part in the Cheyenne and Utah campaigns. Lieutenant Carlin was in the march to California in the latter part of 1858, and for two years afterwards on service in different parts of the State. Being promoted to a Captaincy in 1861, he was on recruiting duty for a short time in Buffalo, New York. In August of the same year, he entered the volunteer service, having obtained leave of absence for that purpose, accepting the appointment of Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers, and two months later was at the defeat of General Jeff Thompson at Fredericktown, Missouri, after engaging in other battles and skirmishes. He was then placed in command of the District of Southeastern Missouri, assisting later in the pursuit of Beauregard, and many other operations.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. P. CARLIN, U. S. A.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.

Owing to distinguished services at Perryville, Kentucky, in October, 1862, when he earned the high praise of all his superior officers, Colonel Carlin was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part in many skirmishes and battles that year, and later on was in the Tullahoma campaign and the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. In November, 1863, he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious services at Chattanooga, and was made Major of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, February, 1864. He then went with the army into Georgia, seeing almost incessant fighting for some time, and was at the capture and surrender of Atlanta. Commanding a division in the assault on the intrenchments of Jonesboro, Georgia, on September 1, 1864, he so distinguished himself that he was made Brevet Colonel in the regular army. In the famous march to the sea, the surrender of Savannah, and the invasion of the Carolinas, Colonel Carlin proved himself so efficient and able an officer that in March, 1865, he was made Brevet Major-General, United States Volunteers, and for his services at Bentonville, North Carolina, that same month, he was further honored by the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, United States Army. At the close of the war, for "gallant and meritorious services in the field during the rebellion," Colonel Carlin was brevetted Major-General of the regular army. Leaving the volunteer service in August, 1865, Colonel Carlin held a number of positions on prominent army boards, and commanded several posts. While on frontier duty in Dakota in 1872–3 he engaged against the Indians attacking Fort McKean. He was made Colonel of the Fourth Infantry, April, 1882, which command he has held since that time. In the labor troubles in the Cœur d'Alene mining region last year Colonel Carlin was particularly commended by General Schofield, commanding the army of the United States, who wrote: "The good judgment and wise discretion exercised by Colonel Carlin under trying circumstances and conflicting demands from persons representing opposing interests merited high commendation. It was due to Colonel Carlin's discretionary action that no further destruction of life or property occurred, while peace and order and submission to law were restored. This service of Colonel Carlin was the culmination of a long and distinguished career."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

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BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

THERE's them as don't like silver, and there's them as
don't like gold;
Though I'd be willin' for to take as much as I could hold
Of any precious metal, be it yellow, green, or white,
For all has pleasin' qualities, an' not fur out o' sight.

I'd like to see potaters go as legal-tender cash,
Though I am willin' to admit the scheme 'd be ruther rash;
But long as people can't agree on silver or on gilt,
Some compromise is needed, else our credit 'll be spilt.

And I can't see if miners has been favored all these years
Why farmers shouldn't git a chance to prick up their old
ears,
An' take potaters or red beets down to the Treasury,
An' git a bag full o' them bills in change for them, ye see.

Then when they all have had enough, why let shoemakers
thrive,
An' make a pair o' boots an' shoes good for a bill for five.
Then, after all these has stores of wealth, give all the rest
a chance
By makin' legal tender out of chandeliers an' pants.

Or else take up this other plan, a spick an' span new
scheme,
By which you can't but realize most every poor man's
dream:
Let all pay to the government each dollar that he gets,
Then let the government take hold an' pay all private
debts.

In this way every citizen who dwells in these here States
Is just as rich as them as runs the wealthy syndicates;
An' government will have a chance it doesn't often git
To try supportin' every man who's forced to stand by it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

WHETHER or no, from either a popular, managerial, or financial stand-point, additional places of amusement are needed in this already well-stocked city, it is certain that Mr. French's new American Theatre, which was successfully thrown open to an admiring and enthusiastic public on Monday night, is a notable acquisition to the ranks of local theatres in many ways. As a play-house it is eminently satisfactory. We are told that "it is absolutely fire-proof, and that it has every known modern improvement," and in view of the impression which the house produces on a casual observer, one is disposed to believe this, or anything else that Mr. French chooses to tell us of his new house. The theatre is unusually spacious, being second in size only to the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera-houses. The architectural lines of the interior are graceful, and the great centre dome, which, according to the programme, is the "crowning feature" of the house, gives a dignity and feeling of spaciousness to the auditorium which is quite marked. The interior decoration has been carried out in modelled plaster-work with applied color and gilding, and is exceedingly tasteful in design and restful and grateful to the eye as regards the scheme of color, the basis of which is a dull terra-cotta red, lightening in places to pink and yellow. Spacious corridors surround the auditorium, and the effect produced by the whole interior is one of comfort and well-balanced artistic unity. The lines of sight in the auditorium are exceedingly good, and although some of the actors were a little indistinct on the opening night, this was probably due to their failure to quite catch the pitch of the building rather than to any defect in its acoustical properties. Had the cushions of the seats in the orchestra been a little softer, one would have been inclined to say that the new American Theatre is the most perfect specimen of theatrical architecture, and modern progress in the same, now in New York.

In his choice of a play to open a theatre whose policy should be to appeal equally in its performances to audiences varying in quality and differing in taste, Mr. French was exceedingly happy. Before the production of *The Prodigal Daughter* some doubt was felt as to whether the pronounced sporting tone of the play would appeal as much to American audiences as it did to English ones. Any such doubt was effectually removed by the reception accorded the play on Monday night by all parts of the house, from the stalls to the "gods" above. From a purely dramatic stand-point a good deal might be found to criticise in *The Prodigal Daughter*. As a play it is somewhat oververbose, and in no way original either in plot or incident. But it is in no way necessary to criticise a piece intended principally as a convenient vehicle to present to an audience certain realistic incidents from such a stand-point. All the traditional characters of old-fashioned melodrama are present—the heavy father, the polished villain, the erring daughter, the pair of light-comedy lovers, the tempted but finally virtuous stable hand, the miserable outcast, and the hero who is the *deus ex machinâ* of all situations—all cast in conventional mould, but all making traditional points and effects with more than usual success. It is hardly necessary to repeat the details of the story which forms the background for the various highly realistic incidents presented in the five acts and ten scenes into which the play is divided. Mr. French has even outdone himself in the mounting of this play, which is complete and artistic to a really unusual extent. In the first act we have the interior of an English country house; a beautiful set showing a meet and hunt breakfast, with a pack of hounds and real horses. In the second act the court-yard of the Grand Hotel, Paris, most faithfully reproduced, with a real cab and horse. In the third act an ingenious revolving scene, showing first the outside of a training-stable, and afterwards by a quick change the inside, with the horses in their stalls. In the fourth act we get the crowning realistic feature of the drama, a representation of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. This whole scene is really most realistic, and the ten thoroughbred horses which play important parts in the drama, in the preliminary parade, the first fence, the water-jump, and the finish on the flat, give as realistic a picture of an actual race as is possible to reproduce on the stage, the whole being received with boundless enthusiasm. The principal scene of the last act is a most picturesque one, showing the lawn in front of an old Elizabethan country house with really marvellous verisimilitude. One would think that there would be little doubt that the enormous success achieved by *The Prodigal Daughter* in London would be repeated here, as it is a thoroughly good piece of its type, well presented, and as such is well worth seeing, and likely to draw large audiences to the new American Theatre for some time to come.

Mr. French has gotten together an admirable company in every respect. Mr. Leonard Boyne, the original in the part of the hero—Captain Vernon—is a capital actor, refined and finished in style, who makes his effects in a way which is none the less telling because absolutely quiet and free from all conventional melodramatic bombast or exaggeration. That he is a thorough sportsman and good rider as well is evidenced by the fact that he has steered his mount around what must be an exceedingly perplexing course on any stage for so many months without an accident. Messrs. Dalton and Bassett, as the polished villain Deepwater and his Hebrew satellite, Mr. Dudley Roper, were also exceedingly good; indeed, there was no one part in the play that was not well taken. Miss Julia Arthur, as the Prodigal Daughter, has fewer opportunities than one would think would naturally belong to the title-rôle, but she took every advantage of every chance she had, and gave to her part as much prominence as it was capable of. Miss Helen Dauvray, as a little Quaker who marries a sporting lord—played by Mr. De Angelis—in order to regenerate him, made the most of what was the one original dramatic type in the piece, and with Mr. De Angelis succeeded in being very amusing with rather slight material. Mr. Howard, as the virtuous stable hand who is tempted but does not fall, was also excellent; while Mr. Barnes as the heavy father, Mr. Knight as the erring lover who makes the Prodigal Daughter prodigal, and Mr. Walden Ramsay in a small character bit were all satisfactory. Congratulations are therefore in order to Mr. French on his new theatre, his new piece, on the way it is presented, and on the company presenting it. If Mr. French is successful it is because managerial enterprise and liberality coupled with managerial acumen may generally safely be relied upon to bring their own reward.

Anent Mr. Bellows's local farce-comedy *No. 3 A*, produced at the Standard on Monday night, one is reminded of the well-known incident of the three men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, about whom it is related that "if the bowl had been stronger their story would have been longer." *No. 3 A* is the tale of a shoe, or rather of a slipper, remarkable in one respect in that though its size is absolutely stated, it is elastic to the extent of being able to fit the foot of everybody on the stage. The author and the actors through three rather dreary acts use all possible diligence in endeavoring to inform the audience as to the ownership of the shoe or slipper in question—to very little purpose, for the audience, having discovered for themselves early in Act I. to whom the slipper belongs, feel little further interest in the proceedings. The company presenting *No. 3 A*, including Mr. E. J. Henley, Miss Robson, and other well-known actors, were tireless in their exertions to put some point in a piece which had none; but though a play may make an actor, an actor cannot often make a play, and it is therefore doubtful whether Mr. Bellows's dramatic effort, though, owing to its author's enterprise, it has blossomed, will bear any permanent dramatic fruit.

Mr. Kellar is certainly a most excellent magician, doing tricks both old and new in a way calculated to mystify the most intelligent, but he seems a trifle out of place at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Daly also is somewhat at fault in thinking that since Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies will revive, Mr. Planché's comedies are capable of being subjected to the same process. In spite of Miss Catharine Lewis, who still retains enough of her former sprightliness and vivacity to be decidedly attractive, a more inane and pointless performance than that of the *Loan of a Lover* has not been seen in a New York theatre this season. As Mr. Kellar's bill is already over-long, a curtain-raiser might well be dispensed with altogether. Mr. Kellar is clever enough to make what was old in his performance, like the chemical trick of the water and the wine, interesting, and presented one or two novelties of the style of the vanishing-lady trick which were most ingenious and well done. Mrs. Kellar's so-called "psychological" feats in reading numbers off the blackboard, and telling numbers of bank-notes, and so on, when blindfolded, though not novel, were exceedingly ingenious, as whatever system of communication is employed between her and her husband, it is one which does not necessitate the speaking of a word on his part. In this respect she is an improvement upon others who have successfully accomplished the same feats in New York this season.

Roof-gardening has become a very favorite form of amusement and recreation in this popular summer resort, and owing to the marked increase in the number of the places where this pastime may be indulged in, it may be said with truth that New-Yorkers live nearer heaven in summer than at any other time of the year; for though the celestial characteristics of the roof garden may perhaps be questioned, its added coolness would seem to preclude the possibility of its connection with any lower place. Last week the Casino roof garden inaugurated its summer season, the star of the performance being a newly imported French attraction, Mlle. Naya, whose principal charm is that she looks well and dresses well. Her singing and dancing are somewhat indefinite, and she also to a certain extent lacks vivacity. Within a week or two the roof-gardener will have a chance of a variety of choice, as, in addition to the Madison Square roof garden, the Manhattan Opera-house and the American Theatre will soon throw open their roofs to the public.

The London opera season has started in brilliantly. The novelties of the season include Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*, Mascagni's *I Rantzau*, Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, which has made a brilliant success in Italy, and probably Massenet's *Werther*, also one of the recent operatic successes. Sir Augustus Harris has assembled a remarkable company, including the De Rezkés, Alvary, De Lucia, Plançon—the great bass from the Paris opera, who, it is to be hoped, will also be a member of Mr. Abbey's company next season—Mesdames Melba, Calvé, Guerchia, and others. Herr Mottl, the famous Wagnerian conductor, will appear later in the season to conduct the Wagner operas. Apropos, complaints are being made that *Lohengrin* is now being subjected to so many cuts in performance that it is actually being whittled away. As now played, a Wagner authority says there are five cuts in the first act, fifteen in the second, and eleven in the third, so that no fewer than 1238 bars of music have disappeared from the score. Signor Mascagni has just made his début as an author with a book entitled, *Out of Dark Days*, in which he gives many details in regard to his early struggles. Another prodigy pianist, a boy of eight, who rejoices in the name of Raol Koczalski, is at present astonishing London. His technical attainments are said to be wonderful for a boy of his years, and he is also said to have real feeling, tenderness, romance, and spirit which are not generally characteristic of the average infant prodigy. A new addition to musical literature has just been made in the shape of the new quarterly *Musical Review*, whose first number appeared lately. Interesting articles by Dr. MacKenzie on the modern orchestra, on Rubinstein's *Moses*, and other timely topics make the number an interesting one.

Musical interest last week was entirely confined to the two concerts given at Music Hall, at which Madame Materna, the celebrated dramatic soprano, was heard for the first time in eight years. It was a notable satisfaction to those who had been moved and thrilled by Madame Materna's great art and glorious voice in former years, in her celebrated creations of Brunehilde and Kundry, and in the other Wagnerian rôles in which she was equally successful, to find that great art indeed cannot grow old; that Madame Materna's art was as admirable as ever, and that her voice was still as potent as of yore in producing pleasurable emotions. At this particular time of year, when the musical field is barren and desolate, these concerts, both of which were exceedingly good, were welcome indeed, and were evidently much appreciated by those who attended them. One could not help noting the superiority, refinement, precision, and finish in the playing of the Symphony orchestra, as compared with the playing of the Seidl orchestra last heard here in concert. The Wagnerian selections were really splendidly played, though Mr. Damrosch was a little inclined at times to over-exuberance in his accompaniments. The Bostonians produced a new opera, the *Knickerbockers*, at the Garden Theatre, on Monday night, critical reference to which for obvious reasons is omitted. A telegram from Vienna states that Verdi's new opera, *Falstaff*, was a flat failure at its first production at the Grand Opera-house; that the work aroused no enthusiasm, and that the critical comment on it was distinctly unfavorable. It seems strange that a work which representatives of the entire European press united in praising in Milan should have been thus received in the most musical city in Europe, and one is inclined to wait for further details before accepting this somewhat surprising statement as a fact.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

HOW THE CHINESE TOOK IT.

WITHIN an hour from the time Justice Gray delivered the majority opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, affirming the constitutionality of the Geary act, the intelligent portion of the Chinese colony in San Francisco knew the effect of the decision, and were advised that every Chinese laborer in the United States who had not registered and procured his certificate before the 6th day of May was liable to arrest, imprisonment, and subsequent deportation. The expression "intelligent portion" is used advisedly, and includes the Chinese Consul-General, the master-spirits of the Six Companies, and a large number of Chinese merchants and traders, all of whom have watched the current of events with a discerning eye. These men, who yield to no others in sagacity and shrewdness, met at once in informal discussion, and studied and debated the question of the effect of the Supreme Court decision with as much reason and forethought as could have been displayed by any people anywhere.

The heads of the Six Companies declined positively to give any indication of or even suggestion of their action in the future, but it was evident that they did not consider the case as finally and conclusively closed, but still had hopes of there being something in reserve which should nullify, or at least modify, the effect of the decision of the Supreme Court. They took refuge in reticence when urged to explain their position, and to break through the wall of Chinese reticence when once built is an absolute impossibility.

The Chinese laborers, on the other hand, the class immediately affected by the decision, betrayed no more personal interest in the decision than they had or have done in any phase of what is known, generically, as the Chinese question. Careful inquiry in San Francisco failed to show that they either knew or cared anything about the ruling of the Supreme Court, or that they had lost faith for a moment in the wisdom of those arbiters of their destiny, the Six Companies. They went to their daily tasks and returned from them to their dens with the same stolidity, the same *insouciance*, and the same air of content and good-humor which have usually characterized them, and with no more thought, seemingly, of their possible deportation than they had ten years ago. Theirs, if ever, was a case where ignorance was bliss, and where, surely, 'twere folly to be wise.

In this connection it is but just to say a word regarding the conduct of the white residents of San Francisco on the receipt of the Supreme Court's decision. In no single instance was there the slightest manifestation of a disposition to advance the current of events, or to take the enforcement of the provisions of the Geary act out of the hands of the Federal authorities. A mountebank and charlatan who has for years sought to ride into office on the crest of a wave of anti-Chinese sentiment in San Francisco, hired a band and attempted to get up a mass-meeting, but he was laughed and jeered out of countenance, and left his rostrum in disgust.

One class of the Chinese regarded the decision in the Geary act with sublime indifference; that is, the Chinese who were born on American soil, and are therefore American citizens. There are in California, and especially in San Francisco, a good many of these native sons (and daughters), some of whom will be eligible to vote at the next Presidential election. They are, as a rule, bright, intelligent youngsters, whom contact with Caucasian children has loosened in a measure from the swaddling-bands of Oriental prejudice and superstition, and while they are Chinese in appearance, in dress, and in modes of living, they have become occidentalized in many matters of education, and particularly in their habits of thought. One of the chief factors in the Chinese problem is the social and sociological future of these Chino-American children, many of whom are already nearly out of their teens.

Here is the last word of California on the Chinese question up to the present moment. The people of California, if polled to-day, would not consent to a wholesale expulsion of the Chinese to the detriment of their personal rights, or rights of property; but they do insist that no more coolie laborers shall come here to compete, on terms too favorable to themselves, with white labor, and that the Geary act, which attempts merely to draw the line between Chinese legally in the country and those who have been smuggled across the border in defiance of existing laws of Congress, be substantially enforced. This view California conceives to be not sandlotism nor hoodlumism, but a measure of equity, of justice, and of plain common-sense, based on thirty years' experience with an alien and absolutely non-assimilative race.

MARCUS P. WIGGIN, San Francisco.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

(*Continued from first page.*)

feast, for the Clifton has its own lunch-counter just off one corner of the grand court, as well as a restaurant several floors higher up. The members of the tribe may also smoke the pipe of peace among themselves whenever so minded, for the Clifton has its own cigar-stand just within the principal entrance. Newspapers and periodicals, too, are sold at the same place. The warriors may also communicate their messages, hostile or friendly, to chiefs more or less remote; for there is a telegraph office in the corridor and a squad of messenger-boys in wait close by.

In a word, the Clifton aims to be complete within itself, and it will be unnecessary for us to go afield either far or frequently during the present simple succession of brief episodes in the lives of the Cliff-dwellers.

I.

On the tenth floor of the Clifton is the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company.

Those whose minds are attuned to an appreciation of upholstery and kindred matters pronounce this little suite the gem of the whole establishment. Even many who are not adepts in the matter of house-furnishing, and who are much too rushed and preoccupied to become such, have been known to pause in their course through the Clifton's long corridors, on occasions when the ribbed glass door of the Brass Company happened to be standing ajar, and to say to themselves, with certain home offices in mind, "Now, why can't our people do as much for *us*?"

Indeed, there is cause enough for envy in that small square of velvety Axminster, in the harmonious tinting of the walls, in the padded leather backs of the swivel chairs, in the polished brightness of the cherry desk-tops, in the fresh blotting-pads and the immaculate inkstands. To sit in this pleasant little apartment for half an hour is to receive quite a new impression of the possible luxury of business, the ultimate elegance of trade. This may be managed as easily as not if you happen to have any dealings with "D. Walworth Floyd, Agt."—according to the legend on the translucent pane of the door—who is quite unlikely to hurry you out before you have finished.

"Don't be in such a drive," he will perhaps say to you; "stay and smoke a cigar."

For business is not too exacting a consideration with the western branch of the Massachusetts Brass Company. It is less a hive of industry than a social exchange. The hours are easy, and the *habitués* are as frequently callers as customers. They are often Jacks or Toms, whose fathers are social pillars in Boston and large land-owners in Wyoming and Dakota, and Jack and Tom—birds of passage in Scotch cheviots and billycock hats—are given to alighting for a brief breathing-spell on this lofty perch, where they reproach the slipshod dress and careless speech of their friend's small office force by the trim neatness of their own clothes and conversation.

It may be guessed that this snug haven of refuge has been established and maintained less to extend the Company's trade than to provide a place for the Company's Walworth. I say *Company's* Walworth, for in this case "company" and "family" are interchangeable terms. The Massachusetts Brass Company is the Floyd family, and the Floyd family is the Massachusetts Brass Company. The Company pays no dividends, but is very generous in its salaries. It is liberal with Hosea G. Floyd, who is its president, and with Winthrop C. Floyd, who is its treasurer, and with H. Lovell Floyd, who is its New York agent, and with Cadwallader P. Floyd, who looks after the Philadelphia interests; nor does it quite forget D. Walworth Floyd, who holds up one end more or less effectively in the West. But Walworth is the last and the youngest of the Floyds; his marriage was not to the complete satisfaction of his family, and his single independent venture before leaving home, in the direction of coffee and spices, compelled his brothers to put their hands into their pockets rather deeply. So, while the rest of the Floyds think that, all considered, they have rather done the fair thing by Walworth, yet Walworth, on the other hand, regards his assignment to the West as a mild form of punishment and exile.

"It *does* give me a little elbow-room, though."

This is the silent acknowledgment that Walworth sometimes makes to himself—but grudgingly.

Walworth Floyd is a sleek, well-fed, prosperous-looking fellow of thirty. His figure is a trifle too short and dumpy to be pronounced absolutely good; but it is always strikingly well dressed—for he has lived in the West hardly a year as yet. His face is not handsome, but it is gentlemanly quite. One might, indeed, complain of the retreating lines of his forehead, and regret, too, that his chin, once perfect, now shows leanings towards the duplex; but, on the other hand, his well-bridged nose, you are sure, has been figuring in family portraits for the last hundred years, and his plump hands, by reason of the fine texture of the skin and the shapeliness of the nails, form a point that is distinctly aristocratic. Yet penmanship, under his manipulations, becomes a very crabbed and laborious affair, and this light species of manual labor is usually performed, so far as he is concerned, by other hands. He has a sort of general clerk, and he shares the services of a stenographer with two or three of his neighbors. He employs, too, an office-boy, who would idle away a good deal of time if Walworth were not in the habit of sending frequent communications to the steward of his club. Walworth, garmented in his plump placidity, has been accustomed to fare sumptuously every day, and to worry his head about as few things as possible. His dining he does for himself; his thinking he has somebody else do for him. His book-keeping and auditing and so on are done in the East, and a friend of his—he has no enemies—once said that his stomach was in Chicago, while his brains were in Boston.

Walworth, considering his family training and traditions, is inexplicably expansive. Even more than his limited capabilities for business, even more than the exactions of a wife whose pinched girlhood has helped her to a full appreciation of her present membership in a wealthy family, has his own open-hearted *bonhomie* "kept him back." He is just the man to whom one writes a letter of introduction without any sense of imposing a burden, or to whom one may present it without experiencing any great sense of embarrassment. And it is a letter of introduction, in point of fact, which is now lying half folded on the extended elbow-rest of his desk, and has been lying there for a quarter of an hour.

Most of us know something about letters of introduction—promised so thoughtlessly, written so glibly, presented so reluctantly, received so grudgingly. But when the letter is merely a trifling and insignificant line—a line which has no great importance for the bearer and can cause no great annoyance to the recipient—and when its presentation here and its accounting for there may be considered as but a minute item in the general system of social book-keeping, then we have an episode that passes quickly and lightly for all concerned. Such appears to be the situation in the office of the Massachusetts Brass Company.

Walworth is tilted back comfortably in one of his handsome chairs and sends out a casual glance through the nearest window. The sun is struggling with a half-luminous haze, and through this haze a hundred streaks of smoke are driving headlong towards the lake. A tall clock tower looms up three or four streets away, and one of its faces—on the looker's own level—gives the hour as half past ten.

"Well, we are living up on Pine Street, Mr. Ogden," he is saying; "just this side of the Water-Works—the place where the 'wheels go round,' you know. You beat me here by a few minutes this morning, but I think I can promise to be the first on the ground when you call on us there."

He is running his fingers over the edges of several little sheets of brass. A few bunches of these, together with a set or two of brass rings of varying diameters and thicknesses, are the only intimations of merchandise that the office yields. Sometimes even these are bundled away into a drawer, and then commerce is refined completely beyond the ken of the senses.

"However, don't go. I am a little late in getting around this morning, but the mail is light. Ferguson will look after it. Sit down again."

The visitor, thus urged, sank back into the chair from which he had just risen. He was a slender young man, of good height, and his age was perhaps twenty-four. His complexion was of the colorless kind that good health alone keeps from sallowness. His hair was a light brown and fine and thick, and it fell across his temples in the two smooth wings that were made by an accurate parting in the middle.



"WE ARE LIVING UP ON PINE STREET."

He had the beginnings of a shadowy little mustache, and a pair of good eyes which expressed a fair amount of self-reliance and any amount of hope.

"And how are you finding the West Side?" Walworth pursued. "I don't know much about it myself. This is a big town and awfully cut up. A man has to pick out his own quarter and stick to it. If you move from one side of the river to another, you bid good-by to all your old friends; you never see them again. You said you were somewhere near Union Park, I believe?"

"Yes," George Ogden answered; "I have landed in a pretty good place, and I want to stay there if I can. They're a sort of farming people—or were, to start with. They came from New York State, I believe, and haven't been here but a year or two. Is there anybody in this town who hasn't come from somewhere else, or who has been here more than a year or two?"

Walworth laughed. "*I* haven't. But you go around some, and you may find a few that have."

"The mother cooks, the father markets, the daughter helps to wait on table. Nice, friendly people; make me think of those at home." He smiled a little wistfully. "About the only people so far that do."

"Well, I have heard that there are some pretty good streets over there," is Walworth's vague response.

"Ours is. We have trees—all of one sort and planted regularly, I mean. And ornamental lamp-posts. And I'm only a block from the Park. Everything seems all right enough."

"I dare say; but don't you find it rather far away from ——?" queried Floyd, with a sort of insinuating intentness.

However, I have no idea of reproducing Walworth's remarks on the local topography. They were voluminous, but he would be found prejudiced and but partly informed. Besides, his little tirade was presently thrown out of joint by a dislocating interruption.

Walworth always experienced a mental dislocation, slight or serious, whenever his wife called at the office. Nor were matters much helped when his wife was accompanied by her sister. It was the latter of these who now opened the door with an assured hand and who shut it after the two of them with a confirmatory slam.

"Yes, here we are," she seemed to imply.

In Mrs. Walworth Floyd our young man met a lean and anxious little body, who appeared strenuous and exacting, and of the kind who, as the expression goes, are hard to get along with. She had a sharp little nose and a pair of inquisitorial eyes. She was dressed richly, but as simply as a sword in its scabbard. If Walworth spent an evening abroad it was a fair assumption that his wife knew where he was and all about it. Otherwise the sword was drawn.

"We have been almost three-quarters of an hour getting here," she said, in a tense way. "Something was the matter with the cable, and they kept us in the tunnel nearly twenty minutes. As I tell Ann, you can always count on that sort of thing when you've got anything of real importance on hand and not much time for it. And yet we talk about the jams and delays in Tremont Street!"

She drew down her mouth and blinked her eyes indignantly. She felt all the shortcomings of her new home very keenly; she made every one of them a personal affront.

"Ann thought it was amusing. Perhaps it won't seem so after it has happened to her three or four times more."

Walworth glanced apprehensively in the direction of his sister-in-law's chair. She was understood to be in his house on a brief visit. He trusted that she was not to be exposed a second time to so annoying an accident.

Ann Wilde was a stout woman who was nearing forty. Her appearance indicated that, while she had not escaped the buffets of the world, yet her past experiences had only seasoned and toughened her for her future ones. In this earthly turmoil of give and take she seemed to have played a full inning on each side. She had begun as a poetess, she had gone on as a boarding-house keeper, and she was now ready to take her first step as an investor. To turn from literature to lodgings indicates talent; to do so well in lodgings as to have funds for the purchase of property indicates genius. Miss Wilde, at fourteen, was a plain child whose straggling hair was drawn back from her forehead by an India-rubber comb that passed over the top of her head from ear to ear, and she was called Annie. At seventeen, conscious of the first flutterings of sentiment and prompted by indications of increasing comeliness, she renamed herself Annette. At twenty, somewhat disappointed in the promise of beauty, yet consoled in some degree by a spreading reputation as a versifier, she changed her name to Anne. At twenty-six, as the result of a disappointment in an affair of the heart and of a growing appreciation of the modesty of her social rôle, she resignedly styled herself Anna. And at thirty-five, fully convinced of her own hopeless plainness, of the completely practical cast of things generally, and of the uselessness of flying the flag of idealism any longer, she bobbed off at the same time both her hair and her name; she presented a short-cut poll of frizzled gray and she signed herself Ann. What's in a name? Sometimes nothing; sometimes a whole biography.

"I have been telling Mr. Ogden," said Walworth, "that he ought to be in our part of town—he ought to be one of our little circle." His wife looked up rather coldly; her little circle was not open to any new candidate that the uncalculating good-nature of her husband might propose. "That house around on Rush Street could take him in, I imagine. And all the people he will want to know are right around there. Why, you have been in Worcester, Frances; you know the Parkers. Well, Mrs. Parker is Mr. Ogden's aunt—aunt, I think you said?—yes, aunt; so you see about how it is. Always glad to welcome one more Eastern pilgrim to our little-what-you-may-call-it—oasis, you know."

"Why didn't you say Mr. Ogden was from the East, Walworth?" asked his wife, taxingly, and looked at the young man for the first time.

Her gaze was critical, but not forbidding.

"Yes, most of *us* are on the North Side," she observed.

"Ogden is as good as a neighbor already," Walworth went on, perseveringly; "a business neighbor. He is going into the Underground National. Letters and all that, you know. Pretty good for three weeks, I call it. If most of our fellows who come out here did as well in three months it would be money in Mrs. Floyd's pocket. To think of the fives and tens and twenties that have gone to old schoolmates of Win's and to fellows who knew Lovell when he was on the road!"

Ogden flushed a little and took the first step towards a frown. It is not pleasant to contemplate your possible inclusion in the reprehensible class of the strapped and the stranded, nor to feel that only a lucky letter of recommendation has saved a friend's wife from being crossed in some caprice or balked in some whim. But Floyd, although cordial and liberal, was not invariably fine.

"They stop me on the street, and they button-hole me in the hotels, and you can't think how many of them come right here. Of course, I always do what I can. But how do they find me out? And why is it that when I am going up home late over the viaduct and somebody is hanging about to strike some man for a quarter, I am always the man to be struck? One or two of them have actually paid me back, but—"

"Who?" asked his sister-in-law. She had a loud, rasping voice. "The men on the viaduct?"

"The others," Walworth indicated briefly.

"You are too generous," said Ogden. What a position for a man who was *not* to enter upon an engagement tomorrow! And what might three months be, if judged by the hopes and fears and expectations and disappointments of his three weeks!

"The Underground?" repeated Mrs. Floyd, turning towards her husband. "Isn't that Mayme Brainard's father's bank?" she asked, in a general way.

"Mr. Brainard is the president," assented Ogden, with a severe smile. "I addressed myself to the cashier," he added, shortly.

"I was sure I had heard of it," she rejoined, with a glacial graciousness.

"Well, if *you* have heard of it, my dear," her husband joked, "how widely known it must be! You ought to have heard of it; you've had enough checks on it, I'm sure!"

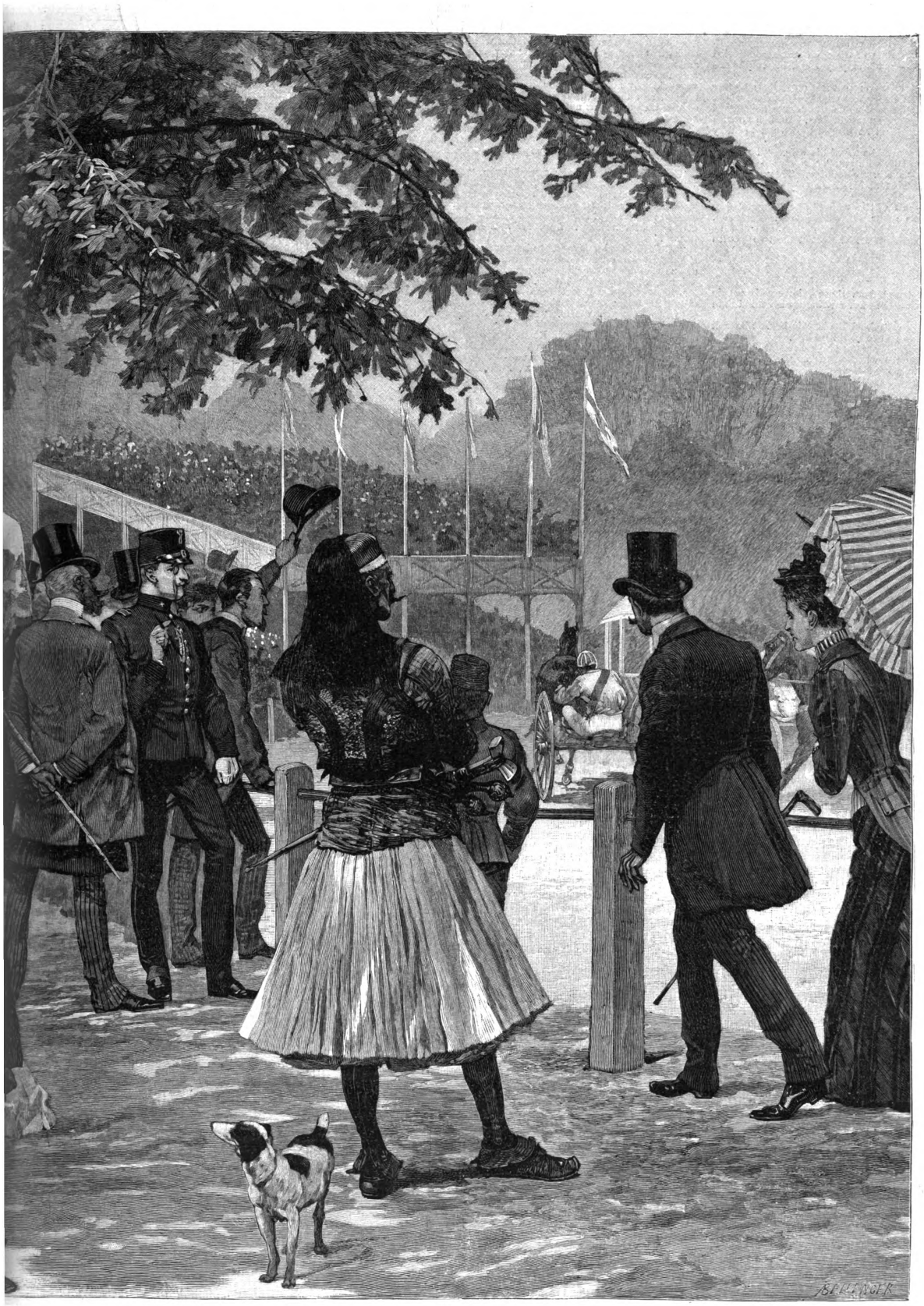
But Mrs. Floyd did not pursue the subject. She looked at her sister with that prim seriousness which means something on the mind—or on two minds—and her sister returned the look in kind; and they both looked in the same fashion back and forth between Walworth and his caller. Ann Wilde snapped the catch of her hand-bag once or twice, and glanced betweentimes at some loose papers inside it. Ferguson, in the other room, thought he perceived the approach of a domestic crisis—a disputed dressmaker's bill,

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AN AMERICAN TROTTING MATCH

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[See Page 530.]

'NNA, AUSTRIA.—Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

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perhaps. Yet there might be other reasons. He knew that the cook was sometimes impertinent, and that the market-man now and then forgot to send the white-fish. He himself was a mere boarding bachelor, yet he had come to learn something of the relief which follows the shifting of a housekeeper's cares to the shoulders of the housekeeper's husband. Ferguson had relieved the tedium of many a half-hour by short-handing bits of dialogue that accompanied connubial spats between his employer and his employer's wife.

These signs and tokens were not lost on Ogden; he rose again to go. Nor were they lost on Floyd himself, whose apprehension of a bad quarter of an hour was heightened by the absence, as yet, of any exact data. He had no wish to hold the field alone, and he begged Ogden not to hurry his departure.

"Where are the girls?" he asked his wife. "I thought you said they came along with you."

"They did. They are in the building. They will be up in a few minutes. That child!—somebody ought to look after her."

"Then why not wait a little while?" Floyd suggested to Ogden. "My wife's affair won't take long. Ferguson, won't you just clear off that chair out there and find the paper? And now, what is it?" he asked the two women when they were left together.

II.

"Well, Ann has heard from those Minneapolis people again. And she isn't any nearer making up her mind than before."

"Here's what they say," added his sister-in-law. She took a letter out of her bag and handed it to him.

"Oh!" said Walworth. He felt half relieved, half vexed.

His wife stood by the window, rubbing her forefinger along the edges of its silver lettering.

"I don't see what ever put Minneapolis into Ann's head. There seems to be a plenty of buildings right here."

She looked at the rough brick back of a towering structure a few hundred feet away, and at the huddle of lower roofs between. From a skylight on one of these a sunbeam came reflected, and compelled her to move.

"And plenty of dirt, too, if she is after real estate; plenty to be sold, and plenty of people to sell it. I never saw a town where it was more plentiful."

She glanced downwards at the wagons and cars that were splashing through the streets after a rainy September night. "Why shouldn't there be more people to shovel it, too? You see their signs stuck up everywhere—the dealers', I mean."

"Ann can get to Minneapolis in thirteen hours," suggested Walworth, passing the end of his thumb along one of his eyebrows. "What's that, after the trip West? And then she can see for herself. You take the cars here late in the afternoon, and you get there in time for breakfast."

"I believe I'd just let it drop," said Miss Wilde, "if I happened to know positively of any good thing here. They write a nice enough letter, but I can't tell what state the building is in unless I see it. And I'm merely taking their word that the ground is worth a hundred and fifty. There's forty feet. I wonder if 'all improvements in' means that the street is paved?"

"Drop it, anyway," said her sister, as if she were disembarrassing herself of some loathsome parcel. "Look around in Chicago itself. You can see what you are buying then. Even if you do invest here, you are not compelled to live here." She became almost rigid in her disdain.

"Oh—um!" murmured Walworth, in a non-committal way.

The door opened suddenly, and two young girls entered in a brisk fashion. The first one had a slight figure, a little above the average height. To-day people called her slender; six or eight years later they would be likely to call her lean. She had long thin arms, and delicate, transparent hands. She had large eyes of a deep blue, and the veins were plainly outlined on her pale temples. She had a bright face and a lively manner, and seemed to be one who drew largely on her nervous force without making deposits to keep up her account. Her costume was such as to give one the idea that dress was an important matter with her.

"Well, Frankie," she called to Mrs. Floyd, "you found your way here all right, did you? You're a clever little body. Or did Miss Wilde help you?"

Mrs. Floyd passed back the Minneapolis letter to her sister, and bestowed a ladylike frown on the new-comers. She disliked to be called "Frankie," but what is to be done between cousins?

"Jessie!" she expostulated softly, indicating Ogden in the adjoining room.

"You can't think," the girl went on, to Ogden *redux*, "how proud my cousin is of her ignorance of Chicago. She knows where to buy her steaks, and she has mastered the shortest way down town, and that's about all. Frankie dear, where is the City Hall?"

"How should *I* know?" returned Frances Floyd, with a weary disdain.

"Why, there's the corner of it," cried Jessie Bradley, at the window, "not two blocks off. It's big enough to see."

"And she's been here a whole year, too!" cried her husband, proudly and fondly.

Mrs. Floyd drew Jessie Bradley aside. "I know I'm very ignorant," she said, speaking in a low tone, "but there is one thing you can tell me about if you want to. Why have you been so long in getting up to the office? You said Mayme—Mayme—I suppose that means Mary—you said that she was going to stop in the bank for just two or three minutes."

Jessie looked towards her young friend, who was seated near Ogden on one of the wide window-sills. Then she turned back to her questioner with eyes that were steady and perhaps a bit defiant.

"Well, we stopped for a minute in that insurance office on the way up. We came part way by the stairs. Mayme said she had just got to see him. I don't see how she can meet him anywhere else. They won't let him come to the house. I can't see that her brother has treated him so very well."

Mrs. Floyd's regard travelled from the culprit before her to the greater culprit on the window-sill. Mary Brainard was a pretty little thing of eighteen, with a plump, dimpled face. She had wide eyes of baby-blue under a fluffy flaxen bang. The brim of her hat threw a shadow over her pink cheeks, and she was nibbling the finger-ends of her gloves between her firm white teeth.

Mrs. Floyd considered this picture with grave disapproval, and turned back to her young cousin a face full of severe reproach.

"Jessie, I don't like this. It wasn't a nice thing for you to do at all, and I'm sure your mother would agree with me. Don't mix in any such matter. Let her own people attend to it."

Mary Brainard noticed this whispered passage, and suspected herself under comment. Her face, rather weakly pretty generally, was quite flushed and brilliant now, and she looked out from under her wide hat with the forced audacity that a lightly esteemed nature may sometimes assume, and afterwards, to everybody's surprise, may justify. She began to chat brightly with Ogden. Her gayety, however, was evidently but the spending momentum of some recent impact, and the bright defiance with which she glanced around the group was not more a surprise to them than to herself.

Jessie Bradley crossed over to the window, and found a third place on its wide sill. Walworth gathered the two ladies behind the shelter of his big desk, and the Minneapolis matter was resumed.

"No," said Jessie, as she settled down, "Mrs. D. Walworth Floyd don't know where the City Hall is." She was in a slightly nervous state, and she caught hold of the first piece of conversational drift-wood that came her way. "I ought to have asked her something easier—where La Salle Street was, for instance. I wonder if she knows she's on it now?"

"Well, Mr. Ogden is going to have a chance to learn all about La Salle Street," cried Mayme Brainard, with the air of one who dreads the slightest pause in the talk. "He's going into the bank, he tells me."

"That will do very well for six days in the week," declared the other. "How about the seventh?" she asked, with a twinkling directness. "Are you an Episcopalian, or what?"

"What, I fancy. Why, in Rome, I suppose, I shall do as the Romans do. For the forenoon there are the newspapers, of course. Then for the afternoon—the races, perhaps. In the evening—well, the theatre, I should say. That's about the plan at my house."

"Well, I've never been to the theatre Sunday evening, nor any of my people. And I don't believe that many nice people do go, either. Perhaps you think that there are not any nice people in Chicago; I've heard the remark made. Well, there are, I can tell you—just as nice as anywhere. I suppose you've noticed the way the papers here have of collecting all the mean, hateful things that the whole country says about us, and making a column out of them. I dare say they think it's funny. I don't know but what it is. There's my own father, now. He reads those things right after the market reports, and time and time again I've seen him laugh till he cried. Yet he isn't any fonder of a joke than anybody else. He says it's better to be abused and made fun of than not to be noticed at all. How does it strike you?"

She made a little *moue* as she recalled one or two of these national love-taps.

"And I must say it's awful, too, the sort of news that is sent out from here—excursions and alarums, and nothing else. During the anarchist time folks down East were a good deal more scared than we were. And I remember, when I was at school, I read in the Philadelphia papers that typhoid fever was raging in Chicago. They gave the death rate and everything. I came home as fast as I could. I expected to find the whole family dying. But *they* didn't know anything about it. And they took my pocket-money to pay the return fare. They were alive enough."

Ogden smiled. He saw that he was face to face with a true daughter of the West; she had never seen him before, and she might never see him again, yet she was talking to him with perfect friendliness and confidence. Equally, he was sure, was she a true daughter of Chicago; she had the one infallible local trait—she would rather talk to a stranger about her own town than about any other subject.

"I think we shall have to reform you," she went on presently, "in advance. I believe the proper place for you next Sunday would be St. Asaph's. But it is High, you understand. Come over; my cousin has room in her pew. There is a vested choir, and when you have heard Vibert's singing—"

She stopped, as if to appreciate her own daring, like a child lighting a match. Mary Brainard gave a little start, and put her hand on her friend's arm, yet at the same time she blushed slightly—less, perhaps, in panic than in pride.

"—you will learn what it is that brings Mayme Brainard all the way over from Union Park twice every Sunday," were the words with which this sentence was mentally concluded. "It's like an angel," she continued, aloud. "A certain kind of angel," she added to herself. "Do you sing?"

"Yes, a little."

"Then of course you play. But that don't count. Do you write? But everybody does that, too. I do; or did. I carried off a prize once. It kept me in flowers for a week. Well, what is it—dialect or psychological?"

"Business letters," answered Ogden, with a balking sobriety.

"Pshaw! Well, then, can you sketch, or can you do anything in water-colors? I did a lovely head of Desdemona once—in crayon. That was at Ogontz."

"Kodak," Ogden confessed, briefly. "Views along the wharves in Boston; some pretty bits from around Stockbridge."

"My own story was in Stockbridge! Our artist on the spot!" She clapped her hands together joyfully. "What else? Can you—cook?"

"No."

"Neither can I."

"Can you keep books?" he asked in turn.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I can."

"You take the odd trick. Wait a minute, though. How about private theatricals?" she asked.

"I have acted in them once or twice."

She looked aslant at Mary Brainard. The girl seemed glad that St. Asaph's had been dropped, but she was hoping, fearfully, that it might be taken up again.

"Well, Father Tisdale has everything just about perfect. He's from St. John the Evangelist—Boston, you know. And you ought to hear little Mike Besser. He's our butcher's boy—only eleven. Sometimes he and Russell Vibert"—the other girl vibrated at this first audacious mention of the full name—"sing duets together, and then—"

Her eyes rolled around the room in a mock ecstasy and rested on the group of elders, whose three heads just showed above the top of the desk. Walworth's face made quite a picture of discomfort and distress, as he rose from his chair with the effect of trying to shake himself loose from the complications that his wife and sister Ann were weaving about him.

"The whole building is full of them," he said, rather petulantly; "there are half a dozen on every floor. But *I* don't know anything about any of them."

He looked inquiringly towards the window-seat.

"Ogden might."

"How is that?" inquired the young fellow, rising.

"Some real-estate man. Mrs. Floyd's sister here has about concluded to cast in her lot with us. She wants an adviser. Perhaps you happen to know of—"

He took on the ingenuous air of one who is earnestly searching for information—in the least likely quarter.

Ogden laughed self-consciously.

"Well, now, as a matter of fact, I do. His name is McDowell. He is on the second floor above. I have a sort of personal interest in him. He will be my brother in-law within a month or six weeks.

A slight flutter among the women—the mention of matrimony.

"Do you want to try that, Ann?" asked Floyd.

"We became acquainted with him down East, last year," Ogden went on, proud to show his newness wearing off. "He was working up a syndicate. He calls himself a hustler. He tells me he has just opened a new subdivision out south somewhere—beyond Washington Park, I believe. I think you'll find him posted."

Older people than Ogden frequently go out of their way to run cheerfully the risk of advising others in business matters.

"I believe I'll see him, anyway," decided Miss Wilde. Like all women, she embraced the personal element in every affair. The people in Minneapolis became mere myths, now that she found herself so near to the future husband of the sister of the man who had just presented a letter of introduction to her own brother-in-law. The chain was long, to be sure, and some of its links were rather weak—but it served.

Mrs. Floyd arose, shaking out the folds of her dress and smoothing out the wrinkles that the last half-hour had accumulated on her forehead.

"I have asked Mr. Ogden to go to church with us Sunday," Jessie Bradley announced to her. "And he is going to bring some Stockbridge photographs."

"First rate!" cried Walworth, relieved by any outcome whatever. "Stockbridge! Why, that's where I did my courting!"

Mrs. Floyd was caught in a melting mood.

"We shall be very happy to see Mr. Ogden," she pronounced, primly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

A MIRACLE sweet Love hath wrought!
Not as your jugglers at the fair
Have done, when they have deftly caught
Fresh roses from the wintry air.

Not so, my masters. Love hath done
Something beyond man's ken. His skill
Exceeds the might of any one—
All things are subject to his will.

What he hath done is this: A maid
Passed by me (it seems yesterday),
And forthwith at her feet I laid
My heart, and fervently did pray.

And then? Good sirs, would you believe
This miracle? Most graciously
She then consented to receive
The gift, and whispered *she loved me.*

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

TROTTING IN VIENNA.

THERE is no more picturesque race-course in Europe than that in the Prater at Vienna, on the lawn of which the Orient and the Occident find a congenial and attractive place of meeting. The variety of costume, as well as the beauty of the women, is almost bewildering. At a few feet distant from a princess bearing one of the grandest names that figure in the second portion of the Almanach de Gotha, and arrayed in an exquisitely dainty Parisian creation, one sees standing some fierce-looking Albanian with scarlet jacket embroidered with gold, voluminous white kilted petticoats, a tarbooshe on his head, and his gay and many-hued girdle bristling with pistols and knives. A little further on one catches a glimpse of some Hungarian peasant in top-boots, and embroidered blanket flung over his shoulder something after the fashion in which the Magyar magnates wear their ermine-lined and bejewelled mantles on great state occasions; near the rails an officer in the gray-blue, simple, and yet natty uniform of the Austrian cavalry; and close by, a gentleman whose tight nether garments, voluminous coat, and curly brimmed hat characterize him at once as a member of the sporting world. In the foreground a little boy, the son, possibly, of the great lady seated beneath the tree, and dressed, like so many of the children of the aristocracy, in that picturesque Styrian peasant costume which the emperor and the archdukes are so fond of wearing during their shooting expeditions. And then again another touch of the Orient is furnished by the appearance of officers and privates of the regiments raised in Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are Mohammedans by religion, and permitted, although enrolled in the imperial army, to retain their distinctive and picturesque national costume, which looks like a bit of Asia transplanted into Europe. It is to them, by-the-bye, that the Viennese are indebted for the popular ballet now running with such success at the Grand Opera. The ballet was composed by Finance Minister von Kallay, who found time during his term of office as administrator of the Oriental provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia to compose a ballet in which the principal feature was the "kola," or national dance of the Bosnians. When the ballet was placed on the stage at Vienna, no one was found who could show the step, until finally the Minister of Finance bethought himself of the Bosnian regiment on duty at the palace gates. And, accordingly, a company of the regiment was detailed for an entire week to act as dancing-masters to the fair coryphées of the Viennese corps de ballet. The final touch to the picture is lent by the typically Western appearance of the American sulkies and trotters, which are just on the point of starting. American trotting matches have become quite a popular feature at Vienna, and this particular form of sport finds almost as enthusiastic and numerous votaries on the banks of the Blue Danube as in the United States.

EX-DIPLOMAT.

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JUNE.

THE odor of the new-mown hay;
The songs of bees and birds at play;

The cooling ripple of the brooks,
As through the shaded mountain nooks

They dash, in silvery brightness, down
Past solitudes, through vale and town,

To reach at last the swelling streams,
The haven of their daily dreams;

The blossoms ripening on the tree;
The seeming softness of the sea;

The grasses nodding to the breeze,
In tune to elf-born harmonies—

These are the signs of Nature's noon,
The blissful tokens of sweet June!

ROGER CAMERDEN.

OUR WORLD'S FAIR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Two buildings could not well present a greater contrast than is shown, alike on the Columbian Exposition grounds and in our illustrations, by the log cabin of the Boone and Crockett Club and the white palace for the mining display. The log cabin represents an actuality in this country even to-day, but so does the colossal and beautiful triumph of skill in architecture which forms one of the group of palaces at the World's Fair. The modest hut of logs represents that humble beginning which in this country may easily lead to the fruition that the other stands for, and if we look no farther away than Chicago itself we will find palatial buildings in plenty on ground that supported log cabins only a little more than forty years ago. To extend the same illustration, the reader needs but to look at the picture of the Missouri State Building, the headquarters for the people of a State still farther West than that in which the great fair is held. Who would have dared to predict forty years ago that Missouri would be properly and fittingly represented by a building so distant, in what it stands for, from the pioneer's cabin in the other picture?

Missouri makes a brave showing in many of the principal departments at Jackson Park. She was one of the States which early and generously arranged for a proper representation at the fair, as if too shrewd, if not too proud, to remember the rivalry and the disappointment of the time when St. Louis struggled for the honor of being chosen "the exposition city." New blood and quick enterprise stir the whole people of that State, and no one can spend a day at the exposition without remarking it.

The Mining Building reflects the skill of Mr. S. S. Beman, the architect, of Chicago. The illustration showing its façade is eloquent in its praise of his work. The exhibition within it is one of the most forward of the many great collections at the fair. It is popularly called a mining exhibit, but it is in reality an exposition of metallurgy as well. Its completeness, as well as its forwardness when the fair was opened, speaks highly for the judgment that led to the appointment of Mr. Frederick J. V. Skiff to preside over this department. The taste and ingenuity that have been displayed in arranging the stubborn and often prosaic materials astonish all who visit this very interesting bit of the great show.

The Peacock Palace, part of the Japanese exhibit on the Wooded Island, should be regarded merely as a hint or a taste of the work of these ingenious Orientals. The Wooded Island over which they preside is one of the choice features of the exposition. Whether one stops to admire their floral display, or to marvel at the stunted trees of which they are so proud, or only to look at them at work at a dozen callings on their buildings and grounds, in quaint and pretty garments, each study is antipodean and delightful.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELDS.

THE days of the old college play-ground have passed away with the advent of modern appliances in gymnasia and the higher development of the different games. In the days, not so long ago, when some of us were striving to uphold the athletic glory of our *alma mater*, we thought we were in great luck if we had the most commonplace frame shanty to go into while we put on our baseball or football clothes. We did not have any rubbers in those days. If there were lame muscles or sore shins we did our own rubbing, and whatever there was of restriction in diet was entirely voluntary. To-day nothing is too good for the college athlete. He travels in private cars, he has training-tables where the best in the land is provided bounteously, and all his aches and pains are ministered to by physicians and trainers. And it is quite right that it should be so, too. Really nothing *is* too good for the college athlete. He is a magnificent embodiment of physical and moral health. Not that I would claim every athlete to be a paragon of righteousness, but to be a successful athlete a boy must live a clean wholesome life, for it is certain he cannot dissipate if he would represent his college on any one of its teams. What athletics have done for the moral welfare of the college boys no one that has not looked into the matter thoroughly can begin to appreciate—but then that is another story. With the higher development of the athlete have come the more elaborate athletic fields. Every college of any note to-day has its athletic field, and its gymnasium, and its club-house, and its training-table, and in most instances its baseball cage; but the colleges whose grounds are here represented are taken because they are the most elaborate, and represent the largest outlay of money.

Princeton has been more fortunate in gifts from *alumni* in this direction than any other of the colleges. Its grounds comprise about fifteen acres, and the athletic-field club-house represented here is probably the most complete of its kind. It cost in the neighborhood of $5000, and was built on the money earned by the different college athletic associations. Aside from this, Princeton has the University Athletic Club-house, which is about a $12,000 building, donated by Professor Henry F. Osborn, and where there is a reading-room and the training-table for the members of the different 'varsity teams. Still further is Princeton favored in the Brokaw Building and Field, which are nearing completion. The building itself is chiefly devoted to a swimming-tank, and the field is to be a general play-ground for the students at large. The Princeton field has a one-third-of-a-mile running-track, and its grand stand will hold about eight hundred, although plans are already drawn to enlarge it to double its capacity.

Harvard probably comes next in order, in having its two fields—Holmes, where there is a quarter-mile running-track and a baseball diamond; and Jarvis, on which the football games of the season are contested. The Cary building, which stands between the two, is very complete. It has a baseball-cage and rowing-tank, a handball-court, and bathing facilities of the most modern description. Besides this, Harvard has the Soldier's Field, where the football team does a great deal of its practising at the end of the season.

Yale's athletic field-house represents a cost of over $5000, and is not excelled in its bathing appliances and other arrangements by any of the other colleges. The house was built from money donated by the football association. The grand stand has a seating capacity of a thousand, and there is a quarter-mile track on the field.

The Columbia grounds, which have been recently acquired, have about twenty acres, ten of which are enclosed and improved to the extent of a quarter-mile track and a very well kept in-field. The grand stand has a seating capacity of about a thousand; and a farm-house, altered to suit the requirements of the athletes, represents the field athletic-house.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL EPISODE.

THE Great Northern Railroad was completed a few weeks ago from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast, the far-western terminus being on Puget Sound. This new route across the continent has been the result of the untiring efforts of the present president of the road, Mr. J. J. Hill. The road has been built in a somewhat unusual style, not a cent of governmental aid having been provided. Mr. Hill is an unassuming man, possessed of a large and accurate knowledge for the solving of the problems of finance as well as those of railroading. He is a liberal patron of the arts, and in his palatial home in St. Paul, on one of the most beautiful avenues in America, he has a rare collection of paintings. He is liberal in his gifts, public and private, and stands always for what is highest in citizenship.

The citizens of St. Paul determined some time ago to celebrate the completion of this road in a fitting manner. Committees were appointed and ample funds provided for the building of arches, street decorations, and the like.

These decorations are on a very elaborate scale. Bunting is lavishly displayed, and all sorts of designs indicative of the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural progress of the Northwest are conspicuous features of the occasion. The arches erected at prominent points are of large size, fine architecture, and much æsthetic excellence. They are covered with some material similar to the staff in use at the World's Fair, and the bright bannerets, the delicate but distinctive festooning, and the vivid emerald of palm and evergreen upon pillar and arch and lofty colonnade relieve and accentuate the prevailing snowy whiteness.

Thousands of dollars were spent in the building of these arches, and some of the representative architects of the Northwest, among them Mr. Cass Gilbert, Mr. Johnson, and Messrs. Reed & Stem, devoted much time to the elaboration of plans and the erection of these beautiful testimonials to the dignity of the occasion.

The floats made for use in the great parade are strikingly beautiful illustrations of the growth of the city of St. Paul and this magnificent section of America. Epochs in the life of the Northwest are adequately portrayed. The Indians, the voyageurs of the days of overland fur-trading to St. Paul, the primitive carts of the valley of the Red River of the North, the stage-coaches of the pioneerish days, the later "prairie schooners," those white craft which sailed so many voyages to the distant plains, the steamboats, and last, the steam-cars—all are represented in the typical floats and other incidents of the parade. All manner of commercial floats are to be seen, while those of a municipal nature occupy a prominent place.

An interesting feature of the occasion will be a public reception to Mr. Hill in an immense auditorium which had been erected for the use of a local religious revival.

W. S. HARWOOD.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is reported that the butter secret has been discovered. Dr. Vaughn is the man who is credited with having found it, and it is regarded in scientific circles as perhaps the greatest of his discoveries. The thing that he is represented to have got at is the alkaloid which, being created in milk or cream by churning, produces butter. Dr. Vaughn, it seems, takes a can of fresh milk, drops in some alkaloid, and presently dips out the fully developed butter without further ado. It is not oleomargarine, or any illegal-unless-labelled substitute, but real butter.

Here is another step taken toward the millennial period when man will press the button and Nature will do all the rest. Dr. Vaughn does away with the churns; the next innovator may be expected to abolish cows. Give him a pail of rain-water, and he juggles something into it, and you get back real milk. Then an ounce or two of alkaloid, and lo, butter! and all the milkmen and dairymaids are in search of new employment.

There is something disconcerting about these discoveries, for all their usefulness. Where are they going to stop? and what is to become of the working-people when all the work does itself? Next we may hear that some meddling investigator has discovered the secret of literary style, so that by the adjustment of a simple appliance to a printing-press, raw facts may be fed in at one end, and literature cut off at the other in lengths and of qualities to suit the market That is a more terrifying possibility than even that all the Harvard undergraduates should become proficient writers. It remains for mankind to hope that when it ceases to be possible for the multitude to make a living on Earth, the secret of living without food may come out, or the perfection of flying-machines, or something, may provide means of emigration to other spheres.

Considering the interesting question of what it costs to spend a day at the fair, the Chicago *News* puts the outlay somewhere between ninety cents and ten dollars. For the lesser sum one can get from the city to the grounds and back, pay admission, and buy lunch enough to support life. Once in, he can see all there is except the side shows—vastly more, that is, than he can possibly look at in a day. For the larger sum he can ride to the fair on a tally-ho coach, keep a rolling-chair all day, ride in gondolas, view the Plaisance shows, eat too much luncheon, and squander $1 75 on "sundries." The *News* declares, however, that there is so much to see that the admission fee covers, that it requires some diligence for an ordinary person to spend more than $2 a day. The itemized disbursements of one man who spent $14 in six days are put in evidence as an example of reasonable expenditure.

One great work the fair is pretty sure to accomplish before it is over is the determination of contemporaneous American sentiment on the Sunday question. That question never had such a sifting as it got last month. It was weighed, scrutinized, and disputed from every point of view. The practical side of it is whether the fair can make more money by keeping open on Sunday or not. Among the costs of Sunday opening are the two millions to be paid back to the government, and the losses from boycotting Sabbatarians. If the experiment is made it will take until October to determine the result, but it will be an interesting experiment.

The author of a poem entitled "Boston, 1893," to which an allusion was made in HARPER'S WEEKLY a month ago, is James Riley, of Boston, and not James Whitcomb Riley, of Indianapolis.

It is fairly questionable whether the London *Times* achieved even a reasonable measure of felicitous expression when it described the bestowal of the hand of the Duke of York upon the Princess May as "the most appropriate and delicate medicament for a wound in its nature never wholly effaceable." It seems a little rough for a blooming prince like Duke George to be characterized as a "medicament," but then princes are toughened early in life by the publicity of their situations, and get over those little shivers that go with thin skins.

Mr. Andrew Lang is talked of as candidate for the Chalmers Chair of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Unquestionably Mr. Lang would make a lively and edifying professor What he does not know about English literature may possibly be worth knowing, but it is not within the reach of the undergraduates of a Scotch university. Mr. Lang would have the advantage of some possible professors in being able to give his classes practical instruction in the composition of all known varieties of English literature. He could do them an ode, or an essay, or an epic, or a ballade while their eyes were actually on him, much as Mrs. Rorer composes a pudding or roasts a joint in the presence of her class. And Mr. Lang's classes could taste his product at the close of the lecture hour, just as Mrs. Rorer's classes taste hers, thereby attaining practical discrimination and the ability to know literature when they saw it.

Is any abatement of the traditional jealousy between Celt and Saxon to be argued from the fact that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in Brooklyn lately had a dinner at the Hotel St. George?

The Geary family, of Santa Rosa, California, can hardly hope for an outburst of public sympathy for them in the loss of their Chinese cook. It is hard that the official sins of a Congressman should be visited on his wife, but the affecting tale of Mrs. Geary's discomforts is more likely to excite merriment than commiseration. If California insists that the Chinese must go, it must be that the Chinese are not indispensable to Californian comfort. There was a story about a man who rebelled with such persistence against his mother-in-law that that lady finally abandoned him and set up an establishment of her own. But after a three-months' experience of trial and tribulation he arranged to rent his house and go with his family to board with her.

So far as the Eastern mind can compass the situation in California it is not possible to live in any comfort on the Pacific coast without Chinese, and when the Chinese have all gone home there will be nothing for the well-to-do Californians to do but to pack up and follow them.

But perhaps the Eastern mind has an exaggerated conception of the indispensableness of Chinese labor.

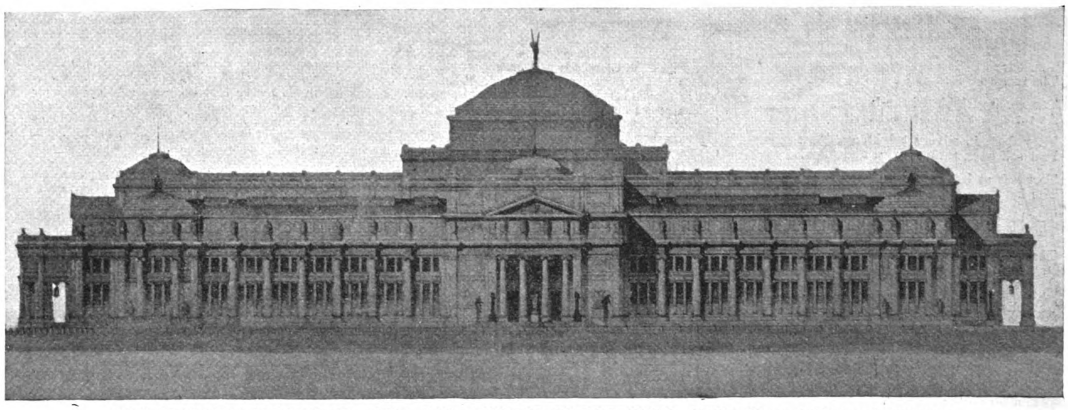
If the American missionaries are thrown out of China in retaliation for the Geary law, it is to be hoped that the American Board will arrange to maintain them all for a time in the Pacific States. There seems to be a great opportunity there for missionary effort. Governor Pennoyer of Oregon in himself presents a vast field for devoted labor, and it would not seem extravagant if the board should assign one earnest family to his case alone. Missionaries who have lived long in China may be expected to know more about the Chinese than even the Californians do. If they tackled the Californians, one of two things might be expected to happen. Either they would convert the Californians to better sentiments about the Chinese, or the Californians would convince them that their anti-Chinese persuasions are justified. In the latter case the missionaries could be brought East to correct the views of our part of the country, since it is important that whatever are the right views about the Chinese the whole country should hold them. To have one section of the land maintain views of cheap labor which all the reformers in the rest of the country denounce is a state of things of which the United States has already had all the experience it wants.

If Dr. Conan Doyle could induce his ingenious friend Sherlock Holmes to apply his mind to the solution of the Palliser-Roehl mystery he would oblige some millions of American friends, and secure an unequalled audience for the resulting story. The further one progresses into the Palliser-Roehl literature the further he finds himself from a satisfactory arrangement of the facts. That the two men were killed on shore and then concealed in the river by some friendly hand is the reasonable, apparent conclusion, which it would be the first duty of the astute Holmes to upset.

There seems to be a discrepancy of apprehension between the Navy Department and the navy as to what constitutes expeditious obedience of orders to go to sea. It is a most vexatious discrepancy to have at large, and it is earnestly hoped that the inquest on it which has been ordered will result in its permanent abatement. Meanwhile it would seem to be the part of prudence for commanders, when they come ashore, to fill their ulster pockets with coal, so that wherever their summons catches them they can clutch the indispensable garment and run for it.

E. S. MARTIN.

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THE PROPOSED MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES IN BROOKLYN.—McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

A NEW ART BUILDING.

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences have decided upon a choice of plans for their new museum which will furnish a home for the various departments of the institute in the near future. The plans selected were those of the well-known architects McKim, Mead, & White, which were submitted in competition with those of four other firms of celebrated architects. The selection was made by a jury composed of Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia College, Mr. Robert S. Peabody, of Boston, and George L. Morse, a Brooklyn architect.

The new building for the Museum of Arts and Sciences of the Brooklyn Institute will occupy a site about 575 feet wide by 640 feet long, east of the Prospect Hill Reservoir lands and fronting on the Eastern Parkway. As there will be no other buildings on the block, the museum will receive light from all sides.

The accepted plan is of classic design, embellished with features from the Italian Renaissance. It will resemble in many features and in general *ensemble* the beautiful new Palace of Justice in Brussels, Belgium. The pillars, which form such a prominent feature in the design of all classic buildings, will be after the Ionic order. The whole design, while simple in detail, is harmonious in its rendering, and will form a most imposing and grand structure when carried to completion. The building will be three stories high, the main axes of the structure, which will occupy the four cardinal points of the compass, however, being carried up one story higher. The whole will be surmounted by a flattened dome, upon the lantern of which will be mounted a winged figure representing Science and Art.

In close proximity to the main museum building, and connected with it, will be the second building, which will be used as an astronomical department, laboratory, and other purposes. This will be located on Washington Avenue, and will be connected with the main building by a covered arcade.

The main building will have a grand entrance through a beautiful Ionic porch fronting on the Eastern Parkway. Under the dome will be a grand hall for the exhibition of architectural models and specimens representing the history of architecture. The building will likewise contain a large lecture hall, five smaller lecture rooms, roomy halls and corridors and galleries adapted to the display of works of science, natural history, and art. Besides, there will be rooms for the several working departments of the institute and the great reference library. There will also be a large memorial hall, with a stage, for entertainments, and which will contain a grand organ of sixty stops.

The outer walls will be built of light-colored stone, while the interior, floors, partitions, and court façades will be of glazed brick, tile, and concrete, while the aisles will be paved with random mosaic. The building will be strictly fire-proof, and will contain all the modern appliances. It is estimated that the entire cost will reach $2,000,000.

The whole building will not be erected at once, but only a portion. The trustees have city bonds at their disposal which will net $300,000, which will be used for this purpose. When the structure is completed it will be one of the finest on this continent.

Henry Balch Ingram.

AMATEUR SPORT

(This paper went to press May 26th.)

To those who are interested in polo in this country it is a considerable disappointment to look over the revised handicaps published recently by the Association. We have been playing polo now more or less seventeen years, and while the clubs have increased and the membership of the Association has enlarged in a very encouraging manner, the standard of play seems to have stood about so after its first advance. Probably one cause of this may be found in the fact that the most active polo-players are men of means and more or less leisure, and their absorption of the game has to a very large extent driven out, or rather kept out, a class of players who would naturally have developed had they been encouraged. In almost every other game there is an active competition among members of clubs which of itself is constantly developing new material, but in polo the usual state of affairs has been reversed, and instead of encouraging what are known as second-grade men, it seems to have been the policy to discourage them. Long ago it was stated in this department, and in so doing we only voiced the sentiment of those who are most alive to the interests of polo, that the second-class men should have more consideration than they are receiving. Of course in commenting on the condition of polo it must always be taken into consideration that the majority of the men who play the game do so for their own pleasure and recreation, and while in the abstract they are probably interested in its success, at the same time they have not that interest in its development that is incidental to all other games. If four or six years ago, when polo was getting under way nicely, there had been a schedule on a different basis made up by the Association, and a series of matches arranged annually between second-class teams, we should have seen by this time a very much larger number of men with something besides a 0 in their handicap column. The failure to develop second-class or "scrub" teams has in most all localities worked much to the detriment of the first teams.

No better instance can be cited than the team of the Philadelphia Country Club, which has only four men who are handicapped at all, and the highest of these only two goals. If Philadelphia had a good second-class team to play against its first team it would sharpen up their playing, and not only put them in the position to make a better showing against the other clubs in the match for the Association Cups, but would give them material to draw on in the future. This is a point that seems to be lost entirely to the sight of polo-players. Evidently, judging by the present procedure, they fancy the half-dozen or so of crack players are to be with them always. Last year, in a dozen different matches, the wisdom of having good substitutes was shown, for some of the teams, by the absence of a crack here or there, made very inferior exhibitions. Following out the criticism that has been made herewith, it will be interesting to look over the figures of handicaps and members of the last four years. To begin with, the increase in actual members of the Association, though small, has been steady. In 1890 the Association had 100 members; in 1891, 142; in 1892, 161; in 1893, 180—making a total increase in four years of 80 members, and this includes the addition this year of the Country Club of St. Louis Team, which has 14 members.

Digressing here for a few lines, it is ridiculous that a game with such possibilities of development, that calls for the exercising of brain and muscle at one and the same time, should have in these four years gained only eighty additional players. The pet argument of those who are not as well posted as they might be on this subject is the expense of the game, but this is really a fallacy. Of course it is not so cheap to individuals as baseball or football, but that it requires the immense outlay popularly believed is not true.

To be sure, if the men can afford a stable of anywhere from four to six ponies, it is very pleasing, but they are not necessary; and in making this statement the entire country is taken into consideration. Here in the East, or more particularly round about New York city, where the best players of the country are congregated, and the games are fast and hard, it requires in the championships several ponies of the very best timber. In these events a man is handicapped if his horseflesh is not of the very best quality. But nothing of this sort is required outside of this vicinity, and it seems as though there must be something lacking in the proper nourishing of the game when it is considered that with all its advantages there are but three polo clubs outside of the Eastern circuit—the one in St. Louis, one in Colorado Springs, and one in southern California. It would not be feasible nor desirable for the Association to attempt to swell its membership roll in the Western country, since inter-club matches would be impracticable, but it is entirely possible and desirable that its influence should be felt through the country, and its encouragement of the game lead to its being taken up by dozens of men who to-day simply want the incentive.

The Rockaway Club in 1890 had 15 members, and their gross handicap amounted to 28 goals. In 1891 its membership was 16, and the handicap 52 goals. In 1892 the membership had risen to 20, but the handicap had dropped to 48; and this year the membership is 21, and the goals 53.

The Meadowbrook Club in 1890 had 14 members, and 16 goals were charged against them. In 1891, 15 members and 42 goals; 1892, 21 members and 48 goals; 1893, 22 members and 46 goals.

The Country Club of Westchester in 1890 had 14 members and 14 goals; 1891, 15 members and 24 goals; 1892, 18 members and 37 goals; and this year, 17 members and 34 goals.

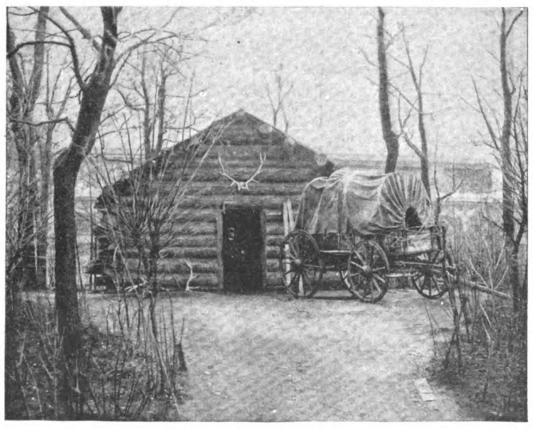
The Morris County Country Club in 1890 had 8 members and 5 goals; 1891, 8 members and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 15 goals; 1893, 9 members and 11 goals.

The Essex County Country Club in 1890 had 11 members and 12 goals; 1891, 10 members and 18 goals; 1892, 11 members and 20 goals; 1893, 10 members and 21 goals.

The Myopia Club made its first appearance on the polo field in 1891, and in that year it had 16 members and 25 goals, being fortunate enough to start off with several well-known polo-players who had been with other clubs. In 1892 it had 14 members and 20 goals, and this year it has 13 members and 20 goals.

The Harvard Club in 1891, its first year, had 8 members

(*Continued on page 538.*)



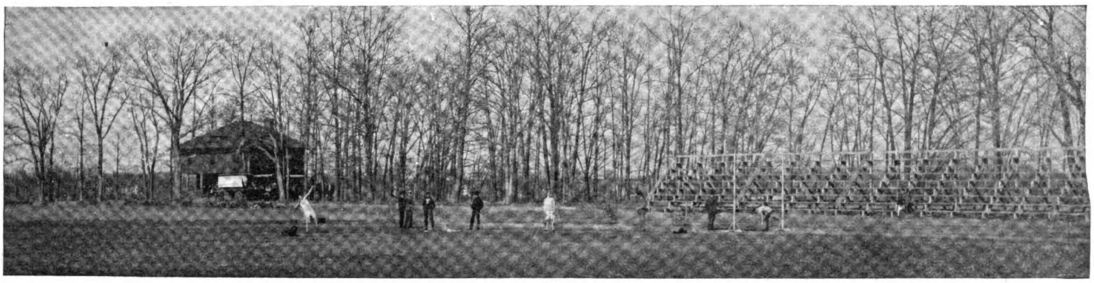
THE BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB.



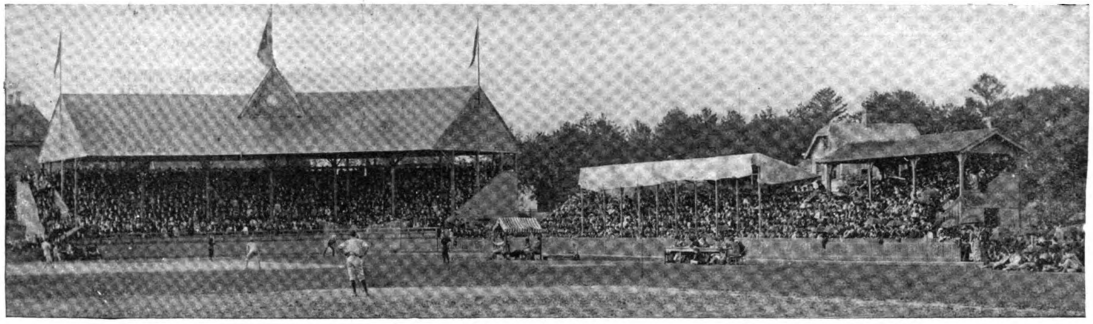
THE MISSOURI BUILDING.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—From Photographs by Arnold.

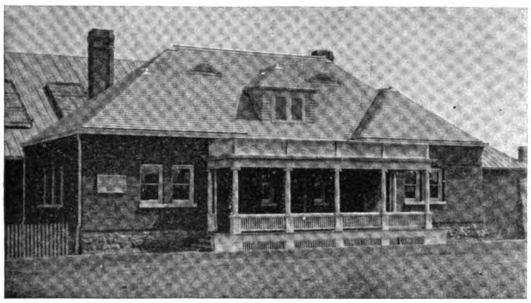
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YALE'S FIELD.



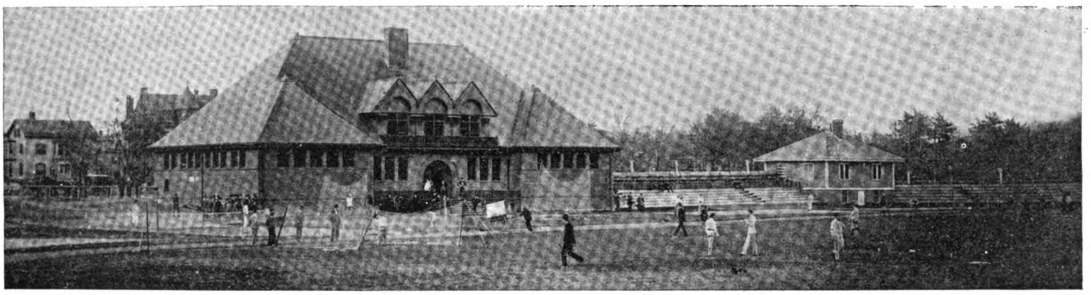
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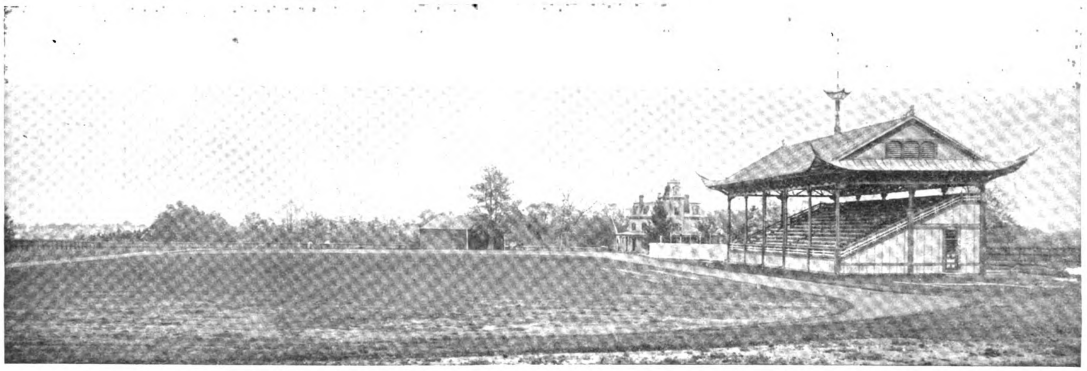
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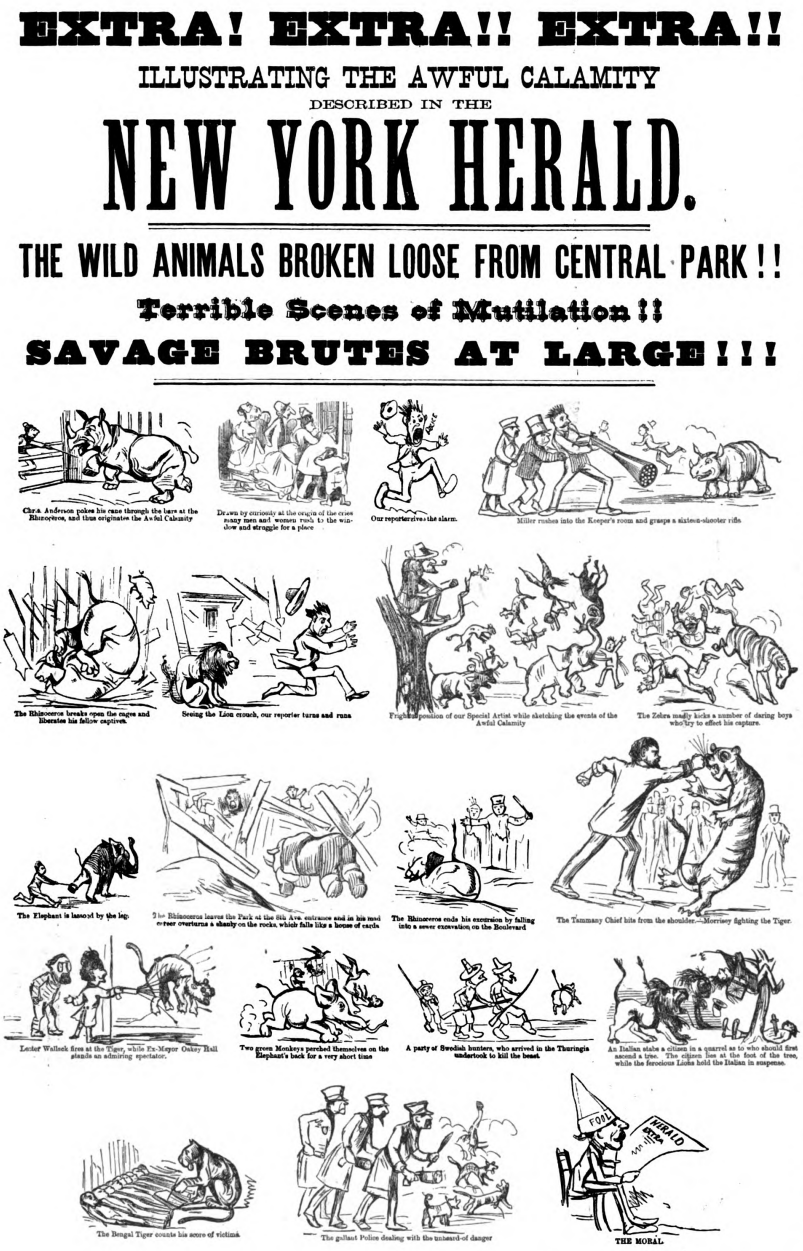
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COLUMBIA'S FIELD.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC FIELDS.—From Photographs by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 531.]

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A FAMOUS NEWSPAPER HOAX.

BY T. B. CONNERY.

FROM time to time I have seen allusions here and there in the newspapers of the country to the famous wild-beast hoax of the New York *Herald*, and lately in the *Journalist* there was something said about certain people supposed to have invented and written it, which prompts me to prepare a true history of the extraordinary imposition, which one writer has pronounced "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon hoax in the early days of the New York *Sun*."

As I was to some extent connected with the hoax, I may be pardoned for saying that I am qualified to give its veracious history, which has never been published, and *quorum pars magna fui;* for unfortunately, in its worse sense, I was the originator of it, though, in self-justification I can add, with no intention of really palming off a gigantic hoax on the public. My object was entirely good—to warn the public and the authorities of an impending danger. I was the worst-sold person myself in the United States by my own idea.

While I was still in charge of the *Herald*, and before the elevated railroad was running, I had the habit of walking through the Park every morning on my way down to business. Nearly always I took in the menagerie, finding great amusement watching the habits of the animals, about whose cages there was always assembled a crowd of delighted little children and their nurses. One day I reached the spot just as the attendants were about to transfer a leopard from an animal-carriage to a cage, and I stopped to watch a proceeding I had never until then beheld. Through carelessness, I suppose, the operation was bungled, and, to my horror, I saw the animal slip between carriage and cage. I stood rooted to the spot, expecting that the next move would be a spring for freedom by the leopard. There were hundreds of people all about, and that leopard, if so minded, would have had no trouble about a fine morning meal. But it was not destined to run at large, for quicker than you could count a hundred the beast was covered by the long iron rods in the hands of attendants and driven into its cage, with the door securely fastened. But the incident, as may well be imagined, made a deep impression upon me. The possible results from a future possible accident, the carnage among the innocents, the consternation of the whole city over the unexpected appearance of Mr. Leopard here, there, and everywhere about the town, rose before my imagination, and by the time I reached corner of Ann Street and Broadway my mind was full of it. My first impulse was to call public attention to the accident and to give the menagerie men a sound scolding through the columns of the American Thunderer; but I thought better of it. What would be the use of a little scolding and a few warnings? The menagerie men would only be a little more careful for a while, and then relapse into their old habits, if carelessness was really one of their habits, of which I did not know. The public would soon forget all about it, and nurses and children would continue to go to the menagerie as of old, on the theory that lightning never strikes the same place twice. So I resolved to think over some other plan than an ordinary beware to the public and the every-day scolding to officials.

That night in bed the idea came to me—get up a harmless little hoax, with just enough semblance of reality to give a salutary warning. That was what occurred to me, and the idea grew fast and furious, especially the fun of it, and I jotted down quickly the headings of my hoax to give to one of the reporters to develop and embellish. I became enamored of my idea—a very dangerous thing, for when one allows one's self to be thus carried away, one is apt to see only that side of the idea that tickles his fancy. It was precisely what happened to me. I saw only the laugh which the publication of such a tremendous hoax would produce. To my shame be it confessed, I was utterly blind to the serious side of the hoax. And here it is proper to exonerate the present Mr. Bennett from any share in what the New York *Times* called, not undeservedly perhaps, "the infamous hoax," though its tremendous leader on the subject was certainly rather hysterical, owing perhaps to the desire of the then editor—"A Member of Parliament"—to do as much damage as possible to its more prosperous and enterprising rival, the *Herald*.

Among the writers of the *Herald* at the time were two very brilliant young men, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke and Mr. Harry O'Connor, gifted with very vivid imaginations. O'Connor (now dead, poor fellow) had distinguished himself by many bright humorous articles which attracted the attention of the country. Him I selected first to work up my wild-beast hoax; but when he brought his copy I found he had begun it in a way that stamped it as a transparent imposition in the very first paragraphs. I then committed the task to Mr. Clarke, and in a few days he had elaborated the little skeleton of a plan I gave him into the full page of ghastly and lifelike pictures as it was finally published in the *Herald*. If there is any credit due to the writer of "the most successful and beastly since the memorable moon hoax," it belongs to genial Joe Clarke.

It would be out of place in an article like this to reproduce the famous hoax *in extenso*. I will only briefly sketch what it contained sufficiently to enable readers of to-day to understand the comic illustrations with which this article is accompanied. It began by describing how a reckless keeper, Chris. Anderson, provoked the rhinoceros by prodding him; how the animal burst from its fastenings and killed the keeper; how next the infuriated beast killed another daring keeper called Hyland, and broke down the bars of all the cages, liberating Lincoln the Numidian lion, the elephant Pete, the Bengal tigers, the lionesses, panthers, bears, leopards, hyenas, wolves, and serpents, while a battle royal among the fierce animals raged on the floors of the menagerie. A crowd of curious people, fascinated by the gory spectacle, gazed through the windows, and among them "our own reporter," who gave the first alarm to the sleepy Park police in the old arsenal, and then rushed back to take full notes, just in time to behold Lincoln the Numidian lion burst through a window of the menagerie and begin his bloody work by killing one young man with a blow of his paw, and crushing the life out of another by the weight of his body. One after another the animals leaped from the menagerie, and scattered themselves over the city, killing or mutilating beasts, men, and women all over town. General Dix was extolled for shooting the leopard "on the spot," Lester Wallack for putting a bullet in one of the tigers, with Mayor Hall looking on close behind; John Morrissey, a famous pugilist, gambler, and politician in those days, for "fighting the tiger," delivering a deadly blow from the right shoulder. Nearly every prominent man of the day figured some way or other in the deadly scenes described with harrowing minuteness. Consternation and death were on a ferry-boat, from which people jumped into the river to escape the brutish fangs; even a church was invaded while people were attending divine service, and one of the wild beasts made a meal of a worshipper.

From the heading of the six-column article I take the following lines, given here in smaller type than the original:

AWFUL CALAMITY.

The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park.

TERRIBLE SCENES OF MUTILATION.

A Shocking Sabbath Carnival.

SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE.

Awful Combats between the Beasts and Citizens.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

General Duryee's Magnificent Police Tactics.

BRAVERY AND PANIC.

How the Catastrophe was Brought About.—Affrighting Incidents.

PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

Governor Dix Shoots the Bengal Tiger in the Streets.

CONSTERNATION IN THE CITY.

The New York *Times*, in its comments, remarked: "Such an incident was not altogether unlikely to happen, for the animals in the Central Park are confined in the flimsiest cages ever seen, and many a mother has cautioned her nurse not to take the children near the wild beasts. When, therefore, the startling head-lines of the *Herald* were read, natural alarm was felt in every household. In some cases the children had just gone to school, and without waiting to read through the six columns of this insane jest, parents rushed off to bring back their little ones. Some cases of this kind are described in our columns to-day. Ladies took alarm at the mere head-lines; and, indeed, throughout three or four columns the narrative is told in an apparently serious vein. . . . And for three or four columns, as we have said, the 'joke' was carefully hidden. The writer in the *Herald* spoke of 'the mutilated body of Annie Thomas, an unfortunate serving-girl,' and of a lion which seized four little children, and 'mangled the delicate little things past all signs of recognition. . . . I saw the dead bodies of Anderson and Hyland' (two of the Park keepers), 'the panther crouched over Hyland's body, gnawing horribly at his head.' These pictures of the mangled young children and of the dead keepers are irresistibly funny, and cannot fail to make our readers laugh. Still more amusing are the accounts of a lion which was 'tugging and crunching at the arms of a corpse, now letting go with his teeth to plant his paws upon the bleeding remains and snap with his dripping jaws at another beast'; of a leopard which 'killed a little child and mutilated several women'; of the deaths of Annie Thomas and Ellen Schubert; of a 'child in a cradle which was burnt to a crisp'; of 'the African lioness which saturated herself in the blood of eighteen victims, men, women, and children'; of the 'dead body of a youth fearfully disfigured about the head and face'; and of the panther which 'sprang upon the shoulders of an aged lady, burying its fangs in her neck.'"

The hoax wound up with the following antidote:

"*The Moral of the Whole.*—Of course the entire story given above is a pure fabrication. Not one word of it is true. Not a single act or incident described has taken place. It is a huge hoax, a wild romance, or whatever other epithet of utter untrustworthiness our readers may choose to apply to it."

The general effect of this audacious hoax may be imagined from the tone of the *Times* article, but what the public was not told at the time may be worth repeating now as a matter of interesting record. Let me tell my own experience first.

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While I was still in bed one of my children ran up to me with the *Herald* in her hand. "Oh, papa, what a dreadful thing!"

I laughed.

"Haven't you read it? Didn't you know of it last night before you came home?" the child asked, with big staring eyes, and then ran to her mother.

When I went down to my breakfast I found my wife had kept the children from school, the servants were afraid to go out of doors on errands, and every face was unusually pale.

"Don't you see it's all a joke? Read the end of the article," I said.

I started for a barber shop, where three or four persons were waiting to be shaved, and as I entered I heard one of them observe, "That's an awful affair."

"What?" demanded the barber, who had not yet looked at his paper.

"The escape of the wild beasts at Central Park," was the answer.

"What! What's that?" exclaimed the customer who had been lathered and was being shaved.

"Haven't you read the account in the *Herald* of the escape of the wild beasts? They are roaming all over town."

The shavee leaped from the barber's chair, and ran out without coat or hat.

I started for downtown, and met a friend on my way to the cars.

"For my part, I don't like that hoax. It is too serious," said my friend. (Cold bath No. 1.)

When I sat down in the horse-car, a gentleman began talking to his neighbor about the "awful calamity"; the neighbor only asked, "Are the beasts still at large?" and being informed they were, started to his feet, pulled the strap of the car, and left without another word, clutching his cane nervously, as if fearful of encountering one of the escaped animals. (Cold bath No. 2. I could not smile any longer.)

Before the car reached Forty-second Street I had received such a number of cold baths, I had seen so many evidences of the bad success of the hoax, that I was thoroughly alarmed and disgusted. So I got out of the car, and began walking down Fifth Avenue until I encountered newsboys yelling "Extry *Heralds*," "Escape of the wild beasts," "Great loss of life," and other startling catchcries. I was amazed and horrified. To get rid of the sight and hideous noise I jumped into a cab, and was driven down to the *Herald* office, where the newsboys were yelling and the presses dashing off the extras, which of course I immediately stopped.

A little army was waiting to see me, and in spite of the dreadful anxiety that was at my heart, I found it impossible not to laugh over some of the comic incidents related to me. The police reporter had the funniest story to tell about the excitement at Headquarters. It seems the editors and city editors of all the papers had gone off at "half-cock." They had only read the startling head-lines before rushing from their homes in the early morning to despatch reporters to Headquarters and everywhere else for the latest particulars of the "awful calamity." Superintendent Walling was fooled with the rest, for with a bare glance at the alarming news, it seems, he went in all haste to Police Headquarters and telegraphed instructions to every police precinct how to meet the emergency. He had no time to finish the reading of the article before a mob of excited reporters were upon him, clamoring for "The news! the news!" some of them even accusing him of having shown special favor to the *Herald*.

"Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor I knew absolutely nothing of this dreadful affair until I saw it in the *Herald* a short time ago," said the Superintendent, with hands raised in a deprecatory manner above the heads of the reporters. "I don't understand how it could have all happened without earlier knowledge on my part."

The truth was finally stated to the reporters by a detective, who arrived in the midst of Superintendent Walling's bombardment by the reporters.

"You're a pooty lot of fellows, ain't you?" said the detective. "Follerin' a big scent, ain't you? Smarter 'n the police, eh?"

The detective had been scored by some of the reporters, and enjoyed their dismay, standing before them in a tantalizing way with hands in his pockets.

"What's the matter with you anyhow?" retorted one of the reporters, angrily. "Do you know anything about it? Have you any particulars?"

"All the particulars you'll ever get, I guess," was the sneering answer. "Can't youse fellers read? Don't you see it's all a hoax? Look at the end of the screed and try."

Superintendent Walling was grievously annoyed when he found himself "sold," and all the reporters enjoyed the misery of "the old chief," whom they had suspected of favoritism.

All the papers bitterly denounced the hoax, but none with half the severity of the *Times*, whose editor, it is related, quitted his house early in the morning in a hurry, with a brace of pistols, prepared to shoot the first animal that would cross his path. It was some comfort to know that if I had been sold myself, the vituperative editor of the *Times* had been doubly sold. I should say that it was not the present genial editor Miller, nor any one now in the employ of that paper.

As for Mr. Bennett, the present owner of the *Herald*, all he had to say to me when we met was this:

"The fun of it all is my friends won't believe such a serious man as you originated the hoax. They all blame me for it."

A curious coincidence that may be mentioned is that while in the hoax General John A. Dix was represented as shooting the Bengal tiger, in reality he did sally forth on the morning of the publication armed with a rifle, firmly believing that the *Herald's* story was true, and that danger might lurk at any corner. He had only glanced at a few lines of the heading, without observing his own name figuring in large type as one of the heroes of the hoax.

At some of the public schools, the teachers not having arrived at the usual hour, the doors were closed by the janitor, and the children sent home again.

Commander (now Admiral) D. L. Braine, U. S. N., was then on duty with his ship somewhere in Europe, and wrote me an amusing letter, which would be good reading now if I could put my finger on it. I only remember that he shut himself up in his cabin, threatening to shoot anybody who would interrupt him while reading the "awful calamity," and that his *billet-doux* concluded with a jocose promise to put a bullet in me the first time we met.

I was very anxious for some days after the publication, not on account of the hue-and-cry to have the proprietor and manager indicted by the Grand Jury, but through the fear that some supersensitive and nervous people might have been frightened to death. But fortunately no such cases were reported—none such ever occurred—and the *Herald* circulation, so far as I was able to learn, did not drop by so much as one subscriber.

One remarkable circumstance should not be omitted in connection with this history of the hoax, namely, that soon after its publication the rhinoceros at the Zoo in London actually did break loose, much in the manner described by Mr. Clarke, but fortunately without any tragic consequences.

The hoax was followed by many imitations here and in Europe, the most notable of which was the man-and-mastiff fight published by the London *Daily Telegraph*. It is true the managers of that remarkable sheet have always stoutly denied that it was a hoax, but the evidence on the other side was too strong to admit of a doubt that the man-and-mastiff fight was invention from beginning to end.

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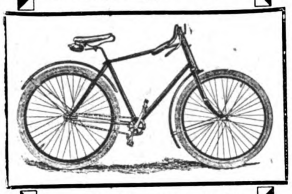
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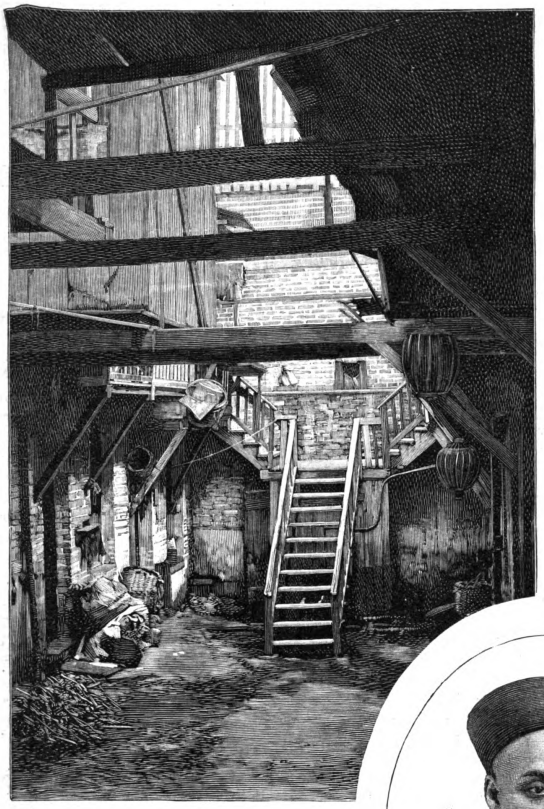
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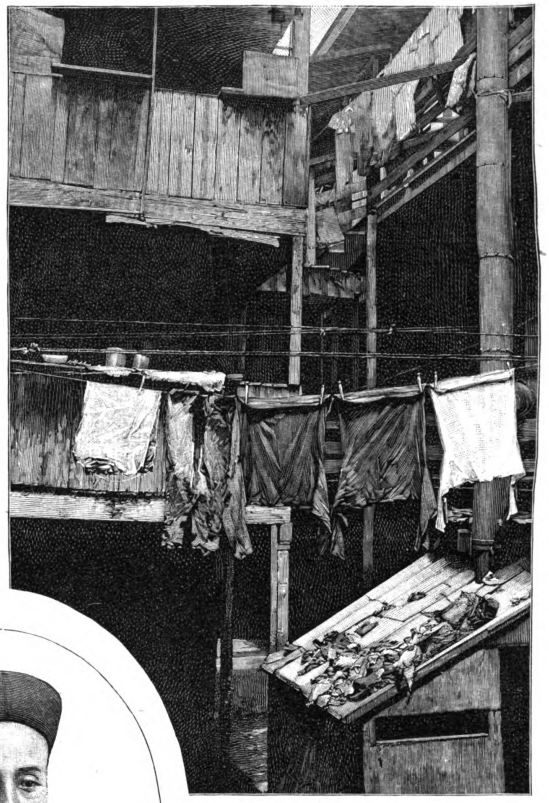
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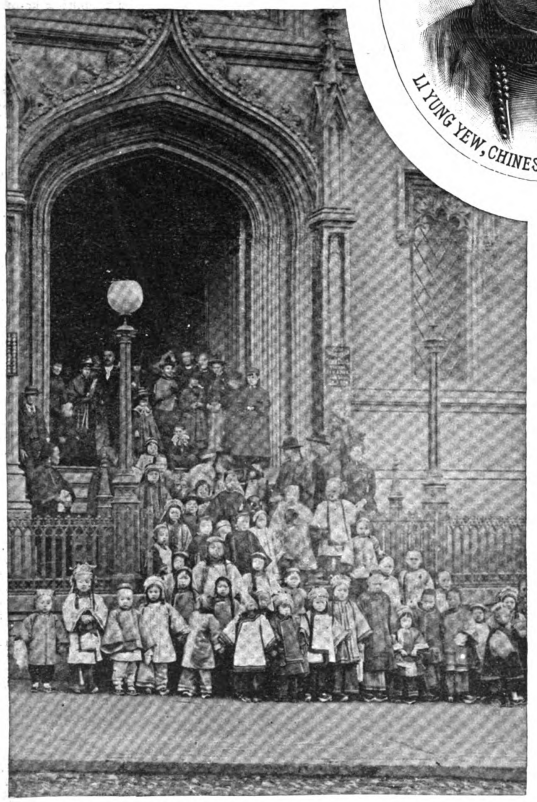


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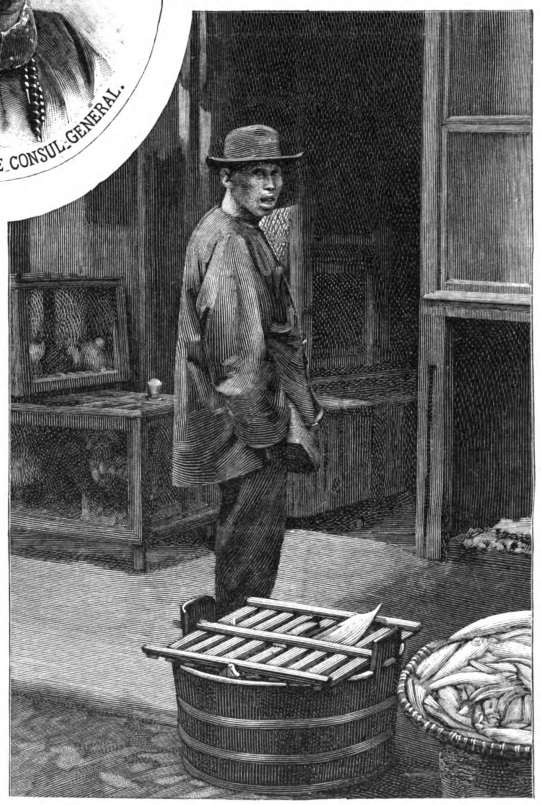


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AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 532.*)

and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 18 goals; 1893, 12 members and 21 goals.

The Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts, was organized last year, and entered the Association with 8 members, whose aggregate handicap was 11 goals, and this year it has the same number of members and 12 goals.

The Westchester Club in 1890 had 15 members and 13 goals; 1891, 9 members and 20 goals; 1892, 8 members and 23 goals, and 1893, 8 members and 23 goals.

The Hingham Club in 1891, its year of début, had 10 members and no goals charged to any one, in 1892 it stood in the same position, and this year it has 8 members and 1 goal.

The Philadelphia Country Club in 1890 had 13 members and no handicap; 1891, 12 members and 3 goals; 1892, 11 members and 6 goals; 1893, 16 members and 7 goals.

Taking all things into consideration, the Philadelphia Club has made the most satisfactory progress in the game of any one of them. They began with no knowledge whatever. They have labored under the great disadvantage of being removed from the centre of play, and yet they have shown a steady though small improvement every year.

The Oyster Bay Club in 1890 had 10 members and no goals; 1891, 11 members and 4 goals; 1892, 11 members and 8 goals. This was a banner year for the club, as it happened that a couple of good players were located at the bay during the season; and while it looks, as compared with this year's handicap, as though the club had gone down hill, as a matter of fact it is simply that the members who raised the handicap have moved their tents to other shores. This year the club has 9 members and a gross handicap of 3 goals.

The Tuxedo Polo Club joined the Association in 1891 with 12 members and a handicap of 5 goals; 1892, 13 members and 5 goals; and this year it has 10 members and the same number of goals.

The Country Club of St. Louis, the latest member of the Association, came in this year, and no man among the 14 members is handicapped a solitary goal.

THERE HAVE BEEN FEW CHANGES in the individual handicaps. In one or two instances they show the result of natural progress in the game, but in most of the cases where the handicaps are changed this year from what they were last it is simply the result of some of the men getting back into their usual form. Last year, 1892, showed a very considerable overhauling of the handicap list, for with the publication in April the handicaps of 19 men had been reduced 26 goals, and, on the other hand, there were but 13 who had improved their game for 18 goals. This year only 8 men have improved their game sufficiently to have their handicap increased, and in no instance is it raised more than one goal each. This is surely not a very encouraging report. Considerable space has been given this matter here, because the game is such a good one and there is such a chance in this country for its development. It is the opinion of men who follow these things closely that the present arrangement of the Association's schedule of games is in a very large measure accountable for the indifferent play and the failure to produce new material yearly. There seems only one way for polo to attain its proper height in this country—first, by the Association extending its influence throughout such sections as present likely players, and encouraging them; and second, by establishing in some central city in the East a field on which for one week in a year there might be veritable championship games.

THE ATTEMPT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE every year now for some time to cover an extended circuit wears out both the ponies and the men. This is proved every season by the great number of entries that are scratched. The teams start off fresh enough, but when they have played a week or two it is found impossible to keep all the engagements. To show more clearly what is meant: The Meadowbrook Club has its tournament from May 27th to June 1st; the Country Club of Westchester from June 5th to June 10th; the Philadelphia Club from June 12th to 17th; the Essex County Club at Orange, New Jersey, from June 19th to July 1st; the Rockaway Club, at Cedarhurst, Long Island, from July 3d to July 15th; and the Oyster Bay Club, also of Long Island, from July 17th to July 27th; the Westchester Polo Club has from August 14th to August 26th; the Hingham Club, from August 28th to September 2d; the Country Club of Brookline, from September 4th to September 14th; and the Tuxedo Club from September 25th–30th.

The point made here is that from the opening of the polo season until its closing, with the exception of the interval between the Oyster Bay tournament, ending July 27th, and the opening of the Newport tournament, August 14th, only two days intervene. If any team should attempt to go through such a season their horses would be legless long before it was over, and the men pretty well worn out, throwing aside all question of whether they could take time from their business. More than any other illustration that could be made, does this demonstrate the vital necessity of having good second elevens if any progress in the game is to be made from year to year.

EVERY POLO CLUB WANTS AT SOME TIME during the season a tournament on the home grounds. Particularly is this true since the clubs are almost invariably one and the same with the country clubs. If there were good second elevens there would be no difficulty of holding interesting tournaments, but as there are none, and as the first elevens cannot hope to even make a pretence of getting around the Association circuit, the tournament generally resolves itself into a contest between the home club and the one nearest resident. It would seem that this was sufficiently clear to convince polo men, but the majority of the country club members play the game for a bit of recreation, and care little whether it is developed beyond their own vicinity or not.

There is an opportunity just now to secure grounds in New York city and make such a centre as Hurlingham, England. The land at 155th Street and Sixth Avenue, part of which is known as the Manhattan Field and the other as the baseball field, could be secured and turned into one large field. If the polo men, the pony-racing men, and the men interested in the Horse Show Association would combine their interests and invest in this property, a polo field, a hunting-course, a race track, and general athletic field could be made that would more than pay for itself at all seasons of the year. There is no end to the value this ground could be made to hunting and polo men. There would be always an opportunity of keeping the horses in form, and it could become the site of an annual polo championship week which would give this sport the encouragement and attention of which it stands in great need in this country.

THE HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW is attempting such a grand work for the breeders of this country, there should be no inclination to criticise whatever crudities may crop up incidentally in the management. We stand sorely in need of some body of men who have the courage and the capital to establish an annual show where we may have the opportunity of encouraging the breeder of horseflesh. The show held in the autumn in Madison Square Garden undoubtedly serves its purpose, which is for "society" to array itself in purple and fine linen, and divide, if not monopolize, attention due the horses, but it is doubtful if it will ever do more for the breeders than it has done, which is practically nothing. We are all fond of looking on thoroughbreds, whether woman or horse, but the mere admiration of the public has been found in the horse line to be of very little value to the breeder. It is a fact that the greatest number of exhibits at the autumn show come from the wealthier members of our society, and include hackneys of all sizes and hunters of endless variety and pedigree. We would not miss the autumn show for a great deal. It serves its purpose, as said before, and is a very delightful preliminary to the winter season, for everybody who is anybody comes into town in time for this horse show. Fortunately, among the members of the Horse Show Association are a few who have really in mind the improvement of American horseflesh. Last year they organized this Horse and Cattle Show Society, and held their first out-door show. From a financial point of view it was a failure; from a sportsman's point of view it marked a turning-point in American horse-breeding, which means much to those who will take the trouble to look into the matter. This year, despite the fact of their financial reverses, despite the fact that the Association is even now in the hands of receivers, these few sportsmen have stuck valiantly to their colors, and are holding a show this year, which will begin June 5th, and last until June 10th.

IT IS PRACTICALLY SAFE even at this early date to hazard the opinion that the show will be a financial success this year. There are some $20,000 in prizes offered by the society, and aside from this is $6000 offered in special prizes, so there is every likelihood this generous offering will attract horsemen who last year failed to respond from pure sportsmanship. There is no way of appealing to the average man so successfully as *via* his pocket. The entries to the show this year are a tremendous improvement over those of last year, and a particularly encouraging point is that they come from men who have never had any exhibit before. Besides the prizes offered by the society, many improvements will be made in the general arrangement of the grounds, foremost of which is taking the boxes out of the front of the new grand stand and making it a good promenade; and then that exasperating gravel walk which ran along one side of the field will be replaced by boards; the end of the grand stand adjoining the club-house will be cleared and floored over and provided with tables, so that the overflow from the dining-room of the club house will find room to sit down and have a bite. The list of special prizes amounts to such an encouraging figure that it seems hypercritical to point out any instances of bad judgment in the individual offerings, but it is too bad that business houses could not have offered their prizes under individual names rather than under the firm names, since it savors of advertising. There is not a great deal of originality shown in the list, though there are a few very notable exceptions. If men could only be induced to offer prizes for different types of horses from their useful point of view, it would do so much more good than running endlessly on through the gradations of any one class.

CARTER DEFEATED PRINCETON IN GOOD STYLE at New Haven, Saturday, 5–1. The rest of the Yale nine had but little to do, for, as usual when this lengthy Brooklynite occupies the box, the opposing batters went out in an uninteresting succession of ineffectual fannings of the air. Beall, who just comes up to Carter's elbow, seems to be the next best man for Yale. He knows how to get from first base around to the plate, and will do it more often than any other three men on the nine—just as he showed he could in this game. The balance of the Yale nine have no idea of base-running, and threw themselves away whenever they were given an opportunity. Case can do better, probably, but the rest are evidently hopeless. Carter let up so much when men were on the bases that he ought to have been hit. In the attempts to make his motion quicker, and thus enable his catcher to get the runner, he weakens his delivery very much, and some one will pound him at that time if he doesn't stop it. His opponent, Stephenson, seems to have opened his eyes, and with Beall carried off the hitting honors for Yale. Kedzie played a brilliant game behind the bat, but he let one or two foul flies get away from him on account of the wind. Princeton's only run came through Bliss's two consecutive errors at short, a fumble, and a wild throw. Rustin played a steady game at third, but was accidentally spiked in the sixth inning by McKenzie. Arbuthnot took his place and played a cool, errorless game.

DRAKE PITCHED AN EXCELLENT GAME. He hasn't the natural advantages of Carter in speed, but outplayed him entirely in keeping men on bases. In fact, he had the Yale runners shaking in their boots on first before three innings had been played. It takes the cleverest of work to get a start for second with Drake in the box. Trenchard held him well, and threw accurately. The loss of Brooks made the Princeton in-field unsteady in the first inning, and gave Yale a lead at once, but after this their play was good, Mackenzie doing particularly fine work. King's handling of Trenchard's throws to second gave Hedges a point or two. His batting was not strong. He struck out at the beginning of the game, and when he hit, the ball went high. Payne was, by all odds, the most likely at the bat. He repeatedly showed a good eye, and was the only man to face Carter with any confidence of finding the ball. Taking the game as a whole, it did not seem that the Princeton nine was of the calibre to cope successfully with Harvard at their next meeting, nor could the Yale nine, for that matter, without their phenomenal pitcher. If Harvard can get some men on the bases they will shake up the Yale combination, but to do that they must hit the ball, a thing that neither Brown, Pennsylvania, nor Princeton has yet been able to do with any great measure of success.

No protest was made by Princeton against the playing of Kedzie, and the conclusion is that either there is no cause for protest, or Princeton is paying out rope and Yale is hanging herself with it.

If Kedzie is not eligible under the undergraduate ruling, Yale, in playing him, is committing the most serious breach in her athletic history, and one that must always reflect much discredit on the blue.

The Princeton nine has lost a fine first-baseman in replacing Otto with Guild, and certainly in the Yale game the value of the change was not apparent how advantageous the change will be. Guild is a better batter, and the nine needs stick-work, but he is not Otto's equal at first, and the erratic throwing in some of the games has shown that a "tank" is needed on that bag. It is doubtful if Guild's batting will more than balance Otto's fielding.

THERE HAS BEEN LATELY MORE talk of Murphy's playing upon the Yale 'varsity nine, but it has not yet resulted in the reappearance of that clever little player upon anything but the Law School nine, and that only in a game or two. There is no telling, however, how far the management would go in eating humble-pie, if that report meant also a dessert upon Harvard. Murphy was a bit sore upon his non-reëlection to the captaincy, and needed more urging evidently than his successor felt was consistent with good discipline. But it is easy to see that second at least in the Yale in-field could be covered with greater success by the ex-captain than by the present incumbent, and Murphy was always a brilliant base-runner.

THE PRINCETON–UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA baseball game, May 24th, in which the former won—20–8—is not worth space for comment, but is summed up in saying that Penn. started in the game with the idea that it was all over but the shouting, and the first three innings were of a nature to bear out their confidence. In the fourth inning Princeton found the U. of P. pitcher, Reese, for four hits, and this, with errors, netted five runs. Reese lost his nerve, and the Penn. nine went to pieces, Princeton scoring *twelve runs* in the sixth inning.

THE YALE-AMHERST GAME, which the latter really should have won, was a very discouraging exhibition on the part of the Yale team, and developed Carter's perhaps greatest weakness. It worries him to have men on bases, and his speed and control both diminish. This is due partly to the fact that up to this time he has not been coached on keeping men on their bases without losing his form, and partly, perhaps principally, because of his lack of confidence in the men behind him. With a thrower like Kedzie it ought to be much harder work to get around Yale's diamond. Bliss's football knee is beginning to trouble him, and it seems as if it would be advisable to bring Beal in at short, and have Bliss resume his old position in right-field. Beal is made for an in-fielder, he has had experience in Yale's in-field, and he can cover ground.

Colby's pitching against Yale should give Amherst encouragement against Dartmouth and Williams. The New Haven men could not hit him, and he is likely to be a puzzle to whatever batters he opposes.

SURELY ONE OF THE CHARMS of all athletic contests is the uncertainty that encircles the outcome of every match, whether on land or on the water, and the variations of form through which every team or crew is liable to pass up to almost the supreme moment. The Yale crew (at the present writing, May 25th) presents a striking object-lesson of this particular. At times during the spring the crew has been doing good, very good, work, improving every day it spent on the water. It is only ten days ago the boat seemed to go fast, and the work was of a promising nature. To one who knows the men have done honest, faithful work, and been under a coacher's eye constantly the reversal of form the last few days is incomprehensible. The men are not pulling together as they did two weeks ago, and the shell is unsteady, and stops between strokes, and is slow in its onward course. Nos. 8 and 7 are working together well enough, but No. 6 rolls that huge body of his all over the boat, recovers with his blade too high, and then must necessarily be slow in picking up the water. No. 5 does not yet seem to know how to control the slide on the recovery, and thus breaks up the swing. Longacre, if he has acquired anything within the last two weeks, it must consist in *slowness*. Van Huyck, at No. 3, does not seem to sit up to his work as he ought to, although pulling a strong oar. Messler, at No. 2, is a new man, and the fact is noticeable. He is perfectly willing, no doubt, as are all the rest of the men, but he is slow, and does not utilize his strength to the best advantage.

Johnson at bow is doing good work. He can hardly be expected to swing with every one of five men, none of whom are swinging together, and on that account it looks as if he too were out of time. Bearing in mind that Yale sent an almost perfect crew to New London last year, the condition of this one probably seems worse than it really is in comparison. Since it has shown good work only two weeks ago, it is very likely, with the number and quality of coachers it will have at New London, we shall see it again regain its promising condition.

UNCERTAINTY MARKS THE PROGRESS of the Harvard crew. To-day they may send their shell through the water smoothly, without a splash and at a fair rate of speed. The chances are to-morrow you would not know they were the same crew. So it has been during the past two weeks—one day marked by a good piece of rowing, the next by an equally poor exhibition. They have now reached the critical point of their existence, and one which calls for an increased mental and physical effort on the part of each and every man, and the most careful handling on the part of the coach. A well-combined effort now, a better mastering of the stroke, a stronger determination to get and keep together, and Harvard will have a crew at New London, instead of two "four-oars" rowing in an eight-oared shell, as she had last. The individual members of the crew are intelligent, they have been well coached on the principles of good rowing, they can row well when they try, and yet there are times when their work is utterly discouraging to the coach. If the shell rolls, they let her roll. If No. 7 splashes, the whole starboard side follows suit. Unison is the one thing *par excellence* to be hoped for in a crew; but when applied to a fault it plainly denotes that the men are not thinking. They are looking at each other's backs, following each other's blades, and rowing together. But they are not exercising their brains to make the most of their efforts. They are "rowing-machines," and not intelligent college oarsmen. An intelligent oarsman may strike the water once on the recover when surprised by a little rough water; but the next time his oar is in the air; he has gauged the proper height, and he swings it clear. Under the guidance of ex-Captain Perkins Harvard has been brought to a higher standard than it has reached for years past at a corresponding time of year; but the crew now needs the kind of coaching which ex-Captain Keyes can give.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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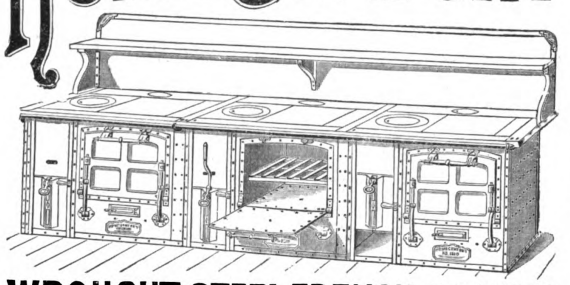
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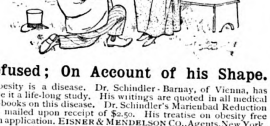
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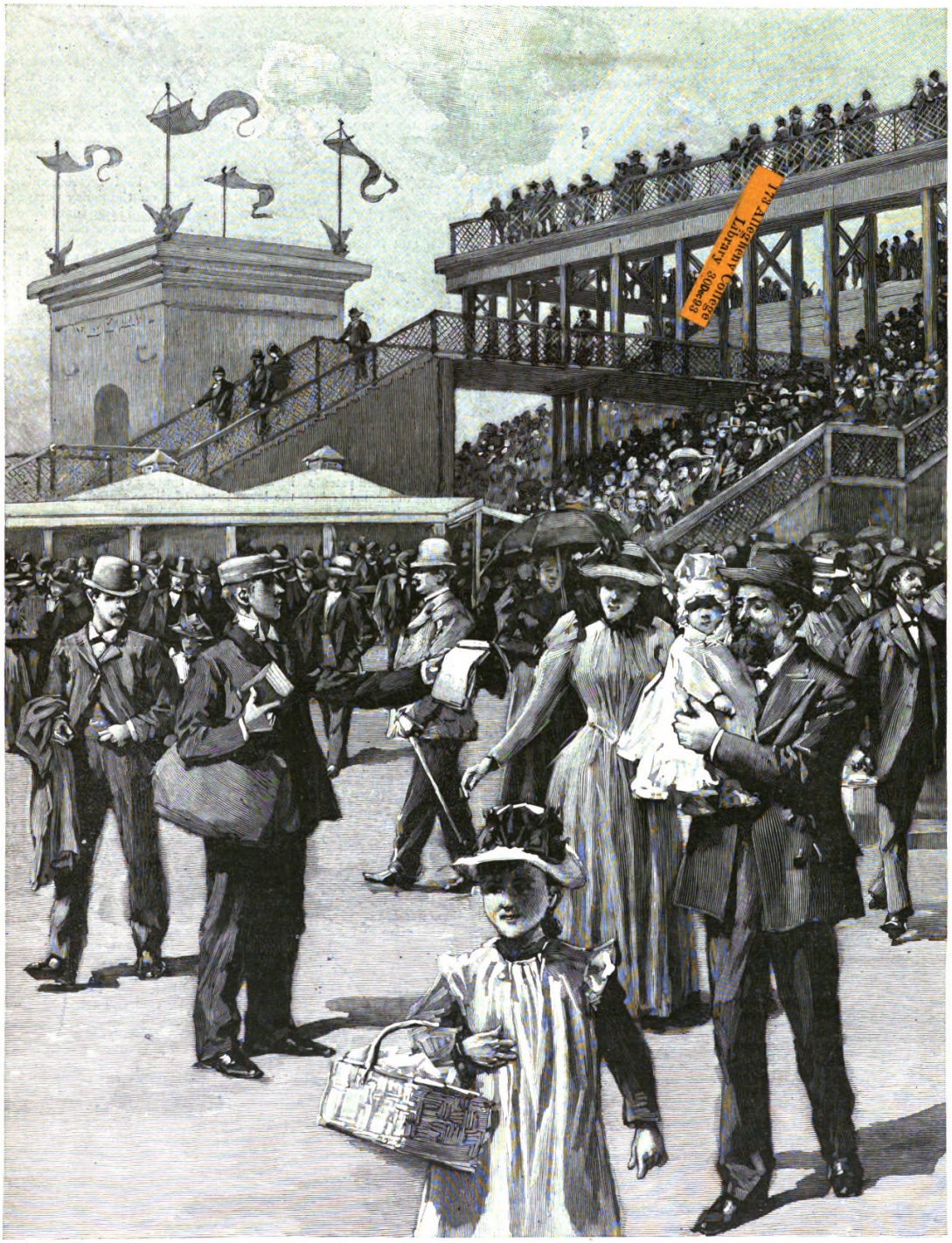
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CONGRESSMEN AND PATRONAGE.

DR. EVERETT, who was recently elected to the national House of Representatives as a Democrat in the district formerly represented by Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, has squarely refused to serve as an office-broker, and explained his position in this wise: "I have for a long series of years felt that the custom by which members of Congress take an active part in the distribution of the offices is a bad one, and I made up my mind that if I was ever honored by an election to Congress I would, to the utmost of my ability, withdraw from all share in endorsements, recommendations, and solicitations." Dr. EVERETT'S predecessor, Mr. LODGE, professed to be an earnest civil service reformer, and, it must be admitted, whenever the subject came up in the House of Representatives, he served the cause of that reform ably and efficiently. But as to the distribution of offices in his district, he walked the path of the spoils politician, solicited and obtained places for his partisan followers, and sought to justify himself by the plea that this was the system still in force, to which, even if he disliked it, he was for the time being obliged to conform. Dr. EVERETT is of a different mind. "I am not conceited enough," he says, "to think that I can change things all by myself, but I dare not wait for any one else to begin." Waiting for others to begin has always been the policy of the feeble-hearted time-servers among the friends of reform. The man who has the courage to begin himself, at whatever risk of consequences, earns a place among its heroes. There are scores of Congressmen who bewail the hardships and the degradation the spoils system is imposing upon them, and who express a profound yearning for relief, while there has been only one, it seems, with pluck enough to "begin."

But just here is one of the pivotal points of civil service reform, for nothing has done more to demoralize the political life of this republic, and nothing is doing more to obstruct the measures necessary for its elevation, than the participation of Congressmen in the exercise of the appointing power. When the spoils system was introduced in the Federal service under President JACKSON, and Congressmen were accorded the privilege of naming men for office in their districts or States, the character of Congress began to deteriorate, slowly at first, but the deterioration progressing ever since. The foremost men of those times—CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN, and others—were earnest opponents of the new practice, sought to bring about the repeal of the four years' tenure law, and made vigorous efforts to check the growing evil. Of the same mind were many of the prominent men of the succeeding generation. But the number of members of Congress who looked upon the distribution of offices as their most important occupation, and upon the building up of a political following by a shrewd management of the patronage as their main support in public life, constantly grew with the continuance of the system. A class of political tricksters, whose ability and ambition found in office-mongering their most congenial field, worked their way into the Senate and the House in increasing force. The art of dealing in spoils overshadowed the science of legislation, and the place-monger crowded out the statesman. It is no wonder that the standard of character and ability in Congress should have declined so much as we all know that it has; it is rather surprising that it has not declined more. But it will certainly continue to decline if the same cause of deterioration remains at work.

The plea usually brought forward to justify the interference of Congressmen in Executive appointments is that they are the fittest authority to give information to the appointing power as to the wants of the localities they represent and the most suitable persons to satisfy them. Nothing could be more deceptive. No doubt there are some Senators and Representatives who, in making recommendations for office, have only the interests of the public in view. But they are only exceptions to the rule, and very rare exceptions too. The rule is that the Congressman recommends in an overwhelming majority of cases persons for appointment who are politically useful to himself. That such persons will not always turn out to be bad public servants is undoubtedly true. But it is also true that a Congressman will always be more lenient in his judgment of the qualities of a candidate for office who is politically useful to him than of anybody else; and it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that the worst appointments made by any administration are uniformly among those recommended by Congressmen. This is a matter of long and extensive experience. Congressmen are therefore, taking the general average, not the most trustworthy, but the most dangerous advisers of the appointing power. Every change of administration furnishes of this the most striking illustrations. We have one immediately before our eyes. President CLEVELAND excels most of his predecessors in the care he takes to fill public places with fit men. It would be unjust to expect that he should never make a mistake. But the only instances in which appointments made by him subjected him to very severe criticism are directly traceable to the advice of a Senator, which the President unfortunately followed. We refer to the appointment of Mr. BURKE as United States District Attorney in Indiana, of Mr. RISLEY as Minister Resident in Denmark, and of Mr. DONHAM as Postmaster in Terre Haute, Indiana, who has treated the country to a most scandalous attempt to "beat" the civil service law—all three made at the request of Senator VOORHEES, this request being made in the case of Mr. BURKE, as is understood, through Senator TURPIE. There is not the slightest doubt that but for the recommendation by a Senator not one of these appointments would have been made. It is useless to say that the Senator should be held responsible for them. No such pretence can relieve the administration of the responsibility for following the Senator's advice. It ought to have known that the Senator was merely seeking to quarter his henchmen and relations upon the public treasury, regardless of the public interest.

The plea that Congressmen are the safest persons to inform the appointing power as to local needs fails especially with regard to places outside of their districts or States. Complaint is made that among the chiefs of divisions in the government departments in Washington who were appointed under Mr. HARRISON'S administration there are a great many incompetent men who ought to be removed. This is undoubtedly true. It is also certain that almost every one of them was appointed at the request of a Congressman, who thus contrived to pay off some of his political debts at the public expense. It is equally certain that if after the removal of the incompetents the places are filled again according to recommendations made by Congressmen, the result will be exactly the same. The extension of the civil service rules over the chiefs of divisions cannot come too soon to prevent the constant recurrence of this tribulation. We complain that there are so many persons in our consular service that disgrace us in the eyes of the world. An impartial scrutiny of the list of our consular officers will show that every one of those we are ashamed of was appointed at the request of a Congressman. And not only are the different branches of the service thus stocked with undesirable men, but whenever the administration tries to get rid of one of these *protégés* for incompetency or misconduct, the Congressman will at once step in to protest against the removal.

The remedy is simple and obvious. Every place to which the civil service law is applicable should be brought under the civil service rules, which will exclude outside influence. As to places which cannot be brought under the civil service law, the interference of Congressmen should likewise be prohibited by legislation. Bills touching this subject have repeatedly been introduced in Congress, but never acted upon. It would not be difficult to form a practicable measure answering the object. An effective measure of this kind would not only give us a better public service, but, abolishing the business of the Congressional place-monger, it would soon restore our Congress to a far higher level of character and statesmanlike ability than it now occupies.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

WHEN the Treasury gold reserve toward the close of last month dropped below the line of 100 millions of dollars there was a flurry of public attention. Since then the community at large has been little stirred by the situation, and outside of financial circles it has been accepted without further ado. Yet the change was one of signal importance; not, indeed, in its immediate effects, but because of the proof which it gave that a long series of events had been steadily weakening the foundation on which our currency rests.

When Congress passed the Resumption Act in 1875, and authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds in order to secure a substantial stock of specie, it gave no hint as to how much gold should be secured or held for the specific purpose of redeeming legal-tender notes. Senator JOHN SHERMAN, then Secretary of the Treasury, in his resumption operations, acted on the ground that a reserve of forty per cent. of the notes outstanding was not excessive. The original intention had been to reduce the volume of greenbacks to three hundred millions of dollars; for this amount a reserve of 120 millions in gold would have given the desired forty per cent. As it happened, Congress put a stop to the reduction of the greenbacks originally planned, and in 1878 fixed their volume at the point at which it now stands —$346,681,016. The reserve of specie was accordingly somewhat increased, to between 130 and 140 millions, and it stood at that point when specie payments were resumed on the 1st of January, 1879.

After resumption, Congress still left the matter within the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. The only legislative proviso upon the subject was one inserted as a rider in a national-bank act of 1882, by which it was provided "that the Secretary of the Treasury shall suspend the issue of gold certificates whenever the amount of gold coin and bullion in the Treasury reserved for the redemption of United States notes falls below 100 millions of dollars." It will be observed that the only thing which the Secretary is enjoined to do is to stop the issue of gold certificates under certain circumstances—and the issue of these has accordingly ceased within the last month. There is also something like an expression of opinion or intention on the part of Congress that the sum of 100 millions constitutes a reserve for the United States notes. But practically the extent to which specie shall be kept for redeeming United States notes depends on the policy pursued by the Treasury Department, and in no small degree on the government's general financial position and the relation of its income to its expenditures.

Since the resumption of specie payments the gold reserve has varied greatly. At one time, in 1885, it was as low as 116 millions; at another time, in 1889, it rose nearly as high as 200 millions. Since 1890 it has declined almost steadily; and, after an almost uninterrupted succession of losses, it fell last month to less than 100 millions. The extraordinary decline of the last three years has been due to three sets of causes: the increase in the government's expenditures, making its general financial condition less strong; the large balance of payments which the United States had to make to foreign countries; and the heavy issue of Treasury notes under the Silver Act of 1890. But for the last of these causes the other two would have probably acted less strongly, and would have been less serious sources of loss. As matters stand, the large issues of silver currency present a serious and steady menace to financial stability.

For it must be remembered that the volume of currency which the government now tries to maintain on a gold basis, and for the security of which it holds the gold reserve, is very much greater than it was when the gold reserve first became operative in 1879. To all intents and purposes the whole mass of silver currency rests on the gold reserve as much as the old greenbacks do. The Treasury notes of 1890 present no legal differences whatever from the greenbacks. They are legal tenders, and they are a direct charge upon the government's gold holding. Up to date there have been issued about 135 millions of them. In addition, the whole volume of silver currency issued under the act of 1878, whether in the form of silver dollars or silver certificates, rests upon the gold reserve. This is strictly a credit currency—nominally, it is true, in terms of silver, but kept equal in value to gold by the willingness of the government to receive it on equal terms with gold, and virtually to redeem it in gold. The total volume of this silver currency is some 390 millions of dollars. The United States notes, or greenbacks, amount to over 346 millions. Putting together all three of the forms of money for which the government now holds itself directly responsible—Treasury notes, silver dollars or certificates, and greenbacks—we have a total mass of about $880,000,000 of currency. Against this the government holds a reserve of less than 100 millions of gold—a reserve of about eleven per cent. Virtually the government is in the position of a note-issuer who has huge obligations outstanding and is steadily increasing these obligations, and has but a slender reserve on hand with which to meet any sudden strain. If forty per cent. was no inadequate reserve in 1879, eleven per cent. is certainly a dangerously small reserve in 1893.

It would be rash to say that the government is in immediate danger, or that its outstanding obligations in paper money cannot be met with the specie which it holds; but it is in the position of a bank with heavy deposit liabilities and little cash to meet them. A sudden and serious drain might bring it to financial collapse, or rather might bring it to the use of silver instead of gold in its payments, which would be equivalent to a financial collapse. Meanwhile it is steadily increasing its liabilities by the issue of four millions a month of Treasury notes. Good management, aid from private sources, and a favorable turn of foreign trade may enable it to run on for some time without mishap; but the situation is one neither safe nor dignified for the government of the most prosperous country in the world.

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THE FAIR AS AN EDUCATOR.

It is agreed that one notable result of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was a great popular stride in the matter of interior house decoration in this country. The art of beautifying our homes has been, since that fair, the study of all except the most ignorant of our people, and pretty interiors which reveal and satisfy cultivated taste are no longer a possession peculiar to the rich. Portières came into general use, rugs were considered from an ornamental point of view, carpets took on new beauties, and at the same time were forced to share popular favor with hard-wood floors of various sorts. If nothing else came of the Philadelphia Exposition, the homes of this country ceased to be monotonously ordered, and afforded a wide and stirring field for the exercise of taste.

Who can foresee the results of the present Columbian Exposition? In what direction or number of ways will it affect the minds and habits of our people? It is so much greater than the international fair of seventeen years ago, and is so much more truly a display of the triumphs of all Christendom, that there can be no doubt that it will exert great educational influences. The architects have already predicted that the prominence of their part in the work of preparing for the fair will very considerably advance their influence, that already their value as factors in making American civilization is recognized as it never was before, and that their work in Jackson Park is a grand object-lesson for the country. No one will question this view of the case, and if the improvement begun within our dwellings is to be followed by a revolution in their forms and exteriors, it will be cause for great rejoicing.

It will be a great gain for all the world if every nation that takes part in our celebrations adopts a broader definition of fraternity. At home we have already shown a philosophical temper toward royalty, a spirit that was far less general among us republicans in the past. We no longer feel it incumbent upon our patriotism to affect hostility to Old World rulers and aristocrats merely because they are out of fashion here. We have learned to take them as we find them, and if we find them anxious to be friendly and to visit us, we treat them with a hospitality and cordiality that is marred by no jarring tone anywhere in the land. The foreigners who took part in the most unique and astonishing of all jubilees the world ever saw, the naval land parade, were educators on a broad scale. They were of ten nations, fierce or peaceful, and they represented crowned heads as well as popular presidents. If all those governments and peoples take the lesson of that exhibition of fraternity to heart, our many-million-dollar exposition will be worth a thousand times its cost.

Already, then, the educational possibilities of the Columbian Exposition multiply before the mental vision, until we feel that we cannot begin to foresee the gains that will proceed from it, not merely for us, but for mankind at large.

THE MIGRATORY SUBURBAN DOMESTIC.

Having, as it were, caught our city man, and transferred him to his new home in the suburbs, as we did recently, where we left him with his illusive morning express train, finding new meaning in the poet's admonition that man should "learn to fly," we may take a passing glance at one of the chief domestic annoyances which he will have to meet, or, for that matter, which any out-of-town dweller has to face constantly. We refer, and we feel that no apology is needed for the capitals, to the Flight of the Servant-Girl.

The servant-girl, even in the city, may usually be classed as a variable star, ranging from one of the first magnitude, as she leans over your shoulder to deposit a plate of steaming buckwheat cakes on the breakfast table, to a nebulous and telescopic speck of star-dust as she vanishes down the street with her belongings in a bundle tucked under one arm. Even in town she is transitory, uncertain, a thing of the hour. But in the suburbs she becomes meteoric, shadowy, an airy nothing; she gleams in the kitchen for a brief moment, like a fire-fly, and then the outer darkness swallows her up, and she is as if she had never been. To-day she is with you, and all seems well; to-morrow afternoon you are observed by your friends taking the train for home with another specimen of her following close behind you with a small wooden chest, a bandbox, a black satchel, and three bundles in bandanna handkerchiefs of different colors, like immense Easter eggs.

It is said that there are suburban men who take home a new servant-girl every night of their lives, knowing that the one they had in the morning will be gone. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, but we are bound to say that it seems reasonable. Just why the suburban servant-girl is such a volatile and disappearing creature has, naturally, attracted the attention of many investigators. One writer, whose name has escaped us, several years ago put forward the theory that the suburban servant-girl is lured away by the picnic parties from the city which come to the suburbs baited with bottled beer and luncheons done up in newspapers, in much the same way that a troop of wild horses might come up to a lonely farm-yard on the plains and entice away the domesticated horses. This is an attractive theory, scientifically presented, and based on apparently plausible grounds, but it is exploded by the fact that the suburban servant-girl disappears just as persistently in the winter, when there are no picnic parties, as in the summer, when their empty bottles and fluttering newspapers obscure the face of nature. This was pointed out soon after the ingenious writer published his interesting theory, and the darkness once more settled down around the subject. But now it again appears that the explanation has been discovered, and, what is much more, the remedy as well.

There was read recently in this city, before the Society of Domestic Economics, a paper by Mr. Spencer S. Blodgett, a member residing in Esterbrook Avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island. Mr. Blodgett prefaced his paper, which consisted of an account of his discovery and a report of the Esterbrook Avenue Servant-Girl Retaining League, by saying that he had lived out-of-town for twenty years, and had always made a close study of such suburban questions as the retention of servants, mollification of ash-men, extirpation of disagreeable neighbors, and so forth. Having the true scientific spirit, he first studied the city servant-girl, which, if she cannot be classed by naturalists as resident, still is not so migratory that she cannot be observed and her habits noted. For a long time he made little or no progress, but one day a great truth flashed upon him. The trouble was simply—policemen. He hurried home and investigated the condition of Esterbrook Avenue. As he suspected, he found that there was no police beat in it, and that no policeman ever passed through it. Esterbrook Avenue—no policemen—servant-girls daily leaving in flocks! This was enough for Mr. Blodgett. He called a meeting of the residents and laid before them his ideas.

The result of the meeting was the Esterbrook Avenue Servant-Girl Retaining League. A stalwart and good-looking New York policeman was bribed to resign and enter the employ of the league. He was dressed in a gorgeous uniform, with many brass buttons, given a formidable club, and directed to patrol the avenue at all hours of the day, with as martial and crushing an air as possible. This was a year ago. In the report of the league, as read by Mr. Blodgett, it was shown that whereas for five years before the league began its work the average flight of servant-girls per week was seventy-four per cent., during the past year the departures had sunk to a weekly average of eleven and three-fourths per cent. More than this: the last quarter of the year showed a loss of but eight and one-half per cent. "With an additional policeman," said Mr. Blodgett, in closing, "so that we could have one for each side of the street, we feel confident that we could bring the average down to one-half of one per cent. per week."

Of course it is not for us to endorse any such new-fangled theory as this; we simply give it for what it is worth, and do not insist that it is worth anything. It certainly, however, is curious and interesting, and if the report of the league is correct, its practical application seems to produce excellent results.

THINGS TALKED OF

On Decoration day a little band of veterans in the familiar uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, but without its insignia, marched to the Grand Central Station, and took the train to the lovely burial-ground known as Woodlawn, where they strewed flowers above the grave of a late comrade. They were members of the Noah L. Farnham Veterans No. 1, and until a few days since were members of the post of that name. Their charter had been withdrawn, and they had been expelled from the Grand Army for publishing, without the consent of the State and national commanders, resolutions denouncing the pension frauds. The charge was technical, and the judgment was in essence unfounded, for it declared that the post had refused to purge itself of contempt. The post freely expressed regret for its violation of a rule of the order, but it refused to rescind the resolutions. The incident is a conspicuous one in the history of the Grand Army. It will be fortunate, or unfortunate, according to the way it is treated. If it lead to the disruption of the army there can be only one cause—the indisposition or inability of the majority to take the right side of the pension question. If the majority is ready to make of the Grand Army a pension-reform organization, well and good; it can be a very powerful one, and can do much to purify the pension list, and make it, as it ought to be, a roll of honor. The wrong to the tax-payers in the pension frauds is of very small account compared to the wrong to the honorable pensioners whose names are borne side by side with those of the unworthy.

Professor Felix Adler recently delivered an address on the anti-Semitic movement in modern times, in which he maintained that the Jews were not an exclusive race with persistent traits, but a highly composite race with wide differences in the several resulting types. The objection to the Jews in this country puzzled him a little. It is, he thinks, clearly not religious, nor yet founded in race prejudice, but is social, and he attributed it in a general way to a want of modesty in those toward whom it is directed. It might be asked why this trait should be sufficiently uniform and persistent, if it has not its origin in race, to produce the prejudice which he admits. We have no desire, however, to press the query, and we confess that we think the prevalence of the prejudice is a good deal exaggerated. Most of us know gentlemen and ladies who are Jews by descent and in religion who are not lacking in modesty, or considerateness, or refinement, or any of the qualities that secure respect and confidence and general welcome. And we know plenty of men and women with other religious beliefs or with none whom we instinctively avoid or openly despise, and whose way in society is obviously and justly hard We seriously doubt whether any person suffers much more in this country from being a Jew than he would, other things being equal, if he were not a Jew. It is largely a question of individual character, and tends to become more and more so.

King Herod was a benefactor of children compared to some of the American Boards of Education. The Superintendent of Public Schools in Brooklyn recently reported a state of things in that highly respectable city that indicates a slow, unintermitted torture for the little ones that would make the execution of Herod's edict seem a blessed relief. Fixing in his own mind sixty as the largest number of children that should be placed in one class, he pointed out that there were very few classes that did not (in the lower grades) exceed this number, while there were scores that exceeded it by fifty per cent., sixty per cent., and even by more in a few instances. Now sixty is at least twice as many as any ordinary teacher can take care of. Thirty should be the maximum, and twenty would be better. The latter is as many as the teacher can watch intelligently so as to know the degree of interest and mental activity aroused in each pupil. But when the class goes beyond thirty, the child gradually ceases to be an individual intelligence and becomes more and more a part of a machine, and the greater the machine the more rigidly despotic the limitations placed on each. In a class of ninety or one hundred the little ones are held as in a vise, and about the only function of which they are capable is keeping an enforced posture or going through set motions of body or mind. The torment thus inflicted is very great, and when we reflect that in most cases it goes with crowded rooms, insufficient air, unhealthy restraint, and surexcitation of the nerves, we can get some measure of the injury inflicted in what is supposed to be, and intended to be, a beneficent process of education. The teachers are not to blame; in most cases they do the best they can, and far better than we have any right to expect. The trouble is with the vicious system which attempts too much; the remedy is in concentration of resources on fewer grades, with smaller classes and an equal or greater number of teachers.

It is not without a certain significance that when Mr. Augustin Daly arrived in London last month, to see to the completion of his new theatre there, the first thing he did was, in the language of builders, to "rip out" the bar, transfer it to far more modest space in a less conspicuous place, and devote its former site to a room for the accommodation of women. All New York knows that "Daly's" on this side the water is a sort of theatre-home for our wives and daughters, where they are surrounded by a comfort and convenience and a dainty display of taste that mark it as their own. Clearly Mr. Daly is to descend on the social circles of London in a way that will agitate the superstructure, if it does not shake the foundations. We would not at all imply that it is an American characteristic to prefer the comfort of women to that of men, or an English one to prefer a bar to a ladies' parlor, but there is just enough in the suggestion to make Mr. Daly's innovation interesting. If the gallant manager succeeds in London as well as he has in New York, he will have added a new charm to London life, and earned the gratitude of thousands of intelligent English women.

During the latter half of May, Wall Street was watching with eager and with some anxious interest a most curious phenomenon or series of phenomena. One of the great "Industrials," a trust supposed to have control of the product of a commodity in very extensive and uniform demand, was being "hammered" by its own managers, by a series of reports, direct and official as well as indirect and in the form of rumors, all tending to show impending and rapidly approaching disaster. Charges of recklessness and worse, quarrels, new loans, lawsuits, injunctions, about everything that could discredit the speculative value of the stock and securities, were freely talked of. Meanwhile the price of the stock on the Exchange rose considerably, and with notable rapidity and steadiness. If any one should say that this anomaly was due to the fact that the managers were all the while buying in the stock they were apparently discrediting, he would at least offer an explanation that explains. Of the morality of such a scheme it is needless to speak, but Wall Street must not wonder at the bad name it has among sober people when such things can be suspected with so much reason. For it is plain that it is in the power of the Stock Exchange to detect, punish, and so abolish this—in honest English—swindling. No stock can be dealt in there without the consent of the board. None should be dealt in as to which such things are possible. One of the chief owners of the hell at Monaco once offered confidentially a hundred thousand francs to any one who would prove that an outsider could make money at roulette. Does the Stock Exchange aspire to a like reputation for its dealings?

The little band of adventurous and energetic foreigners, most of them Americans, who have driven the Queen of Hawaii into retirement and assumed the title and functions of a provisional government in the islands have been sorely tried by the letters of Mr. Charles Nordhoff to the New York *Herald*. What they say they object to is a statement of his that they signed the petition for a lottery for granting which they tipped the Queen off her throne. What they really object to is Mr. Nordhoff's very explicit demonstration that they have seized control by force supplied wrongfully by the United States minister and naval commander, and that they have not and never had the approval of the people of Hawaii, and so had not any right to offer the islands to the United States. Accordingly they summoned Mr. Nordhoff before them, and might have severely punished him for what they call his "libels" if Minister Blount had not stopped them with the plain statement that the United States would not permit them to punish one of our citizens for a libel not published in the islands. These very provisional governors do not seem to understand that their treatment of Mr. Nordhoff is the strongest proof of the correctness of his statements. If these were not true, the provisional government would have no occasion to be afraid of them.

There is one crop that the fertile soil of Indiana produces with unfailing regularity and in baleful abundance, and that is spoilsmen in politics. If we did not know that Judge Gresham, and the younger Morton, and that rough rider of reform Lucius B. Swift, came from that State, we might think that its soil was fatal to any other than spoilsmen. It was in Indiana that Mr. Cleveland failed most conspicuously in his first term, and that Mr. Harrison was the least scrupulous. It is in Indiana that the first and one of the most contemptible outbreaks of the "looting" of the service has taken place. We have not the space to give the details of the Terre Haute post-office scandals, but any one who wishes a cruelly clear statement of them would do well to read Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's report, after his recent visit there. The one figure that stands out clearly is that of the new postmaster, one Donham, leaping from the chair of a party committee into the post-office, and proceeding to discharge every employé in it, and to replace each by a partisan worker. Happily, the carriers, who are most numerous, must be appointed by the Postmaster-General, and Donham's appointees will have to give way to others taken from the eligible list, made up the day that Donham stormed the office. It is true that Donham was doing only what his Republican predecessor did, but if that justifies him, then he must justify his successor, and so on to the crack of doom. Let us hope that the doom of this disgusting abuse will crack before the close of Mr. Cleveland's term.

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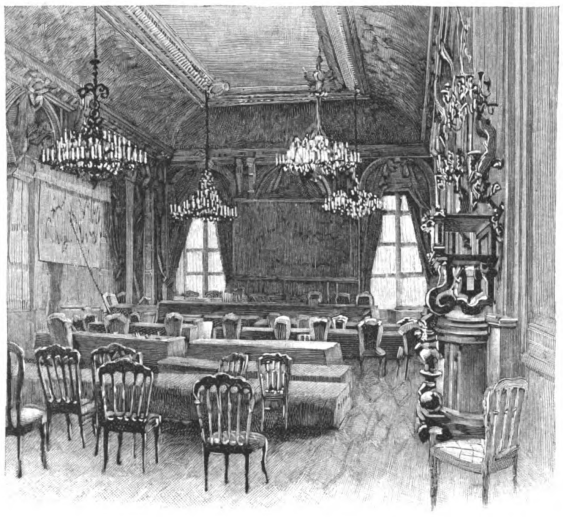


GENERAL ZAVALA,
The successful Leader of the Revolution in Nicaragua.
See Page 555.

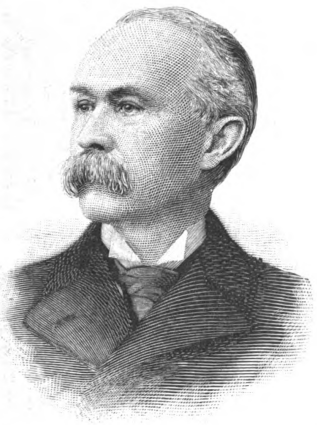
BERING SEA ARBITRATION.

When this paper went to press Sir Charles Russell, the eloquent and accomplished British counsel, had finished his address to the Court of Arbitration in the Bering Sea case, and Sir Richard Webster, another eminent English lawyer, had begun his speech also on the same side. Sir Charles Russell spoke for something like eight days, and the correspondents in Paris say that during that long period he sustained at all times his high reputation for finished oratory and legal acumen. An English correspondent said that it was delightful to see how Sir Charles was spurred on in his efforts by the interruptions of Senator Morgan, who asked questions ostensibly to elicit information for the Court, but which, the correspondent was of opinion, were intended to damage the argument of the English lawyer and at the same time help the American cause. Baron de Courcel, the President of the Court, has justified the French reputation for politeness and courtesy, and has in behalf of the Court thanked each advocate for the assistance his argument has proved to the arbitrators. This is as it should be, and restores somewhat the appearance of a peaceful solution of a controversy after the heated oratory of the lawyers had injected into the hearing a bitterness that seemed very like the prologue to a fight. Every one who has visited the sittings of the Supreme Court in Washington has remarked Judge Harlan's habit of pacing back and forth in the rear of the seats of the judges. He has indulged in this habit somewhat in Paris, and the English correspondents have wondered. But they have wondered not so much at this as at another habit of the Associate Justice who hails from Kentucky. They agree that he is the largest and best-looking man among the arbitrators, but they marvel how a man who does not take wine can maintain so ruddy a complexion only on ice water.

The arbitrators and other officers of the Court have received many distinguished social attentions in Paris. The other evening the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Madame Develle gave them a dinner, at which there were one hundred other guests. Nearly all of the foreign ambassadors were present, and all of the French Ministry except the Premier, M. Dupuy, who was kept away by a recent bereavement. All the members of the tribunal were there, including Lord Hannen, Judge Harlan, Judge Morgan, and Sir John Thompson, and the attendance of counsel and advisors included Mr. C. Tupper, Sir Charles Russell, Sir Richard Webster, Mr. James Carter, Mr. Frederick Coudert, Mr. Williams, and the families of members of the tribunal and counsel. No speeches were delivered after the dinner, but there was a great reception, and this was attended by the most considerable people in the French capital, and notable among them were the members of what is known as the American colony. General Dodds, the present lion of Paris, was there, and of course attracted much attention. Mr. Eustis, the American ambassador, and Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, were very naturally conspicuous as representing the two nations that believe in a more rational and more civilized method of settling disputes than by going to war.



THE BERING SEA COURT-ROOM.
Sir Charles Russell. Sir Richard Webster.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE M. STERNBERG,
The newly appointed Surgeon-General of the United States Army.—[See Page 558.]



Mr. Lansing. Major Halford. Mr. Carter. Mr. Phelps. Ex-Secretary Foster.

L. B. Coudert, Jun. F. R. Coudert. Judge Blodgett. Sir John Thompson, Canadian Arbitrator. Mr. Gram, Swedish Arbitrator. Lord Hannen, English Arbitrator. Baron de Courcel, President. Judge Harlan, American Arbitrator. Visconte Venosta, Italian Arbitrator. Senator Morgan, American Arbitrator. Mr Maxwell. Mr. Pope.

THE BERING SEA ARBITRATION—MEMBERS OF THE COURT, AND COUNSEL ON BOTH SIDES.—From Photographs.

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"THE KNICKERBOCKERS."—Drawn by Warren B. Davis.—[See Page 558.]

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CORN-PLANTING.

THE earth is awake and the birds have come,
There is life in the beat of the breeze,
And the basswood tops are alive with the hum
And the flash of the hungry bees;
The frogs in the swale in concert croak,
And the glow of the spring is here,
For the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

From the ridge-pole dry the corn we pluck,
Ears ripe and yellow and sound,
That were saved apart, with a red for luck,
The best that the huskers found;
We will shell them now, for the Indian folk
Say, "Plant your corn without fear
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear."

No crow will pull and no frost will blight,
Nor grub cut the tender sprout,
No rust will burn and no leaves turn white,
But the stalks will be tall and stout;
And never a weed will have power to choke,
Or blasting wind to sear,
The corn that we plant when the leaves of the oak
Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.

P. MCARTHUR.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY describing a visit to the Mormons, I accounted for the manner in which I treated the subject by telling how, during my first hour in Salt Lake City, I came to change my well-arranged plan from that of studying Utah's material development to that of investigating the home life of the people. The news instinct came strongly upon me and made me see that the most interesting study in Utah would be that of the household or family and religious life of the Latter-Day Saints. Having made this statement, I paused to say to those who were not journalists, and never felt the news instinct, that there is such a thing, and that it often exerts an unaccountable influence upon those who possess it. Once, for instance, as Mr. John B. Bogart, an expert journalist, told me, it came like a draught of cold air up from a basement oyster saloon on Broadway, enveloped him as he walked idly along, and pulled him down the stairs just in time to see the smoke curling from the mouth of a pistol with which one citizen had at that moment shot another.

For my own part, I mentioned how I once found a clergyman who had no address in this city, but had taken part in an interesting ceremony here about which I was ordered to get the facts. I knew nothing more of the man than his name, and the search seemed hopeless, yet, toward the close of the day, when I chanced to see a man of distinctly unclerical appearance disappear in the doorway of a house of unsavory reputation, that queer news instinct surged to my brain and bade me act upon the seemingly preposterous theory that he was the man for whom I was looking. I ran up the stoop and in the house and up a flight of stairs and called to the clergyman by his name. It was he, and he acknowledged the fact, though seldom has a man been more unwilling or displeased to own his identity.

It appears, from the requests that have been made of me for more concerning this subject of the news instinct, that the matter is novel to most persons, and that I but whetted the curiosity of my readers by my passing reference to it. Yet to a newspaper man it is commonplace. It is part of the basis of the trade or profession, whichever newspaper work may be called. Without it, in its commonest form, no newspaper could be made original or great; no unoriginal, fourth-rate newspaper could be kept supplied by the news associations which are themselves fed by the men who possess this instinct. What the instinct is, in how great a degree it is mysterious, and to what extent it differs in men and women in and out of newspaper life, are matters apart from the main fact that there is such a thing.

I never heard the action of the news instinct likened to a rush of air except by Mr. Bogart; indeed, it is very hard to characterize it at all except as a sort of sixth sense capable of producing a conviction for which the mind can give no explanation. Time and time again, when I was doing general reporting, I had experiences which I could not and cannot yet decide how to class. For instance, I often decided to abandon tasks on which I had worked fruitlessly all day. In some instances other reporters from all the newspapers had combined, and after a great deal of work had given up the task. Then I have turned my back on the neighborhood, and perhaps when in sight of the office have been irresistibly impelled to go back and work again from a new point, or even one that had already failed. Ever so many times I have been rewarded with complete success for doing so. Whether it was luck or industry that was behind me, who can say? Perhaps success came of the impulse afforded by the conviction that I would succeed. But, even so, there was the conviction which we call the news instinct.

One of the most notable pieces of the work I did as a beginner was forced upon me by this sixth sense. A murderer who had committed a sensational crime in New York was caught in Boston, and Inspector (then Captain) Williams was to go to that city and bring him here. I had plain and definite orders to do something else that was comparatively unimportant, and my city editor was in bed miles from where I was. I disobeyed orders, and went with the police captain, trembling lest some one else should realize, as I did, the importance of coming back with the murderer and getting his story of the crime. No one else thought of it. I was the first reporter to interview the murderer, and I had him all to myself all night long on a Sound steamboat. There was not a teaspoonful of news left in the case when I got through.

Not to multiply cases too far, I remember a very recent instance when, as a correspondent, I was sent to a distant point, and upon reaching there was beset by what was to me a very singular impulse to go to another place near by. I resisted the inclination during three days, and then an acquaintance, in no way connected with newspaper work, came and invited me to go to that place with him. I told him that I could not go; my business was where I was. I had by that time become so troubled by the inability to get this other place out of my head that early the next morning I made the journey, and got what is called in the business "a good beat"—that is, an exclusive news story of far more interest and importance than that which I was reporting at the place to which I was sent. I was literally led to the source of the news that was there; the officials seemed to take my coming as a matter of course, and, as one might say, they heaped my lap full without my stirring hand or foot to come by anything.

News instinct is a poor possession if it does not embrace news judgment. In explaining one or the other of these abstruse terms and unsubstantial gifts illustrations serve better than arguments. Here, then, are two anecdotes—one to show the presence, and the other to mark the absence of these qualities. Acting as the city editor of a leading newspaper at one time, when I was a great deal younger, I received a visit from a man who wanted it known that he had tanned the skin of a negro who had been hanged for murder, and that he had caused a pair of boots to be made of that material. I confess I did not know whether to promise that we would endeavor to immortalize him or not. It is regarded as a serious thing to bother the editor-in-chief of a great daily, and to run often to him betokens a lack of fitness for one's own subordinate place, yet in this case I determined to consult the chief—then, as now, the most distinguished man in his calling. A piece of "flimsy" had come in, half an hour before, telling of the arrest of a clergyman in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, for stealing, as I recall the case.

"Flimsy" is the technical name for the peculiar sheets of paper on which the contributions of the news associations are sent to the newspapers. Such items of news are gathered all over the country, are collected at New York as a clearing-house for this region, and are then reissued in the form of manifold repetitions of one writing, a stylus and carbon sheets being used to do the work. As the paper is so thin as to be nearly transparent it is called "flimsy."

I took the sheet of "flimsy" and a sample of the human leather into the chief's sanctum in order to kill two birds with one stone.

"Sir," said I, "there is a man here who has a pair of boots of leather made from a negro's skin."

"Ugh!" said the editor. "How disgusting! Put the man out of the office."

"Yes, sir. And here is news that a clergyman has been arrested in St. Johnsbury for—"

"Go yourself, and telegraph us long accounts of it."

"He was arrested for—"

"It makes no sort of difference," said the chief, "what he was arrested for. He is a clergyman, and he is arrested. Take the half past six o'clock train, and get all the facts."

The decision as to the human leather was not a case in point, for to-day I would find out in what manner and by whose leave the man procured the negro's skin, how and where he tanned it, and whom he got to make the boots out of it. The chief editor in this case allowed a shock to his natural niceness of taste to overwhelm his news instinct.

The other instance was this: The famous Brooklyn Theatre fire was burning, and the morning newspapers were being printed. Few knew or dreamed that hundreds of men and women had perished in that awful conflagration. The newspaper with which I was connected had a third of a column report of the mere destruction of the theatre after the audience had escaped from it. But there came into the office a reporter who was full of the idea that it was other than an ordinary fire. He bustled up to the man highest in authority in the newspaper office—most of the others having gone to their homes.

"I have come from Brooklyn," said he, 'and I believe a lot of people were burned up in that theatre fire. I can make a good story. How much shall I write?"

"Nothing," said the man he addressed. "We have got enough about that fire."

The main point in the last anecdote is one which not every reader will have thought of. It is that if there is any foundation for the belief in the existence of the news instinct the person who refused to allow the reporter to write a second account of the fire should have known (in his bones, so to speak) that the reporter was right. A powerful prompting should have warned him that great news was in the air. It seems ridiculous to say that such a mysterious essence is in the human mind or, like the electric fluid, is part of the atmosphere, but we who are enthusiasts in newspaper work believe it none the less. And it is no more ridiculous than that there should be enthusiasts in a profession in which only one man in thousands can achieve independence, and fewer still can get fame.

It is the consciousness of the force of this indefinable quality which causes newspaper men to deride the idea that "journalism" can be taught in colleges and schools. The news instinct cannot be created, they say, and very truly. Yet in such schools that power will make its existence known, and the pupils may thus discover whether they are or are not fit for the business. Under professors who have this birth-mark such schools would be very useful; indeed, they should prove a godsend to the newspapers, for, as it is, a good half of the young men who undertake reporting either get out, are weeded out, or else hang on and do the work of errand-boys and clerks through the length of their unfortunate and poverty-stricken lives. Not by any means do all the men who are in the business belong in it, indeed, there are entire establishments—established newspapers—of which this is true, in my opinion. The modicum of genius for the business which may be in the staffs of such concerns is kept in subjection by the men on top. Such newspapers enjoy a measure of success because they are fed by well-managed news associations and literary bureaus.

The mysterious phase which the news instinct sometimes assumes is not its only or its commonest form. It is not the whole of news-getting to scent the news or to get it. What to do with it after it is got is the main thing. The true newspaper manager often sends a reporter for half a column upon a subject, and when he gets it, turns out his whole force of men to make a report that may cover a whole or half a page. The true reporter, being sent to attend to a routine matter, may uncover something, in the situation or growing out of it, that will be the chief report in the next day's paper. He is a good reporter who knows news when he comes upon it, and who gets it without being told to. He is a bad reporter who leaves it to the editor to discover in his report that which should be elaborated to one hundred times what he has made of it. The thing for which a good reporter is sent may be the least part of what he brings back.

The story that makes half a column in a poorly edited newspaper may fill three columns in that paper whose editor or managing editor has the news instinct most highly developed. I remember a day when the most interesting piece of news in any New York daily was an account of a sale of a goat. The peculiarity of the case was that the goat had strayed from its owner and was put up at auction by the great city of New York. I remember another day, when there seemed no news at all, a poor little foundling was taken from an empty lot to the matron at Police Headquarters on that day. All the managing editors except one reported the fact in a paragraph, but the one whose news instinct was largest and quickest turned out all his best reporters on the case. He made that waif-baby the central figure in a report that told all about the subject of foundlings in New York—the causes that led to the abandonment of babes, the methods pursued by their wretched mothers, the subsequent efforts of the mothers to visit or to reclaim their offspring, the routine procedure of the police in dealing with foundlings, the generally early termination of the foundlings' histories by death, and their burials on an East River island in a numbered box and a lettered pit.

The man who ordered that report written had the news instinct highly developed. He shared the belief of Frederick Hudson that it should be the rule to furnish one notable news article every day, to make the most of one dominating topic each morning. The sort of man who admits that there is nothing but routine news, and who sends his paper to press with what he calls "no news," was a poor newspaper man in Hudson's day, and is even worse thought of to-day by all newspaper men except the relics who still cling to the London *Times* theory that a newspaper is a public schoolmaster and an inspired moulder of public opinion.

To return to the subject in hand, it was on the night before this was written that a talented newspaper man, one of the editors of a leading daily, unburdened his mind to me in these words. "Something tells me where I can get a most interesting story. There is an old gentleman in this city whom I meet day after day, year in and year out. He is shabby and somewhat infirm. He walks up a certain side of a certain avenue at a certain hour every day, keeping his eyes upon the ground and seeing no one around him. I will have some one ask him who he is and what he does, for I have a strong feeling that he figures in something very interesting."

There might be a question as to the propriety of prying into this poor old gentleman's affairs, but if the news instinct is really at work concerning him there is no help for his privacy. According to rule he must talk, and his story is certain to be interesting.

TRINITY'S NORTH AND SOUTH DOORS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

BRONZE doors cast in one piece and decorated with panels carved in relief are Mr. William Waldorf Astor's gift to Trinity Church in memory of his father, the late John Jacob Astor. The North and South doors, by J. Massey Rhind and Charles H. Niehaus, can be examined in the illustrations for the details of each panel, but the general view of the doors as sketched by Mr. Richard M. Hunt, and cast by the Henry-Bonnard foundry, must be seen at the church itself. The massive look of the doors and the colors of the bronze, sombre yet rich, suit very well the somewhat stately architecture of Trinity and the sombre but warm notes of the stone.

John Jacob Astor, second of the name, took great pride in Trinity, and enriched the chancel with a costly reredos. He was the most faithful of vestrymen, and until his last years rarely failed to carry about the plate for the offertory, so that to the worshippers in Trinity these doors will recall his tall and dignified figure, his kindly, urbane face. They will recall his unaffected modesty and readiness to interest himself in all public and social affairs, from the call to arms at the outbreak of the civil war to the functions that are mere weariness of the flesh to a conscientious man past middle age. But to the general public they are very notable embellishments of the city, owing to the conspicuous place which Trinity occupies on Wall Street and Broadway. It was a happy thought to make sculptured doors the memorial for a site so central and so close to the swiftest tide of traffic, a thought which in all likelihood came to the son because of his early studies in sculpture.

The South Door, by Mr Niehaus, has six panels, dealing with historical subjects connected with New York and Trinity parish. The lowest panels show the deck of the *Half Moon*. Henry Hudson is passing in 1609 along Manhattan Island under the Dutch flag; Dr. Barclay is preaching to the Indians in 1738. To fit the mission among the redskins more closely to this church, Mr. Niehaus has passed by the earlier efforts of Dutch dominies in the same field. The middle panels show Washington entering St. Paul's, the chapel of Trinity, after his inauguration in 1789; and the scene of a consecration of four bishops in the same chapel in 1832. The upper panels contain the procession in 1846 through the porch of new Trinity as we now have it, soon after its completion; and the dedication of the reredos in memory of William B. Astor in June of 1877.

In these six panels the sculptor has undertaken a difficult task of realism, and with success. The composition is generally excellent; the perspective is particularly brilliant. Mr. Niehaus has kept marvellously well the difficult planes of figures, buildings and interiors, each in its proper place, and has borrowed from painting many artifices which permit the eye to pass agreeably from the near to the more distant objects. The figures never press forward but keep their relations to the general aspect of the door as a door, and also to their several backgrounds. These figures, moreover, are well proportioned and unconventional.

The most modern scene is in some respects the best, though it might easily have been the worst, owing to the difficulty of managing modern coats, hats, and dresses, and presenting in low relief an interior known to every one. He has done this without being commonplace or trivial. Henry Hudson is the least convincing of all, because we look for more rough, sailorly qualities in the captain and crew of the *Half Moon* than the sculptor has been willing to allow.

The North Door, by Mr. Massey Rhind, is entirely different in conception and executed in quite another style. It also has six panels, but the subjects are from the Old and New Testaments and the legends of the Church. The lowest panels give a scene of the Passover in Egypt, with a Hebrew householder anointing lintel and door-posts of his home with the blood of a lamb, that the Lord may pass over the house and spare the first-born; and the gateway of one of the three cities of refuge in the Promised Land, which were ordained for those who had slain a man without intention. The middle panels have the scene at the gate of the Temple when Saints Peter and John make the miraculous cure of a man lame from his birth; and the prison scene, in which Paul and Silas issue from their jail after the earthquake, and console the jailer, whom the miracle has converted. The upper panels have a scene from Revelation; also a legend of St. Peter about to leave Rome for fear of persecution. Christ appearing to him, he says, "Lord, whither goest

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thou?" and, to shame the saint for his timorousness, the vision answers that he goes to Rome, where there is need of him.

Mr. Massey Rhind's composition is not only different from that of the historical door, but his scale of figures is another one. They are often exaggerated for effect by making the heads smaller than in ordinary human proportions. The figures are not quite so well subordinated to the general scheme and frame-work of the door. But they have in some cases ideality, and in general are well grouped. These panels are less original and clever than Mr. Niehaus's, but they have the advantage of appealing to devout thoughts, and the signal merit of never lowering the tone from religious levels. Separate figures may be criticised, but on the whole the six panels are a notable achievement for a young artist.

A peculiarity is the difference between the composition used by these two sculptors. While Mr. Niehaus always provides for a central distance with carefully arranged vanishing point, as in a picture, Mr. Massey Rhind generally places two or more figures in the middle of each panel, and rarely allows a chance for the eye to plunge into the background. The latter follows more after precedents like the bronze doors at the national Capitol by Randolph Rogers, and their prototypes in Florence, the far-famed doors by Ghiberti.



THE HON. W. E QUINBY,
United States Minister to the Netherlands

THE NEW MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS.

On May 25th President Cleveland appointed William E. Quinby, of Detroit, Michigan, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Netherlands. Mr. Quinby is a prominent figure in his State, and his appointment met with unqualified approval from his fellow-Democrats and friends throughout Michigan. Telegrams from all parts of the State were sent to the President as soon as the selection was made public, and Mr. Quinby was also the recipient of general congratulations from prominent men who recognized his fitness. Mr. Quinby is a man of about sixty years of age, and has never held any public office. His time and energies have been devoted to the Detroit *Free Press*, of which he is the principal owner and editor-in-chief. He has been connected with that paper for nearly twenty-five years, and instrumental in raising it to its present high position. Mr. Quinby is a married man and has six children. Two of his sons, who hold editorial positions on the *Free Press*, will represent him during his absence abroad.

DARING DEED OF A NICARAGUAN BOY.

HOW HE CAPTURED THE FORTRESS OF CORILLA.

The revolution in Nicaragua just ended has witnessed in the short period which marked its existence the performance of a deed of daring the like of which has probably never been excelled since the storming of Badajoz. All the more interest is centred in the event since it is known that the central figure is a boy only sixteen years of age—a mere child in years, but a giant in courage and ability. This lad, a representative of one of Spain's oldest families in Nicaragua, captured, with the assistance of but thirty men, the fortress of Corilla, which is the strongest post in Central America.

The account of the capture reached New York during the present week. It was participated in by Mr. Frederick Rockwood, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Revenue Marine. Mr. Rockwood is at present a wealthy planter in central Nicaragua. Prior to his departure for Nicaragua, more than six years ago, he was a prominent member of the New York Seventh Regiment. Mr. Rockwood reached New York after forty-five days of travel from his plantation. The story he tells runs as follows:

"I left my plantation some two weeks before the revolution broke out. I knew, as indeed we all did, that trouble was coming. I was importuned by my fellow-planters to take sides with the Liberal party. Had it not been for those interests which demanded that I immediately set out for New York, I am inclined to believe that I would have followed the bent of my inclination. I promised, however, that I would return to Nicaragua as soon as my business affairs were settled. With this promise given, I bade a lot of my neighbors, one bright morning, a farewell, and set out on horseback for the head of Lake Nicaragua. To reach the head of the lake required a ride of two hundred and fifty miles. This portion of the journey I traversed without incident, and one bright evening not many weeks ago I reined up at a little station situated at the head of the White Lake. Here, for the first time, I learned that the revolution had broken out in force, that skirmishing was going on to the eastward and westward of the station, and, worse yet, that every form of water craft on Lake Nicaragua had been seized by government forces.

"My chagrin was great. I debated whether I should work through to the east coast or back to the west coast. I finally concluded to wait. In the mean time I kept my eyes and ears open, particularly my ears, and not more than three days elapsed before I learned of the existence of a small tug somewhere back of the station. I will not say how I obtained possession of the tug. It is sufficient that I soon had every prospect of pushing my way on down the lake.

"It was while placing stores aboard, however, that I was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a young Spaniard, his sword in hand, and himself in the dress of a lieutenant in the regular army of Nicaragua. The Spaniard was a mere boy. He was about sixteen years of age; certainly not more than seventeen. As he stood there on the deck, smiling, and in the purest of Spanish requesting that I turn the craft over to him, I hardly knew which to admire the most, his impudence or his beauty. His face was of pure Castilian type. His eyes had all the tenderness and his skin all the softness of a girl. He was a handsome chap; in fact, a handsomer boy I never saw. While eying him in a half-quizzical manner, some thirty armed men burst through the bush and leaped on board. The smile of the young Spaniard rapidly played round his well-shaped mouth. The men were his followers.

"There was nothing left for me to do but give up the boat. The youngster deemed my conclusion wise, and I could see that my discomfiture rather amused him. He was an odd little fellow; yet hardly little, for he was tall for a boy of his age, and strong too, while his every step showed off a lithe active form. At first it looked as if I were to be summarily tossed on shore, but on my making known that I was an American, and a former United States officer, the boy saw an opportunity to make me of service to him. He knew I was anxious to reach the east coast, and he promised to assist me—that is, if I were willing to assist him. My function was to navigate the boat. I undertook it.

"The thirty men who came aboard with the young Spaniard were as fine a set of fighting-men as I have ever seen. They were all mountain men, great tall fellows who looked capable of withstanding immense fatigue. They were splendidly armed, each man carrying a breech-loading Remington rifle and two full cartridge belts. I have seen a great many soldiers in my lifetime. I have also had the honor to be a member of one of the finest national guard regiments of the United States, the New York Seventh, but I have yet to see thirty men with the word "business" more plainly stamped in their faces than in the case of those thirty Nicaraguans.

"I asked the youngster in command where we should go? He very quietly said, 'Corilla.' I could hardly believe my ears. 'What! Corilla?' I ejaculated. It cannot be possible that this boy means to attack that place, the strongest post in Nicaragua. But it was true that he did, and in a very short time. Off we went down the lake, the little tug carrying thirty rebels, all dressed in the regular uniform of the Nicaraguan army. I had not been deceived as to the true character of my companions. I recognized them as men of the revolutionary forces very shortly after they got aboard.

"On the way down the lake I saw a great deal of the young Spaniard. Not once did he speak of the work ahead. He talked mostly on national subjects, and inquired particularly into the relation of the States to the national government at Washington. He was fairly well posted on the form of government in vogue in the United States, but was better posted regarding existing governments in Europe. His mind seemed to possess great breadth, while at all times there was evinced that same gentleness, that same softness, which made me at times almost doubt that he was a boy.

"Corilla was reached in the broad break of day. The morning in Central America usually breaks suddenly. It was just the beginning of this morning when the fort loomed up ahead on a high bluff fully one hundred feet above the river. This fort is armed with modern rifled cannon, mostly Krupp guns. In addition there are several machine-guns. The fort commands the entrance to Lake Nicaragua. Its guns are able to deliver a terrific plunging fire on any craft attempting to pass up without authority.

"As we neared Corilla I expected every moment to hear the whiz of a rifle-shot. As we drew nearer I really began to feel that perhaps, after all, we would escape a salvo. Right ahead was a wharf jutting out at the base of the bluff, and the tug was headed for it. Running up alongside, we managed to secure the boat. As we did so, the young Spaniard leaped on the dock. A sentry stood there doing guard duty. The boy said something brusquely to him about his force being re enforcements, and the sentry saluted. The lad sent him up the hill on some message, and then turned to his command. Every man of the thirty was on the dock. It needed only a nod to set them in motion, and this nod the handsome young Spaniard gave.

"Leading up to the gates of the fort from the wharf was a winding road. Up this road the young rebel and his men marched, the boy leading off some twenty feet in advance, and swinging his sharp razorlike sword much as one would a walking stick. I could hardly believe my eyes. Here was a mere boy with only a handful of men marching straight up to the gates of the strongest fort in Nicaragua. Instinctively I found myself on the dock and following them. My arms consisted simply of a revolver, and I doubt if in the excitement I realized that I might have occasion to use it. To look at that body of men swinging along up the roadway in splendid unison, one would have fancied that it was merely a reconnoitring party in from a tramp. Surely, I said to myself, their real character will be discovered before they reach the gates. They never possibly can deceive the guard.

"At this moment the great, ponderous gates opened, and an officer, the officer of the day, stepped out. He had evidently just sprung out of bed, for there was a half-yawn around his mouth as he made his appearance. The sentry had told him that re-enforcements were coming up the road. This was good news. It would mean lighter duty at the post, and more companionship. All this doubtless passed through the mind of the officer of the day as he stepped out to greet the commander of the re-enforcing party. As for the thought of caution, it had not entered his mind. The rebels he had heard of, but had not seen. He doubted if any really existed; and if they did, they were hundreds of miles from Corilla, while, besides, these men coming up the roadway were dressed as regulars.

"So, with a cheery 'Glad to see you. Where are you from?' he advanced some twenty feet beyond the gates.

"Inside the gateway the guard was drawn up, prepared to receive the new arrival. The cheery hail of the officer of the fort received an indistinct reply from the young Spaniard. In another moment the two were but a few feet apart. I recall at that instant a whirl of steel in the air, a sharp agonizing cry, and the next instant the body of the officer of the fort lay writhing on the ground. Without so much as a look at the man he had cut down in his track, the young Spaniard, with the bound of a panther, sprang into the open doorway, and quicker than it can be told he had cut down two soldiers. Like the sudden blast of a mighty wind, every man of the command rushed forward. Carried away with the excitement, I followed; and as I did, I stumbled over the bodies of the dozen men of the guard. Every man had been bayonetted where he stood.

"Once inside the fort, the men of the young Spaniard spread out in skirmish order across the parade-ground and facing the quarters; until now not a shot had been fired. Suddenly, though, it came, and from the revolver of the lad ahead. The commandant of the fort, hearing some unusual noise outside, had sprung out of bed, and hastily stepped out on the little veranda before his door. As he did so, the young Spaniard, at a distance of more than one hundred feet, drove a pistol-ball between his eyes. The body of the dead commandant rolled down on the walk below. This pistol-shot roused the fort, and instantly men poured out from the quarters. Their appearance was the signal for every rifle in the parade to open action. The scene that followed was little short of that of a slaughter-pen. The men of the fort had been cut off from their arms. They were now being butchered. Men yelled and cursed, begged for mercy, and shrieked as they fell wounded. The young Spaniard dashed about, using a brace of revolvers. It looked at one time as if he proposed to slaughter the garrison, but he suddenly gave the order to cease firing. Some twenty-three men had been killed. The fort contained about seventy-five men. The living were made prisoners.

"The first act of the young Spaniard was to slam the gates. He next inspected the ordnance, stationed men on guard, and then proceeded to wash and refresh himself. The flag of the Liberal party was soon floating from the ramparts of the fort. A little later in the day, with that same smile on his lips and that same tenderness of expression, he fitted me out for my journey, and wishing me a speedy passage, bid me an affectionate adieu.

"I reached the east coast without mishap, and took passage to Colon. From Colon I came to New York by one of the regular steamers."

The success of the revolution Mr. Rockwood first learned on reaching New York. He says that he expects to learn on his return to Nicaragua that the young Spaniard has been made an officer of high rank. If they do not promote him, he declares the youngster will promote himself.

GODFREY L. CARDEN,
Lieutenant United States Revenue Marine.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

Pray what is the use of this striving for good,
If all ends in woe and distress?
Why work in vain hope, when 'tis well understood
There's no such a thing as success?

The answer is simple when I am concerned—
I've studied the case through and through.
The lesson I've found to be easily learned:
The "*if*" and the "*when*" are not true.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR.

Professor Rudolf Virchow, Rector of the University of Berlin, is a highly interesting personality. He is a small man, with a dry parchmentlike skin, and wears very powerful spectacles, which give his eyes a peculiar appearance as seen through them. The *tout-ensemble* is very ordinary. Not only is he, however, in the first rank of scientists, but is, besides, a prominent politician, one of the most influential men among the advanced Liberals, and a member of the Reichstag. He would long ago have been elected Rector had it not been thought that his political views would be so obnoxious to the Emperor as to cause him to decline to ratify Virchow's election.

Virchow and Von Helmholz celebrated their seventieth birthday within a short time of each other, and whereas the latter received a complimentary telegram and a decoration from the Emperor, Virchow was the recipient of no such favor. In the telegram to Von Helmholz his Majesty expressed his approval that the scientist had devoted himself to science, which was his proper sphere, and had left politics alone. This was evidently a side-thrust at Virchow.

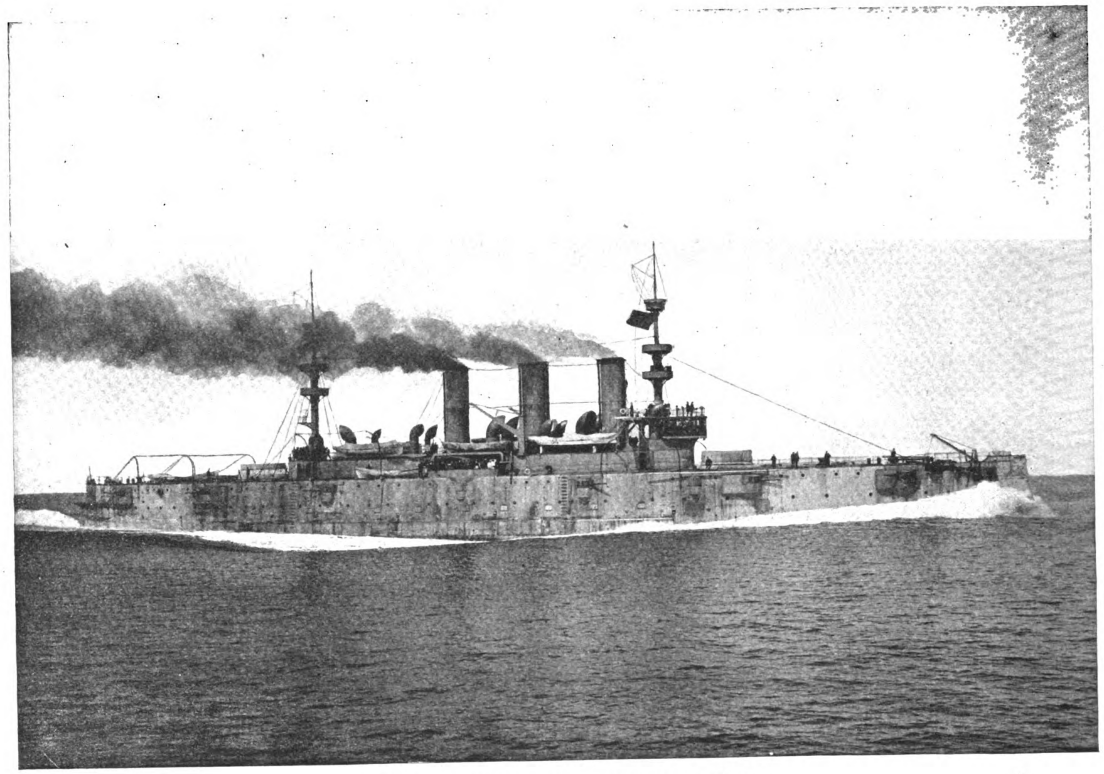
During the political troubles of 1842 Virchow was banished because of a speech in which he said Prussia must have a constitution; that the king must grant one, or they must try to do without a king. For this he was proscribed, but he partly regained favor by his work in connection with the Franco-German war. His organization of ambulance corps and his untiring efforts in the hospitals were highly appreciated.

He is much more liked by foreign students than by Germans. To the latter he shows his rough side. He does not approve of their drinking habits. He says that Americans and English who do not soak so systematically have clearer heads and do much better work than Germans. Some of his countrymen have such a dislike of him that they prefer to study pathology elsewhere, although they have to study under inferior men. They dread his home truths and his not always smooth tongue. He is, they say, very rude to them in his lectures, as well as severe at the examinations. He was so dissatisfied with an answer given by one student that he replied: "Any cook would know better than that. You know nothing whatever about it." To another who was turning over a specimen with an instrument so as to be better able to see it, he sneered, "Oh yes, hack it to pieces, and by the time *you* have finished with it nobody else will be able to see it."

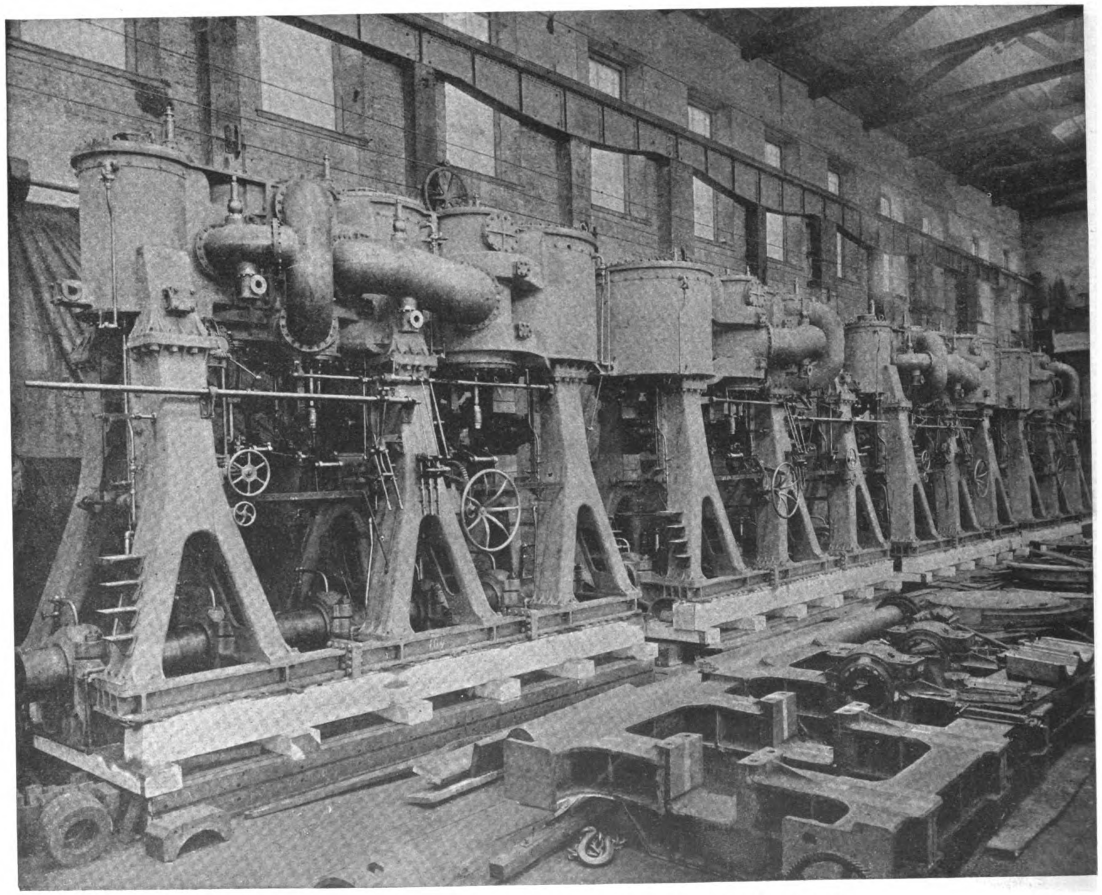
A friend of mine was invited to his house to see some very rare fishes which he had received a short time before. Virchow's daughter, who is not famous for beauty, was present. When the inspection of the fishes was over, Virchow said: "All these I'll gladly give you if you'll marry my daughter. I've been trying to marry her off these thirteen years, but without success."

The clothes that the learned professor wears are sometimes such as no old-clo' man would invest in. An especially favorite coat of his is an ancient one that has lost its color through age. On one occasion he began the examination of a student by abruptly asking, "What color is my coat?" The student paused for a moment, and then replied, "Apparently, Herr Professor, it was originally black; now it seems to be of a bluish tint," for which reply he was passed.

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THE "NEW YORK" AT HER GREATEST BURST OF SPEED.



THE FOUR ENGINES THAT DROVE THE "NEW YORK" TWENTY-ONE KNOTS AN HOUR.

THE FASTEST ARMORED CRUISER IN THE WORLD.—From Photographs by William H. Rau, Philadelphia.—[See Page 558.]

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WEST POINT—IN BATTERY—LIGHT ARTILLERY DRILL.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Article on Double-Page.]

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

III.

IN one of the first-floor corners of the Clifton is situated the Underground National Bank—Erastus M. Brainard, president.

The Underground is not so styled on account of the policy and methods of its head, oblique and subterranean though they may be; it is merely that the Clifton is almost entirely shut in by its tall neighbors, and that, so far as its lower floors are concerned, direct sunlight, except for a month or two in the early summer, is pretty nearly out of the question. We shall have to throw our own sunlight on the Underground, and on the man who is its president and its principal stockholder.

The Underground is not one of the old banks, nor is it one of the larger ones; if Brainard had no other irons in the fire he would not cut much of a figure in business circles. The Underground is simply one in a batch of banks that have sprung up in the last seven or eight years, and that are almost unknown, even by name, to men who, in the Clearing-House at that time, have since passed on to other and different affairs. It is spoken of as Brainard's bank, just as other banks are spoken of as Shayne's, or Cutter's, or Patterson's. Now Shayne, for example, began life with a fruit stand—Jim Shayne they called him. The fruit stand developed into a retail grocery, and Jim Shayne (about the time of the fire) became J. H. Shayne. The retail grocery expanded into a wholesale grocery, and the sign read, "James H. Shayne & Co.," and the firm made money. But the day dawned when his wife began to figure at dances and receptions—her own and those of other people—as Mrs. James Horton Shayne, and when his daughter's wedding was not far away, with all the splendor that St. Asaph's could command. This was no juncture for laying undue stress on the wholesale grocery business; it seemed worth while to become identified a little less closely with mercantile circles and a little more closely with financial circles. Shayne & Co. went right on—both routine and profits; but the High-flyers' National was started, and James Horton Shayne was more likely to be found on La Salle Street than on River Street.

Cutter was in hardware. His daughter was a great beauty. One day he dropped hardware in favor of his sons, to become the head of a board of directors. Then people could say: "Ah! a fine girl that! Her father runs the Parental National."

Patterson's case was different. He had just invested half a million in a big business block, and his daughter had just invested her all in a husband. The best office in the new building remained tenantless at the end of six months, and the man of his daughter's choice continued practically without occupation during the same term. The office was worth ten thousand dollars, the son-in-law—in the present state of things—about ten thousand cents. So Patterson, in order to secure a tenant for his new building and a career for his new son, started a new financial institution—the Exigency Trust Co.

But no such considerations as these influenced Erastus Brainard when he founded the Underground. He was far aside from all social ambitions, and his domestic affairs took care of themselves. His business interests spread all over the city, the State, the West, even the far West, and this vast web must have a centre. That centre was on the lower floor of the Clifton, where he ran a bank, true, but a good many other things besides.

Brainard had come up from the southern part of the State—from "Egypt," as it is called. A darkness truly Egyptian brooded over his early history, so that if it is a fact that he was an exhorter at Methodist camp-meetings in his early twenties, proof of that fact might be sought for in vain. The first definite point in his career is this: that as a youngish man he was connected in some capacity with a cross-country railroad on the far side of Centralia. How successful he was in transporting souls no one can say; that he has been successful in transporting bodies no one will deny. He is unrivalled in his mastery of the street-car question, and his operations have lain in many scattered fields.

To claim that Brainard has a national reputation would be going too far. However, his reputation might fairly be termed inter-State. If the man were to die to-morrow, sketches of his life would appear in the papers of Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and St. Louis; and the caustic and frankly abusive paragraphs would be copied appreciatively as far as the remoter counties of Nebraska. For Brainard's success is not without the elements of public scandal. His manipulation of city councils and of State Legislatures has been freely charged. Old stories of his brief incarceration in prison, or of his narrow escape from it, sometimes arise and flutter; and there are those who think that if he never has been in jail, then this is all the more reason for his being there now. His demise would indeed set the clipping-bureaus to work; but the work would not be started by the direction of his surviving family. Such is the chief to whom young George Ogden has sworn allegiance.

"I shall marry him," said a voice quite firmly; "you may make up your mind to that."

Ogden started. These words came through a door which stood ajar in the partition that separated him from the president's room; the office was splendid with bevelled glass and oxidized iron-work, yet it was as compact as high rentals compel. They were words in striking contrast to most of the talk that his pen commanded. "Make it thirty days more;" "I'll take the rest in small bills, please;" "It will be due day after to-morrow." And with these, "I shall marry him; make up your mind to that."

He knew the voice perfectly well; he had heard it a fortnight before in Floyd's office.

The door in the partition opened a foot or two wider; the bulky figure of Erastus Brainard appeared, and his hard and determined face. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a close-clipped gray beard and a shaven upper lip. Two or three red veins showed prominently in his bulbous nose. He wore black broadcloth; his coat had a velvet collar, and on his shoulders there was a light fall of dandruff. He wore boots. On Sundays his boots had "tongues," and his trade was the mainstay of a German shoemaker who kept a shop behind his house, and whom, twice a year, he literally terrified into fits.

But now his big figure clutched at the red-cherry door-jamb with a tremulous hesitancy, the hard, fierce eyes looked out appealingly from under their coarse and shaggy brows, and the proud and cruel lips opened themselves to address the young man with an order that was almost an entreaty.

"Ogden, won't you ask Mr. Fairchild to step this way?"

For a mouse had come into the place, and the elephant was in terror.

The Underground National Bank, with a surplus equal to a third of its capital, had not declared a dividend for several years. Brainard, along with his son and his brother, owned five-eighths of the stock. Put these two facts together and surmise the rest. Understand, without the telling, how Brainard had bought back big blocks of stock from men who had invested on his own advice and representations, only to sell out at less than two-thirds the price they had paid. Understand how widowed and unprotected women, with little realization of the remote possibilities of the science of banking and no realization at all of the way in which their five thousands had come to be worth so much less than five thousand, would come to his office to implore ingenuously with sobs and tears that he would give them back their money. Consider these and a dozen other phases of the pleasant pastime known as "freeze out," and then judge whether Brainard, by this time, were capable or no of braving, warding off, beating down, despising the threats, the imprecations, the pleadings, the attacks of the harmless domestic animal known as the investor. But now another domestic animal, the wilful daughter, had entered his lair, and with this new antagonist he felt himself unable to cope.

"Ogden, won't you ask Mr. Fairchild to step this way?"

Fairchild was only the cashier of the bank, while Brainard was its head; but Fairchild was a good deal of a man—and that was more than Brainard, with all his money and his brains and his conscienceless ness, and all the added power of the three combined, could have claimed for himself. He was merely a financial appliance—one of the tools of the trade.

He had no friends—none even of the poor sort known as "business" friends. He had no social relations of any kind. He had no sense of any right relation to the community in which he lived. He had next to no family life. He had no apparent consciousness of the physical basis of existence—for him diet, rest, hygiene, were mere nothings. But none of these considerations disturbed him very much. He could do without friends—having so good a friend in himself. He could dispense with social diversion—so long as the affairs of the Underground, and the Illuminating Company, and those Western mines continued to occupy his attention. He could rub along without the sympathy and respect of the community—while he and it held the relative positions of knife and oyster. He could do perfectly well without hygiene and proper regimen as long as dyspepsia and nerves and rheumatism were not too pressing in their attentions. And he could, of course, trust his family to run itself without any great amount of attention from its natural head.

His family *had* run itself for twenty odd years. It had gone on its scattered way rejoicing—after the good, new, Western fashion which finds the unit of society less in the family than in the individual; and now a very promising young filly, after having "run" herself for a good part of this twenty years, was on the point of taking the bit between her teeth and of running away altogether. The family carry-all, whose front seat he had left in order that he might irresponsibly dangle his legs out from behind, was in danger of a runaway and a smash-up, and he was forced to the humiliating expedient of installing a more competent driver than himself in his own place behind the dash-board.

Ogden slid rapidly along the narrow aisle which ran behind the row of coops that confined the tellers, and found Fairchild going over yesterday's balances with the general bookkeeper. Here he was intercepted by the last of the messengers, who had had some delay in getting his batch of drafts and notes arranged properly into a route.

He was a boy of seventeen, with a pert nose and a pasty complexion. He had put on his hat with a backward tilt that displayed his bang. He was the son of a millionaire stockholder, and was on the threshold of his business career. He panted for consideration, and he had found, during an experience of six months, that most consideration was to be won from the newest men.

"What's up now, George?" he asked, familiarly. He twitched his narrow little shoulders as he teetered back and forth on his toes. "Old man on the rampage some more? He's had it pretty bad for the last three weeks."

"Oh, get out!" Ogden responded, briefly.

Fairchild was a man well on in the fifties. He had a quiet, self-contained manner, a smooth forehead, a gray mustache. His general trustworthiness was highly esteemed by Brainard, who generally treated him with civility and sometimes almost with consideration. He had his privileges. A member of the board of directors in the Brainard interest, he would be given the opportunity to resign whenever some especially-dubious piece of business was looming up, with the certainty of re-election within the year. He was too old to tear himself up by the roots, and too valuable to be allowed, in any event, the radical boon of transplantation. Of course he paid for such a concession; he acted as a buffer between Brainard and the more pathetic of the stockholders, and now, as we see, he was summoned to deal with a domestic crisis.

"My dear girl," Ogden presently heard him saying, in a dry, cautious, and yet somewhat parental tone, "you know what his position is. Not in the church; no, I don't mean that. He is only a policy clerk in that insurance office, at ten dollars a week, probably—hardly enough for him to live on decently alone. Yes, I know he gets more from the choir, but even that—"

Ogden stopped one ear by propping his elbow on his ledger and putting his hand to his head, and went on with his writing as well as he could. But he had left the Underground for St. Asaph's; he was busy no longer with notes for collection, but with the notes—the melting tenor notes—of the all-admired Vibert. His fellow-clerks noiselessly retired, and a long train of choristers slowly made their way through the long aisle the others had left vacant. Among them Vibert—tall, dark, hard, and cruel; an angel, possibly; but if so, surely one of the fallen. And a little girl of eighteen, whose blue eyes showed out from under her fluffy blond locks, and whose lips were parted in a radiant, reverent smile, steadied a trembling hand on the back of a pew, and looked after him with a fond, open, and intense regard that was a perfect epitome of love.

Those same blue eyes were now on the other side of the partition, regarding her father's lieutenant with a look as bright and hard as was ever her father's own; and as she listened to the words of warning, those same full and pliant lips set themselves in a firm line that Brainard himself could not have made straighter or more unswerving.

"Nobody really knows," the cashier went on, "who his people are, or where he is from, or anything definite about him. He is one of thousands. Here is a town full to overflowing with single young men. They come from everywhere, for all reasons. They are taken on faith, largely, and are treated pretty well. Most of them are all right, no doubt; but others— Of course I know nothing about Mr.—about this one; but your own brother, now—"

"That's just what I tell her," broke in Brainard, with a distressful whimper. "Burt says, and he knows it's true, that—"

Ogden again stopped his ears. If by any possibility there was aught good under that chaste surplice, he would not wilfully deprive himself of any chance for belief. If that full neck and heavy jaw and sinister eye and world-worn cheek and elaborate assumption of professional sanctity offered the slightest prospect of decent manliness and of happy home life, he would not allow one mere solitary phrase to shut that prospect out. But he could not shut out a disgust that gradually crept in upon him—a disgust for the man who would arrange the most sacred and confidential affairs of his family circle in the same general fashion that he would use for dealing with the concerns of an ordinary business acquaintance; a disgust for the family life in which such a state of things was possible. Had the girl no mother? She had indeed; but that mother was an invalid—one who, with the advancing years, had come to know more and more of tonics and cordials, and less and less of her daughters' needs. Had she no brother? But what can a brother do?—order the intruder from the premises and intimidate him from returning, which Burt had done. Were there no friends or relations to see how matters were going and to speak out their minds boldly? But when ever has such a course availed? The friends cease to be friends, and the relatives are relatives at a greater remove only, and all goes on as before. No; there was only one way to settle this affair—the "business" way; and that way Brainard took—necessarily, instinctively.

He had never lived for anything but business. He had never eaten and drunk for anything but business—his family shared his farmlike fare and his primitive hours. He had never built for anything but business; though constantly investing in grounds and buildings, he had occupied his own home for fifteen years as a tenant merely, before he could bring himself to a grudging purchase. He never dressed for anything but business—he had never worn a dress-coat in his life. He wrote about nothing but business—his nearest relative was never more than "dear sir," and he himself was never otherwise than "yours truly"; and he wrote on business letter-heads even to his family. And now that the present domestic difficulty was to be adjusted, no other method was available. But he had the satisfaction of feeling that his daughter was meeting him in his own spirit and on his own ground.

She eyed him with a cold and direct gaze like that of the sun which is setting in a clear winter sky. Not a single cloud-shred of affection showed itself in the wide expanse of crisp and tingling atmosphere which she seemed to have created about her; not a particle of floating vapor helped to diffuse a glow of sentiment over a situation which had much need of some such softening influence. Her fierce little glance tore down every scrap of reverence, of home love, of filial duty: life had never seemed to him quite so bald, so unfurnished, so bereft of unbusinesslike non-essentials.

"I shall marry Russell," she declared, "in spite of you and in spite of everything. You may say that he has no money, and that you don't know his family; and Burt may forbid him the house and go prying into his private affairs, and you may say that he has no friends and no abilities, and as much more as you please. I don't care; I shall be his wife. I won't believe any of these things, and nobody shall separate us."

She rose, flushed and frowning, and walked out firmly. Fairchild opened the opposite door and moved off quietly to his own place. Brainard brushed aside a pile of abstracts and mortgages that encumbered his desk, found an opening big enough for his elbow, and leaned over his blotting-pad with an air of utter dejection and defeat.

IV.

On the twelfth floor of the Clifton—at the far end of a long corridor—is the office of Eugene H. McDowell, real estate.

Ogden, at the beginning of one of his brief noonings, took the elevator up to the quarters of his coming brother-in-law.

He found McDowell stretching himself violently in his swivel-chair, which was tilted as far back as its mechanism would permit; his head was thrown back too, as far as anatomical considerations would allow. His eyes would have seen the ceiling if they had not been so tight shut; his Adam's-apple appeared prominently between the turned-down points of his collar. His desk was strewn with a litter of papers, and the tassels depending from his map-rack began a trembling at varying heights as Ogden closed the door behind him.

"Waugh—oo!" yawned McDowell, with his mouth at its widest. Then he let his chair down, all at once. "Oh, it's you, George, is it?"

He used the careless and patronizing freedom of a man of thirty-odd to another several years his junior—of a man in business for himself to a man in business for some one else—of a man who was presently to undertake the protection and support of the other's sister.

"Sit down." He motioned Ogden to a chair which stood close to the window—a window that looked out on the court and that commanded the multifarious panorama of daily business going on behind the ranks and rows of great glass sheets which formed the other three sides of the enclosure—the ends of over-crowded desks, the digital dumb-show of stenographers, the careful handling by shirt-sleeved clerks of the damp yellow sheets in copying-books, the shaking fingers and nodding heads that accompanied the persuasion and expostulation of personal interviews.

McDowell presented a physiognomy that seemed to have been stripped of all superfluities. He contrived to avoid the effect of absolute leanness, yet he was without a spare ounce of flesh. His cheek-bones did not obtrude themselves, nor were his finger-joints unduly prominent; yet his trousers seemed more satisfactory as trousers than his legs as legs, and his feet were in long, narrow, thin-soled shoes, through

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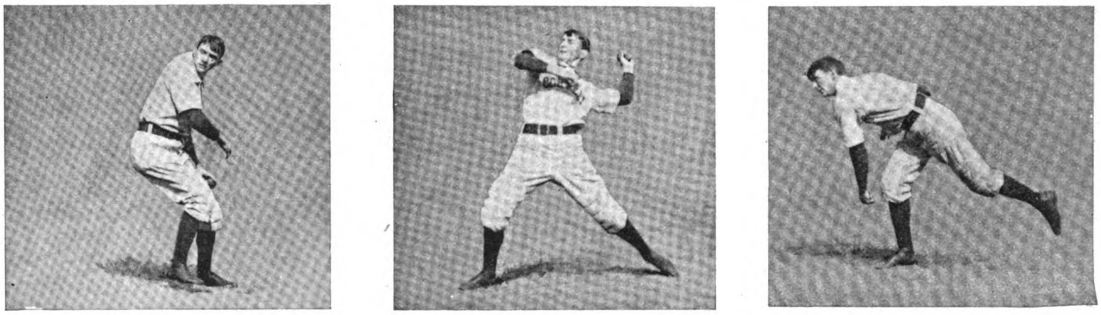
WALTER F. CARTER.—YALE.



GEORGE W. REESE.—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.



GASTON DRAKE.—PRINCETON.



ASA B. PRIEST.—CORNELL.



JOSEPH WIGGIN.—HARVARD.

THE PITCHER IN THE BOX.—Delivering the Ball.—From Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 558.]

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"THE KNICKERBOCKERS."

THE new comic opera of Messrs. De Koven and Smith has been the event of New York, in its own way, for the past week and more, having been produced in what Chicago will perhaps pardon us for still calling the metropolis on the 29th of May, at the pretty Garden Theatre. It has ever since been nightly filling that resort, to the great and merited profit of the collaborators.

The notion of making Irving's historical skit the basis of a comic opera will be admitted to have been a happy one. There has never been a pleasanter or more indulgent satire than the *History of New York*, attributed to Diedrich Knickerbocker, as there has very seldom been one so successful. There are, indeed, authentic traditions that certain excellent citizens of Dutch descent took umbrage at the work, and expressed unfriendly sentiments respecting its author at the time of its first appearance. The fact shows what changes have been wrought in the course of the century, and, among other things, is a tribute to the progress of American irreverence. The descendant in 1893 of one of the citizens who resented Irving's satire in 1809 who should express a like resentment would only cover himself with ridicule, though he expressed it at a dinner of the St. Nicholas Society itself.

Irving's satire, however, is not broad enough for the taste of the contemporary consumers of comic opera, and accordingly it has been considerably broadened by the librettist of the *Knickerbockers*. He has contrived to weave into the background supplied by Irving a story which is neither too improbable nor, what would perhaps be a graver fault, too probable for the purposes of comic opera, and which has diverting scenes and amusing characters. His best achievement, it is agreed, is to have furnished a congruous and congenial setting for Mr. De Koven's music; but indeed this is the most that can be said for any librettist, whether of grand and tragical or of light and comic opera. To Mr. De Koven's music the success of the piece is mainly due, and it has been very well earned. The previous essays of the composer have given him not only an increase in facility and in the power of judging what musical ideas are adapted to the form in which he has wrought, but they have also enabled him to make a decided advance upon anything that he has heretofore given to the public, considering the opera from a strictly musical point of view. The quartet of the second act and the contralto song and chorus of the third are not only melodious and taking, but highly musicianly pieces of work, which might be entered, with every prospect of success, in a musical competition much more strict and exacting than that of contemporary comic opera. Even where the music is most hilarious—and sometimes, as in *Governor Kieft's* song and chorus and in *Schermerhorn's* song and chorus, it becomes very hilarious indeed—it does not cease to be refined and musicianly or to indicate that the composer has powers for which comic opera does not provide a fair field. The refinement and skill of the orchestration throughout give another indication in the same direction; and of this the skilful treatment of the wood-wind in the overture is a very noteworthy example.

But whatever may be the indirect suggestions of the *Knickerbockers*, there is at least no doubt that for its immediate and specific purpose of providing an enjoyable evening's entertainment it is very highly successful, and nobody who goes to see and hear it can fail to acknowledge that it deserves its success. The author and composer have upon the whole been very fortunate in the presentation of their work by the "Bostonians." The well-drilled chorus of fresh voices is of itself a rarity in comic opera, while among the principals the production is made memorable by the vocal and dramatic skill and the personal charm of Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, the fine voice and style of the personator of the testy Governor's famous trumpeter, and the irresistible drollery of Schermerhorn, as presented by Mr. Frothingham.

COLLEGE BASEBALL PITCHERS.

THE pitcher is far and away the most important member of a baseball nine, and it may indeed be asserted that it is entirely due to his marvellous development the game has reached the standard of skill it occupies to-day. No position on the nine has undergone such changes, none has increased its value to such an extent. There is, in fact, no game played by a team on which so much depends on any one player as in baseball, and as on the pitcher. He may almost be said to hold the key to a baseball contest, and notwithstanding the continuous effort to formulate rules that will lessen his opportunities, he apparently continues master of the situation, and holds the opposing batsman at his mercy. It is only necessary to refer to the work of Carter, of Yale, to corroborate what has been said here of the value of a clever pitcher. This young man's record shows what a pitcher can do to win games for his nine.

It is a question, often debated, which makes the pitcher the more valuable, great speed or what is known as "heady" work. Speed, of course, is essential to an effective pitcher, but it requires judgment to make it most telling. On the other hand, a heady pitcher without speed must rely on his absolute command of the ball and deceptive curves to make up for the lack in pace. Probably the best illustrations of these two types of pitchers are J. A. Highlands and Joseph Wiggin, of Harvard. The former has not been pitching this year, but his work last year proved him to be the speediest man on the amateur diamond. Wiggin, who has been Harvard's main-stay in the box this year, is distinctly what is known as a "heady" pitcher. Now and then he puts in a ball that has a good bit of pace on it, but he is not strong enough to keep it up, as does Highlands, and relies on deceiving the batter by his curves and by varying the pace. He never loses his nerve, and is one of the most valuable men to a nine at critical moments in a game.

It requires strength as well as skill to fill the box creditably, and many a man who had curves and speed has been obliged to give up trying for the position from a lack of endurance. When, occasionally, a pitcher combines speed, head-work, and endurance, he becomes immediately a "find" of the rarest description to his nine. Such a one Carter seems to be. He is not quite twenty years old, weighs 177 pounds stripped, and stands 6 feet 4 inches high. He has played ball, as has every other lad, from boyhood, but first put on a uniform with the Y.M.C.A. nine of Brooklyn, and caught for them the years the team won the championship—'88 and '89. He entered Yale in '92, and played a very successful season behind the bat. He is a natural ball-player, and does equally well infield, outfield, or in either battery position. He has always had a great arm, and his throwing to bases is accomplished by an overhand wrist-snap, which makes the ball "stay up" on a line about three feet from the ground. In pitching he uses his natural throw, with the long swing of arm and body to give extra momentum. Up to date—May 17th—he has pitched 91 innings this season and struck out 129 men, and against professionals he has pitched 15 innings and struck out 20 men. He certainly is the most effective amateur pitcher in the box to-day.

Drake of Princeton may be said to occupy a grade between Highlands and Wiggin, having some speed, and showing excellent head-work, but not so much as these two in their special strength. He uses good judgment, and is particularly strong when the men are on the bases. Reese of Pennsylvania, like Highlands, weighs about 190, and has strength and speed, and like him, has always had the "knack." His work last year was very successful. His delivery does not look very difficult, but it puzzles the batters, and he is rarely "got on to." Bayne of U. of P. has had a lame arm and has not been in the box this season. Last year he made a great record, his speed and curves puzzling opposing batsmen with persistent regularity.

Priest of Cornell has acquired his skill more by steady, intelligent practice than any inherited "knack." He is a hard worker, and his pitching, though not brilliant, is consistent and telling.

The illustrations show three positions of each man in the act of delivering the ball to the batsman.

OUR GREATEST CRUISER.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

OVER the deep water between Cape Ann and Cape Porpoise there was a recent record breaking performance that has attracted the attention of the civilized world.

A great mass of steel, weighing 8150 tons, and carrying a powerful battery of modern rifles, was driven through the sea at the phenomenally high rate of 21 knots an hour. And this speed was not measured by patent logs, standardized screws, or other unreliable factors that are used abroad, but by buoys and vessels located by triangulation points ashore. Americans may therefore feel justly proud of this achievement, which gives to them the fastest armored cruiser in the world, and places the United States in the van among the great navies. This product of Yankee skill, home-made in every detail, from truck to keelson, merits more than a passing notice.

In the first place, many comparisons have been made between the *New York* and the English cruisers *Blake* and *Blenheim*, some claiming that the British vessels are faster. A careful investigation of all official data shows that whatever speed the *Blake* and *Blenheim* may have been designed to make, neither of them has ever been accredited with 21 knots. During March, 1891, the *Blake* was tried over a measured course. It was intended that forced draught should be used, but when the blowers were turned on, the Englishman's boilers leaked so badly that the idea had to be abandoned. Under natural draught, therefore, the *Blake* averaged 19.12 knots for four consecutive hours. The *Blenheim* was also tried during the same year, and attained, under natural draught, 20.4 knots for eight consecutive hours.

Lord Brassey, in his *Naval Annual*, classes these vessels as 22-knot ships. Though this may have been their designed speed, there is no official record to show that the figures given above have ever been exceeded. English enthusiasts claim that the *Blenheim* has since made 22.5 knots by a patent log. Three of these same instruments were employed on board the *New York*, and at the end of the four hours' run the mean of their readings was 23 knots. This error shows the unreliable nature of such a record. Again, both of these English ships are only protected cruisers, while the *New York* has a 5-inch belt of side armor, two heavy 10-inch barbettes, and turrets 5½ inches thick.

In all the navies of the world the only ships that have any official records showing a speed exceeding that of the *New York* are the *Veinte-Cinco de Mayo* and the *Nueve de Julio* of the Argentine Republic, and the *Piemonte* of the Italian navy. The Italian is accredited with having made 22.3 knots in 1889, and the Argentine vessels with 22.43 and 22.75 knots respectively. As all three of these vessels are only partially protected cruisers of less than half the *New York's* displacement, they are not of the same class, and should be more properly compared with torpedo-boats, some of which claim as much as 27 knots.

The statement, therefore, that the *New York* is the fastest armored cruising vessel in the world stands to-day unchallenged by any official record.

The daily newspapers have described in detail that great trial off the Massachusetts coast, but nothing has been written of the interior fittings of this vessel, that seems like a little world in itself. Some idea of the *New York's* size may be learned from the fact that were all the tubes and pipes that interlace her from stem to stern taken out and placed in one straight line, the distance covered would be considerably more than a mile. So difficult is it to communicate rapidly from one part of the vessel to another that a "central station" has been placed in the very heart of the war-ship. If the captain desires to converse with the electrician, the engineer, the gunner, or the man at the wheel, he calls up "central," and is connected in the same manner that business men are by telephone.

Again, if a fire is suddenly and without warning started in one of the coal-bunkers—an uninhabitable spot—the heat causes a column of mercury to rise. This in turn touches an electric wire, closing the circuit, and rings an alarm-bell. In the same manner, if the vessel springs a leak in the double bottom from some unknown cause, or in any water-tight compartment, a float rises and announces the fact upon a dial placed immediately outside of the captain's cabin. Away down in the depths of the ship spaces that have ever been regarded as unfit to support life are made wholesome by ventilating fans which supply pure and fresh air. As much has been done for the comfort and health of the poor Jackie as for the fortunate officer who will wield power on board this modern leviathan. In the words of Constructor Nixon, who was the master-mind in the conception of this great vessel, "Almost every calling, profession, and trade has been drawn upon in her construction, and her death-dealing as well as health-saving appliances are the best of their kind.

Standing upon the upper or spar deck and looking far down into the depths below, it seems almost impossible to realize that a finite mind could conceive such a bewildering mass of machinery. And yet, at the greatest burst of speed, I watched those four great engines revolving 135 times a minute with the ease that a child might turn a sewing-machine. They are four in number, each arranged in a separate water-tight compartment. Any one of them could propel the vessel in case the others were disabled. Each shaft is turned by two engines, with three cranks arranged at an angle of 120 degrees apart, but fuel may be economized and the vessel propelled at low speeds by uncoupling either the forward or after engines.

Speaking of the *New York*, the Board of Inspection closes its report with the following remarks: "In conclusion, the Board feels justified in recording its opinion that in the *New York* the navy of the United States will possess a vessel which, as a combination of superior speed, good armored protection, disposition of battery, excellent sea-going qualities, and rare habitability, leaves little if anything to be desired for the purpose she was designed to fulfil."

THE NEW SURGEON-GENERAL.

ON May 29th President Cleveland appointed Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Sternberg to succeed General Charles Sutherland as Surgeon-General of the United States Army. The post is the highest one in the Medical Department of the army, and carries with it the rank of Brigadier-General. General Sternberg is a native of New York, having been born June 8, 1838. He was appointed Assistant-Surgeon, with the rank of First Lieutenant, from New York, May 28, 1861, and assigned to duty with General Sykes's command, Army of the Potomac.

Dr. Sternberg served with General Sykes until August, 1862, distinguishing himself on the field of Bull Run, and gaining the commendation of his commander at the battle of Gaines Mill, the engagement at Turkey Bridge, and the conflict at Malvern Hill. After doing hospital duty for a short time at Portsmouth Grove, Rhode Island, he was with General Banks's expedition, and assistant to the Medical Director in the Department of the Gulf, until January, 1864. He was then stationed at Columbus, Ohio, and later in charge of the United States General Hospital at Cleveland. From July, 1865, to April, 1866, he was with the Thirteenth United States Infantry at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. He received the rank of Captain in May, 1866, and until October, 1867, was Post Surgeon at Fort Harker, Kansas, when he rendered valuable service during the cholera epidemic. Dr. Sternberg was then stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, and during the Indian campaign was in the field from April, 1869, to 1870. A year later, when at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, he did good work during the yellow-fever epidemic. After twelve months' service at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, he was ordered to the Department of the Gulf in July, 1872, and was Acting Medical Director at New Orleans for a short time. He then was assigned to duty as Post Surgeon at Fort Barrancas, Florida, and served through two epidemics of yellow fever, where he proved to be most efficient and valuable in fighting the scourge. On December 1, 1875, Dr. Sternberg was promoted to be Major and Surgeon, and, after a short absence from duty on sick-leave, was made Attending Surgeon at the headquarters of the Department of the Columbia, May to September, 1876. From that time until May, 1879, he was Post Surgeon at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, and saw further duty in the field during the Nez Percés campaign in 1877, when he was mentioned for his "heroic conduct." Dr. Sternberg had previously earned such a reputation as an authority on yellow fever that he was made a member and secretary of the Havana Yellow Fever Commission of the National Board of Health in 1879, and continued on the National Board until 1881. He then went to the Department of California, and was Post Surgeon at Fort Mason, California, until May, 1884. Afterwards on duty at Baltimore, Maryland, and in charge of Medical Purveying Department, San Francisco, to February, 1892, being made Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy Surgeon-General, January, 1891. Since the early part of 1892 until the present time Dr. Sternberg was Attending Surgeon at New York city. Last year, during the cholera season, he was appointed Consulting Bacteriologist to the Health Officer of the Port of New York, in compliance with special request. Previous to that time he was on special duty as delegate from the United States to the International Sanitary Conference of Rome, and detailed also to make investigations in Brazil, Mexico, and Cuba relating to the etiology and prevention of yellow fever. General Sternberg is a member and Fellow of many medical and scientific societies in various parts of the world, and has published a number of works and valuable treatises upon medical and scientific subjects. He occupies a high position among his brother officers, and is well known to the medical profession.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE factors of existence that are most in evidence in June are the June bugs, the roses, and the college boys. The latter factors share the characteristics of the other two, being exuberant and blooming like the roses, and frequent and impetuous like the bugs. You cannot pin the boys up on the wall in graceful ornamental designs as you can the bugs, but they have a decorative value of their own, and they see to it that the face of nature shall be touched up in suitable places with the tints which it is their jocund monopoly to impart. Even with Dr. Briggs on trial, and an Infanta in the land, and the Columbian fair running every day in the week at Chicago, the college boy cannot be overlooked, and whether he is speaking his piece, or knocking the ball over the fence, or toiling terribly at one end of a sweep, he is bound to have his share of the public attention. Eight hundred of him, it is reported, are ready to go into business, immediately after commencement, as the motive power of wheel chairs at the Chicago fair. Meanwhile, for the most part, at this writing, he is still at his scholastic task, passing his final examinations, and making news for the daily papers.

But a good many college boys are pushing chairs at the fair already. What arrangements they have made for absenting themselves from the institutions they belong to is best known to themselves, but it is a matter of public notoriety that as chair propellers they are one of the successful features of the fair. Not only are they able to push stout ladies about for half a day at a time, but while they are at it they can impart large quantities of information and gossip, which relieve the strain of sight-seeing, and seem usually to fall upon appreciative ears. There may be fair-going females who are too haughty or too decorous to converse with their chair-boys, but no evidence is in hand of any chair-boy whose sense of propriety has hindered him from putting his conversational powers at the service of a

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jaded patron. What romances may date from acquaintances formed between chair-boys and fairing dames at Jackson Park is for the post-Columbian novelist to unfold. Doubtless there will be many, in spite of the fact that sweet sixteen is, as a rule, a fairly durable pedestrian, so that it is usually her mother or her chaperon whose fatigue becomes the chair-boy's opportunity.

The chair-boy's only serious rival at the fair is the Columbian Guard. The Turks who carry Sedan chairs up and down the Plaisance, though picturesque, are not pretty, nor does a Sedan chair offer really favorable opportunities for converse between the bearers and the borne, even when the bearers know the language of the carried. The gondola men have to work too hard to do very much talking, and though the autocrats of the electric boats can speak, and do, their opportunities are fleeting. But the guards are usually urbane and almost always beautiful. It is reasonable to look for permanent results from the impression made on the American eye by the Columbian Guard's uniform. It can hardly be that after a people has become familiar with the superior splendor of a Columbian gendarmerie it will revert without objection to the dingier glories of ordinary policemen. It will be remarkable if the Columbian uniform has not as much effect on the American policeman's garb as the Columbian buildings have on American architecture.

It is better to be a guard at the fair than a gateman. The gatemen have to take some serious chances. Every day some Mogul of the fair or nation comes to a gate without his ticket and demands to be admitted on the strength of his personal notoriety and authoritative appearance. If the gateman admits him, the Mogul has the gateman arrested for disobeying the regulations. If the gateman keeps him out, the Mogul gets angry and has him arrested for disrespect to authority. The only safe course for the gateman is to produce a half-dollar and buy the Mogul a ticket, since it is better policy to lose fifty cents by an impostor than to lose one's job.

The cost of seeing the fair is about as indefinite an item as the size of a piece of chalk or the cost of a visit to New York. One of the variable elements in it is the quality of recreation that the visitor requires in the evening after a laborious day. The particular recreation which takes the form of dinner in one of the great Chicago hotels is one that combines corporeal refreshment with intellectual entertainment, since the dinners are good dinners, and the spectacle of assorted Americans in their native costumes at their evening meal rests the jaded mind like a pleasant novel. This form of evening entertainment does not necessarily involve an expensive lodging in one of the great hotels, nor is the cost of it at all excessive, considering its quality and the need of it, and the ease with which it can be attained.

The fair continues to be wonderfully productive of squabbles and differences of opinion. The overshadowing Sunday question was not out of the way before the clamor of dissatisfaction broke out over the John Boyd Thatcher single-judge system of awards. Miss Phœbe Couzins is still dissatisfied with the action of the Women Managers. The Theodore Thomas-Steinway piano altercation smoulders still, the exhibitors are sore because the regulation of sales of merchandise is not to their satisfaction, and there was lately a prospect of a very pretty dispute over the morality of a picture in the art gallery. Perhaps it is not surprising that London papers, which are advised of all this squabbling, have pronounced the fair a failure of gigantic size. The fair may be a failure in London, but certainly it is not in Chicago. The fair-goers like it immensely. They read about the squabbles in the newspapers, but on the grounds peace and good-nature and good order abound. As for Mr. Thatcher's system of awards, it seems a pity that the fair should be hopelessly committed to a system that appears to satisfy no one but its inventor. Indeed, the pity of it is so palpable that it may fairly be expected to correct itself. No one can consider the labors and expenditures of the exhibitors, and the foreign exhibitors in particular, without hoping that their reasonable desires about sales and systems of awards will be gratified. Every one who sees the fair will be their debtor, and will want to see them go home as nearly satisfied as the inherent imperfection of all things human will admit.

The gallant conduct of Miss Murphy in rescuing keeper Hugh Downey, of the Central Park Zoo, from the wrath of her husband is enough to make the blush of shame mantle the brows of those citizens who recently denied Miss Murphy's title to the name she honors. If courage, fidelity, and presence of mind are qualities that still inspire respect, a full set of apologies are due to Miss Murphy, and Chamberlain O'Donohue should see to it that they are sent in.

To say that a man died with his boots on conveys an idea that requires no explanation. Mr. Frederic Remington seems to have had his boots on when he wrote the communication lately published in the Sunday *Sun* on the state of the United States army. Mr. Remington insists that "the hand of the fat god of rank" is extremely heavy on the army, and effectually squashes the spirit out of the likeliest young officers. He insists that the efficiency of the live men is nullified and their just ambitions thwarted by "that band of sleepy old tubs in Washington who are General This and Colonel That of the staffs, forsooth," and who "sit about with whiskey and water before a fireplace, putting up jobs on young men who are active, intelligent, and progressive." Mr. Remington's statements may possibly be somewhat exaggerated, but his manner of expressing himself is a refreshment and a treat to the unbiassed reader. If his remarks fail to do good, it will not be for lack of attention. They are not the sort of remarks to be overlooked.

If the *Evening Post* were looking for fit examples of newspaper illustration, instead of the contrary, it could have found a case in point in a recent picture in a morning paper of the Belmont houses on lower Fifth Avenue, as they appear in a spring suit of playbills. The incongruous effect of a coating of theatrical posters on one of the most dignified residences in Gotham is something the imagination could hardly hope to depict without some help from pictorial art. It is enough to make precise and decorous citizens give thanks that they can still die in certain confidence that advertisements will not be suffered to be affixed to their remains.

E. S. MARTIN.

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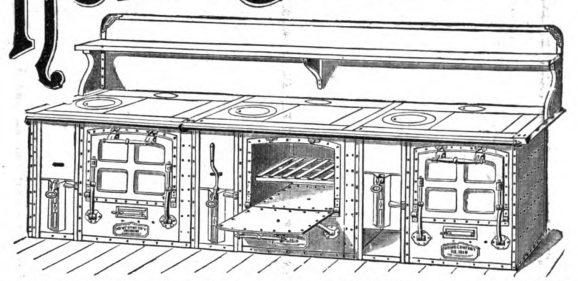
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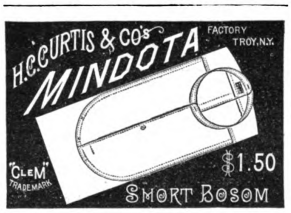
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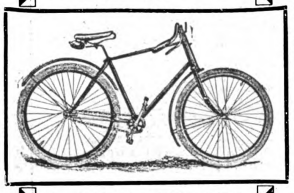
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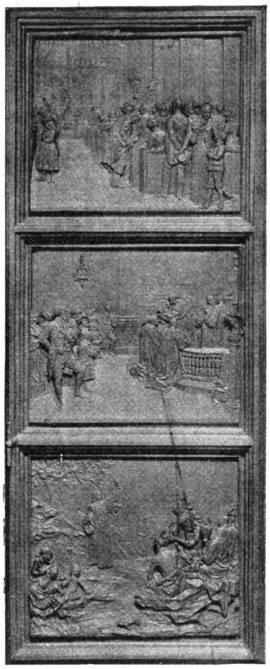
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NORTH MEMORIAL DOORS.—J. MASSEY RHIND, SCULPTOR.





SOUTH MEMORIAL DOORS.—CARL H. NIEHAUS, SCULPTOR.



THE BRONZE DOORS OF TRINITY CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

AMATEVR SPORT

AS THE LAST NUMBER OF THE "WEEKLY" went to press, because of Decoration day, before the Intercollegiate Athletic Championships were decided, it was of course impossible to write on them as usual. At this late day only a little general comment is in order. First of all the events were drawn out to a most wearisome degree, the management being wretched. It really seems to grow worse each year. The games began half an hour late, with no programmes to be had, and the time wasted in getting the men out between events was exasperating. Some idea of the management may be gathered when it is said the judges discovered, just before the last of the trial heats in the high hurdles, that the men had been running 130 yards instead of 120. The great number of competitors and failure to run off events promptly made the afternoon's sport drag its weary way on to seven o'clock.

There were not so many spectators as seen last year or the year before, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the tiresome length to which the afternoon is extended through poor management and numberless entries is having its effect.

The Association must sift these entries and have better management if it expects to keep the annual event popular.

INTERCOLLEGIATE '93 ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event.	Yale.	Harvard.	U. of P.	Princeton.	Winner.	Performance.	Intercollegiat Record.
100 yards....	5	1	2		Richards Buckholtz Baker	10 1-5 s.	10 s. L. H. Cary, Princeton.
220 "	7				Richards Anderson Small	22 3-5 s.	21 4-5 s. L. H. Cary, Princeton.
440 "		5 1-3		2	Sayer Brokaw Bingham	50 4-5 s.	49 1-2 s. G. B. Shattuck, Amherst '92.
880 "		7		1	Corbin Hubbell Turner	1 m. 59 4-5 s.	1 m. 57 1-5 s. W. C. Dohm, Princeton '90.
Mile run.....	2	1			Jarvis Morgan Collamore	4 m. 34 3-5 s.	4 m. 29 4-5 s. C. O. Wells, Amherst '91.
Mile walk ...	1			7	Borcherling Bunnell	6 m. 57 2-5 s.	6 m. 59 4-5 s. F. H. Borcherling, Princeton '93.
High hurdles.	7	1			Van Ingen Lyman Shead	16 2-5 s.	15 4-5 s. H. L. Williams, Yale '91.
Low hurdles.	5	3			Van Ingen Garretson Jamieson	25 4-5 s.	25 1-5 s. H. L. Williams, Yale '91.
Bicycle	5	1	2		Glenny Coates Davis	7 m. 4 3-5 s.	6 4-5 s. R. H. Davis, Harvard '91.
High jump...		8			Fearing Putnam Sherwin	5 ft. 10 3-4 in.	6 ft. G. R. Fearing, Harvard '93.
Broad jump..	2	5	1		Bliss Sheldon Buckholtz	22 ft. 9 5-8 in.	22 ft. 11 1 4 in Victor Mapes, Columbia '91.
Pole vault ...	2 1-3	1-3	5		Buckholtz Cartwright Rice	10 ft. 10 1-8 in.	10 ft. 9 3-4 in. E. W. Ryder, Yale '91.
Hammer.....	5		1		Hickok Ellis Knipe	110 ft. 4 1-2 in.	107 ft. 7 1-2 in. J. R. Finlay, Harvard '91.
Shot.....	6	2			Hickok Shea Brown	41 ft. 1 8 in.	40 ft. 9 1-2 in A. B. Coxe, Yale '87.
	47 1-3	34 2-3	11	10			

Columbia gets one point in 220 yards, and one-third in pole vault, Bowman (Columbia), Rice (Yale), and Wheelwright (Harvard), each doing 10 feet 3 for third. Rice, on toss, received the prize, but all divided points. Wesleyan gets five points in mile and one in hammer. Brown gets two points in hammer, Cornell one-half point in 440.

YALE'S VICTORY WAS A MAGNIFICENT ONE, and deserving, for every man worked hard. The dash and determined efforts of the Yale team were the features of the afternoon. Every man did what was expected of him—and a little more. One cannot fail to remark on this spirit in Yale athletics; it is characteristic of all teams from New Haven to make a strong finish.

Richards ran two plucky races, winning both sprints in good style. His closest rival in the 100 yards, Buckholtz, showed unexpected strength, and but for dividing his efforts between the pole vault and the shorter sprint would undoubtedly have made Richards do better time to win the latter.

Merrill was a disappointment in the 220 flat; but Sayer distinguished himself by winning the quarter from Brokaw. Van Ingen covered himself with glory in the two hurdle events, winning both. If he never had "sand" before, he certainly had it in the 220, for he ran one of the pluckiest races ever seen on Manhattan Field, winning in the last few yards from a position well back of the leader.

The surprises of the day were Turner's defeat in the half-mile, Borcherling's inability to pass his college mate in the walk, and the winning of the mile by Jarvis over Morgan.

Hickok did great work in the hammer and shot, making new records in both. It was expected in the former, but his showing in the shot was as unlooked for as it was creditable. Princeton's exhibition was the poorest in many years. Swain was not in form, Turner could only get third, and Borcherling was much behind last year's figures. Of Columbia, the less said the better; certainly they cannot do any worse, if there is any consolation in that. Pennsylvania made a creditable showing—the best since joining the Association. Cornell sent a couple of good men.

ALTHOUGH AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS now compare favorably with the best amateur performances in the world, it is really only within the last three years that the standard of our Intercollegiate meeting has approached that of Oxford-Cambridge. Although there had been some grand individual performances by college athletes here and there, the meeting of 1889 was the first to materially advance our Intercollegiate records. Dohm of Princeton put the quarter-mile record down to fifty seconds; Sherrill, Yale, took the sprints in .10½ and .22⅖; Shearman, Yale, put the broad-jump record to 22 ft. 6 in.; Leavitt, Harvard, the pole vault to 10 ft. 5½; Herbert Mapes, Columbia, made a new hurdle record of .16⅕; C. O. Wells, Amherst, put the mile-run figures where they yet remain, 4.29⅘. From that year every subsequent meeting has clipped something off the track records, while inch by inch the field events have crept abreast and ahead of the English figures.

The greatest meeting we have ever had was that of '91, when records were made in ten out of the fourteen events on the programme—two of them world's records. It was in that year too that a team from the Manhattan Athletic Club visited England, and Cary, Remington, Ford, and Queckberner installed themselves as English champions.

IT DOES NOT TAKE A GREAT DEAL of research to discover the cause of the long inferiority of our college records to the English. And that they were so may be seen from this table, which gives the records made at the first meeting of the English and American colleges.

Oxford-Cambridge. 1864.		Inte collegiate. 1876.
Event.	Time or Distance.	Time or Distance.
100 yards	10⅘ sec.	11 sec.
440 "	53 "	56 "
1 mile	4 mi. 56 "	4 m. 58⅕ "
120-yard hurdle.....	17¾ "	18⅕ "
High jump.....	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 2⅛ in.
Broad "	18 ft.	18 ft. 3⅛ "

This great dual league (Oxford and Cambridge) *par excellence* has far more material at its disposal than any intercollegiate association. Oxford University alone is made up of twenty-two colleges, and includes about twelve thousand students, while its great rival is nearly as large. This is greatly beyond the numbers of our association, which is composed of nineteen colleges, of which the greater part are small institutions of the Rutgers and Stevens stamp. But of course the most obvious reason of England's long-continued supremacy was the early introduction of college sports.

The Intercollegiate Athletic Association held its first meeting in 1876, as the result of the athletic games instituted by Mr. James Gordon Bennett at Saratoga in 1873. But in England so early as 1837 "crick run," celebrated in *Tom Brown's School Days*, was founded at Rugby. Trinity College, Dublin, held an athletic meeting in October, 1844, and in 1845 "an annual steeplechase, hurdle races, and *scurry*," whatever that mysterious event was, were given at Eton. Exeter College was the pioneer of the athletic movement at Oxford, and held the first meeting in 1852. In 1864 came the first contest between Cambridge and Oxford, and after 1866 athletic meetings became general throughout England. That the English collegians were better adapted to athletics at that time than the college boys on this side were at the time of their first meeting in 1876 there can be no question. During the fifties and sixties the stirring events preceding and following the civil war left but little time for athletics here, and they were practically at a standstill in all the colleges for nearly a decade after the war.

ENGLISH INTER-UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC MEETING, MARCH, '93.

Event.	Performance.	Winner.	College.
100-yards.....	10⅖ s.....	Ramsbotham...	Oxford.
440-yards.....	50⅖ s	Fry	"
Mile.....	4 m. 22 s.....	Ramsbotham	Cambridge.
120-yard hurdle.	16⅖ s.....	Lutyens.....	Oxford.
Broad jump	23 ft. ⅛ in...	Gedge.....	"
High " ..	5 ft. 11 in....	Coillis.....	"
		Fry	
		Swannick.....	

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS.

Event.	ENGLISH. Record.	Name.	Year	College.	AMERICAN. Record.	Name.	Year	Col'ge
100 yards.....	10 s.	Wharton ...	1886	Darl'ton..	10 s.....	Sherrill. Wendell Cary	1890 1891 1891	Yale. Harv. Prin.
440 "	49 4-5.....	Moneypenny	1892	Cam.....	47 3-4....	Baker	1886	Harv.
880 "	1.54 2-5...	Cross	1888	Oxford ...	1.54 1-2...	Dohm	1890	Prin.
Mile.....	4.21 1-2...	Pollock-Hill.	1890	Oxford ...	4.29 4-5...	Wells	1889	Am.
3 miles.....	14.44 3-5..	Horan	1893	Cam.....	15.41 4-5..	Lane	1888	Yale.
120-yd. hurdle	16 s.....	Joyce.....	1888	Cam.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
High jump...	6f. 2 1-2 in.	Bulger....	1892	Dub.Univ.	15 4-5....	Williams.	1891	Yale.
Broad " ..	6f. 6 1-2in.	Brooks.....	1876	Oxford ...	6 ft. 4 in..	Page	1887	Penn
	23f. 6 1-2in.	Fry.....	1893	Oxford ...	23f. 6 1-2in.	Reber	1891	W.U'n.

IN ADDITION TO THE EVENTS given in table, the Englishmen at their '64 meeting had a 200-yard hurdle race and two-mile steeplechase, won in .26⅘ and 10.34 respectively. In the second meeting, the two-mile run, putting the 16-lb. shot, and throwing the cricket ball were added, the last being replaced, however, at the third meeting by the 16-lb. hammer, and thus the list stands to-day. The mile walk and 220-yard dash are rarely on English programmes, though Perkins (a professional) in 1874 was credited with walking a mile at London in 6.23, the world's record, and Wood, at the same city, in 1887, ran the 220 in .21⅘, which stands as the English amateur record for that distance, and was the world's record until Jewett made his .21⅘ at Montreal last year.

The half-mile run, two-mile bicycle race, and pole vaul are also events not included in the Oxford-Cambridge sports, and only occasionally in any of the college games, though there is no lack of ability in the half-mile. Fowler rode two miles on the bicycle in 1892 at London against time in 4.49⅘, which stands as the English record; and in the pole vault, Stone, by the English method of "climbing," *i.e.*, slipping

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the hands up the pole, has done 11 ft. 7 in. Neither of these men, however, was a collegian.

No comparison can be made in the weights, as the Englishmen permit a seven, and sometimes nine, foot run, which our rules do not allow. Barry of Queens College, Cork, under the English rules threw the hammer 137 feet in '92, and put the shot 42 ft. 10½ in.; neither of which records compares with our best amateur (non-collegian) performances under same rules. It is really not fair to include the three miles on this table of collegiate comparison. It is not on our programme at all, and consequently college athletes do not train for it. The best American amateur record is 14m 39s., held by W. D. Day, of the New Jersey Athletic Club. Generally speaking, American athletes are inferior to Englishmen in distance running. Cross-country running, so popular in England, attracts few entries and less attention in the United States.

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON BASEBALL GAME, won in the last inning by Harvard, 9–8, was not a pleasing exhibition. It was, in fact, the most displeasing game of the season, and an especial disappointment coming just at a time when we had begun to believe college men pretty thoroughly grounded in the principles of good sportsmanship The game began, or rather was delayed half an hour, by an unwarranted squabble over the umpires, and ended with such sustained and unsportsmanlike yelling—it could not by any chance be called cheering—from the Harvard bleacheries as it is hoped may never again be heard on a college ball-field. It was unpleasant from beginning to end—from King's interference with Hovey's fielding to Cook's "sharp" baserunning after he had been fairly put out.

It is very true that the stand Princeton took at the outset with regard to the umpire question may have exasperated the body of undergraduates, and probably did, but two wrongs do not make a right. Harvard had an opportunity to heap coals of fire on Princeton's head, but, instead, they took a seat in the same boat. Whoever speaks or writes lightly of the scenes of that afternoon is either a superficial thinker or proclaims himself a disciple of the baneful doctrine "anything to win."

What is the loss of a game to the loss of one's self-respect? Does the winning of that game on Decoration day compensate for the disappointment hundreds of Harvard men experienced as they walked off Holmes Field after it was all over, regretful that they had been witnesses to the ungentlemanly conduct of the sons of their *alma mater*?

Does the "plucky fight" the newspapers the next morning said Princeton had made lighten the sorrow all graduates of old Nassau must experience with the knowledge that their nine's captain took an unsportsmanlike position?

Faculties and members of athletic advisory committees will exercise their influence to best advantage in preaching on the text "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," rather than on masquerading under newspaper editorials that show no appreciation of the great, the absolutely vital, need of its rightful interpretation.

TO SAY THAT CAPTAIN KING acted unwisely is putting it mildly. It may be one of the umpires was not to his liking; it may be he had said so after the first Harvard game; but there were three weeks between the two games, and ample time to adjust the matter satisfactorily to both sides. To wait until the night before to enter a formal protest, and to refuse, when once on the grounds and the spectators gathered and waiting, to play unless his demands were complied with, were reprehensible to a degree, and not the spirit we want to cultivate in amateur baseball.

SO MUCH SPACE HAS BEEN TAKEN UP, in this the by far more important comment on the game, that there is little room left to treat of the actual playing. It was a game abounding in heavy hitting and errors, Princeton leading in both—eight errors, of which first-baseman Guild made three. Wiggin was hit frequently and hard; his arm appeared to be and undoubtedly was in bad shape, but he kept his head despite the terrific slugging of 6 singles, 3 home runs, 2 three-baggers, and 9 long flies which went to the out-field. Hallowell played a magnificent game, and Abbott showed himself the best third-baseman of the day, playing brilliantly, with one single exception of a bad and costly error. Upton put up a strong game behind the bat. In fact, the Harvard nine made a good showing, retaining its form under the heavy batting, and showing snap everywhere except in base-running, in which particular only Hallowell and Mason excelled, though Sullivan was very fair.

Princeton's play on the field was full of costly errors—and errors that actually lost them the game. King's bad throw to first, Trenchard's failure to hold the ball, which let in the run that tied the score, and Guild's failure to hold another, individually and collectively practically lost the game. Trenchard's throwing to second was useless, and one of his passed balls let in a run. Otto is lively at short, but not certain. Drake pitched a good strong game until the eighth inning, and then the yelling seemed to distract him, as he gave enough men first on balls to put in a run. His watch of the men on bases was clever. Princeton will not be able to hit Carter as they did Wiggin, and with the tendency to fill the error column, the outlook for getting a game from Yale is not encouraging.

Princeton's second victory over Pennsylvania, May 27th, 5–4, was a very different exhibition from the first game, the fielding of both teams being excellent, and the batting fairly strong. For Princeton, King excelled in work at the bat and in the field; Otto did well at short—the best of any one tried this season. Trenchard's throwing was wild, and Pennsylvania did not hesitate about going to second. Drake was steady and strong at critical moments. Bayne made his reappearance in the box for Pennsylvania, and showed he was as strong as ever, for from the first to the eighth inning not a hit was made off him. Goeckles's batting was the feature of the day—out of four times at the bat he secured two singles and a line hit for four bases.

THE GAMES YALE HAS PLAYED during the past two weeks have not given the team much real practice, and most of the work is done at the Field. Whether this kind of work will bring about the necessary advancement remains to be seen; but it will not do for Yale to nourish the idea that the team can easily defeat Princeton, as the great improvement in the latter last week will give them confidence.

Rustin's injury may keep him out of the next Princeton game, June 10th, and in that case Arbuthnot will play third base. Although he is a clean fielder and covers his ground well, yet a new and comparatively inexperienced man in Yale's uncertain diamond may prove disastrous. Rustin's hitting will be missed, but he will doubtless be in condition to play the final games.

Hedges is experiencing some difficulty in keeping up with his fast company, and now the season is far enough advanced to make every movement count. His hitting has been weak, and his faults of the beginning of the season seem slow in disappearing. There continues to be a deal of speculation as to the probability of ex-Captain Murphy replacing the Law School uniform with that of the 'vasity. Should he play, the in-field will be greatly strengthened, and some needed changes in the team's arrangement follow. His base-running would be a decided addition, and his fielding certainly has more life than that of any man at present in the Yale in-field His batting on the Law School nine has been below what he used to do on the 'varsity. There is good reason to believe an effort will be made to enlist his services, and that he will make personal feeling subservient to the desire to help Yale on the diamond.

Speer is developing into one of the best all-round men on the Yale team. His hitting is very strong and does not vary, and his fielding is sure.

Captain Bliss's game at short stop is improving, and his steadying influence is certainly needed in Rustin's absence. With good eyesight Bliss would make a splendid in-fielder, but he is too near the plate to judge correctly a batted ball.

The difference in form does not warrant Harvard betting 3–1 on the result of the Yale series. Harvard must remember that reputation will not win from Yale, and Yale should not get the idea that pluck will take the place of good ball-playing.

YALE HAS SHOWN SOMETHING of the old spirit (which the playing of Kedzie against Princeton and the persistent refusal of a Harvard third game had made her friends believe was off on a vacation) in agreeing to a deciding game of baseball with Harvard. And George A Adee is the man who convinced the Yale baseball management of the unsportsmanship of their position. Harvard is indebted to the sportsmanlike conduct of the management at Cambridge, backed up by the New York *alumni*—George Walton Green and Henry Van Duzer.

THE CORNELL NINE, after making a very good showing by defeating Pennsylvania and almost beating Princeton earlier in the season, proved easy prey for both Harvard and Brown. In the game with Harvard especially the team went entirely to pieces, making twelve errors, every man but Rich, on second, having a hand in the general comedy of errors. The judgment of the Cornell's out-fielders was wretched. They evidently did not thoroughly know the game, and believed certain rules were to be used invariably. Thus, after a base hit, they frequently threw the ball to the plate without the slightest chance of catching the man, and in the mean time the batter took second or third. Priest did effective work in the box.

It seems incomprehensible that now, just as Cornell is beginning to be recognized, and justly so, in the college athletic world, the baseball management should show so little tact, aside from all questions of sportsmanship, as to place an ex-professional to captain the nine. It was a great mistake, and it is to be hoped Cornell will accept a friendly hint and keep its teams up to the strict spirit of the amateur law.

AMHERST, WILLIAMS, AND DARTMOUTH are making a pretty fight for the New England League pennant. Williams has wrested the lead from Amherst, and O'Connor is making his presence felt for Dartmouth. Most of the games are played two consecutively, and as Williams is the only one of the three which has two pitchers the advantage is apparent. Hollister of Williams only allowed twenty-nine Amherst men to go to bat in the last game at Williamstown, and though Colby pitched his usual excellent game he was defeated, 1–0. Rarely so many good pitchers are together in a college league, and the outcome will create no little interest.

WESLEYAN'S NINE played its last game Decoration day, after a season of which it has good reason to feel proud. Frost, when in the box, seemed to have got into a winning gait, for though his speed and curves are not remarkable, his pitching against teams that had before hit him was very effective. He had a good catcher in Terrill, and a good team behind him, especially on their own grounds.

THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB TOOK A STEP at its last meeting which is entirely at variance with anything that it has done heretofore. It elected a professional baseball manager to a directorship in the club. Now whether because of this, or from general degeneracy, the club has been whitewashing professional baseball players ever since. The following clipping from a Detroit paper tells the story better than we can:

"YERKES AND WAITE JOIN THE D. A. C.

"The Chicago and Cleveland athletic clubs have no terrors for the Detroit Athletic Club now. They can bring along just as strong ball teams as they can scrape up among the amateurs in their States, and the red-legged weavers of the Delta will be waiting for them. It was feared that the D. A. C. would be somewhat weak in the box, but Manager Leadley has been keeping quiet, and saying little else than that the team would be all right when the time for action came. The sanction of the Central Association on the applications for reinstatement filed by Don P. Yerkes and Harry Waite was necessary to complete his team, and yesterday it was announced that both men had been taken into the fold."

If the Detroit Athletic Club desires to preserve the clean reputation it has always enjoyed, it should change the policy which appears to have taken possession of its baseball department. There is a decided feeling among the best members of the club that it had better desist making a business of this department, and, instead of having a team that monopolizes the diamond nearly all the time, to institute pleasant "scrub" games among the members, giving all who desire a chance to play ball now and then, without rubbing shoulders with former professionals. There have been too many professional baseball players reinstated to play on the D.A.C. nine, and if the present policy is pursued, it is not at all unlikely that the interest in amateur athletics, and in the club itself, will be lost by a large number of the club's members.

THE CENTRAL ASSOCIATION of the Amateur Athletic Union has ever since its inception made reinstatement a veritable farce.

It looks as if the various officials had traded favors. They certainly, to say the least of it, have shown no appreciation of what constitutes true amateur sport.

And the Detroit Athletic Club, which has always been looked upon as maintaining a high standard, it too has fallen from grace and gone down hill very rapidly through its baseball department.

The members must be proud of their nine!

It is now in order for the Chicago and Cleveland clubs to demand the reinstatement of any professional ball-player in their vicinity whom they favor. It is high time the officials of the Central Association displayed some inclination to elevate rather than lower the sport over which they are elected to watch.

IT IS HIGH TIME, TOO, that sportsmen in this country rose in their might and crushed out these athletic trusts that are doing more harm than good. The scandals over nearly every so-called amateur boxing contest, and the well-known condition of racing bicycling, are standing disgraces to American amateur sport, and to the Amateur Athletic Union and League of American Wheelmen. The A. A. U has made some effort to cleanse its ranks, and were it not for the backsliding of some of the clubs on its membership roll the purging would go on much faster. It has not the direct supervision of entries to club boxing shows that the L. A. W. has over its racing members. The L. A. W. has not made a move to clean its racing membership; it is too cowardly to do so, notwithstanding it knows half the men are in fact professionals. Its present attitude is a menace to decent sport. Honest bicyclers throughout the country (those who do not know the L. A. W. as it is) look to it for protection, and they do not get it. The L. A. W. is really nothing more nor less than the commission broker of this wholesale bicycling fraud.

THE YALE CREW SEEMS to have pulled itself out of the slump it fell into a week ago, and was doing the best work of the season when seen last week. The shell rocks less than it has during the past month, the stroke is more even, the boat goes faster, and it certainly travels smoothly between strokes, which is a most important point. The swing of the men is very much improved, and they seem to have grasped a pretty complete understanding of what it means to "stand" on their stretchers. To make a boat run on its keel the men must swing over the keel, and swing together; the oars must catch the water together, and at the same angle; the blades must be pulled through from catch to finish on the same horizontal plane, and taken out together, and this the Yale crew appears to be doing better now than at any one other time during the year. The result is that the shell travels on its keel, and keeps on going between strokes.

Goetchius, No. 5, has been taken out of the boat, and Rogers put in his place. No man in the boat rows in better form than Rogers, and he is an effective oar as well. He has never had a seat, because the coaches feared he might not prove strong enough. If the race were to be a hard one, and their fears well grounded, the result would be disastrous, since No. 5 is a very important place. The men are all looking well, and in good condition for whatever work may be assigned them. The coaches at New London will have their time well occupied getting Messler to do his work neatly.

IF HARVARD'S CREW CONTINUES to improve as it has during the past ten days, there will be no procession at New London this year. When Yale for the first time sees the Harvard 'varsity on the Thames, they will find much to criticise and many reasons for taking comfort to themselves on the outcome of the race. But after they have watched them for a day or two, timed them a few half-miles, and discovered how the Harvard shell travels between strokes, they must come to the conclusion that the task will not be so easy as first it looked to be. Just now, individually, there are many faults to be picked out in the Harvard crew, and were it not for the fact that in some manner the men are able to force the shell along at a good smart pace, the outlook for a close race would be discouraging enough.

How they do it one wonders in watching the wretched way they handle their oars. No two men take the same dip; every one, with the exception of No. 4, feathers under water, and the spray is sent towards the bow in showers as the blades are dropped into the water. In fact, the watermanship of the crew is poor, or, more correctly speaking, there is no watermanship to their rowing. What they have acquired, however, is a good drive with their legs. If they could supplement this with clean outboard work, with less arm-work, and better control of their slides, especially at the last part of the recover, they would soon become a fast crew. The most encouraging point to note now is the improvement made by Cummings at 7; he has aroused himself, and if he continues to keep up the present gait, will fill the seat satisfactorily. Next week the two crews will be taken up individually on their last appearance before going to New London.

AFTER DEFEATING CLARENCE HOBART it looked as if Malcolm Chace would win at least one set from Edward L. Hall, present champion, in the finals of the Southern lawn-tennis championship decided at Baltimore last week. Hall played with great steadiness, however not so brilliantly at times as Chace, but more consistently hard tennis, and never lost control of the situation from the start, winning with 6–3, 6–3, 6–2. The Chace-Hobart match was pretty tennis, and the result shows the former must be regarded more seriously than heretofore in making calculations on the outcome of the National championships at Newport in August.

THE PERFORMANCE OF THE *Valkyrie* on Saturday goes to show that Lord Dunraven's yacht will make the boat that defeats her in the international contest set the fastest pace that has ever been sailed for the *America's* Cup. In open water and under the fairest conditions she had no difficulty in winning from the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. The *Calluna*, which many English yachtsmen had fancied, did not make in this race, nor in the race of a week ago, the showing expected, and it seems at this early day as if *Britannia* stood the best chance of the British yachts to be the one chosen to meet the *Navahoe*. *Satanita*, the other English cutter, and the largest, has made a very favorable impression, and once the four have been tuned up a bit, the trial races to decide on the one to meet Mr. Carroll's yacht will develop some fast sailing. The *Navahoe*, in the mean time, has had the proposed alterations made in ballast, which consisted in taking twenty tons of lead from the inside of her hull and bolting the same amount on to the bottom of her keel. Her work since has been very satisfactory, and *Navahoe* will go abroad now carrying the full confidence of American yachtsmen in her ability to give a good account of herself in the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cup races.

THE POLO SEASON OPENED last week with most of the men showing better form than usual at the beginning. Full comment is reserved for next week.

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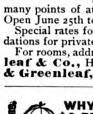
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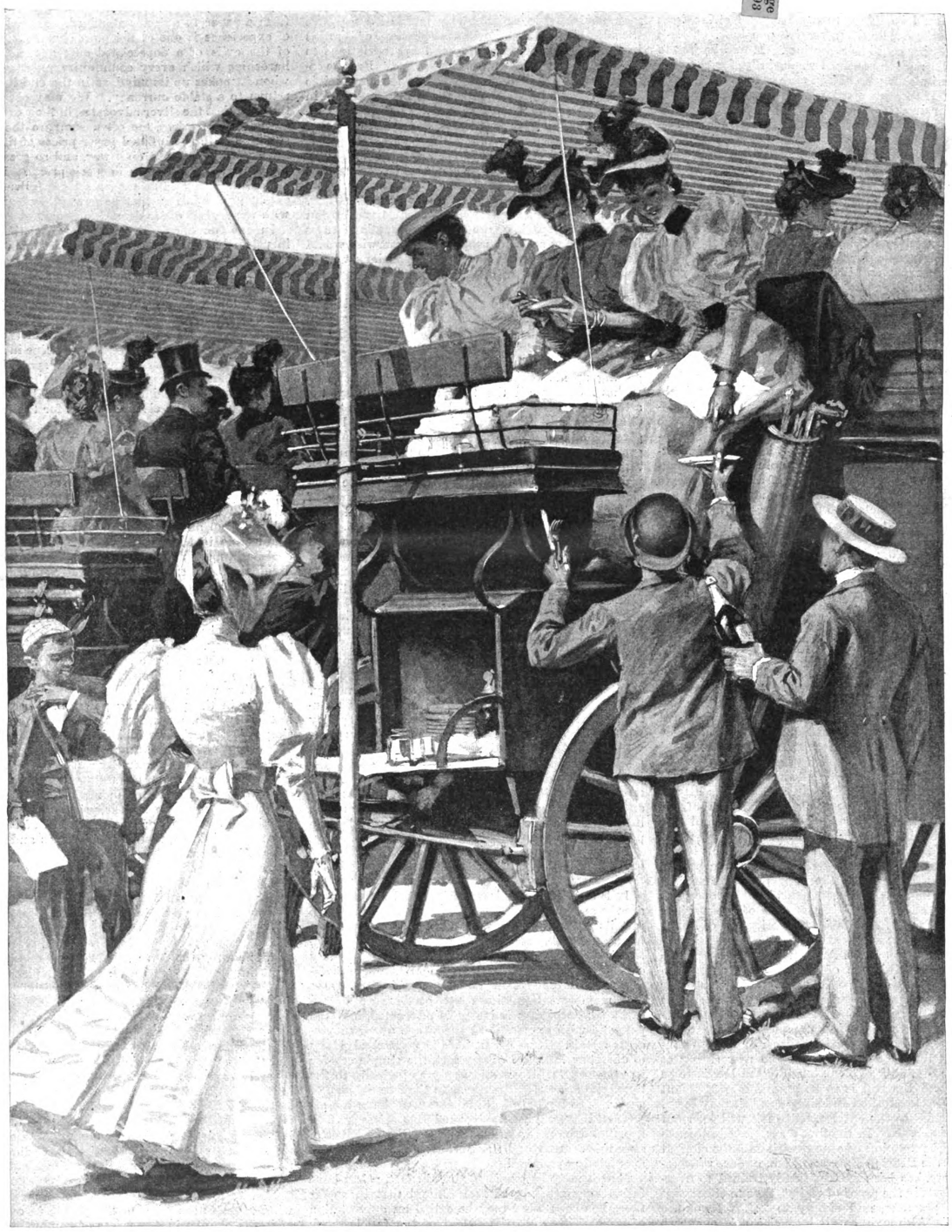
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A COACHING PARTY LUNCHING AT THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW, PHILADELPHIA.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by George S. Richardson.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

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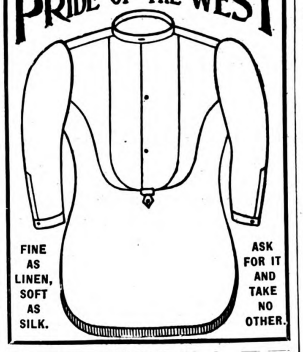
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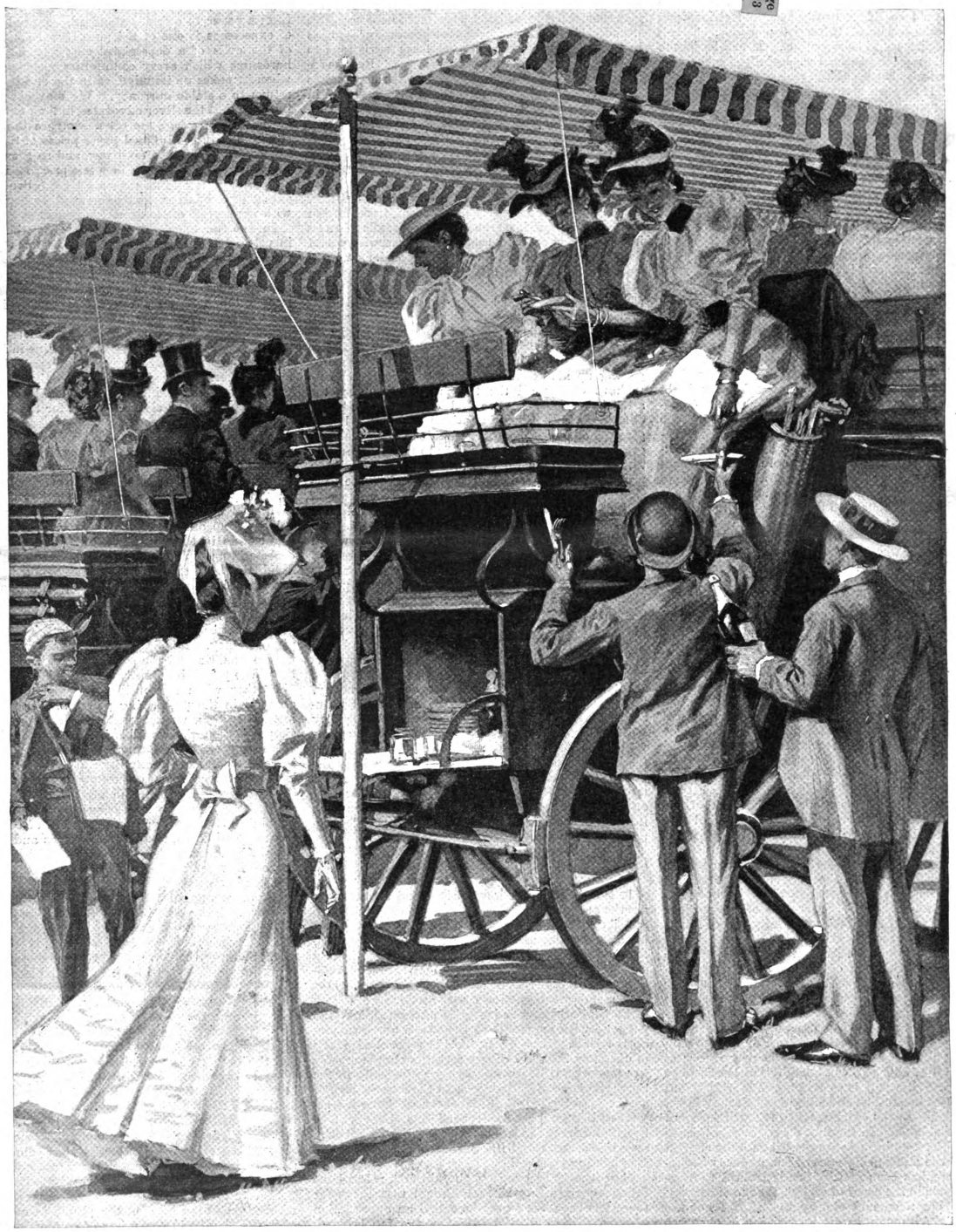
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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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PENSION REFORM.

PENSION reform as contemplated by the present administration and as desired by every good citizen means simply this: Every old soldier, or soldier's widow, or soldier's orphan who under the law is justly entitled to a pension shall have that pension; but nobody should receive such a pension without being entitled to it under the law, and measures should be taken to discover and strike from the rolls those who do so receive pensions. This is all. Nothing could be more just. It will be just to those who receive pensions wrongfully, for they are simply criminals who obtain money under false pretences. If they are punished for this crime only by being deprived of their pelf, they may be thankful for being leniently dealt with, and will have no reason to complain. It will be just to the meritorious old soldiers, for so long as the pension rolls are notoriously swelled with fraud, almost every pensioner whose title to his pension is not obvious will be more or less under the suspicion of being a cheat, while as soon as the pension roll is cleansed, any man may be proud of having his name on it, and the old soldier will again enjoy the honor he deserves. It will be just to the people, for the pensions come out of the people's pockets, and it is an outrage to burden the tax-payers of the country with an expenditure of untold millions a year for the benefit of a lot of false pretenders, who, instead of being fed at the public crib, ought to be exhibited to public reprobation.

It must, however, be said for these false pretenders that their offence appears far less heinous than it otherwise would when we consider the tremendous temptation to which they were exposed. We doubt whether the history of civilized nations presents another instance of such systematic debauching of the morals of a people as we find in our pension legislation and the methods by which it has been administered. There never has been more reckless demagogism in exciting the cupidity of a class of people who otherwise would have been moderate in their demands and reluctant to do wrong, nor more cowardly truckling to this so created cupidity than has been exhibited by Congressmen intent upon catching votes in their districts, and of party politicians in quest of party capital. There never has been a better organized and more methodical effort to seduce unsophisticated persons to plunder the government than that put forth by the pension attorneys, who by circulars and personal addresses moved people all over the country to apply for pensions, showing them how easily they might obtain, by hook or crook, a comfortable income; who flooded the press with appeals for extensions of the pension laws, pressed the Grand Army of the Republic into their service, besieged Congress as an ever-present lobby, and wormed themselves into the Pension Bureau to obtain favorable decisions and lax constructions of the law. And there never was an administration of any office better calculated to undermine all the safeguards of the law, to make plundering easy, and to thus attract the plunderer, than was the administration of the Pension Bureau under Corporal TANNER and Mr. RAUM, who by their rulings directly invited fraud and bade the false pretender welcome. Thus it was that this monstrous pension system could grow up, which has demoralized the people to an alarming degree, which has put outrageous burdens upon the tax-payer, and which is in the eyes of the world a monument not of American generosity, but of American demagogism and profligacy.

The cleaning of this Augean stable is a task requiring a high degree of circumspection, fearlessness, and energy. The Secretary of the Interior and the new Commissioner of Pensions have begun well by setting aside some of Mr. RAUM'S most profligate rulings, which opened the pension rolls to almost everybody having had a direct or remote connection with the army. Under the new ruling at least the disability contemplated by the law is to be proved, and the roll is to be purged of fraudulent cases. Obviously just and simple as this may seem, the obstacles to the enforcement of it will turn out to be formidable. In the first place, the administration will have to infuse a new spirit into the clerical force of the Pension Bureau, which, under two commissioners, has been systematically trained to overlook defects in the proof of claims, thus to encourage crooked practices, and simply to "shovel out the money." Although, as civil service reformers, we are in favor of the greatest possible permanency in the service, we shall not find fault with the Secretary of the Interior for the prompt removal of clerks who cannot quickly get rid of the bad habits of the past. We take it for granted that the administration will meet with courage the attacks made by the small political fry on the Republican side, who, whenever a fraudulent pensioner is discovered or a pension attorney is injured in his business, will raise a wild outcry in press and speech about the threatened rights of the old soldier. This partisan clamor will be easy to bear. Far more dangerous to pension reform will be the cowardice of the administration party itself in Congress.

It must not be forgotten that not only Republican but also Democratic Congressmen are responsible for our pension legislation, for a good many of them, too, were not above voting away any amount of money to catch some soldiers' votes; and the Southern Democrats apprehended that any resistance to pension legislation might be imputed to them as evidence of disloyalty. The same men will be taken in hand by the pension attorneys surrounding Congress as a permanent lobby to prevent any legislative measure the administration may want in the shape of changes in the existing law or of special appropriations to facilitate the prosecution of the reform. But the cooperation of Congress is required to render possible the two measures which will prove most essential in order to prevent further mischief, as well as to redress as much as possible the mischief already done. These two measures are the following:

No man acquainted with this subject will deny that the pension attorneys have been the most powerful agency in procuring extravagant and vicious pension legislation, a lax construction of the law, and a loose administration of it in the Pension Office, not to speak of the many thousands of cases in which they seduced people who otherwise would never have thought of it to apply for pensions, whether they were entitled to them or not. The pension attorney should be abolished. The pension attorney's business should be done by the clerical force of the Pension Office itself. If necessary a special division should be established to answer all inquiries, to give whatever information is asked for, to aid the claimant in making his application and in getting up his documents for proof, in short, to do without charge all the things now done by the attorney—except the crooked ones. This can be done, and should have been done long ago. It will give the claimant every reasonable facility, and be a great economy to him as well as to the government. The attorney may then be dispensed with, and can properly be excluded from practice before the Pension Bureau. Thus the most powerful agency of evil will be put out of business. The second measure is the publication of the names of the pensioners, together with the nature of the disability for which they are pensioned, and the amount of the pension paid to them, in the localities in which the pensions are drawn, the lists to be exhibited in some public place, such as the post-office. Nothing will be more effective in deterring false claimants and in bringing fraudulent pensioners to light than to put them under the surveillance of their neighbors. It will do better service to the administration than hundreds of special agents.

These measures will require some outlay of money, no doubt; but while the cost will count by thousands, the saving will count by millions. This policy will be fiercely resisted by the pension attorneys, as well as by all those who draw pensions on false pretences, and the administration will be wildly denounced for adopting it. But it may be sure that the public opinion of the country will be on its side, and the more fearlessly it proceeds on this line, the heartier and more general will be the popular approval.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.

IT is striking to see how various and incongruous are the arguments of those who want the country to rest its currency on a silver basis. Sometimes we have the sentimental plea for the dollar of our fathers—a dollar which at no time was coined in any considerable quantity, was never in actual circulation, and for generations had disappeared from sight and memory. Sometimes the furtherance of the great silver-mining industry is advocated, and the patriotic wish expressed to encourage our own precious metals. More often there is general advocacy of currency inflation of any sort, the simple cry for more money, which would apply as logically to the indefinite issue of fiat paper as to the free coinage of silver. Most often of all, however, we have the argument that gold has appreciated, that prices are falling, that debtors are ruined, and that silver alone can save this country and the world from the evils of an appreciating standard.

Now it must be admitted that, in fact, prices have fallen very sensibly since 1873, and that in so far there has been what may be called an appreciation of gold. No doubt the extent of the fall is much exaggerated by our silver friends. The year 1873 was exceptional, marking as it did the climax of a period of speculation and of inflated prices, from which a recoil was inevitable under any circumstances. But even after making allowance for this, and taking the normal prices of a generation ago as the standard, a real and substantial decline in prices has undoubtedly taken place. The decline has appeared both in wholesale and in retail prices, and, to all appearances, is permanent, and not unlikely to continue further.

It must be admitted, further, that the *prima facie* case is that a general fall in prices is an evil. Even if no other consequence were considered, the effect of such a change in the relations of debtors and creditors must be harmful. Debtors, under the pressure of falling prices, find it harder to meet their obligations, and virtually pay back to their creditors more than they receive. It is not to be questioned, for example, that the debts contracted in this country in the years of paper-money inflation and artificial high prices, from 1865 to 1873, were made unhappily burdensome, when repaid at a later period, by the change from a paper to a specie standard. Indeed, this bit of experience is one of the most signal illustrations of the evils of a depreciated currency, and of the hardships which every community must submit to when it makes up its mind, as in the end it must, to return to a stable currency. We may observe, by-the-way, that the silver advocates, in their complaints of the fall in prices, too often compare the present situation with the inflated paper prices of the period immediately after the civil war, and so greatly misrepresent the real change in specie prices. It is true that even on a gold basis prices have fallen, but the extent of the fall cannot be gauged by comparison with the régime of irredeemable paper.

In one fundamental regard, however, the decline in prices has differed during the last twenty years from that which we should expect from a simple contraction of the currency. It has been confined to commodities; it has not appeared in the return for human labor. Money wages and money incomes have not fallen. They have certainly not fallen when measured in gold, and even from the paper-money rates of the war period the decline in incomes has been very slight. Reduced to a specie basis, in fact, the money return for labor, whether we call it wages or salary or income, has steadily tended to rise throughout the civilized world for the last half-century.

This fundamental fact puts the decline in prices and the supposed appreciation of gold in a very different light. It is obvious, for instance, that the pressure upon debtors ceases to be severe when they find themselves earning as much as they did when their debt was contracted. The real pressure upon debtors from an appreciation of money arises from the decline in their money incomes; but, in fact, a decline in money incomes has not taken place. Individual debtors and individual classes of debtors undoubtedly have suffered. But ups and downs in the prices of particular commodities and in the earnings of some persons are inevitable under any régime, and cannot be prevented by the most plentiful supply of money. Looking at the general trend of the phenomena, we find the situation one which cannot be said to press disastrously on the debtor class.

Further, when we consider all the aspects of the changes in the purchasing power of money in the last generation, we see that their combined effect simply is that the world is better off than it was. The only way in which the material prosperity of the individuals in any community can become greater is by their money incomes enabling them to buy more commodities. Either their money incomes and wages and salaries must go up, the prices of commodities remaining the same, or else the prices of commodities must go down, incomes and wages and salaries remaining the same. In fact, the world has seen in the last fifty years a double process at work. Money incomes have tended, upon the whole, to go up, and prices of commodities have tended unmistakably to go down. Every one is better off, and the situation seems to present no occasion for bewailing.

The truth is that what is called the appreciation of gold is simply the result of the enormous improvement in production which has taken place during the last century, and has operated with intensified effect during the past generation. Inventions, machinery, improved transportation, the opening up of new countries, and the discovery of rich mines have greatly increased the efficiency of labor. The sum and the variety of material commodities have swelled, and the concrete form in which the results of the improvement have come within our possession has been that of lower prices of commodities. The world is simply better off. If it has happened—and doubtless it has happened—that the money incomes of particular classes or particular sections have diminished, the cause must be found not in the scarcity of money, but in some eddy or counter-current in the general stream of progress. To the civilized world as a whole, and to the mass of the people in every part of it, the change in the prices of commodities, combined as it has been with rising money incomes, has been a blessing and not an evil.

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THE MAN WHO CANNOT WRITE.

SINCE a member of the ADAMS family of Boston complained, with the aid of diagrams, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, of the inability of the average Harvard undergraduate to express his sentiments in lucid English, there has been a succession of explanations from masters of preparatory schools, who have endeavored to trace the cause of this alleged defect, and to suggest practicable remedies. The fact that the average sub-Freshman of these days is an indifferent speller and a writer of infelicitous prose is practically admitted. The reasons given for his shortcomings with pen and ink are manifold and various. It has been shown that he is a bad writer because he has no ideas; because his education does not educate, but simply enables him to pass examinations; because there is so much to do in these times that he has no leisure to think; because the Bible is no longer read aloud in families, and he does not become familiar with its style; because he is interested in athletics to the exclusion of the polite arts; because his parents have no time to converse with him; because his mother reads to him too much; because he studies too much Greek and Latin, and not enough English; and because he doesn't study Greek and Latin enough, but reads too much juvenile literature.

Here are reasons enough, and all are good, to make it seem surprising that any boy would achieve even the ability to write his own name. Every reason of course suggests a remedy, and it will go hard with the boys if out of so many remedies their perfect cure is not effected. The wonder seems to be that it has occurred to no one to deny, or at least extenuate, the harmfulness of the letterless condition of which Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has complained.

It is comprehensible that to an ADAMS the inability to write commendable English should assume the dimensions of a crime. There is no record of any ADAMS who had not something to say, and could not set it forth in sound, workmanlike language, and round, legible handwriting. All the ADAMSES are natural writers, and it is perfectly comprehensible that any ADAMS should insist that all educated men shall write. All the same, it is by no means indisputably desirable that facility in English prose composition shall be attained by every college-bred youth. In the first place, writing English is at present a fairly good trade, not unduly lucrative, but one by which a living is made by many persons who could have no reasonable expectation of making a living in any other way. To insist that education shall be so directed as to compel every student to become a writer of marketable English is to force undesired competition upon a class which has hard enough work to get along as it is. It may be unduly eulogistic to describe the laborious army of writers of English as deserving, but even if they have no professional rights which deserve to be quit of organized interference, it is certainly worth while, on mere grounds of public policy, to think twice before taking measures which might result in making great numbers of them a public charge.

The Proverbs of Solomon, and indeed the whole Bible, abound with references to the hazardous possibilities of the tongue. Writing was a rare accomplishment in Bible times. People talked then, and it was enough to warn them to be careful as to what they said. It is safe enough to assert that if the Bible were to be rewritten all those danger-signals about the unruly member would be supplemented by warnings against the irrepressible pen and ink. In our times it isn't what a man says that works him irretrievable sorrow, but what he writes down, and perhaps sends away by mail, or even prints. If there is a dangerous faculty, it is the ability to give effectual written expression to one's sentiments. Yet Mr. ADAMS and his associated reformers would make it a chief end of education to compass a precocious development of this two-edged accomplishment in lads too immature to be expected to know what not to say, or how not to say it. The sins and follies of a young man's tongue are forgotten, but however lofty a development his manhood may attain it can never outtower the risk of being vexed by such callow imaginings of his boyish mind as his undisciplined hand may have written down. If a lad have in him the making of a writer, and his natural propensities break out young, these risks are for him simply part of the common lot. He must learn by sad experience to avoid the rocks amongst which it is his destiny to steer. But to expose a normal non-scribbling youth to such chances is rash, at least, if not criminally reckless.

A SUMMER'S BUDGET OF THE ARTS.

PEOPLE who have hurried from the city on the supposition that New York would lapse with June into dulness as well as heat have but a faint idea of the resources at hand. There has indeed been a falling off in music and the drama, but in the fine arts, after a very brief lull, the summer claims a season of its own.

We have the Luminarists with us in the works of two eminent and, perhaps one may say, sensational painters of France, MONET and BESNARD, who appear in company with two Impressionist painters of our own belonging to the luminarist section, ALDEN WEIR and TWACHTMAN. These pictures are shown with etchings and pastels at the galleries of the American Art Association. The Academy, too, demands that the New-Yorker faithful to his city and the thousands of strangers within our gates shall not forget even in summer the paths toward the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue. The Academy opens a loan collection this week which is different from that shown at the Fine Arts in winter, but hardly less interesting to connoisseurs. Messrs. HENRY G. MARQUAND, JAMES A. GARLAND, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, C. P. HUNTINGTON, and HENRY SAMPSON contribute from their private collections pictures by the old and modern masters of Europe. The AUGUST BELMONT estate displays the finest canvases in the old private gallery familiar to the fashionable people of twenty years ago. Messrs. SAMUEL P. AVERY, HEBER R. BISHOP, LOUIS C. TIFFANY, and THOMAS B. CLARKE have added many charming curios of Oriental and Greek *provenance*, so that the Academy never looked more attractive, and indeed perhaps never contained a gathering of greater beauty and value.

The collection of American paintings opened last week by THOMAS B. CLARKE in the Fifth Avenue Galleries is another effort to please those who find New York "the most comfortable sea-side watering-place in the country." Our cigarette-rolling friends with dark eyes and Castilian complexions who come here from Havana, Mexico, and Central America for change of climate and scene will discover that the United States is not all given up to the chase of the soulless dollar, but possesses artists fit to enter the company of the princes of painting. The smaller gallery is entirely hung with landscapes by GEORGE INNESS. Never before has this master's work been seen to such advantage, its variety demonstrated so well, its depth and beauty so proved. JOHN LA FARGE and WINSLOW HOMER are represented in a minor fashion; exquisite landscapes are seen from the easels of DWIGHT W. TRYON, C. H. DAVIS, WYANT, RANGER, ALBERT RYDER, and other native painters, who copy nature in more or less realistic fashion, but also use color to express the emotions that nature excites in us, just as composers use music. The draft upon our local painters to equip the American section of fine arts at the Chicago fair has not appreciably affected the stock of good things their studios contain.

The summer finds the sculptor's art remembered in and about New York as never before. The bronze of ROSCOE CONKLING, by J. Q. A. WARD, for Union Square; the statue of NATHAN HALE, by FREDERICK MACMONNIES, for the City Hall Park; the great bronze doors of Trinity, by BITTER, NIEHAUS, and RHIND; the portrait of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by PARTRIDGE, to stand before the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, and the same sculptor's equestrian statue of General GRANT, also for Brooklyn; the JOHN ERICSSON, by HARTLEY, erected in Battery Park—testify the purpose of the sister cities to adorn themselves with a certain sober magnificence. All these, and others besides, are the spoils of the present summer.

Mindful of the need to concentrate public opinion on the burning question of what should be accepted and what rejected in the way of monumental art, the Sculpture Society has been founded in New York with no exclusive purpose of local usefulness, but with the hope of serving all the continent. The society has lodged the government in seventeen sculptors, architects, amateurs, and leaders in industries requiring sculpture, and the seventeen have elected J. Q. A. WARD President, W. M. HUNT 1st Vice-President, and F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL Secretary. Headquarters for the present are at the Fencers' Club. Sculptors will be asked to make the first exhibition of the Sculpture Society, some time next winter, a brilliant and memorable affair. Thus the good work accomplished by the Fine Arts Society for architecture and painting will be carried out in sculpture also, rounding out the trinity of fine arts. In autumn, when the Municipal Art Society prepares to intervene actively in measures for the embellishment of New York, her public buildings, her squares and boulevards, a powerful trio of organizations will be ready to give it advice and support.

THINGS TALKED OF

DURING the last three years the wish of the founder of the Graham Institute, of Brooklyn, that on the 22d of February the memory of some great American should be the subject of an address, has been observed with peculiar interest to the readers of HARPER'S. In 1891 Mr. Curtis spoke of Wendell Phillips. In 1892 the same orator took the place of Mr. Lowell, and delivered the noble oration which we all know. In 1893 Mr. Curtis himself was the subject of an address by Rev. John White Chadwick, which the Harpers have just published in their "Black and White Series." It is a singularly fitting tribute to Mr. Curtis, not merely or chiefly because it is a clear and well-balanced review of his beautiful life, but because the spirit of it is just and discriminating. It is a eulogy in the best sense of that much-abused word, since it is the truth, as the author sees it, well spoken. Mr. Chadwick was an intimate friend of many years of Mr. Curtis, and in close and affectionate sympathy with him in nearly all the things that most engaged his mind and heart, and this sympathy gives a glow of warmth to what he has to say in praise, and the speaker's poetic temperament clothes much of his utterance in the most delicate and touching form. But of greater and rarer value is the firm analysis of Mr. Curtis's character and the finely measured estimate of his work. The address is eulogy, but it is not panegyric. Thus Mr. Curtis would have had it. The richest legacy he has left to those who were influenced by him, whether they had the privilege of his friendship or not, is the silent censorship of his high and pure sense of right, unperverted by prejudice, unpolluted by vanity or selfishness. So it happens that no true man can speak of him that he does not, perhaps unconsciously, pay him the homage of conscientious utterance.

It is barely twenty-eight years since the close of the civil war. The major number of those who fought on either side in that war and survived are men in the "fifties," for both armies were largely made up of young men. When the war ended, the return of the soldiers to the peaceful pursuits of civil life awakened the surprise and admiration of the world. Within a very few years all active animosity between the veterans of the two armies had disappeared, and such ill feeling as persisted was largely due to the efforts of politicians. This year, in a parade on Columbus day at Eagle Pass, in the State of Texas, there was a novel and most interesting procession, in which a double column marched, blue and gray, gray and blue, alternately in each file. These were the United American Veterans, Eagle Pass Camp No. 1, the objects of whose association are defined by its constitution to be "to bring together in common brotherhood those who served in either army during the civil war of 1861 to 1865, and those who served in the American army during the war with Mexico." Another clause is, "To cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom, and to foster true patriotism and love of country, that the Union, cemented by the blood of their fallen comrades, may endure forever." What a spectacle! Surely no more striking proof of the stability and vitality of the American system, so often doubted by philosophers of other lands, could be imagined.

One of the most interesting meetings of the quadro-centennial year will probably be that of the Pan-American Medical Congress, which will occur, on the invitation of the President, at Washington on the 5th of September next, and will continue four days. The representatives to the congress come from all parts of the Western Hemisphere, including the West Indies and Hawaii. There will be twenty-two sections, each having charge of a specific branch of medical science. Those which are likely to have particular interest from an international point of view are those of General Hygiene and Demography, Marine Hygiene, and Quarantine and Medical Jurisprudence. The languages of the congress will be Spanish, French, Portuguese, and English, and though the last is spoken by the doctors of the United States and Canada, who must necessarily be the large majority, the physicians speaking the other languages will be highly interesting and valued contributors. It would seem that nothing could be more thoroughly cosmopolitan and international than medical science, which deals with interests that spread wherever men live and die. It is well known, moreover, that in the countries to the south of us the physicians are a class of peculiar influence, with whom those of our country can establish relations mutually profitable and instructive. The ties of a common pursuit of science are not hindered by differences of race, and the congress may well contribute not only to the advancement of knowledge, but to a fraternal feeling between all the countries represented. The President of the Congress is Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, and the Secretary-General, Dr. Rud, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The "event" of the day in Paris is the address of M. Émile Zola before the Students' Association at their annual banquet. For a couple of years now there has been a pronounced reaction among the students against the "naturalism" of the Zola school, and a strong tendency toward a curious form of pietism which to an outsider seems sentimental and fanciful, but which is clearly harmless, and may be beneficent. To Zola, however, it seems a revolt against what he is pleased to call the scientific spirit, and of that he deluded himself with the idea that he is the especial champion and representative. Accordingly, in his address, he took occasion to warn his young hearers against the dangers of faith, and particularly of faith in the unknown future, and in any possibility of a better, juster, sweeter life in the hereafter. He told them that all this was the fruit of cowardice and lassitude, and that the only thing for a true man to do was to labor, labor each day up to the measure of his strength, and let the dreams of the mystics and the pietists alone. He recounted how his own life had been saved from barrenness and despair by the habit of writing a fixed amount each day, no matter how cruel the effort. This has the flavor of stoicism, but none of its substance. The stoic bears the inevitable with the steady pride of invincible self-respect; but mere stubborn toil, with no regard to the object of the effort, does not necessarily involve a particle of the "virtue" which is the stoic's ideal. If the vast mass of M. Zola's product be the price paid for saving him from despair, the public of France may well ask whether the price be not a little high. M. Zola is not likely to take that view, but the unprejudiced lover of purity and beauty, to say nothing of decency, cannot help taking it.

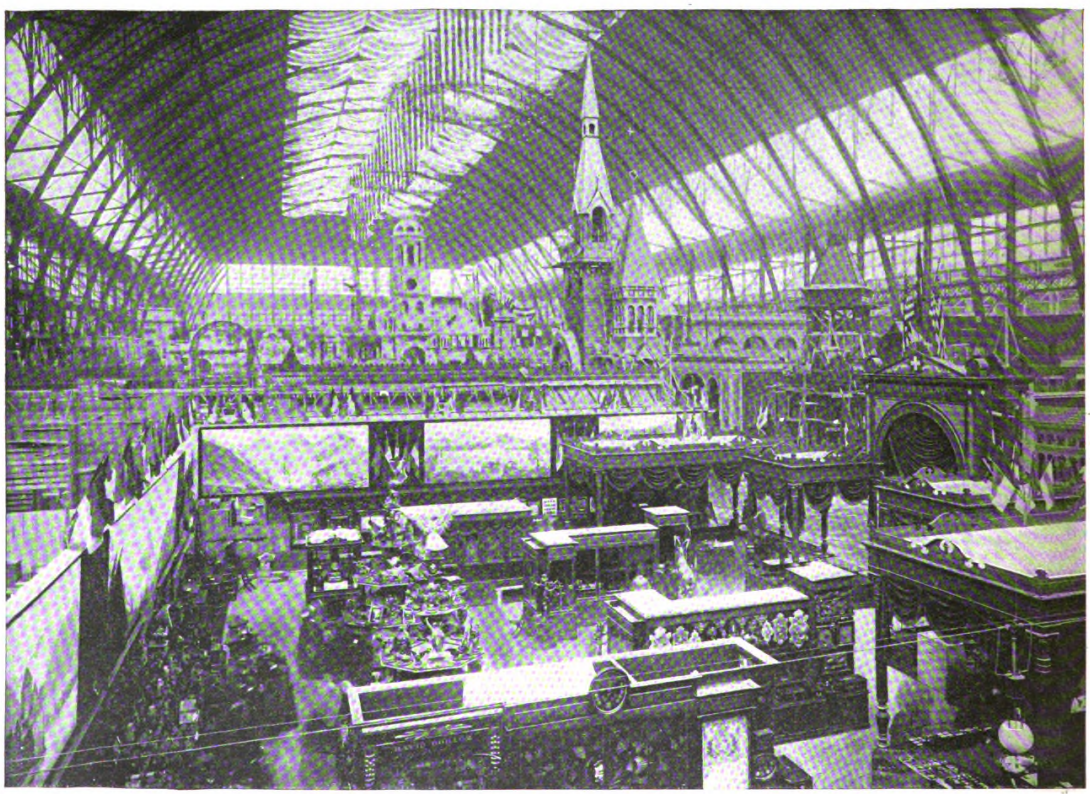
A young gentleman who is not unknown to fame, and does not wish to be, Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, has just started a project to check the practice of "treating" among those of his class. His class is not very clearly defined, but it need not be so for the purposes of this comment. Suffice it to say that it is made up of young men with money and time enough for social pleasures, and apparently no great amount of original sense. Mr. Teall proposes to get up a pledge to be signed by 5000 young men that they will not "treat" to drink, except under special conditions, which we shall not describe. What they pledge themselves against is what the late Mr. Dickens called the "perpendicular drinking" of the Americans, a practice, we believe, mostly confined to bars. There is something a little pretentious and grotesque in the proportions of Mr. Teall's plans, as there is about most that he does in public, but his idea is a good one, and if he can get 5000 youngsters to sign and stick for a year he will have done a very good thing. "Treating" is almost wholly an American habit, and though it comes of a generous sentiment, it is a very bad habit. When carried to excess it is an extremely vulgar one, and we cannot repress the fear that the boys who think when one of a party of five "treats" that each of the others must do the same—*this is* Mr. Teall's illustration—are of a type not easily converted into self-respecting and respectable gentlemen. But the effort is worth making.

There is a warm place in the hearts of his fellow-Americans for any statesman who shall secure the adoption of a permanent internal revenue tax of say ten dollars a pound on starch in all forms not edible. A device of this sort has driven the Louisiana Lottery out of business, and it is an open question whether starch as used in clothing—at least, men's clothing—is not a more subtle, pervading, and pernicious evil than lottery tickets. From an æsthetic point of view it is, of course, a cardinal sin for which no penance is in this life adequate. From the moralist's point of view the offence is nearly as great, for the sum of wickedness superinduced by starched linen through the irritation of the nerves when the linen is stiff, and the utter loss of self-respect and self-control when the linen is "broken down" by the infernal heats of our inexcusable climate, is not easily calculated. Add to this the proved hygienic ills due to clothing the human form, and especially the important organs of the thorax and the sensitive nerves in the region of the neck, in fabrics that alternate between rigidity and pulpy humidity, and the inherent unworthiness of starch for the use of intelligent human beings is established. If ever there was a case for stern repression by a paternal government, this is one. If this sentiment seems a little heated, we admit that it is so, but we are prepared to sustain the argument against all comers, with statistics or by force and arms, at any time previous to the autumnal equinox.

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THE DISASTER AT THE OLD FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON—REMOVING THE BODIES FROM THE RUINS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 583.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

V.

McDOWELL took a cup of tea and an expeditious doughnut standing, and hurried away. Ogden, who had not overcome his habit of leisurely eating, lingered behind.

The Acme occupies a square, low-ceiled room in the hindermost corner of the Clifton; perhaps, with a lower ceiling and a situation on a level lower still, it would have been called the Zenith. It is fitted up with three or four oval counters, and a very close calculation of space allows room for an infinitesimal cashier's desk as well. Each oval encloses a high rack that is heaped with rolls, buns, and cakes, and close to each rack stands a brace of big, cylindrical, nickel-plated tanks that yield coffee and tea. Each oval is fringed with a row of stools—hard-wood tops on a cast-iron base; and in warm weather a pair of fans, which are moved by power supplied from the engine-room, revolve aloft and agitate the stifling atmosphere.

Ogden had spent the past week in trying a succession of dairies, lunch-rooms, and restaurants, and had ended by returning to the Acme, which seemed as decent and convenient as any. He found a place in a quiet corner; ordered his coffee, wheat-muffins, and pie, which all came together; and fell to work with his eye soberly fixed on the shining expanse of the freshly wiped counter. Was he consistent, he wondered, in claiming any great consideration until he could lunch at a higher figure than fifteen or twenty cents?

The girl who had waited on him turned away, but another one, who stood a little distance off, called her back.

"Here, Maggie, change that mince. This gentleman don't want a piece with a whole corner knocked off."

Ogden buttered his muffin without raising his eyes. The second girl herself placed the new cut of pie before him and stood looking down upon him. The hour was a little late, and but three or four customers held places around the counters. Presently she spoke.

"Well, Mister Ogden," she said, with a humorous tartness, "you don't seem to recognize your old friends."

Ogden threw up his head. "Why, Nealie, is this you?" he exclaimed. It was a girl who had helped wait on table at his West Side boarding-house.

She wore a dark dress with a plain white collar. Her brows made two fine straight lines over the yellowish-green of her eyes. She had a strong decided face, yet there was a certain lurking delicacy in the outlines of nose and chin.

"That's what," she replied. "I've made a change, you see. Been here pretty near a week. Come in often?"

"I'm in the building. What was the matter with your old place?"

The girl hitched up her shoulders. "The fact of it is, I couldn't get used to it. Never tried anything like that before."

She looked about cautiously, and then resumed, in a confidential voice:

"To tell the truth, I was just forced into it. Pa and ma didn't want me to come to Chicago, but I couldn't make out that I was going to have any terrible great show there in Pewaukee. I didn't s'pose it was going to be so awful hard to find something to do in a big place like this. But I made up my mind, all the same, that I wasn't going to cave in and go back to Wisconsin—not straight off, anyway. Kept right on trotting about. Any port in a storm, says I. And when I met that good old soul in the intelligence office, that settled it. She only wanted a second girl; but I thought I could stand it."

"Couldn't you?"

"I didn't tell ma, though, that I was living out. I wrote to her that I was clerking—ten dollars a week. Ten dollars! —I'm looking for the girl that gets more than six. I don't know what the folks would have thought if they'd known of me a-being ordered around by a lot of young fellers—run and fetch and carry for a parcel of strangers. It don't come natural to me to be bossed, I can tell you."

"But Mrs. Gore used you well?"

"She did, for a fact. But it wasn't the sort of thing I wanted at all. So I told her I guessed I'd go. 'Well,' says she, sort of resigned like, 'if you've made up your mind to, you must, I s'pose'. She was sorry to lose me, *I* know. She walked to the basement door with me to say good-by—with her specs on top of her head. 'Be a good girl,' says she, 'and let us hear from you'—'most exactly what ma said when I came away. Gray hair, just like ma's, too. 'Yes, ma'am,' says I. I didn't say 'ma'am' because I thought I was a servant—I wasn't; but because she was older, and because I had a respect for her. And so I *shall* let her hear from me; when I get along a little further I'm going to call on her. And I'm going to get along, let me tell you; I haven't jumped on to this hobby-horse of a town just to stay still."

She nodded her head with great decision.

"It broke her all up when you went away," she resumed. "She kept a-wondering for two or three days what the matter was. Poor soul, she's a good deal too tender for this town. What *was* the matter?"

"Nothing. I had friends in a different part of the city."

"In a different paht of the city," she repeated. She spread her palms far apart on the inner edge of the counter and brought her face down almost to a level with his. "D'you know, I always liked the way you talked; it's real genteel. And you say 'cahn't,' too. And 'dinnuh' and 'suppuh.' Hardly anybody says 'cahn't' around here—except actors. Say, I went the other night. It cost fifty cents; but I was just wild to see a real out-and-out city show—couldn't hold in any longer. They all talked kind of artificial, except one man. He had a bad part—erring son, sort o'. He talked right out in plain, every-day style, and he was about the only one I really cared for. Of course, though, I don't like bad men better than good ones. But your way is nice, after all."

"Thanks."

"Well, I'm in a different par-r-t of the city myself." She gave a comprehensive glance over the sizzling coffee-urns. "Second in command." She tapped her breast-bone. "I don't think so everlasting much of Duggan here, but he recognizes talent. It didn't take him long to find out what I was, and he raised me. I boss, and help around when there's a rush, and now and then I take the cashier's place. It's all just like a store. Oh," she proceeded, after a shrewd look at him, "I know well enough what you've been thinking all this time. But here's your counter and there's your goods; and people just say what they want and get a check for it and pay at the door. No boarding-house in that, is there? They don't bulldoze *us* very much."

The door opened and a belated clerk came in.

"Here, Gretchen," she called to one of her force, "see what this man wants." The new-comer dropped mechanically on to one of the stools and submissively took the damaged pie that had been taken away from Ogden. He had ordered apple.

"Most of 'em are tractable enough," she commented.

"I've got ten girls here," were her next words, "and they're quite a fair lot. But that moon-eyed German girl over there—"

"Gretchen?"

"I *call* her Gretchen; she don't look as if she knew beans, does she? Well, she don't. She was going on in the pantry yesterday about the rights of man. I knew she was due to break a saucer pretty soon. Well, she did. And we've got a Swede girl here who would be the best all-around one of the lot if it wasn't for her temper. All of a sudden she gets mad, and she stays mad, and you can't for the life of you find out what it was that made her mad. Those three Irish girls are pretty smart. H'm, yes; they were rigging up a strike Tuesday. They wanted fifty cents a week more. They found out their want at a quarter to twelve. 'All right, girls,' says I, 'you can go out if you want. Our regular people will kick and go somewhere else for a few days, perhaps; but the first rainy noon they'll all come in again, and they'll see that things are running all right with a new crew, and after that they'll stay.' Goodness me! I've heard more about rights and less about duties this last week than I ever did before in my life. My uncle says it's the same with him. He's the engineer here. He really got me this place. If you look down through that grating out there as you go along you may see him. It's talk and argue all the time—his men have more half-baked notions than you can think of, and he's kept on the k'jump all the time looking after things. Do *I* kick? Do *I* squeal? Not much. And if I had come in from outside with a different language, maybe, and a different training and a different set of notions, and if I had been a real dyed-in-the-wool, down-trodden peasant, and all my folks the same for nobody knows how far back, perhaps I'd find some reason then for not keeping abreast with the tolerably smart lot of people that had let me in."

She cast a lofty eye over her various underlings. "Kind of a plain lot, ain't we? You know there's one place like this in town where they won't take a girl unless she's pretty. Their cashier is a regular bute. But I wouldn't work in such a place; no, indeed."

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She paused. Ogden made no response. She eyed him with a sharp impatience.

"Not but what I could, though, if I had a mind," she remarked, with a vindictive little explosion.

"No, I couldn't, either," she added suddenly; "they're all brunettes this year."

And she laughed forgivingly.

"And you don't see me a-wearing rings and chains," she pursued; "I guess not. And I sha'n't, either, until I finish my course."

"Course?" Was she hinting at the close of her earthly career?

"Yep. Short-hand. But don't hurry away." He had dropped his feet to the floor. "Duggan went right off after the rush, and I guess I've been hard pushed enough to enjoy a little restful conversation. Short-hand and type-writing—that's what I'm steering for. I'll stand this for a while—until I can do eighty words. I've begun at the Athenæum already. I don't see why anybody should want to take 'lessons' in type-writing; it's practice you want. Same with the other. Well, I'm practising hard enough. I-shall-be ready for *b*-usiness in-three-months," she traced with her finger on the counter, giving considerable pressure to the "b" in "business." "I'm ahead of the class now.

"I'm educated, too," she continued. "I taught school one term up in Waukesha County. I know how to spell—you ought to see how some of those girls write out their notes. And I can punctuate—semicolons just as easy as anything else. Say, do you know Mrs. Granger S. Bates?"

"I've seen her name in the papers," said Ogden, emptying his glass and feeling in his pocket for his handkerchief.

"Sorry we don't give napkins. Well, she was a school-teacher, and look at her now! I went by her house on Calumet Avenue last Sunday. She's got about everything. She is one of the patronesses of the Charity Ball. Still, I suppose she must be getting along in years—her husband has come to be the Lord High Muck-a-muck of Most Everything; I've read about him for years. Hope *I* haven't got to wait till I'm fifty to have a good time."

Ogden was shuffling his feet on the floor.

"Won't you have another piece of pie? No? Well, try a cream-puff, then; it 'll be my treat. And do take time with it. Anything but fifty men eating away like a house afire."

Only one other customer remained. The Swede girl began to collect the cream-jugs.

"I don't care so extra much about Mrs. Bates, though. But there's Mrs. Arthur J. Ingles, three-hundred-and-something Ontario Street—do you know *her*? Now there's a woman that interests me. She's in the papers every day; she goes everywhere. She's 'way up, I guess; I'd be wild if she wasn't. She was at a dance last Tuesday, and she gave a reception the day before, and her sister is going to be married next month. It's easy to follow folks since the papers began to print their names all bunched up the way they do, and Mrs. Arthur J. is one that I've followed pretty close. She must be young—I never see his name except with hers. I guess he's just a society dude. Well, dudes are all right; you've got to have 'em in a big town. You wouldn't have the whole million and a half of us be grubbers?"

"I suppose not."

"She gave a dinner last week. Covers were laid for ten—what does that mean?"

"Probably that she and her husband had eight people."

"She wore heliotrope satin. Ornaments, diamonds. Great, wasn't it? One of our girls brought down a book this morning about Lady Guinevere. Guinevere—your grandmother! What are we to Lady Guinevere, or what is Lady Guinevere to us? But when it comes to people living in your own town, why, that's getting down to business."

"Yes, let us talk about realities—Balzac."

"I should say so," she assented, missing the allusion. "Now, then, why shouldn't *I* be wearing heliotrope satin to dinner some time?—if not under the name of Cornelia McNabb, then under some other as good or better. Anyway, I'm going to keep my hands as nice as I can: a girl never knows what she may have a chance to become. I don't imagine it will disfigure me much to run a type-writer. Dear me," she sighed, "how much time I've lost! If I hadn't been such a darned goose, I might have begun Pitman at home a year ago."

She reached down under the counter and pulled a newspaper up out of a dark corner.

"Some lunch-rooms have papers around—as many as a dozen, sometimes; but Duggan says this place is too cramped for him to give people any inducement to dilly-dally. It's eat and run. So I have to buy my own. This is the first chance I've had to look at it. I wonder what she's been up to now?"

She opened the paper and ran down its columns with an expert eye.

"Yes, here she is, first pop. *Mr. and Mrs.*—Cluett, Parker, Ingles. My sakes, how I envy that woman! Course I don't want that she should come down here and wash my dishes, but wouldn't I like to go up there and eat off of hers! What did she wear?—it don't tell. Where was it?—at Mrs. Walworth Floyd's—a small dinner. Don't know them. How about the *Misses?*—Jameson, Parker, Wentworth—she's a great goer too. And here are a few *Messrs.*—Johnson, J. L. Cluett, George Ogden—"

She stopped abruptly.

"You?"

There was a world of reproach in her voice.

"Yes."

"And you sit there and never let on! You're as mean as you can be. What is she like? Tell me, do. Ain't she young, now? What did she wear?"

"I didn't go. I had a trip to the West Side."

"Your name's here."

"The reporters get the names in advance. Sometimes they copy them from cards or regrets."

"And you wasn't there?"

"No."

"Too bad! But you've seen her?"

"Never."

"How hateful! But you was really invited?"

"Yes."

"H'm!" she said, deliberately; "I see now why you moved. I don't blame you. I'm trying to get along too. We're both in the same boat."

Ogden rose.

"What else is there?" she asked herself, looking over other columns. "Here's a marriage; it's in Milwaukee. Don't know whether it's a society item or not. Who are they?—J. Russell Vibert is the man, and Mary Adelaide Brainard is the woman. Both of Chicago—know 'em?"

Ogden sat down suddenly.

She eyed him curiously.

"That's the first sign I've seen that you was willing to stay a single minute longer than you had to. You can go now, whenever you want. We've got to clean up. So long!"

VI.

Ogden had been balked in his first social advance by the inconsiderate and unwarranted demands of the Brainards. He failed on Proposition No. 1, but its attendant corollary he disposed of after the proper interval. He had missed the dinner, but he accomplished the dinner call.

He was moving around his room in his shirt sleeves; he had the leisurely air of one whose social orbit was so small as to involve no relations with the courses of cabs and of street cars. To set himself right with the Floyds he had but to step around the corner.

His room was rather small and cramped, but he had preferred indifferent accommodations in a good house to good accommodations in an indifferent house—just as he would have chosen an indifferent house in a good neighborhood to a better house in a poorer one. His quarters, however, were well enough for a single young man of moderate pretensions. He had space for a three-quarter bed, a bureau, a wash-stand which displayed a set of pink-flowered crockery and two towels, a cane-seated chair, and a pair of bookshelves on the wall. And by means of a good deal of dexterous manœuvring he contrived to extract some comfort from an undersized rocker. His decorations were principally photographs, which showed to the extent common under the circumstances. Some of these were grouped in twos and threes, in frames faced with Chinese silk; they helped to achieve the disordered and over-crowded effect that the present taste in house-furnishing aims at, and can always accomplish in a back hall bedroom.

The photographs stood in the position in which he had first placed them a month and a half ago, although the recent arrival of some of the originals had given their shadows an altered importance. Everybody knows of the inertia that overtakes decorative detail, even when portable. There were the pictures of his father and his mother, arranged in a pair. His father offered a placid, gray-bearded face; it seemed rather forceless, though that effect may have been due to retouching; yet, independent of any practical processes, it was the face of a man who obviously could not have risen in advance to any adequate conception of the Western metropolis.

The face of his mother was serious, strenuous. She had in some degree the semi-countrified aspect of one who has run a quiet course in a quiet quarter of a minor town.

His sister's picture had been taken in the East just before her starting for her new home. It was now in the hands of Ogden's next-door neighbor, who had come in carrying a choice of white ties, and who now wove around it a contemplative cloud of tobacco smoke from his brier-wood pipe. He was a young man with a high forehead and a pair of shrewd but kindly brown eyes.

"A mighty pretty girl," Brower said, heartily. "Get the right kind of a New England face, and you can't do much better. I must haul out my own photographs and fix them up some time."

Brower kept his collection in his trunk, along with his shirts and underwear, generally. He used his bureau drawers for collars and cuffs, and for a growing accumulation of newspapers, magazines, and novels. He had been in the house two years, yet his trunk had never been unpacked and put away. He was an adjuster for an insurance company, and was subject to sudden calls to remote localities, in accordance with the doings of the busy monster that the press knows as the "fire fiend." If Isaac Sobrinski, off in Des Moines, had the misfortune to be burned out, at the close of a dull season or in the face of brisk and successful competition, then Des Moines was the place to which Brower immediately posted. He estimated the damage on the building, figured the salvage on socks and ulsters, and endeavored to decide, so far as lay in his powers, whether the catastrophe had been inflicted by Providence or had been precipitated by Sobrinski's own match-box. However, he never carried anything except his valise on such excursions; the general state of his trunk is to be accepted simply as the mental index of a constant and hurried traveller.

"Yes, she's a mighty pretty girl," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Where have they gone?"

"Oh, not far. There's been a good deal of travelling done already. They just went up to Milwaukee; Eugene had something to see about there. They'll be back to-morrow, I expect."

"Milwaukee, eh? That's come to be quite the fashion, hasn't it? Some folks go there after they're married, and some of them to *be* married. We had one in our office a week or two ago—Vibert. Have you met him?"

"It's in your office he is, then, is it? No, I've never met him. I've seen him and heard about him. Is he much thought of?"

"Well, the office doesn't have a great deal to say to a man as long as he keeps hours and attends to his work—when his position isn't responsible, I mean. What are you looking for—whisk-broom? Here; I'm sitting on it, I guess."

"I suppose he does attend to his work?"

"Oh, so-so. But a little break like that doesn't help a man any. He struck high, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Wonder what he's got to keep her on? Great question, all that, ain't it? She's a rich girl, I hear. Subject for debate: is it safer to marry a rich girl or a poor girl—for a young man in moderate circumstances, I mean?"

"Oh dear," said Ogden, sitting down on the edge of the bed, helplessly, "if you're going back to *that* chestnut!"

"Well, it's timely," rejoined Brower, knocking the ashes of his pipe into the cover of the soap-dish, "and always will be. Pro: if the girl's rich, she'll have had things, and got used to them, and perhaps tired of them. If the girl's poor, she'll be ravenous after her long starve-out, and will expect her husband to feed her with everything."

"Lay on."

"Con: if the girl's rich, she'll expect all the comforts and luxuries she has been used to at home. If she's poor, she'll have had some sense ground into her; she'll know how to manage and contrive. So there it is. What's your idea?"

"No general rule. Depends on circumstances."

"What does?"

"The girl. To begin with."

"The girl depends on circumstances. And after?"

"After? Oh, then circumstances depend on the girl."

"H'm! Can't lay down any general law—same as with little Johnny. Pshaw! You go to the foot."

But they both agreed on one point, as young men always do when they discuss this standard subject: they stood together on the assumption that such a venture concerned only the two people primarily involved.

Brower preceded Ogden into the hallway; he stood with the toe of one slipper on the heel of the other. "Well, remember me to the swells."

"Oh, shucks!" said George, turning back and laughing.

He walked down and out rather sedately, and picked his way over the muddy sidewalks with his thoughts fixed on the two recent marriages. That in his own family had just occurred under such disadvantages as must prevail in a disorganized household, and with the infliction of such discomforts as will sometimes be undergone by people who, while not in society, still feel impelled to have such a function proceed after the fashion that society prescribes. Kittie Ogden was duly married, then, with a certain regard to cards, carriages, caterers, and the rest; and the feast was graced by a number of McDowell's family and friends—people of a fairish sort, who called for little comment in either way. At least, little comment was bestowed by Ogden, whose principal thought was that his sister was now the wife of a fellow of some means and ability, and who felt that it would not come amiss to have a good business man in the family.

At the Floyds' he found the other wedding the subject of much comment, more or less discreet. On the other hand, the affair in his own family received but a mere civil mention; the Ogdens, he felt, must be only an insignificant little group, after all. Must they—must he—always remain so?

The Floyds occupied a snug little house which filled a chink between two bigger and finer ones, and commanded a view of the back yard of a third, which was bigger and finer still. Mrs. Floyd had lately begun to fill a chink in the social world as well by having an "evening." She had approached the idea with a good deal of deliberation, and she had achieved something very small and quiet. She overcame her husband's weakness for knowing people and inviting them to the house; she was not after a deluge, but a drop; and if her tardy distillation did not equal the perfumes of the fragrant East, still it was the best result to be arrived at under the circumstances.

He found the Fairchilds there, and he came upon Fairchild and Floyd smoking, *sub rosa*, in a secluded corner of the library, which was furnished in a sombre and solid fashion. In the Floyd family the household divinity was the lace curtain, whose susceptibility to offence from the fumes of tobacco is well known; her high-priestess was Mrs. Floyd, and her chief victim was Walworth. Associated with the two smokers was young Freddy Pratt, whose solicitude regarding Brainard's mental state on the occasion of his daughter's call at the bank has been already touched upon, and who was now puffing a cigarette with a learned and expert air. This attitude was displeasing to Ogden, who was perhaps over-disposed to feel official differences on social occasions; but no oppressive sense of his own subordinate rank troubled Freddy Pratt, who had but a feeble and intermittent realization of the orders of the business hierarchy, or indeed of anything else.

"It was a matter that concerned just her and him," Fairchild was saying as Ogden entered, with a contemplative regard fastened on the lengthening ash of his cigar. "It was nobody else's business."

He stopped. He had spoken in a low, quiet voice, but he had conveyed unmistakably the presence of quotation marks.

"I called on 'em the other night," volunteered Freddy Pratt, unabashedly. His perky little nose was tipped in the air, and his eyes were closed to the two fine slits that denote the complete enjoyment of the smoker. "I wasn't going to stand off. They're at the Northumberland—big name, but not much else. Ragged matting in the halls, and the janitor didn't look very slick. I guess they've rented ready furnished. Mayme was real glad to see me. But *he* was rather grumpy, I thought."

"Everybody ought always to be glad to see *you*, Freddy," smiled Walworth, with a caressing irony.

"I suppose," resumed Fairchild, thoughtfully, "that the human family will always go on considering a wedding as a joyous occasion. It always has; it always must—hope springs eternal."

Ogden wondered what other view there might be to take. Everybody had seemed lively and happy enough when Kitty was married.

"But there's the other side—the side that turns to view with a consideration of the complicated relations of a good many new and diverse elements—new people coming in. We had a case in our own family some years ago, when my young cousin married. Poor Lizzie; she is dead now. Her father died six months before her, and left a good deal to be divided up. Her husband was trustee for the boy after she herself went, and he made us a good deal of trouble. He had his eye on the estate from the start, and more than his share in the handling of it. There were a good many meetings in lawyers' offices—more trying than the courts themselves. There was a good deal of money lost, and there is a



"WE HAVE COME TO TAKE OUR GIRL BACK HOME."

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good deal of feeling that will never be got over. He traded on his wife's memory all through. Yet the family welcomed him very cordially and trustfully; we thought the poor girl was going to be so happy. She was; she never knew."

Ogden sighed; this was dismal matter.

"Oh, well," continued Fairchild, resuming his cigar, with an air of passing to lighter topics, "this can't apply here. All of us are happily married or are going to be—"

Freddy Pratt nonchalantly blew an ineffable smoke ring across the room; Walworth slipped around the table to close the last inch of crack in the door.

"Oh, dear, yes!" he exclaimed.

"—and none of us are being troubled through relations by marriage."

The door was shut, but the penetrating voice of Ann Wilde came through it clearly, and Walworth winced.

"Oh, dear, no!" he protested.

"I should say not," chimed in Freddy Pratt, with his self-satisfied little ha-a.

The cigars were ending. "Come, let us go out to the others," said Floyd.

In the drawing-room Ogden presently encountered Jessie Bradley and her parents. The girl herself appeared as dressed as the occasion could warrant, but her father and mother wore the every-day habiliments in which he had first seen them, a fortnight before, on the occasion of a call at Hinsdale. They had an easy-going aspect, as if they hardly cared to put themselves out greatly. They were present in the triple capacity of relatives of the hostess, of suburbanites, and of body-guard to escort their daughter back home after another of her frequent visits in town, and their effect was quite provisional and transitory.

Mrs. Bradley was a pleasant woman whose face was full of the fine lines of experience, and whose hair had thinned greatly without changing its dry sandy brown. She wore an old-fashioned tortoise-shell comb. She met Ogden here precisely as she had met him in her own house. He noticed presently that she treated everybody else in exactly the same fashion, and he learned subsequently that she had practically one invariable manner for all times, places, and people. It was a manner that he found very quiet, simple, straightforward, and friendly. It showed that she valued herself, and was also disposed to accord a good value to anybody else. It seemed to say, as plainly as words, "The Lord is the maker of us all; so let's have no more fuss about it." It was the good American manner in full bloom.

Her husband had a jovial eye, a grizzled mustache, a rotund polished forehead, and cheeks that hung downward fatly into his big round short neck. He appeared to have valued his peace of mind sufficiently to preserve it, and to be satisfied with the moderate success that comes from moderate effort. He wore a short-waisted, double-breasted frock-coat, and there were no wrinkles in it, either front or back; he would have found it impossible to thrust his plump hand in between any two of the buttons.

He was given in the directory as "Bradley, Danl. H., secty. and treas. Darrell & Bradley P't'g & Lith'g Co." He had been one of the organizers of the corporation, but had since yielded the lead to others of more push and means. He had a moderate salary and a small block of the stock. Since he was assisting the business as an officer, rather than directing it as an individual, he had little personal annoyance from typographical unions and from the paper manufacturers' trusts. As for "pi" and proof-readers' errors, matters which have a power to make some men agonize, he merely laughed at them. The concern, besides its central establishment, had a few retail branches placed here and there through the business district; one of them, on the ground-floor of the Clifton, supplied the La Salle Street banks and insurance offices with ledgers, ink, and blotting-pads.

He had an acre of ground and a two-story frame house at Hinsdale, and Ogden remembered the small greenhouse where he fed his craze for chrysanthemums.

"We have come to take our girl back home," he said to Ogden, as he laid his plump hand lightly on his daughter's shoulder. "That is, if she can make up her mind to go with us."

"Just us two all alone in the house," added her mother, with a humorous pathos. "No chick nor child."

Jessie laughed and shook out a bit of her frivolous finery. Her face had a tired look, but motion seemed more restful to her than rest itself.

Ogden canvassed the three. Whence could this girl have got her supple leanness, her light, gay, rapid, incisive air, her aspenlike quiverings of nervous force? Not from her parents. From the March winds, perhaps, that sweep down from Mackinaw over the limy and choppy expanse of Lake Michigan; from the varied breezes, hot and cold, that scour the prairies on their way from scorched-up Texas or from the snow fields beyond Manitoba.

"Not even a relative," pursued her father; "not one in all the country round—except Frances. All our people are down East," he continued, addressing Ogden more directly. "They write every so often to learn if we are millionaires yet. We always have to say 'no,' and that discourages them. They stay where they are."

"But Jessie goes around to look after them," contributed her mother, with combined complacency and reproach. "She goes to Pittsfield and Nantucket and everywhere. People are beginning, now, to ask her up to Wisconsin, summers. And sometimes Florida."

The girl shrugged her shoulders in a fidgety fashion.

"Oh, well, mamma," she said, "I have to circulate. Let's circulate some now," she suggested, turning to Ogden. "I'll be ready to go when you are," she called back to her father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

WHISKEY and water appear to have grappled with one another in the Whiskey Trust, and water has won. The trust is practically dissolved, and it was water that did it. And now are we to have cheaper whiskey; and if so, with what results? It would seem that they should be favorable. Men who do not drink whiskey as it is, are not likely to acquire the habit merely because whiskey costs less. Such men are used to think it dear at any price. Neither will the men who drink only so much of it as they think is good for them increase their consumption, though they may drink a better quality, to the net advantage of their insides. As for men who at present drink all the whiskey they can get, it is probable that their consumption will increase as whiskey gets cheaper, but inasmuch as the more they drink the less able they will be to earn money, even their thirst will presently yield to automatic regulation. There still remains the case of men with incomes who are bent on drinking themselves to death, but cheaper whiskey may help them too by quickening the process, so that it is a fair deduction that the collapse of the Whiskey Trust will make for the general good.

The habit of funeral addresses, though it has waned perceptibly during the last three decades, has by no means fallen into disuse. Sophisticated people of refined sensibilities have very generally concluded that it is sorrow enough to have a funeral in the family without any remarks; but there are multitudes still who do not find death sufficiently harrowing in itself, and like to have their feelings worked up at the funeral by the minister. Others, too, there are to whom an address at a funeral seems a necessary evil that precedent compels, and which it would be unseemly for a conscientious mourner to seek to have averted.

An interesting example of what an able-bodied funeral address can do under favorable circumstances was given on the 4th of June at Williamsburg. It was a church funeral of a G. A. R. drummer. During the address the young son of the deceased fainted, the widow became hysterical, and another mourner was seized by an epileptic attack of such violence that four men had to take him into the vestry and tie him down. Two other men then fainted; and, finally, the rector had to close his remarks and allow the rest of the services to be conducted by a brass band.

This is an instructive case, and illustrates that at funerals where the mourners are truly mournful an address, like Marjorie Fleming's seven times seven, is what nature itself can't endure. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there is no occasion for an oration about the person deceased. In the exceptional case, where there is something to be said that insists upon expression, the better, and in these days the more approved, practice is to have the funeral and the remarks separate. That was lately done, for example, in the case of Bishop Brooks, of whom so much was spoken that it was a gain to hear, but whose touching and majestic funeral was not marred by remarks.

What a pleasant place of residence New York will be after the prophecies of the Chicago papers have all come true, and population, commerce, manufactures, and capital have elected to centre in the hustling Metropolis of Meat! How cheap rents will be then! What numbers of admirable dwellings whose owners have gone West will welcome tenants for the cost of taxes and repairs! The elevated railroads and cable-cars will no longer be crowded. Men will go fishing in the East River, and it will be possible to realize what Philadelphia might have been if it had reached the limits of urban splendor before it went to sleep. Take the rush and the expensiveness out of New York, and leave the palaces and parks and all the modern improvements, and what an incomparable place it would make for persons with fixed incomes and contemplative turns of mind to dwell in!

Meanwhile, and pending the possibility that Chicago's expectations may not all be realized, it would seem as if Sioux City, in Iowa, might afford a fair notion of what a full-grown modern city is like when all it lacks is people. Sioux City, it seems, thanks to the aggressive enterprise of its promoters, has all the modern appointments in the way of office buildings, elevated and other railroads, streets, parks, and electricity that would be needed by a population of some hundreds of thousands, while as yet it has only about forty thousand people to enjoy them. While it is waiting for the rest of the people to move in it ought to make a very attractive place of habitation for people whose energies are better adapted to cope with the requirements of towns where the work has already been done than of those that merely invite labor.

A dry-goods merchant advertises in a western New York paper that he is selling "Reveries of a Bachelor, Dream Life, Scarlet Letter, and all that order at 8 cts., Webster's Dictionary for 50 cts., and the Emerson tan-shoe for men for $3 50." Certainly these are great days for American literature; nor is it altogether surprising that in a recent vote on the ten greatest works by American authors Emerson easily led all the rest.

A new feature of the *Critic* is a review of the magazines as they come out, with short extracts from the articles in them. It is a good feature, and worth all the considerable space it takes up. There are too many good magazines in these days, even without counting those of British derivation, for the ordinary ambitious reader to deal with without help. The development of magazines whose special province it is to tell what is in the other magazines attests the demand to which the *Critic* proposes to minister. It has the advantage of its monthly rivals in being able to give the magazine news of the month while it is still fresh. After the July magazines are out the obligation of learning what was in the June magazines is perceptibly modified, but the *Critic* tells what is in the June magazines while the issues for that month are still on the news-stands. A high-class American magazine is always worth reviewing—is better worth space and attention, indeed, than the average book.

A residence in the remote parts of the earth is no bar, in these days, to the celebrity of a man of true distinction. Emin Pacha lives in the wilds of Africa, yet the news of his death comes as regularly to the newspapers as though he had a telegraph instrument and a special correspondent in his office. So with Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who lives in Samoa, and is *in extremis* in the newspapers about every six weeks.

Mr. Stevenson, who, in fact, seems as much alive as he ever was, has been telling a correspondent of the *Westminster Review* some interesting things about his art. He lays great stress on the importance of making each word and occurrence in a story come in its proper place. "In literature," he says (and it is worth while for all the book-reviewers to listen), "if a man has every word and every sentence and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will be a great writer." It would seem as if to have every word in the right order constitutes "style," but the choice of words has at least as much to do with style as the order of them, and Mr. Stevenson expressly declares that an author's "clauses may be unmusical, his words colorless and inexpressive, and yet, if the order is perfect throughout, he will be a great writer."

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a relief, to learn that Mr. Stevenson, though a reader and admirer of Thomas Hardy, "could not manage *Tess*," but "found in it flagrant contradiction with all I know of human nature."

E. S. MARTIN.

EDWIN BOOTH.

"Ay, every inch a king!"

NOW is the night foreshadowed of our fears:
The curtain falls, the lights fade, one by one.
Darkness and silence from the widowed stage
Proclaim the great and final act is done.
Vain are the thundered plaudits of the house,
The laurel wreath, the players' loud acclaim;
Thou art grown dumb to clamoring for response,
Deaf to the ringing of thy jewelled name.
Thy crystal soul hath traversed back the pathway whence it came.

They who the virtues of the mighty dead
Enwrap in majesty of broidered verse,
Call upon Nature, in her solitude.
His beauties and her sorrow to rehearse.
The forest and the field, the fitful wind
They challenge, and the ever-sounding wave,
To seek his spirit in the vast afar,
And drop their dews on his enriched grave,
Crowning the poet's lyric woe with some forlorner stave.

Greater than all the universe of space
The mimic world thou didst thyself create,
The subtile sphere, compact of passion's breath,
Where Nature bade thee hold imperial state!
There shall the mourning garments be outworn;
There shall the desolate their dirges sing;
No princeling may ascend the vacant throne,
Laying new triumph's gall to sorrow's sting.
"The King is dead!" we cry, but nevermore, "Long live the King!"

Of all the stops of mortal harmony
Master thou art forever, though in death.
The melancholy of the Dane is thine,
The poisonous blighting of Iago's breath.
Thou didst take on foul Richard's humpbacked soul,
And clasp it close, yet do thine own no wrong;
As 'twere the mantle of Sir Caradoc,
Unerring witness sung in ancient song.
Destined to prove the pure of heart more pure, the strong more strong.

Slave of self-conjured evil, Cawdor's thane!
The jester, bitter-hearted, striking home!
The fox-robed cardinal, creating France,
And launching forth the curse of sovereign Rome!
Gallant Don Cesar, lord of ragged lace!
These wert thou in their turn, and sorrow-blind,
Alas! thou wert the doited father, too,
Pelted by heaven, and stabbed by human kind;
Heartbreakingly confest, "I am not in my perfect mind!"

Such was thy Protean form, but what wert thou?
A changing cloud, content to borrow hue
From lordly sun-rays that o'errule it quite,
And thus with color and with form endue?
Nay, rather let the time's remembrancing,
When it doth con anew thy mortal span,
Ignore thine art, if such despite may be,
But bow in awe before thy nature's plan,
Crying with trumpet tone, to alien ears, "This was a man!"

Thine was the guilt of filching heavenly fire;
Wherefore Jove's eagle fed upon thy heart!
Yet never word nor strangled cry betrayed
Responsive agony beneath the smart.
A thousand hovering spectres menaced thee
Bound, by eternal fiat, on the rock
Of mortal languishment, yet unappalled
As gallant bird beneath the tempest shock;
For still thy soul soared free, thy silence met each hideous mock.

And can such glory pass? Nay, thus thou art,
Where'er in world diviner thou dost walk,
Mated with love celestial, that doth spring,
Fragrant and fair, from life's divided stalk.
But we who knew thee may not cease to mourn
The moment's grief, the time's perpetual loss.
Not ours to pluck from thine engraved name
Oblivion's cold and memory-choking moss:
Blest are we for so noble sake to bear affliction's cross.

Henceforward nevermore may Denmark's Prince
Pace through his tragic hour in sabled pride
But thou, the sceptre's rightful heir, wilt walk,
Eclipsing all his grandeur, by his side.
And daily as we may with pageantry
Wherein some newer actor plays a part,
The scene will fade, while thine enshadowed form
Doth from the slumbrous aisles of memory start,—
Again the lost but ever-reigning monarch of the heart.

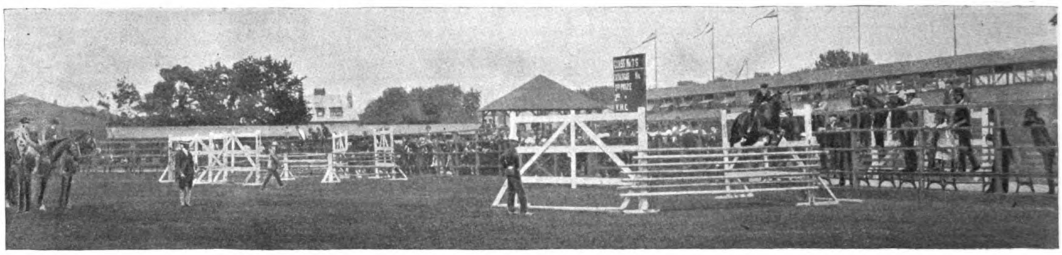
Farewell! farewell indeed! But take with thee
Our true allegiance to that orient land—
The laurels and the rosemary of life
Lying unnoted in thy nerveless hand.
Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude,
That in a cynic and a tattling age
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script,
Thy name on the poor players' slandered page,
And teach the lords of empty birth a king may walk the stage!

ALICE BROWN.

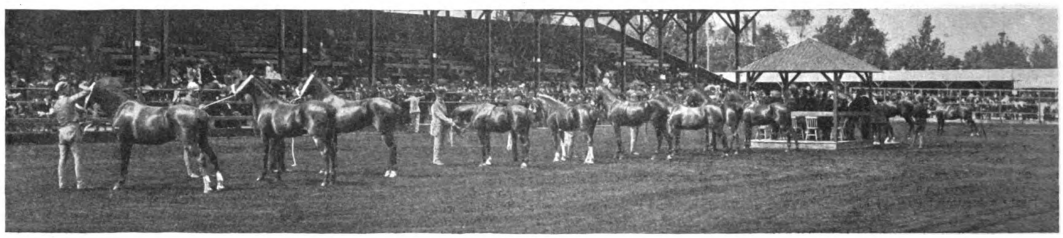
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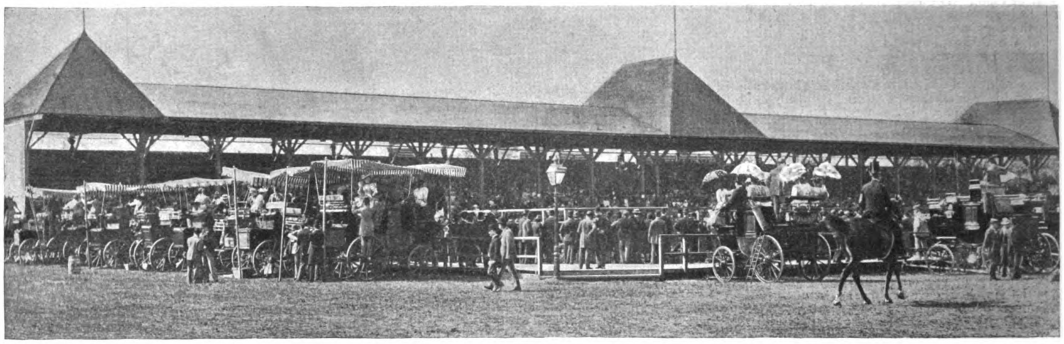
A WELL-FILLED CLASS OF HIGH STEPPERS.



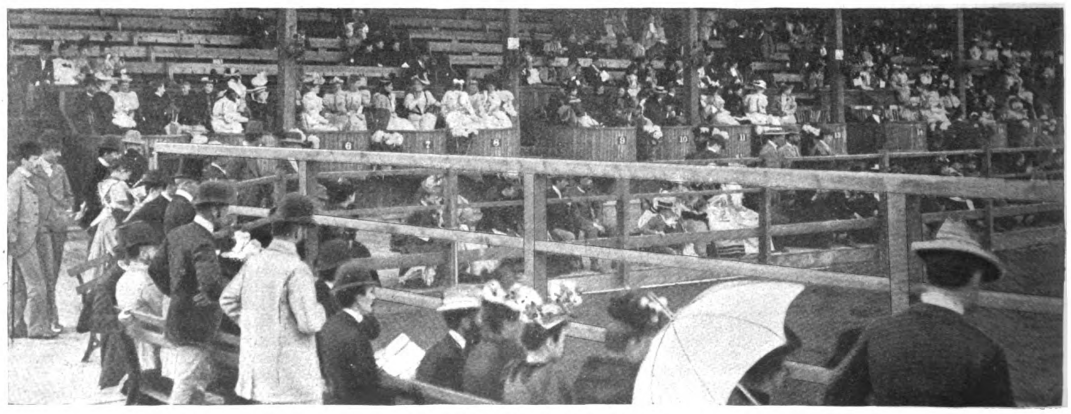
A CLEAN PERFORMANCE OVER THE RAILS.



STALLIONS WITH THREE OF THEIR GET.



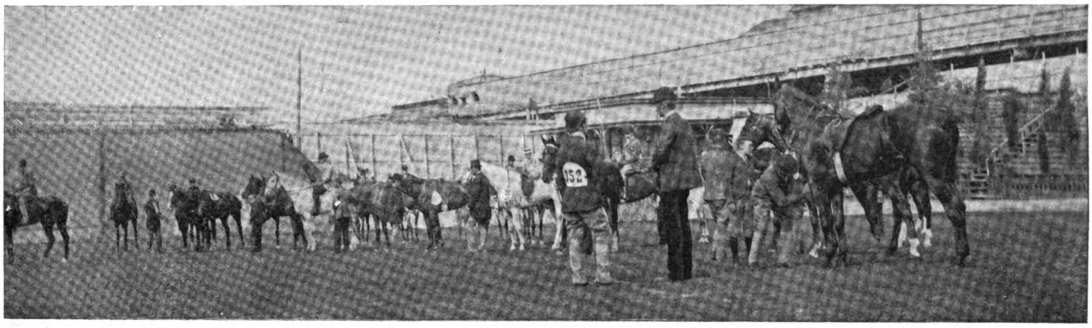
VIEW OF GRAND STAND AND COACHES.



SOME GRAND STAND PRIVATE BOXES.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—From Photographs by George S. Richardson.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

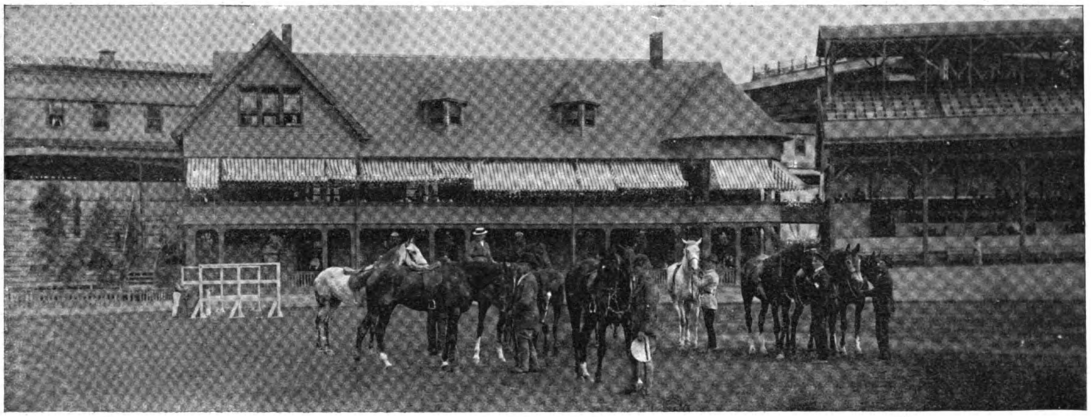
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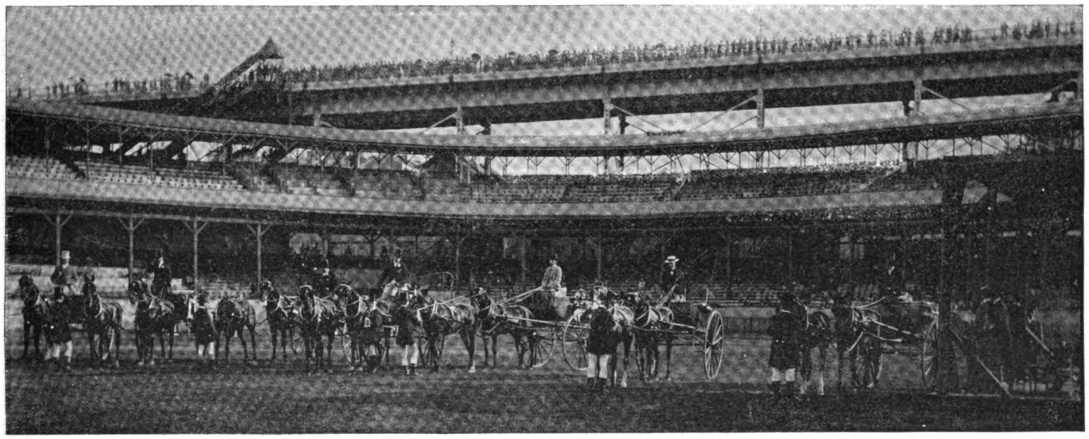
HUNTERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURN.



THE WINNING FOUR IN THE ROAD RACE FROM THE WALDORF HOTEL TO THE SHOW GROUNDS.



THE CLUB-HOUSE.



JUDGING THE TANDEMS.

THE NEW YORK OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.—From Photographs by George S. Richardson.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

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THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.

THE REIGATE PUZZLE.

IT was some time before the health of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes recovered from the strain caused by his immense exertions in the spring of '87. The whole question of the Netherland-Sumatra Company and of the colossal schemes of Baron Maupertuis is too recent in the minds of the public and is too intimately concerned with politics and finance to be a fitting subject for this series of sketches. It led, however, in an indirect fashion to a singular and complex problem which gave my friend an opportunity of demonstrating the value of a fresh weapon among the many with which he waged his life-long battle against crime.

On referring to my notes I see that it was upon the 14th of April that I received a telegram from Lyons which informed me that Holmes was lying ill in the Hôtel Dulong. Within twenty-four hours I was in his sick-room, and was relieved to find that there was nothing formidable in his symptoms. Even his iron constitution, however, had broken down under the strain of an investigation which had extended over two months, during which period he had never worked less than fifteen hours a day, and had more than once, as he assured me, kept to his task for five days at a stretch. Even the triumphant issue of his labors could not save him from reaction after so terrible an exertion, and at a time when Europe was ringing with his name, and when his room was literally ankle-deep with congratulatory telegrams, I found him a prey to the blackest depression. Even the knowledge that he had succeeded where the police of three countries had failed, and that he had outmanœuvered at every point the most accomplished swindler in Europe, was insufficient to rouse him from his nervous prostration.

Three days later we were back in Baker Street together, but it was evident that my friend would be much the better for a change, and the thought of a week of spring-time in the country was full of attractions to me also. My old friend Colonel Hayter, who had come under my professional care in Afghanistan, had now taken a house near Reigate in Surrey, and had frequently asked me to come down to him upon a visit. On the last occasion he had remarked that if my friend would only come with me he would be glad to extend his hospitality to him also. A little diplomacy was needed, but when Holmes understood that the establishment was a bachelor one, and that he would be allowed the fullest freedom, he fell in with my plans, and a week after our return from Lyons we were under the Colonel's roof. Hayter was a fine old soldier who had seen much of the world, and he soon found, as I had expected, that Holmes and he had much in common.

On the evening of our arrival we were sitting in the Colonel's gun-room after dinner, Holmes stretched upon the sofa, while Hayter and I looked over his little armory of Eastern weapons.

"By-the-way," said he, suddenly, "I think I'll take one of these pistols up stairs with me, in case we have an alarm."

"An alarm?" said I.

"Yes; we've had a scare in this part lately. Old Acton, who is one of our county magnates, had his house broken into last Monday. No great damage done, but the fellows are still at large."

"No clew?" asked Holmes, cocking his eye at the Colonel

"None as yet. But the affair is a petty one—one of our little country crimes—which must seem too small for your attention, Mr. Holmes, after this great international affair."

Holmes waved away the compliment, though his smile showed that it had pleased him.

"Was there any feature of interest?"

"I fancy not. The thieves ransacked the library and got very little for their pains. The whole place was turned upside down, drawers burst open and presses ransacked, with the result that an odd volume of Pope's Homer, two plated candlesticks, an ivory letter-weight, a small oak barometer, and a ball of twine are all that have vanished"

"What an extraordinary assortment!" I exclaimed

"Oh, the fellows evidently grabbed hold of everything they could get."

Holmes grunted from the sofa. "The county police ought to make something of that," said he. "Why, it is surely obvious that—"

But I held up a warning finger "You are here for a rest, my dear fellow. For Heaven's sake don't get started on a new problem when your nerves are all in shreds."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a glance of comic resignation towards the Colonel, and the talk drifted away into less dangerous channels.

It was destined, however, that all my professional caution should be wasted, for next morning the problem obtruded itself upon us in such a way that it was impossible to ignore it, and our country visit took a turn which neither of us could have anticipated. We were at breakfast, when the Colonel's butler rushed in, with all his propriety shaken out of him.

"Have you heard the news, sir?" he gasped "At the Cunningham's, sir?"

"Burglary?" cried the Colonel, with his coffee-cup in midair.

"Murder!"

The Colonel whistled. "By Jove!" said he "Who's killed, then? The J. P. or his son?"

"Neither, sir. It was William the coachman Shot through the heart, sir, and never spoke again."

"Who shot him, then?"

"The burglar, sir. He was off like a shot and got clean away. He'd just broke in at the pantry window, when William came on him, and met his end in saving his master's property."

"What time?"

"It was last night, sir, somewhere about twelve."

"Ah, then we'll step over afterwards," said the Colonel, coolly settling down to his breakfast again. "It's a baddish business," he added, when the butler had gone. "He's our leading man about here, is old Cunningham, and a very decent fellow too. He'll be cut up over this, for the man has been in his service for years, and was a good servant. It's evidently the same villains who broke into Acton's."

"And stole that very singular collection," said Holmes, thoughtfully.

"Precisely."

"Hum! It may prove the simplest matter in the world, but all the same at first glance this is just a little curious, is it not? A gang of burglars acting in the country might be expected to vary the scene of their operations, and not to crack two cribs in the same district within a few days. When you spoke last night of taking precautions I remember that it passed through my mind that this was probably the last parish in England to which the thief or thieves would be likely to turn their attention—which shows that I have still much to learn."

"I fancy it's some local practitioner," said the Colonel. "In that case, of course, Acton's and Cunningham's are just the places he would go for, since they are far the largest about here."

"And richest?"

"Well, they ought to be, but they've had a lawsuit for some years, which has sucked the blood out of both of them, I fancy. Old Acton has some claim on half Cunningham's estate, and the lawyers have been at it with both hands."

"If it's a local villain there should not be much difficulty in running him down," said Holmes, with a yawn. "All right, Watson, I don't intend to meddle."

"Inspector Forrester, sir," said the butler, throwing open the door.

The official, a smart, keen-faced young fellow, stepped into the room. "Good-morning, Colonel," said he. "I hope I don't intrude, but we hear that Mr. Holmes of Baker Street is here."

The Colonel waved his hand towards my friend, and the Inspector bowed.

"We thought that perhaps you would care to step across, Mr. Holmes."

"The fates are against you, Watson," said he, laughing. "We were chatting about the matter when you came in, Inspector. Perhaps you can let us have a few details." As he leaned back in his chair in the familiar attitude I knew that the case was hopeless

"We had no clew in the Acton affair. But here we have plenty to go on, and there's no doubt it is the same party in each case. The man was seen."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir. But he was off like a deer, after the shot that killed poor William Kirwan was fired. Mr. Cunningham saw him from the bedroom window, and Mr. Alec Cunningham saw him from the back passage. It was quarter to twelve when the alarm broke out Mr. Cunningham had just got into bed, and Mr. Alec was smoking a pipe in his dressing-gown They both heard William the coachman calling for help, and Mr. Alec he ran down to see what was the matter. The back door was open, and as he came to the foot of the stairs he saw two men wrestling together outside. One of them fired a shot, the other dropped, and the murderer rushed across the garden and over the hedge. Mr. Cunningham, looking out of his bedroom window, saw the fellow as he gained the road, but lost sight of him at once. Mr. Alec stopped to see if he could help the dying man, and so the villain got clean away. Beyond the fact that he was a middle-sized man and dressed in some dark stuff we have no personal clew, but we are making energetic inquiries, and if he is a stranger we shall soon find him out."

"What was this William doing there? Did he say anything before he died?"

"Not a word. He lives at the lodge with his mother, and as he was a very faithful fellow, we imagine that he walked up to the house with the intention of seeing that all was right there Of course this Acton business has put every one on his guard The robber must have just burst open the door—the lock has been forced—then William came upon him"

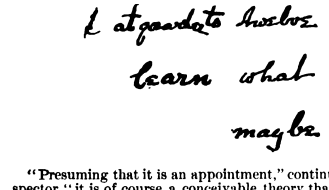
"Did William say anything to his mother before going out?"

"She is very old and deaf, and we can get no information from her The shock has made her half-witted, but I understand that she was never very bright. There is one very important circumstance, however. Look at this!"

He took a small piece of torn paper from a note-book and spread it out upon his knee.

"This was found between the finger and thumb of the dead man. It appears to be a fragment torn from a larger sheet. You will observe that the hour mentioned upon it is the very time at which the poor fellow met his fate. You see that his murderer might have torn the rest of the sheet from him, or he might have taken this fragment from the murderer. It reads almost as though it were an appointment."

Holmes took up the scrap of paper, a fac-simile of which is here reproduced:



"Presuming that it is an appointment," continued the Inspector, "it is of course a conceivable theory that this William Kirwan—though he had the reputation of being an honest man, may have been in league with the thief He may have met him there, may even have helped him to break in the door, and then they may have fallen out between themselves."

"This writing is of extraordinary interest," said Holmes, who had been examining it with intense concentration. "These are much deeper waters than I had thought." He sank his head upon his hands, while the Inspector smiled at the effect which his case had had upon the famous London specialist.

"Your last remark," said Holmes, presently, "as to the possibility of there being an understanding between the burglar and the servant, and this being a note of appointment from one to the other, is an ingenious and not entirely impossible supposition. But this writing opens up—" He sank his head into his hands again, and remained for some minutes in the deepest thought. When he raised his face again I was surprised to see that his cheek was tinged with color, and his eyes as bright as before his illness. He sprang to his feet with all his old energy.

"I'll tell you what," said he, "I should like to have a quiet little glance into the details of this case. There is something in it which fascinates me extremely. If you will permit me, Colonel, I will leave my friend Watson and you, and I will step round with the Inspector to test the truth of one or two little fancies of mine. I will be with you again in half an hour."

An hour and a half had elapsed before the Inspector returned alone.

"Mr. Holmes is walking up and down in the field outside," said he. "He wants us all four to go up to the house together."

"To Mr. Cunningham's?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. "I don't quite know, sir. Between ourselves I think Mr. Holmes has not quite got over his illness yet. He's been behaving very queerly, and he is very much excited."

"I don't think you need alarm yourself," said I. "I have usually found that there was method in his madness."

"Some folk might say there was madness in his method," muttered the Inspector. "But he's all on fire to start, Colonel, so we had best go out, if you are ready."

We found Holmes pacing up and down in the field, his chin sunk upon his breast, and his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"The matter grows in interest," said he. "Watson, your country trip has been a distinct success. I have had a charming morning."

"You have been up to the scene of the crime, I understand," said the Colonel.

"Yes. The Inspector and I have made quite a little reconnoissance together."

"Any success?"

"Well, we have seen some very interesting things. I'll tell you what we did as we walk. First of all we saw the body of this unfortunate man. He certainly died from a revolver wound, as reported."

"Had you doubted it, then?"

"Oh, it is as well to test everything. Our inspection was not wasted. We then had an interview with Mr. Cunningham and his son, who were able to point out the exact spot where the murderer had broken through the garden hedge in his flight. That was of great interest"

"Naturally."

"Then we had a look at this poor fellow's mother. We could get no information from her, however, as she is very old and feeble."

"And what is the result of your investigations?"

"The conviction that the crime is a very peculiar one. Perhaps our visit now may do something to make it less obscure. I think that we are both agreed, Inspector, that the fragment of paper in the dead man's hand, bearing, as it does, the very hour of his death written upon it, is of extreme importance."

"It should give a clew, Mr. Holmes."

"It *does* give a clew. Whoever wrote that note was the man who brought William Kirwan out of his bed at that hour. But where is the rest of that sheet of paper?"

"I examined the ground carefully in the hope of finding it," said the Inspector.

"It was torn out of the dead man's hand. Why was some one so anxious to get possession of it? Because it incriminated him. And what would he do with it? Thrust it into his pocket most likely, never noticing that a corner of it had been left in the grip of the corpse. If we could get the rest of that sheet it is obvious that we should have gone a long way towards solving the mystery."

"Yes; but how can we get at the criminal's pocket before we catch the criminal?"

"Well, well, it was worth thinking over. Then there is another obvious point. The note was sent to William. The man who wrote it could not have taken it; otherwise, of course, he might have delivered his own message by word of mouth. Who brought the note, then? Or did it come through the post?"

"I have made inquiries," said the Inspector. "William received a letter by the afternoon post yesterday. The envelope was destroyed by him."

"Excellent!" cried Holmes, clapping the Inspector on the back. "You've seen the postman. It is a pleasure to work with you. Well, here is the lodge, and if you will come up, Colonel, I will show you the scene of the crime."

We passed the pretty cottage where the murdered man had lived, and walked up an oak-lined avenue to the fine old Queen Anne house, which bears the date of Malplaquet upon the lintel of the door. Holmes and the Inspector led us round it until we came to the side gate, which is separated by a stretch of garden from the hedge which lines the road. A constable was standing at the kitchen door.

"Throw the door open, officer," said Holmes. "Now it was on those stairs that young Mr. Cunningham stood and saw the two men struggling just where we are. Old Mr. Cunningham was at that window—the second on the left—and he saw the fellow get away just to the left of that bush. So did the son. They are both sure of it on account of the bush Then Mr. Alec ran out and knelt beside the wounded man. The ground is very hard, you see, and there are no marks to guide us"

As he spoke, two men came down the garden path from round the angle of the house The one was an elderly man with a strong, deep-lined, heavy-eyed face, the other a dashing young fellow whose bright smiling expression and showy dress were in strange contrast with the business which had brought us there.

"Still at it, then?" said he to Holmes. "I thought you Londoners were never at fault. You don't seem to be so very quick, after all."

"Ah, you must give us a little time," said Holmes, good-humoredly.

"You'll want it," said young Alec Cunningham. "Why, I don't see that we have any clew at all."

"There's only one," answered the Inspector. "We thought that if we could only find— Good heavens, Mr. Holmes, what is the matter?"

My poor friend's face had suddenly assumed the most

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dreadful expression. His eyes rolled upwards, his features writhed in agony, and with a suppressed groan he dropped on his face upon the ground. Horrified at the suddenness and severity of the attack, we carried him into the kitchen, where he lay back in a large chair and breathed heavily for some minutes. Finally, with a shamefaced apology for his weakness, he rose once more.

"Watson would tell you that I have only just recovered from a severe illness," he explained. "I am liable to these sudden nervous attacks."

"Shall I send you home in my trap?" asked old Cunningham.

"Well, since I am here, there is one point on which I should like to feel sure. We can very easily verify it."

"What is it?"

"Well, it seems to me that it is just possible that the arrival of this poor fellow, William, was not before but after the entrance of the burglar into the house. You appear to take it for granted that although the door was forced, the robber never got in."

"I fancy that is quite obvious," said Mr. Cunningham, gravely. "Why, my son Alec had not gone to bed, and he would certainly have heard any one moving about."

"Where was he sitting?"

"I was smoking in my dressing-room."

"Which window is that?"

"The last on the left, next my father's."

"Both of your lamps were lit, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

"There are some very singular points here," said Holmes, smiling. "Is it not extraordinary that a burglar—and a burglar who had had some previous experience—should deliberately break into a house at a time when he could see from the lights that two of the family were still afoot?"

"He must have been a cool hand."

"Well, of course, if the case were not an odd one we should not have been driven to ask you for an explanation," said young Mr. Alec. "But as to your idea that the man had robbed the house before William tackled him, I think it a most absurd notion. Wouldn't we have found the place disarranged and missed the things which he had taken?"

"It depends on what the things were," said Holmes. "You must remember that we are dealing with a burglar who is a very peculiar fellow, and who appears to work on lines of his own. Look, for example, at the queer lot of things which he took from Acton's—what was it?—a ball of string, a letter-weight, and I don't know what other odds and ends."

"Well, we are quite in your hands, Mr. Holmes," said old Cunningham. "Anything which you or the Inspector may suggest will most certainly be done."

"In the first place," said Holmes. "I should like you to offer a reward—coming from yourself; for the officials may take a little time before they would agree upon the sum, and these things cannot be done too promptly. I have jotted down the form here, if you would not mind signing it. Fifty pound was quite enough, I thought."

"I would willingly give five hundred," said the J. P., taking the slip of paper and the pencil which Holmes handed to him. "This is not quite correct, however," he added, glancing over the document.

"I wrote it rather hurriedly."

"You see you begin: 'Whereas, at about a quarter to one on Tuesday morning an attempt was made,' and so on. It was at a quarter to twelve as a matter of fact."

I was pained at the mistake, for I knew how keenly Holmes would feel any slip of the kind. It was his speciality to be accurate as to fact, but his recent illness had shaken him, and this one little incident was enough to show me that he was still far from being himself. He was obviously embarrassed for an instant, while the Inspector raised his eyebrows, and Alec Cunningham burst into a laugh. The old gentleman corrected the mistake, however, and handed the paper back to Holmes.



"TWO MEN CAME DOWN THE GARDEN PATH."

"Get it printed as soon as possible," he said. "I think your idea is an excellent one."

Holmes put the slip of paper carefully away into his pocket-book. "And now," said he, "it really would be a good thing that we should all go over the house together and make certain that this rather erratic burglar did not, after all, carry anything away with him."

Before entering, Holmes made an examination of the door which had been forced. It was evident that a chisel or strong knife had been thrust in and the lock forced back with it. We could see the marks in the wood where it had been pushed in.

"You don't use bars, then?" he asked.

"We have never found it necessary."

"You don't keep a dog?"

"Yes, but he is chained on the other side of the house."

"When do the servants go to bed?"

"About ten."

"I understand that William was usually in bed also at that hour."

"Yes."

"It is singular that on this particular night he should have been up. Now, I should be very glad if you would have the kindness to show us over the house, Mr. Cunningham."

A stone-flagged passage, with the kitchens branching away from it, led by a wooden staircase directly to the first floor of the house. It came out upon the landing opposite to a second more ornamental stair, which came up from the front hall. Out of this landing opened the drawing-room and several bedrooms, including those of Mr. Cunningham and his son. Holmes walked slowly, taking keen note of the architecture of the house. I could tell from his expression that he was on a hot scent; and yet I could not in the least imagine in what direction his inferences were leading him.

"My good sir," said Mr. Cunningham, with some impatience, "this is surely very unnecessary. That is my room at the end of the stairs, and my son's is the one beyond it. I leave it to your judgment whether it was possible for the thief to have come up here without disturbing us."

"You must try round and get on a fresh scent, I fancy," said the son, with a rather malicious smile.

"Still, I must ask you to humor me a little further. I should like, for example, to see how far the windows of the bedrooms command the front. This, I understand, is your son's room" (he pushed open the door); "and that, I presume, is the dressing-room, in which he sat smoking when the alarm was given. Where does the window of that look out to?" He stepped across the bedroom, pushed open the door, and glanced round the other chamber.

"I hope that you are satisfied now," said Mr. Cunningham, tartly.

"Thank you; I think I have seen all that I wished."

"Then, if it is really necessary, we can go into my room."

"If it is not too much trouble."

The J. P. shrugged his shoulders and led the way into his own chamber, which was a plainly furnished and commonplace room. As we moved across it in the direction of the window, Holmes fell back, until he and I were the last of the group. Near the foot of the bed stood a dish of oranges and a carafe of water. As we passed it, Holmes, to my unutterable astonishment, leaned over in front of me and deliberately knocked the whole thing over. The glass smashed into a thousand pieces, and the fruit rolled about into every corner of the room.

"You've done it now, Watson," said he, coolly. "A pretty mess you've made of the carpet!"

I stooped in some confusion and began to pick up the fruit, understanding for some reason my companion desired me to take the blame upon myself. The others did the same, and set the table on its legs again.

"Hullo!" cried the Inspector; "where's he got to?"

Holmes had disappeared.

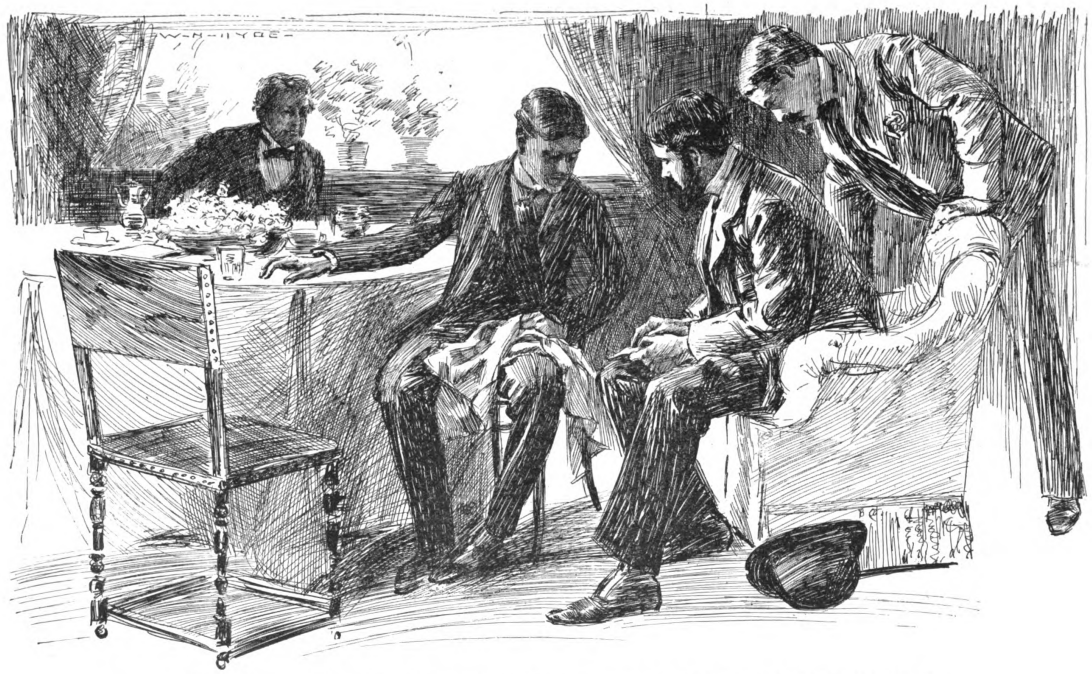
"Wait here an instant," said young Alec Cunningham. "The fellow is off his head, in my opinion. Come with me, father, and see where he has got to."

They rushed out of the room, leaving the Inspector, the Colonel, and me staring at each other.

"'Pon my word, I am inclined to agree with Master Alec," said the official. "It may be the effect of this illness, but it seems to me that—"

His words were cut short by a sudden scream of "Help! Help! Murder!"

With a thrill I recognized the voice as that of my friend. I rushed madly from the room on to the landing. The cries, which had sunk down into a hoarse, inarticulate shouting,



"'THERE CANNOT BE THE LEAST DOUBT IN THE WORLD THAT IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY TWO PERSONS.'"

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came from the room which we had first visited. I dashed in, and on into the dressing-room beyond. The two Cunninghams were bending over the prostrate figure of Sherlock Holmes, the younger clutching his throat with both hands, while the elder seemed to be twisting one of his wrists. In an instant the three of us had torn them away from him, and Holmes staggered to his feet, very pale and evidently greatly exhausted.

"Arrest these men, Inspector," he gasped.

"On what charge?"

"That of murdering their coachman, William Kirwan."

The Inspector stared about him in bewilderment. "Oh, come, now, Mr. Holmes," said he at last. "I'm sure you don't really mean to—"

"Tut, man; look at their faces!" cried Holmes, curtly.

Never certainly have I seen a plainer confession of guilt upon human countenances. The older man seemed numbed and dazed, with a heavy, sullen expression upon his strongly marked face. The son, on the other hand, had dropped all that jaunty, dashing style which had characterized him, and the ferocity of a dangerous wild beast gleamed in his dark eyes and distorted his handsome features.

The Inspector said nothing, but, stepping to the door, he blew his whistle. Two of his constables came at the call.

"I have no alternative, Mr. Cunningham," said he. "I trust that this may all prove to be an absurd mistake; but you can see that— Ah, would you? Drop it!"

He struck out with his hand, and a revolver which the younger man was in the act of cocking clattered down upon the floor.

"Keep that," said Holmes, quietly putting his foot upon it. "You will find it useful at the trial. But this is what we really wanted." He held up a little crumpled piece of paper.

"The remainder of the sheet!" cried the Inspector.

"Precisely."

"And where was it?"

"Where I was sure it must be. I'll make the whole matter clear to you presently. I think, Colonel, that you and Watson might return now, and I will be with you again in an hour at the furthest. The Inspector and I must have a word with the prisoners, but you will certainly see me back at luncheon-time."

Sherlock Holmes was as good as his word, for about one o'clock he rejoined us in the Colonel's smoking-room. He was accompanied by a little elderly gentleman, who was introduced to me as the Mr. Acton whose house had been the scene of the original burglary.

"I wished Mr. Acton to be present while I demonstrated this small matter to you," said Holmes, "for it is natural that he should take a keen interest in the details. I am afraid, my dear Colonel, that you must regret the hour that you took in such a stormy petrel as I am."

"On the contrary," answered the Colonel, warmly. "I consider it the greatest privilege to have been permitted to study your methods of working. I confess that they quite surpass my expectations, and that I am utterly unable to account for your result. I have not yet seen the vestige of a clew."

"I am afraid that my explanation may disillusion you, but it has always been my habit to hide none of my methods, either from my friend Watson or from any one who might take an intelligent interest in them. But first, as I am rather shaken by the knocking about which I had in the dressing-room, I think that I shall help myself to a dash of your brandy, Colonel. My strength has been rather tried of late."

"I trust you had no more of those nervous attacks?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed heartily. "We will come to that in its turn," said he. "I will lay an account of the case before you in its due order, showing you the various points which guided me in my decision. Pray interrupt me if there is any inference which is not perfectly clear to you.

"It is of the highest importance in the art of detection to be able to recognize, out of a number of facts, which are incidental and which vital. Otherwise your energy and attention must be dissipated instead of being concentrated. Now in this case there was not the slightest doubt in my mind from the first that the key of the whole matter must be looked for in the scrap of paper in the dead man's hand.

"Before going into this, I would draw your attention to the fact that if Alec Cunningham's narrative was correct, and if the assailant, after shooting William Kirwan, had *instantly* fled, then it obviously could not be he who tore the paper from the dead man's hand. But if it was not he it must have been Alec Cunningham himself, for by the time that the old man had descended several servants were upon the scene. The point is a simple one, but the Inspector had overlooked it because he had started with the supposition that these country magnates had had nothing to do with the matter. Now I make a point of never having any prejudices, and of following docilely wherever fact may lead me, and so in the very first stage of the investigation I found myself looking a little askance at the part which had been played by Mr. Alec Cunningham.

"And now I made a very careful examination of the corner of paper which the Inspector had submitted to us. It was at once clear to me that it formed part of a very remarkable document. Here it is. Do you not now observe something very suggestive about it?"

"It has a very irregular look," said the Colonel.

"My dear sir," cried Holmes, "there cannot be the least doubt in the world that it has been written by two persons doing alternate words. When I draw your attention to the strong t's of 'at' and 'to' and ask you to compare them with the weak ones of 'quarter' and 'twelve,' you will instantly recognize the fact. A very brief analysis of these four words would enable you to say with the utmost confidence that the 'learn' and the 'maybe' are written in the stronger hand, and the 'what' in the weaker."

"By Jove, it's as clear as day!" cried the Colonel. "Why on earth should two men write a letter in such a fashion?"

"Obviously the business was a bad one, and one of the men, who distrusted the other, was determined that, whatever was done, each should have an equal hand in it. Now of the two men it is clear that the one who wrote the 'at' and 'to' was the ringleader."

"How do you get at that?"

"We might deduce it from the mere character of the one hand as compared with the other. But we have more assured reasons than that for supposing it. If you examine this scrap with attention you will come to the conclusion that the man with the stronger hand wrote all his words first, leaving blanks for the other to fill up. These blanks were not always sufficient, and you can see that the second man had a squeeze to fit his 'quarter' in between the 'at' and the 'to,' showing that the latter were already written. The man who wrote all his words first is undoubtedly the man who planned the affair."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton.

"But very superficial," said Holmes. "We come now, however, to a point which is of importance. You may not be aware that the deduction of a man's age from his writing is one which has been brought to considerable accuracy by experts. In normal cases one can place a man in his true decade with tolerable confidence. I say normal cases, because ill health and physical weakness reproduce the signs of old age even when the invalid is a youth. In this case, looking at the bold strong hand of the one and the rather broken-backed appearance of the other, which still retains its legibility, although the t's have begun to lose their crossing, we can say that the one was a young man and the other was advanced in years, without being positively decrepit."

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Acton again.

"There is a further point, however, which is subtler and of greater interest. There is something in common between these hands. They belong to men who are blood-relatives. It may be most obvious to you in the Greek e's, but to me there are many small points which indicate the same thing. I have no doubt at all that a family mannerism can be traced in these two specimens of writing. I am only, of course, giving you the leading results now of my examination of the paper. There were twenty-three other deductions, which would be of more interest to experts than to you. They all tended to deepen the impression upon my mind that the Cunninghams had written this letter.

"Having got so far, my next step was, of course, to examine into the details of the crime and to see how far they would help us. I went up to the house with the Inspector and saw all that was to be seen. The wound upon the dead man was, as I was able to determine with absolute confidence, fired from a revolver at the distance of something over four yards. There was no powder-blackening on the clothes. Evidently, therefore, Alec Cunningham had lied when he said that the two men were struggling when the shot was fired. Again, both father and son agreed as to the place where the man escaped into the road. At that point, however, as it happens, there is a broadish ditch, moist at the bottom. As there were no indications of boot-marks about this ditch, I was absolutely sure not only that the Cunninghams had again lied, but that there had never been any unknown man upon the scene at all.

"And now I had to consider the motive of this singular crime. To get at this I endeavored first of all to solve the reason of the original burglary at Mr. Acton's. I understood from something which the Colonel told us that a lawsuit had been going on between you, Mr. Acton, and the Cunninghams. Of course it instantly occurred to me that they had broken into your library with the intention of getting at some document which might be of importance in the case."

"Precisely so," said Mr. Acton. "There can be no possible doubt as to their intentions. I have the clearest claim upon half of their present estate, and if they could have found a single paper—which fortunately was in the strong-box of my solicitors—they would undoubtedly have crippled our case."

"There you are," said Holmes, smiling. "It was a dangerous, reckless attempt in which I seem to trace the influence of young Alec. Having found nothing, they tried to divert suspicion by making it appear to be an ordinary burglary, to which end they carried off whatever they could lay their hands upon. That is all clear enough, but there was much that was still obscure. What I wanted, above all, was to get the missing part of that note. I was certain that Alec had torn it out of the dead man's hand, and almost certain that he must have thrust it into the pocket of his dressing-gown. Where else could he have put it? The only question was whether it was still there. It was worth an effort to find out, and for that object we all went up to the house.

"The Cunninghams joined us, as you doubtless remember, outside the kitchen door. It was, of course, of the very first importance that they should not be reminded of the existence of this paper; otherwise they would naturally destroy it without delay. The Inspector was about to tell them the importance which we attached to it, when by the luckiest chance in the world I tumbled down in a sort of fit, and so changed the conversation."

"Good heavens!" cried the Colonel, laughing. "Do you mean to say all our sympathy was wasted, and your fit an imposture?"

"Speaking professionally, it was admirably done," cried I, looking in amazement at this man, who was forever confounding me with some new phase of his astuteness.

"It is an art which is often useful," said he. "When I recovered I managed by a device, which had perhaps some little merit of ingenuity, to get old Cunningham to write the word 'twelve,' so that I might compare it with the 'twelve' upon the paper."

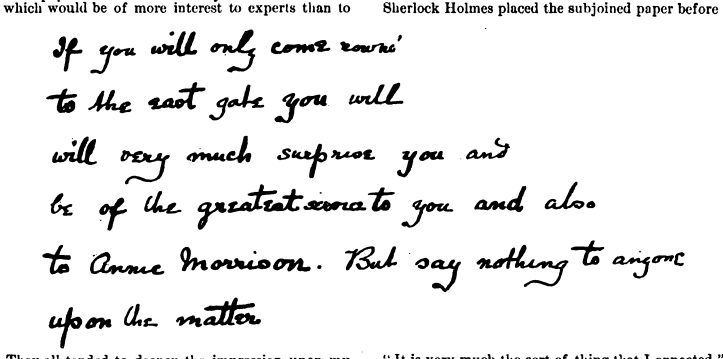
"Oh, what an ass I have been!" I exclaimed.

"I could see that you were commiserating with me over my weakness," said Holmes, laughing. "I was sorry to cause you the sympathetic pain which I knew that you felt. We then went up stairs together, and having entered the room and seen the dressing-gown hanging up behind the door, I contrived by upsetting a table to engage their attention for the moment, and slipped back to examine the pockets. I had hardly got the paper, however, which was, as I had expected, in one of them, when the two Cunninghams were on me, and would, I verily believe, have murdered me then and there but for your prompt and friendly aid. As it is, I feel that young man's grip on my throat now, and the father has twisted my wrist round in the effort to get the paper out of my hand. They saw that I must know all about it, you see, and the sudden change from absolute security to complete despair made them perfectly desperate.

"I had a little talk with old Cunningham afterwards as to the motive of the crime. He was tractable enough, though his son was a perfect demon, ready to blow out his own or anybody else's brains if he could have got to his revolver. When Cunningham saw that the case against him was so strong he lost all heart and made a clean breast of everything. It seems that William had secretly followed his two masters on the night when they made their raid upon Mr. Acton's, and having thus got them into his power, proceeded, under threats of exposure, to levy blackmail upon them. Mr. Alec, however, was a dangerous man to play games of that sort with. It was a stroke of positive genius on his part to see in the burglary scare which was convulsing the country-side an opportunity of plausibly getting rid of the man whom he feared. William was decoyed up and shot; and had they only got the whole of the note, and paid a little more attention to detail in their accessories, it is very possible that suspicion might never have been aroused."

"And the note?" I asked.

Sherlock Holmes placed the subjoined paper before us:



"It is very much the sort of thing that I expected," said he. "Of course we do not yet know what the relations may have been between Alec Cunningham, William Kirwan, and Annie Morrison. The result shows that the trap was skilfully baited. I am sure that you cannot fail to be delighted with the traces of heredity shown in the p's and in the tails of the g's. The absence of the "i" dots in the old man's writing is also most characteristic. Watson, I think our quiet rest in the country has been a distinct success, and I shall certainly return much invigorated to Baker Street to-morrow."

THE RAIN THAT COMES OVER THE HILL.

THE rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The musical, mystical rain,
Borne on from the stretch of the temperate skies—
The skies that are gray as are my love's eyes.
Oh the rain!—
With the smell of young wheat from the upland plain—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The mighty and measureless rain,
That drenches the green, shaking woodland, and sweeps
Like an avalanche over the dim, tossing steeps.
Oh the rain!—
That falls with a roar on the vale's grassy floor—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gleeful and glittering rain,
That plays hide-and-seek with the sun and the shade,
In showers of jewels that sparkle and fade.
Oh the rain!—
That veils the deep meadow and laughs in the glade—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The gracious and plentiful rain,
Refreshing the sun-fevered spaces accurst
When the forest is faint and the fields are athirst.
Oh the rain!—
That brings back her soul to the Summer again—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The dewy, miraculous rain,
With the comforting clouds that drift close to the breast
Of the transfigured Earth, by the soft mists caressed.
Oh the rain!—
That disturbs not, nor breaks the enchantment it makes—
The rain that comes over the hill.

The rain that comes over the hill—the rain!—
The tearful and tremulous rain,
That sobs by the wide-open window at dawn
Where the grieving trees weep on the noiseless lawn.
Oh the rain!—
Falling softly, like shadows of hopes that are gone—
The rain that comes over the hill.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

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EDWIN BOOTH.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A YOUNG man, the only son of his mother and she a widow, sat alone with his dead one awful night a good many years ago, when there entered the room a dear friend of them both. The new-comer, placing his warm hand upon the cold hands of her who was gone, laid his wet cheek against the wetter cheek of him who was left, and said simply, "My poor boy, my poor boy!" There were volumes of sympathy and affection in the words and in the action, and even a little comfort. They both knew that it was merely the natural, unaffected expression of a very warm feeling of pity for the mourner, and of genuine, almost filial, love for her whom they thus mourned together. The man of tender heart and more than kindly nature was Edwin Booth; "the poor boy" is the man who pens these lines.

The friendship between them, of many years' standing, cemented if possible more strongly by what is here for the first time narrated, was never broken until Mr. Booth himself laid down the burden of his life, and went—by no means unprepared—to solve the great problem of the future; carrying with him, perhaps, a direct message to the mother from the son.

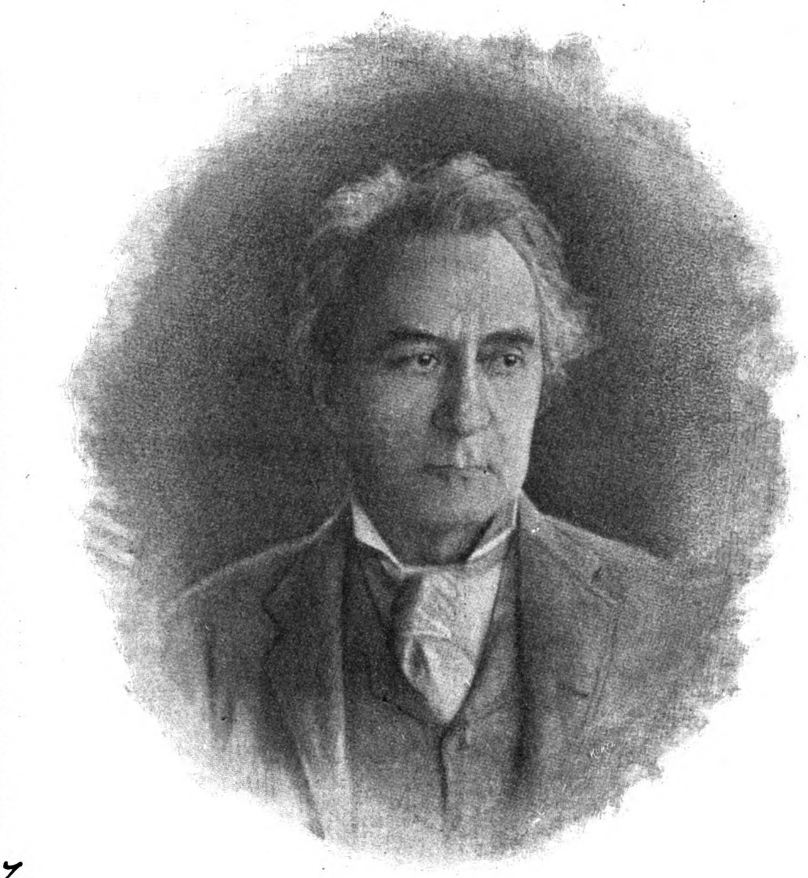
Only those who have known Edwin Booth in trouble and in sorrow have known Edwin Booth at all; and even his few intimate friends, and the members of his own immediate family, have not known of half the good he has done. He never made any public expression of his personal feeling. He gave lavishly with both hands, concealing from the left hand the gifts of the right; and, if possible, keeping even the right hand itself ignorant of its own well-doing. I have known him to pay all the funeral expenses, and to attend the funeral, of a woman he had never seen, simply because her daughter was a member of his company, and without means or a friend. I have seen him receive in his own home, and on a footing of perfect social equality, the black servant who had called to pay her respects to him, and deny himself, during her visit, to men and women of the highest social distinction, who were permitted only to leave their cards at his door. I have discovered accidentally, and from outside sources, of his unbounded generosity to superannuated actors, who had no claim upon him whatever, except that they were old and poor. I have heard him say that a certain worn-out comedian had a fixed income for life, and that a certain broken-down tragedian's mortgage had been paid, without the expression of the slightest hint that he himself had taken up the mortgage or had bought the annuity. I have seen him blush like a girl at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped.

A story which Lawrence Barrett used to tell upon himself may not be out of place here, as illustrating what I have tried to say. The wreck of a brilliant actor came to Mr. Barrett once at the stage entrance of a Western theatre and asked for the loan of half a dollar. His miserable condition was entirely his own fault. He had lost his self-respect, if he had ever possessed any, and he was utterly ruined by liquor and by the results of a bad life. Mr. Barrett, who had by hard work, by untiring industry, by close study, and by uniform good conduct raised himself from nothing, had but little patience with those who had fallen from high estates down to nothing because of their lack of the qualities which he himself possessed, and he refused the beggar money to buy the drink he craved. If Mr. Barrett could not and would not help him to a pittance, would Mr. Barrett cash the check in his ragged pocket, received that day, and useless to him where he was not known? The check was produced, and bore the signature of Edwin Booth. "And so," said Mr. Barrett one evening in Mr. Booth's presence, and to Mr. Booth's great distress, "to the wretched creature to whom I had refused fifty cents Edwin had given fifty dollars!"

It must not be inferred from this incident that Mr. Barrett was not himself a man of sincere soul and of large bounty. Few members of an ever-generous profession have been more ready and more willing to help those who could not help themselves. The long association existing between the two men was as intimate in a personal as it was in a business way. A few years Mr. Booth's junior upon the stage of the world, Mr. Barrett was his excellent support at the very outset of Mr. Booth's career as a star performer, and for many seasons, and in many parts of the country, have they played together, under all conditions, and in every variety of tragedy and comedy, going home together many hundreds of nights to a simple supper of bread and milk in some provincial hotel, or to an equally frugal repast of tea and toast in the grill-room of The Players, in New York. Mr. Barrett's affectionate care of his companion was touching and unceasing, not only during their professional engagements, but during the bright holiday seasons spent in Mr. Barrett's summer house at Cohasset, on the Massachusetts coast, where they talked together for long hours of old times, and laid the plans for a long future together, upon the stage and off. Their reminiscences then related, could they have been preserved by the fortunate listeners, would have made a book of theatrical history and anecdote unrivalled in the whole literature of the drama. Mr. Barrett's death, for which Mr. Booth was entirely unprepared, was a terrible shock to the survivor, and a blow from which he never fully recovered. The gentle spirit of "The Man of Airlie" seemed to haunt, in the most pleasant way, his old apartments, adjoining those of Mr. Booth, at The Players; and more than once, after Mr. Barrett had passed away, when some heavy truck in the street below had jarred the building, and caused the strings of the automatic harp upon his closed door "to play sweet music," Mr. Booth has turned his sad face towards it, and has said, with a half smile, "There comes poor Lawrence now!"

Mr. Booth's great gift of a Club to the members of his profession, and to those who are in sympathy with it, was the last crowning act of his life, and The Players, as was his own wish, is his most enduring monument. He had long cherished the plan of founding a home for the more deserving of his fellow-workers, and the idea culminated, after much discussion, on the deck of the steam-yacht *Oneida*, sailing along the coast of Maine, in the summer of 1887, when The Players was conceived. Mr. Booth presented the building and its contents, including his own rich dramatic library and his own collection of rare dramatic portraits, to its members on the night of December 31, 1888, and thereafter it was his only home. He showed the greatest interest in everything concerning it. When he was in town he never missed a business meeting of its governing body, of which he was president. He scanned carefully the list of candidates for membership, giving his vote always for the younger men upon the stage, who he felt would be a help to the organization, and gainers themselves by its quiet, healthful influence; and to the last The Players and their welfare were ever uppermost in his mind. It is not often that a man is wise enough and thoughtful enough to enjoy the results of his own beneficence. This was Mr. Booth's happy and well-merited lot. Upon Founder's Night, the anniversary of the club's inauguration, the foremost men in every walk of life gathered within its walls to do him honor. He was loved and respected by every man whose name was upon its rolls. When he entered a room with a pleasant word of greeting to each person present, there was a universal stir and murmur of response. Many of the members rose unostentatiously, and remained standing until he was seated, and even the few—very few—of the younger men who habitually wore their hats in the building, instinctively uncovered at his approach. The passing of the "loving-cup"—once the property of the elder Booth—upon Founder's Night, and on other rare and festive occasions, was a revival, or survival, of an old custom, beautiful in its observance, and very dear to Mr. Booth's own heart. After wetting his lips with its contents, he gave it with a bow to his nearest neighbor, and as it passed from hand to hand, each man in his turn rose in his place, no matter where he was or what his present occupation, and standing, he bowed and drank to "The Founder." Alas! and alas! we can only drink to his memory now.

Concerning Edwin Booth in his domestic relations—as son, as husband, as brother, as father—this is not the time nor the place to speak. His sorrowing daughter, with whom all the world grieves to-day, knows well how tender and how perfect was his love for her, for her mother, and for her children. His devotion to the memory of his father he has himself put on record in enduring form, and his filial affection for the mother whom he buried only a few years ago was as sacred and intense as such affection can ever be. He was not a perfect man. He was only human, and very human at that. But he was a credit to humanity, an honor to his country, and the foremost figure in the whole history of the American stage.



To Laurence Hutton
from his friend
Edwin Booth, 1890
The best photograph, I think, ever taken of me.

Edwin Booth was born on the 13th of November, 1833, upon his father's farm, in Harford County, Maryland, a quiet, picturesque old place, full of mellow sunshine, but shut out from the world by miles of unbroken and primeval woodland. He was called Edwin Thomas Booth, after two of his father's most intimate associates, Edwin Forrest and Thomas Flynn.

Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke, who has carried the life of her brother down to the date of his second visit to England, in 1880, tells us how on the night of that 13th of November the negroes of the neighborhood were so impressed by the brilliancy of a meteoric shower that they fell to making prophecies concerning the brilliant future of the new-comer, who was to be a see-er of ghosts all his days, and to be guided by a lucky star. One recalls this scene with curious interest—the dense woods, the old whitewashed cabin, still and spectral in the darkness, and those groups of awe-struck negroes, busy with portents for the new-born child's after-life.

To the elder Booth, as his daughter has shown us, this old farm, buried as it was in the heart of the Maryland forest, had been, since its purchase in 1822, both a refuge and a pleasure. Though lying but twenty-five miles from Baltimore, it was almost inaccessible. The mounted post-boy passed by but once a week, tossing the mail-bags over the fence. Few travellers went that way. From the gate that opened on the rough and stony highroad a crooked horse path led through a quarter of a mile of woodland to the primitive cottage, which once, to the great wonder of his neighbors, Mr. Booth had moved from a distant site to where, under massive trees, a spring of cool water bubbled all day. About this spring he had built granite ledges and steps, and, to the delight of his children, a great green bull-frog was encouraged to dwell in peace and comfort within its depths. Near the door of the cabin Mr. Booth had planted a cherry-tree, which, as it grew and blossomed, lending its branches to the children in their romps, became, as years went by, more and more closely identified with their family traditions.

Within-doors all was quaint, sweet, and primitive. There the hum of the spinning-wheel was a constant sound, it being "the farmer's pride that all his blankets and woollen goods came from the backs of his own sheep, and were spun at home." Brass fenders, old-fashioned mirrors, and polished pewter plates made up the details of its simple furnishings, and Shelley, Coleridge, Tasso, Racine, and Alighieri looked out from among the few books of the well-chosen library.

NOTE.—The accompanying illustrations have never before been engraved. The portrait of the wife of the elder Booth is the only one in existence. It was painted in early life by Sully, and was one of the most cherished possessions of her son.—EDITOR.

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EDWIN BOOTH.
From a Photograph taken in St. Louis in 1856.

The earliest of Edwin Booth's recollections, however, were not of the cheer and charm of this quiet sunny life, but of his being lifted late at night over a crooked snake-fence, Junius Brutus Booth, as he placed him upon the other side of it, exclaiming, "Your foot is on your native heath!" As the boy stood there in the dense darkness of overhanging trees he could hear the dull sound made by the hoofs of the horses as they galloped away into the night, and the impression made upon him he never afterwards forgot.

Edwin and his father had travelled all day, reaching home at a late hour, for even at this early age, the mother's health being delicate, it was to this tender and dutiful child, grave beyond his years, that the guardianship of his father had been given. And so was inaugurated for Edwin Booth those long wanderings by night and day, and that close and intimate companionship with that strange wild genius, which were to lend at once the gloom and radiance to his life.

Edwin Booth's education began under a Miss Susan Hyde, who kept a school for boys and girls in the neighborhood of "Old Town." By her he was thoroughly grounded in all those rudiments which go to form the basis of a sound mental training. Miss Hyde, who afterwards became the secretary of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, never ceased to follow with affectionate interest the career of her brilliant pupil, and between the two the old friendship was never broken.

He was next placed by his father under the care of an old West-Indian officer, a Frenchman, Louis Dugas, who had about him a few young persons in their teens. He went also at one time to some university, the name of which Mrs. Clarke does not mention. He studied at intervals afterwards with a Mr. Kearney, a pedagogue, who wrote his own school-books, and encouraged dramatic performances among his pupils. It was in Mr. Kearney's crowded establishment that the elder Booth, entering once unobserved, saw Edwin on a platform, in black jacket and white trousers, playing with J. S. Clarke, who was similarly attired, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius. These sudden and quiet appearances of his father were by no means infrequent in Edwin Booth's life, and the boy was able to recall many of them, although in all instances it was one of the father's peculiarities to ignore them and to have them ignored.

A clever self-taught negro taught Edwin the banjo, and under Signor Picioli he became a proficient on the violin. But of other instruction he knew none, except the world as it schooled him, experience as it taught him, or as the brilliancy and charm of his father's daily conversation helped to guide and form his tastes.

As to his personal appearance in those days, we have only this testimony from Mr. John H. Jewett: "He was a comely lad, as I remember him, dressed in a Spanish cloak (among the first to display that style), giving promise of the man he has turned out to be."

Mr. Edwin Booth, according to Mrs. Clarke, made his first appearance on any stage on the night of September 10, 1849, and at the Boston Museum. He played on that occasion Tressel. The story of his undertaking it is an old one, but one that is much too characteristic of both father and son to be omitted here. Mr. Thoman, prompter and actor, annoyed at some detail, shouted to Edwin, standing near him, "This is too much work for one man; *you* ought to play Tressel," which, after a little hesitation, the lad was persuaded to do. "On this eventful night the elder Booth, dressed for *Richard III.*, was seated with his feet upon the table in his dressing-room. Calling his son before him, like a severe pedagogue or inquisitor, he interrogated him in that hard laconic style he could at times assume.

"'Who was Tressel?'

"'A messenger from the field of Tewkesbury.'

"'What was his mission?'

"'To bear the news of the defeat of the King's party?'

"'How did he make his journey?'

"'On horseback.'

"'Where are your spurs?'

"Edwin glanced quickly down, and said he had not thought of them.

"'Here, take mine.'

"Edwin unbuckled his father's spurs, and fastened them on his own boots. His part being ended on the stage, he found his father still sitting in the dressing-room, apparently engrossed in thought.

"'Have you done well?' he asked.

"'I think so,' replied Edwin.

"'Give me my spurs,' rejoined his father, and obediently young Tressel replaced the spurs upon Gloucester's feet."

The very rare bill of this performance, perhaps the only copy in existence, for no one but the débutant would be likely to preserve it, was given, among so many other treasures, by Mr. Booth to The Players, and it hangs in the dining-room there, one of the most cherished possessions of its members.

In his beautiful and affectionate tribute to his father, published in the third volume of *Actors and Actresses*, Edwin wrote in 1885: "After my début in the very small part of Tressel, he 'coddled' me, gave me gruel (his usual meal at night when acting), and made me don his worsted nightcap, which, when his work was ended, he always wore as a protection for his heated head, to prevent me from taking cold after my labors, which were doubtless very exhausting on that occasion, being confined to one brief scene at the beginning of the play! At that time there seemed to be a touch of irony in this over-care of me; but *now*, recalling the many acts of his large sympathy, it appears in its true character of genuine solicitude for the heedless boy who had drifted into that troublous sea, where, without talent, he would either sink, or, buoyed perhaps by vanity alone, merely flounder in its uncertain waves.

"To comprehend the peculiar temperament with which my father charmed, roused, and subdued the keenest and the coarsest intellects of his generation, one should be able to understand that great enigma to the wisest—'Hamlet.'

"To my dull thinking, Hamlet typifies uneven or unbalanced genius. But who can tell us what genius of any sort whatever means? The possessor, or rather the possessed, if it is, as in Hamlet's case, more frequently its slave than its master, being irresistibly and often unconsciously swayed by its capriciousness. Great minds to madness closely are allied. Hamlet's mind, at the very edge of frenzy, seeks its relief in ribaldry. For a like reason would my father open, so to speak, the safety-valve of levity in some of his most impassioned moments. At the instant of intense emotion, when the spectators were enthralled by his magnetic influence, the tragedian's overwrought brain would take refuge from its own threatening storm beneath the jester's hood, and, while turned from the audience, he would whisper some silliness, or 'make a face.' When he left the stage, however, no allusion to such seeming frivolity was permitted. His fellow-actors who perceived these trivialities ignorantly attributed his conduct at such times to lack of feeling; whereas it was extreme excess of feeling which thus forced his brain back from the very verge of madness. Only those who have known the torture of severe mental tension can appreciate the value of that one little step from the sublime to the ridiculous. My close acquaintance with so fantastic a temperament as was my father's so accustomed me to that in him that much of Hamlet's 'mystery' seems to me no more than idiosyncrasy.

"While not his favorite, my presence seemed necessary to him when at work, although at other times he almost ignored me, perhaps because his other children were more vivacious and amused him more.

"Reserved and diffident, almost bashful, when away from home, my father behind his locked doors and bolted shutters was as gleeful as a child. Soon after sunrise he would dig in his garden, whistling as he worked....Contented within his family circle, he could not appreciate the necessity for any extraneous element there; hence his wife and children became isolated, and were ill at ease in the presence of other than their own immediate relatives."

The young actor had made so successful a hit as Tressel that various managers tried to induce the elder Booth to allow his son's name to appear on programmes with his own. To every offer of this character Junius Booth held out a stubborn resistance. Lawrence Barrett has told this story of that time: "On one occasion an old friend, then managing a Western theatre, asked Mr. Booth to allow him to bill Edwin with his father. He was met by the usual curt refusal, but, after a moment's pause, and without any sense of the humor of the suggestion, Booth said that Edwin was a good banjo-player, and he could be announced for a solo between the acts."

With no greater encouragement from his father, and being, as he was, still so much absorbed in unremitting care of him, it is hardly to be wondered that Edwin made so few of those early bows before the curtain of which the history of theatrical families is so full. His next public appearance, in fact, was not until Saturday, August 2, 1850, when he and J. S. Clarke gave by invitation a dramatic reading in the court-house at Belair. The story of it is an old one, but well worth repeating. Mrs. Clarke shows us the ride of these two enthusiastic young fellows the day before over twenty-five miles of rough country road and under a hot midsummer sun to order in Baltimore printed programmes for the performance; the eagerness of the rustics, who expected nothing less than a circus; the pasting by an old negro, to whom the task had been intrusted, of all their bills upside down; then the decorum of the audience, the men and women separating at the door of the building; and, finally, the unbroken calm and silence during their selections from *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, the *Merchant of Venice*, during the quarrel scene from *Julius Cæsar*, which had made the fame of the young striplings in their school-days, and even during the singing, with blackened faces, of negro melodies (not down on the programme) to the music of banjo and bones. A grim experience, surely, but one, happily, in which the humor of the situation was all that was afterwards remembered. Those printed programmes lay among their possessions for years.

Probably nowhere on any stage was ever a more curious entrance seen than that made by Edwin Booth in *Richard III.* It was at the National Theatre in Chatham Street, New York, in February, 1851. The elder and the younger Booths were at that time housed in some dingy, inconvenient quarter of the town, the father having always a fondness for the old places he had known in his youth, those that had, through circumstance of poverty perhaps, shrunk from joining in the march of new improvements. Here on one occasion, when the stage trunk with its properties for *Richard III.* had already been strapped to the waiting carriage before the door, and while the theatre, some distance away, had been for some time astir, Junius Booth suddenly announced that nothing would induce him to play that night. All the entreaties, the arguments, the despair, of his son failed to move the obdurate father. "Go play it yourself," was all he answered, in that quick curt way of his that was one of his strongest characteristics. Seeing the hopelessness of further effort, the boy drove to the theatre. "No matter," said John R. Scott, the leading support, whom he met; "you act it," making the very suggestion which the elder Booth had made. While the audience that filled the house waited before the curtain, the company behind it, in the wildest excitement, hurried Edwin into his father's costume, one member listening during the process to his recitation of the soliloquy. These clothes hung like bags about Edwin, and the applause which greeted his appearance entirely died away when the audience, who had been informed of no change, suddenly found itself confronted with a stranger. Yet, in spite of the almost overwhelming difficulties, the young actor won from them all repeated applause, and at the close of the performance a prolonged call. Mr. Scott then first made his explanation, introducing Edwin Booth as "the worthy scion of a noble stock," adding, under his breath, "I'll wager they don't know what that means." At the hotel, on his return, Edwin discovered his father in apparently the same position and mood as when he had left him, vouchsafing no remark, except a cold question in regard to how he had succeeded. Yet he always believed that as his father had once before seen his performance of Tressel, so now he had witnessed the entire tragedy of *Richard III.*, having been really very much pleased with his success on both occasions. Edwin was at that time barely seventeen years of age. In his later life, in referring to those early days, he wrote:

"Thenceforth he [the elder Booth] made no great objection to my acting occasionally with him, although he never gave me instruction, professional advice, or encouragement in any form. He had doubtless resolved to make me work my way unaided; and though his seeming indifference was painful then, it compelled me to exercise my callow wits; it made me *think!*"

Under Theodore Barton, of Baltimore, at a salary of six dollars a week, Edwin played, shortly after, an unimportant engagement in still more unimportant rôles. And it is a curious fact that this young actor, who was able to satisfy in Richard III. an audience awaiting his father, should have utterly failed in minor parts, Madame Ciocca, with whom he essayed pantomime, openly abusing him for his *gaucherie*.

It was about this time—he was uncertain of the date—that Edwin, as he was in after-years very fond of telling, played Titus to his father's Brutus one night in Washington, and in the presence of the author, John Howard Payne. During the same engagement, in the same city, he remembered playing Young Norval—the Old Norval of his father—in a gown borrowed from the leading lady's costume of Helen Macgregor, using the skirts as a kilt, and wearing the bodice, as he expressed it, "hind side before." These are but poor examples of the curious and interesting experience of his early life which his friends have so often heard him relate.

In 1852 the father and son undertook that memorable journey to California which brought so many changes into their lives. They crossed the Isthmus on mules. Each man as he slept held a pistol in his hand. To the one lady of the party a hammock was given. The men lay on wine casks and barrels, over which blankets had been thrown. Edwin kept silent watch through the long hours, hearing but not understanding the low whispers of the natives, who sat sharpening great knives near by, while rats, undisturbed by the intruders, ran about the hut.

After two weeks in San Francisco the Booths went to Sacramento, but affairs in California were at that time in so deplorable a condition that the elder Booth insisted on returning East, and on leaving Edwin behind him to gain an experience which the father felt would be of inestimable value to him. It had been at the solicitation of Junius Brutus Booth, Jun., that the journey was originally planned. Brilliant results had been hoped for, but a period of great depression had begun in California for those early settlers, who, a few months before, had been elated beyond measure by belief in the prospects of enormous wealth. The promised theatre in San Francisco had not even been started, and men were too frightened or too poor to make serious financial ventures of any kind.

There certainly could hardly have been a less propitious time for a young and inexperienced actor to face the world alone. And there now began for Edwin Booth a long and strange series of vicissitudes, such as would have tried the nerve of many a veteran, and which can hardly be repeated in the life of the newer generation of to-day. It was not alone that he was absolutely penniless, but that, being penniless, he had to carve his way to success through almost insurmountable difficulties, in mining camps, in half-settled and wholly new communities, and this in the cold of winter nights, and after having been snow-bound upon the mountain roads sometimes for days together.

It was in one of the dreariest of all these places, as Mrs. Clarke tells us, that the news of his father's death reached him. "There is a mail, and a letter for *you*," said some one who recognized him by the light of a lantern, as he walked in the slush and mud of a miserable little town, where gold-diggers had undermined the houses, and left deep and yawning gulches in all the roads. A courier, long delayed by the snows, had at last broken through the great banks and brought the mail. "What news is there?" Edwin had asked, but knew in a moment what his old friend Spear was afraid to tell him. The blow was crushing; and this loyal, hypersensitive son found it difficult to forgive himself for what he imagined to be the desertion of his father.

Financial straits of greater severity settled down upon this sorrowing youth and his friends. They walked for fifty miles through snow-drifts for engagements, only to disband at their destination—Marysville. With a borrowed ten dollars in his pocket, Edwin started for Sacramento, to find when he reached there that fire and flood had nearly destroyed the town. From Sacramento he went at once to San Francisco, with no prospects and in utter despair. There some friend returned him twenty dollars, lent and forgotten long before, and for the first, last, and only time in his life he walked into one of the gambling-saloons, too common in those days, and lost it all!

It may be fitting in this connection to say a word here concerning a very serious charge, the public discussion of which caused the subject of it much unhappiness. Edwin Booth was *not* a drinking man. During a long and intimate friendship with him of nearly twenty years' standing, in all kinds of society and under all circumstances, some of them the most trying that man can endure, I have never seen him touch brandy, whiskey, or spirits of any kind, and I do not remember his drinking even the lightest of table wines half a dozen times during all that period. And in this I will be heartily supported by the testimony of those who have been associated with him in any way. He was subject to attacks of vertigo long before his first slight stroke of paralysis upon the stage at Rochester in 1889, and his occasional feebleness and unsteadiness of speech and of movement were entirely

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attributable to that cause. It is safe to assert that any temperate man with an ordinarily strong head for such things could drink at a single sitting, and without showing or feeling its effects, all the wine and liquor put together which Mr. Booth consumed during the last five years of his life.

But to return to those early days in California. About this time, Fairchild, a scene-painter in San Francisco, induced Booth to play Richard III. at his (Fairchild's) benefit, which he did with such success that the managers, departing from their original intention—that of devoting their theatre to comedy—proposed to Booth the production of certain tragedies. He then played Sir Edward Mortimer, Shylock, Richard III., and Othello. At his own benefit, which followed, he assumed the part of Hamlet for the first time. According to Mrs. Clarke, Booth's choice of Hamlet on this occasion was made for reasons he held sacred. Long before, during that unproductive stay at Sacramento, Edwin, playing Jaffier to his father's Pierre, had, while in the black dress of that character, come suddenly upon his father on the steps of his dressing-room, to be greeted by him in his characteristic way: "You look like Hamlet. Why did you not do it for your benefit?" and Edwin had answered, "If I ever have another benefit, I will."

After his father's death these words, though carelessly spoken, had assumed for him the solemnity of a promise. And his promise he always kept. He did not remember in after-years the date of this memorable first performance of Hamlet, and the bill of that night was lost, unfortunately, with his other treasured Penates, at the time of the destruction of the Winter Garden Theatre in New York.

This benefit was followed by precarious days. Booth found himself gradually forced into the position of a stock star on a miserable salary. His name was used to draw when the names of others failed. He played secondary parts to Mrs. Catherine Sinclair, who had come to open the new theatre. James Murdock followed, and then came Laura Keene, who ascribed her failure to "Edwin Booth's bad acting"! Mr. D. C. Anderson and Booth at that time were living in a little hut on the outskirts of San Francisco, cooking their own meals, and washing and mending their own clothes.

Booth was persuaded by Mr. Anderson to go with him to Australia, actors returning from that country having given glowing accounts of the prospects and possibilities there. He played, when at Sydney, Shylock to Miss Keene's Portia. His Richard III. was received with great applause. But the unfavorable conditions existing at Melbourne induced this wandering band of players to return home. On their way to California their vessel stopped at Honolulu, where Booth put all his money, fifty dollars, into the rent for one month of the Royal Hawaiian Theatre, and where Mr. Roe, a short, thick-set German, doubling his parts, played both the Duke and the Duchess of York.

The Hawaiian court was at that time in mourning. The King of the Sandwich Islands as a child had seen the elder Booth as Richard III. in New York, and not wishing to miss the performance of the son in this same rôle, he went to the theatre, attended by two escorts, and sat on an arm-chair in the wings. When in the coronation scene this chair was needed as a throne, the King, with perfect amiability, yielded it to the uncrowned monarch of the stage.

Another benefit was given him before sailing, when he played King Lear for the first time.

On his return to San Francisco, Booth played, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Benedick to Mrs. Sinclair's Beatrice. A short and successful engagement followed at the American Theatre, and then once more Booth went to Sacramento, where the manager, for economical reasons, dismissed him. With Mr. Sedley, Mrs. Sinclair, and a Mr. Venua, he then leased a shabby theatre, and for the first time in America *The Marble Heart* was produced, Booth creating the part of Raphael. The success of this play was enormous there, but on the road it proved so great a failure that the company disbanded; and Booth was again obliged to make new overtures. He went next to San Francisco, and from there, with eight or ten persons, he started on a tour through the mining towns—Booth on horseback; the manager, his wife, and the stage properties in a large covered wagon. Stops were made at settlements of only a few huts, and *The Iron Chest* and *Katherine and Petruchio* were on the standard bill.

The profits from this journey were not great; and Booth, having left his horse in payment for a debt, arrived in a penniless condition in Sacramento. Here meeting Mr. Butler, an architect, he was made by that gentleman to see the importance of his return to the East, where other men were trying to fill the place left vacant by his father. Two benefits having been arranged by Mr. Butler, Booth left Sacramento free from debt, and carrying with him various testimonials from the public.

Those who welcomed his return to his old home in Maryland found few changes in his appearance. "He had come back older in experience only," says Mrs. Clarke, "for he looked like a boy still, and very fragile; his wild black eyes and long locks gave him an air of melancholy. He had the gentle dignity and inherent grace that one attributes to a young prince, yet he was merry, cheerful, and boyish in disposition, as one can imagine Hamlet to have been in the days before the tragedy was enacted in the orchard."

Booth opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, in the character of Richard III. Under J. T. Ford he played a short engagement in Washington, and at Richmond, Virginia, where Joseph Jefferson was at that time stage-manager. It was here that he met Miss Mary Devlin, who afterwards became his wife, and who was then a member of Mr. Jefferson's personal and dramatic family.

In the spring of 1857, Booth, having accepted an offer from Thomas Barry, played Sir Giles Overreach at the Boston Theatre. His success was instantaneous. He followed this character with a round of others, and on May 4th he made his bow before a New York audience as Richard III., at the Metropolitan Theatre, afterwards the Winter Garden, and then managed by William E. Burton. It had been entirely in opposition to the expressed wishes of the star that announcements of his appearance as Richard III. had been made. A character so closely identified with the great successes of his father was hardly the one in which this son cared to present himself. Everything in his sensitive nature was offended at the whole proceeding. It was with a feeling of outraged mortification and indignation that on his arrival in New York he read the flaming posters announcing him as "The Hope of the Living Drama!" "Son of the Great Tragedian!" and adding, "Richard's himself again!"

The actors who played with him, to whom rumors of his fame had come, were not altogether prepared for the manner of man he was. Lawrence Barrett, who was Tressel on that opening night, thus describes his first appearance at rehearsal: "A slight pale youth, with black flowing hair, soft brown eyes full of tenderness and gentle timidity, a manner mixed with shyness and quiet repose. He took his place with no air of conquest or self-assertion, and gave his directions with a grace and courtesy which have never left him." In the company on this occasion were many famous players—John Gilbert, Daniel Setchell, Mark Smith, Charles Fisher, and Lawrence Barrett.

During the next few years Booth played in Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Memphis, Mobile, Montgomery, St. Louis, and Louisville. In the winter of 1857 he was at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, under the management of E. L. Davenport, with Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough in the company. While in Boston he began that careful revision of his plays which finally resulted in the *Edwin Booth's Prompt-Books*, edited by William Winter in 1878.

In 1860 Booth married Miss Devlin, who had retired from the stage the year before.

During this year (1860) he played at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Wheatley and Clarke, giving for the first time his new interpretation of Bertuccio, in Tom Taylor's *Fool's Revenge*.

On December 10, 1860, Booth and Miss Charlotte Cushman began ten performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, playing Wolsey and Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII.*, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Shylock and Portia, Katherine and Petruchio. Booth's Macbeth, full as it was of fine intellectual quality, failed to please Miss Cushman, who begged him to remember that "Macbeth was not the father of all the Bowery villains!"

In September, 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Booth sailed for England. A series of accidents and misunderstandings made their visit almost a failure. In London he was met with what bordered closely upon open hostility. He opened at the Haymarket Theatre as Shylock, and played during this engagement Sir Giles Overreach. *Richard III.* was produced at the request of E. H. Sothern, but the support was so bad that the performance became almost a farce. After much hesitation, Mr. Buckstone, Booth's manager, consented to his appearance as Richelieu. Groups of men had gathered before and behind the curtain to hiss the performance, but the spell of Booth's magnetic acting roused the house to the wildest pitch of excitement, and adverse demonstration was impossible. Unfortunately, just at this moment, when his triumph was complete, Booth was obliged to leave London. He played for three weeks at Manchester, Henry Irving being a member of the stock company. He afterwards went to Paris, where the sword worn by Frédéric Lemaître in *Ruy Blas*, now the property of The Players, was presented to him. On his return to England, finding that Fechter was monopolizing the Shakespearian drama, Booth sailed for America. During the early part of his visit to England his only daughter was born, at Fulham, in the month of December, 1861.

On September 2, 1862, he began a successful engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway supporting him. In Philadelphia he played Macbeth to Miss Cushman's Lady Macbeth, for the benefit of the Woman's Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. On February 9, 1863, his wife, Mary Devlin Booth, died at Dorchester, Massachusetts, where she had gone in failing health.

Booth did not appear before the public again for some months after the death of his wife, that loyal friend Lawrence Barrett playing for him Richard III. and Ruy Blas.

With Mr. J. S. Clarke, the friend of his school days, and his sister's husband, Booth, in October, 1863, purchased the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. On March 28, 1864, having dissolved partnership with Clarke, he played *The Fool's Revenge* at Niblo's Garden, and for the first time in New York. On August 18, 1864, the Winter Garden Theatre was opened by Booth, John S. Clarke, and William Stuart. Mr. Stuart was known as the manager, but the leasing of the theatre had been undertaken in order to give Booth an opportunity for his own arrangement and setting of the plays. He occupied a suite of rooms in the theatre, narrowly escaping from them with his life when the building was burned in 1867.

Booth voted but once in life, and that was for Abraham Lincoln, in November, 1864. Not many days after this, on November 25, 1864, the three Booth brothers appeared in *Julius Cæsar*—Junius Brutus Booth as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus, and John Wilkes as Marc Antony. "The eldest," writes Mr. Clarke, "powerfully built and handsome as an antique Roman, Edwin with his magnetic fire and graceful dignity, and John Wilkes, in the perfection of youthful beauty, stood side by side, again and again, before the curtain." The aged mother of the Booths sat looking at them from a private box.

Following quickly upon this performance, and on the night of November 26, 1864, Edwin Booth began his hundred consecutive nights of *Hamlet*. The play was mounted with a magnificence unknown in the history of the American stage since the days of Charles Kean at the old Park Theatre, and enjoyed a longer run than any other play of Shakespeare had done up to that time. "I remember well," says Mrs. John Sherwood, "in the first year of our war, when we were profoundly miserable and frightened, what a relief it was to go and see Booth in *Hamlet*." "He is altogether princely," wrote Mr. George William Curtis in those days. "His playing throughout has an exquisite tone like an old picture. . . . It is not any particular scene, or passage, or look, or movement, that conveys the impression; it is the consistency of every part with every other, the pervasive sense of the mind of a true gentleman sadly strained and jarred."

A romantic interest attaches to the skull used by Booth in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*. During one of his father's visits to Louisville, years before, the horse-thief Lovett, then lying in jail, was pointed out to him. The elder Booth, being at all times a man of ready sympathy, and hearing that Lovett had no means of obtaining counsel, employed a lawyer for his defence, though he understood from the first that Lovett had no case. Lovett, out of gratitude, bequeathed his skull to Junius Booth to be used in *Hamlet*, "that he might think when he held it in his hands of the gratitude his kindness had awakened." After Lovett's death this skull was sent to the elder Booth. Edwin used it for some time, but finding that the grave-diggers injured it, he substituted for it a property skull. Lovett's skull is now carefully preserved on a bracket in the corner of the apartment at The Players which Mr. Booth reserved for himself, and occupied during the last years of his life.

Booth played Sir Edward Mortimer at the Boston Theatre on the night of April 14, 1865. The next morning the news of the great calamity which had befallen the country reached him. Resolving to leave the stage at once and forever, he retired, overwhelmed with sorrow and shame, to his home in New York, where he lived in the strictest retirement and the deepest dejection for many months, supported by the kindly sympathy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Launt Thompson, and other old and trusted friends.

Many urgent reasons made Booth's return to the stage both a necessity and an obligation, and at last he reappeared at the Winter Garden Theatre as Hamlet on January 3, 1866. In the streets, as the crowds gathered, angry threats were heard, though, for the most part, a kind and temperate spirit prevailed, while inside the theatre men from every part of the country had assembled. Nine times they cheered him as he entered. Showers of flowers fell upon the stage, and the house was shaken with the tumult of applause. In Boston, Philadelphia, wherever he appeared after this momentous return, the same generous welcome was accorded him.

During the engagement at the Winter Garden Theatre the presentation to Booth of the famous "Hamlet Medal" was made. After the performance of the tragedy on January 22d, Booth, still in his stage dress, received a notable group of men. Admiral Farragut, Major-General Robert Anderson, John T. Hoffman, George Bancroft, Charles A. Dana, Judge Daly, S. R. Gifford, Launt Thompson, Jervis McEntee, were among the number. William Fullerton made the presentation speech.

In January, 1866, Booth, with J. S. Clarke, leased the Boston Theatre. After his engagement in Boston he appeared in Philadelphia on the 23d of April, 1866, to commemorate the anniversary of the "Birth and Death of Shakespeare." During the fifty-one nights which succeeded he played Othello, Romeo, Shylock, Richard III., Ruy Blas, Don Cesar de Bazan, Hamlet, Richelieu, Petruchio, The Stranger, Bertuccio, Sir Giles Overreach, and Pescara. *Hamlet* ran for twenty-one nights. Booth produced *Richelieu* at the Winter Garden on February 1, 1866. On the 29th of the following December he played Iago to the Othello of Bogumil Dawison, Othello speaking German, Iago English, and Desdemona (Madame Methua Schiller) German to Othello and English to the rest of the company. The event of this season (1866–7) was the production of the *Merchant of Venice* on January 28, 1867, this play running for seven weeks. On the 22d of March, *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, was given. On the 23d of March the theatre was burned, Booth losing all his properties, including many articles once belonging to Edmund Kean, John Philip Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons.

The destruction of this house led to the building of Booth's Theatre. To raise money for this enterprise Booth travelled for two years. In Chicago Miss Mary M'Vicker, whom he afterwards married, made her first appearance as Juliet to his Romeo. In Baltimore he played Sir Giles Overreach, Miss M'Vicker playing Margaret. Owing to an unfortunate sword thrust while playing Pescara in the *Apostate*, he was obliged to act in *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and *Othello* carrying his right arm in a sling, fencing with his left. After his engagement in Baltimore he made a tour of the Southern and Western States.

Booth's Theatre was opened on the 3d of February, 1869, with the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, given for the first time in America in the original text of Shakespeare. The house of Juliet in the second act was sixty feet in height, and had two balconies, one above the other. Romeo's ladder was thrown over the balustrade of this solidly constructed building. Fifty men were required to set and draw the "loggia scene" above the flies. The play ran for sixty-eight nights, Booth playing Romeo, Miss M'Vicker Juliet, and Edwin Adams Mercutio.

The Moor of Venice was produced on April 19, 1869, Edwin Adams and Edwin Booth alternating as Othello, Miss M'Vicker playing Desdemona. On June 21st *Enoch Arden* was given by Adams, the theatre remaining open during the summer. Booth and Miss M'Vicker were married June 7, 1869, the lady retiring permanently from the stage. She died on her husband's birthday, on the 13th of November, 1881.

Among the plays produced by Booth at his theatre were *Romeo and Juliet*, *Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Moor of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Lady of Lyons*, *The Iron Chest*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Richard III.*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Fool's Revenge*, *The Fall of Tarquin*, and *Don Cesar de Bazan*. When Booth travelled, other "stars" filled the time at the theatre, Miss Neilson, Joseph Jefferson, Miss Bateman, and J. S. Clarke appearing there at intervals.

Edwin Adams was Booth's leading man, and had the privilege of producing his own plays on Saturday nights. With Lawrence Barrett the same arrangement was made the season following.

Booth's Theatre, which had taken two years in building, had cost him in its construction over a million of dollars. But the nervous strain of managing so vast an affair, together with his acting, proved too great. In 1873 the theatre was leased to J. B. Booth, who met with little success, and Booth found himself suddenly bankrupt. He surrendered to his creditors all his personal and private property, including his books, and retired to Cos Cob, Connecticut. So perished one of his fondest hopes.

Booth on October 25, 1875, opened at Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre. At this time he produced for the first time his own adaptation of Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, a play once acted by both Edmund Kean and the elder Booth, but afterward allowed by them to fall into disuse.

During this engagement Booth played *King Lear* from the original text. With J. T. Ford he travelled through the South, giving fifty-two performances. With Mr. M'Vicker he travelled in the West, his engagement closing in June, 1876.

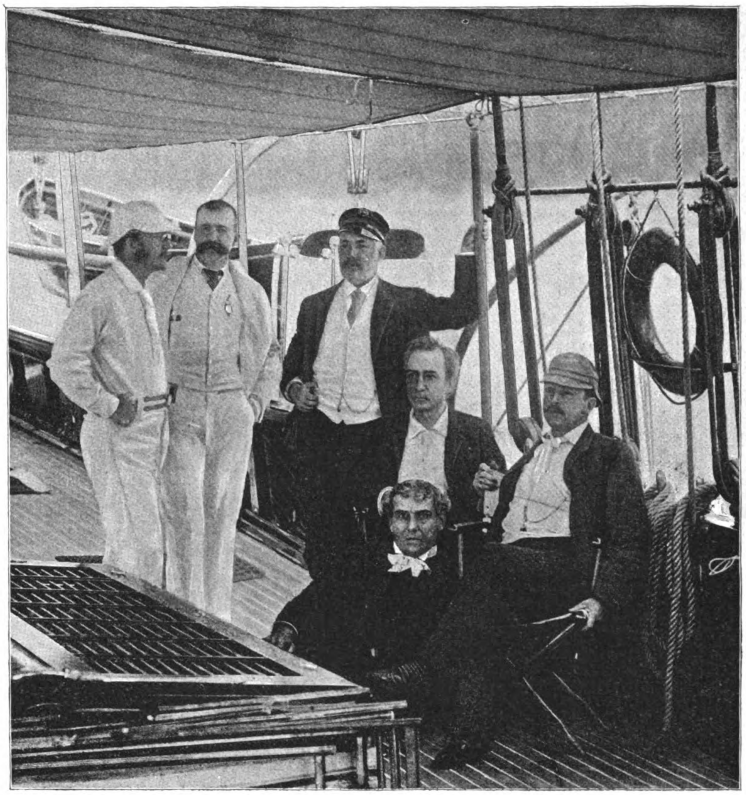
John McCullough, understanding the extent of Booth's bankruptcy, urged his going to California. On the 5th of September, 1876, Booth arrived in San Francisco, twenty years to a day since he had left the city. His old friend D. C. Anderson was still there, but all traces of their former haunts had disappeared.

Booth's success in San Francisco was overwhelming. During the same season he was again, however, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under the management of Mr. McVicker. At the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, while still under Mr. McVicker's management, Booth played to enormous houses, although the panic caused by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, with a loss of more than three hundred lives, had almost destroyed the business of every other company. He then went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, closing his long engagement on the 19th of May, 1877, with three weeks at the Globe Theatre in Boston. On September 10, 1877, he was again at work under Mr. McVicker, in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany. In January, 1878, he rented Booth's Theatre, playing for six weeks under his own management. Later he played at the Park Theatre, Boston, for

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three weeks, then at Pittsburg for two, for two at Baltimore, and for three weeks at Clarke's Broad Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. For five weeks he appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and later he went to Detroit and Chicago. In Chicago, on the night of April 23d (Shakespeare's birth-day), he was fired at from the pit by a lunatic named Gray. At the third shot he rose and walked to the foot-lights, pointing out the would-be assassin to the startled audience. The excitement naturally was intense. One of the bullets missed him by a few inches. Had he left his chair at the proper and expected moment in the play —*Richard II.*—he could not have escaped. This bullet he preserved as a talisman, wearing it on his watch-chain, having engraved upon it "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879." From every part of the country expressions of congratulation reached him, when, as his sister observed, he particularly "needed such sympathy to stimulate him in the pursuit of his profession, for so many adverse circumstances seemed to conspire to enervate and overcome his powers."

At the close of his Chicago engagement Booth rested till October 6th, when he began a two weeks' engagement in Baltimore, going from there to the Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and for four weeks playing at the Grand Opera-house in New York. Under Mr. Abbey's management he began a brilliant engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, in March, 1880. Under Mr. Abbey again he played, in April, 1880, for four weeks at Booth's Theatre. After an engagement in Brooklyn, Booth played Petruchio at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for the benefit of the "Edgar Poe Memorial Fund," this being his last performance before sailing for England. On the 15th of June a public breakfast was given to him at Delmonico's, New York. The speeches were made by Judge John R. Brady, Judge Charles P. Daly, Algernon S. Sullivan, Edmund C. Stedman, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer, Lawrence Barrett, Lester Wallack, Joseph Jefferson, and William Warren, and a poem was read by William Winter.



ON THE YACHT "ONEIDA."

Booth, with his wife and daughter, sailed from New York on the 13th of June, 1880. After a few months' travel on the Continent he opened the new Princess Theatre, London, on the 6th of November, as Hamlet. He afterwards played at this house Richelieu, Bertuccio, Othello, Iago, Petruchio, Shylock, and King Lear. At the Lyceum Theatre the next season, under Henry Irving, he played Iago and Othello, alternating the parts with that gentleman. And during the summer of 1882 he was at the London Adelphi. His last professional visit to Europe was made in the summer of 1883, when he played in English with a German-speaking company in the capital cities of Germany, often prompting the persons who supported him, although quite unfamiliar with their language. These engagements were, in an artistic point of view, enormously successful.

Between 1881 and 1886 he played during the winter seasons throughout the United States with all his old fire and skill. It was not until a year or two later that his waning physical powers and his own wishes led him to retire. That he remained, perhaps, too long upon the stage he was fully aware, but he could not resist the appeals of his old comrade, Mr. Barrett, nor his own inclinations to help his fellow-players when they needed his personal support.

In combination with Mr. Barrett, therefore, and under the business management of that gentleman, he began, at Buffalo, New York, in 1887, a series of brilliant seasons, which ended only with Mr. Barrett's death in 1891. They played together in *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Richelieu*, Mr. Barrett taking the parts of Claudius, Cassius, Antonio, Othello and Iago, and Du Maurat, when they attracted the largest audiences, at an increased scale of prices, ever seen, for so many consecutive nights, in the history of the theatre in the United States. In 1890 Mr. Booth, supported by Madame Modjeska, still under Mr. Barrett's management, but not in connection with him, played a limited engagement throughout the country; and in 1891 the two stars were again seen in conjunction at the Broadway Theatre, New York, until Mr. Barrett's sudden death in March brought the season to a close. Booth's last appearance upon any stage was at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, at the matinée performance on Saturday, April 4th, of that year; and his last public utterance, in a short speech made after the fall of the curtain on that occasion, is worth quoting in full. It is taken from the report written



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MR. AND MRS. BOOTH AND DAUGHTER.

for the *Tribune* of the next day by Mr. William Winter. "Ladies and gentlemen, I scarcely know what to say, and, indeed, I can only make my usual speech—of thanks and gratitude. I thank you for this kindness. It will never be forgotten. I hope that this is not the last time I shall have the honor of appearing before you. When I come again I trust that I shall be able to give greater attention than I have ever given to whatever part I may play. I hope that my health and strength may be improved so that I can serve you better; and I shall always try to deserve the favor you have shown."

The last words of Hamlet, however—the last words which Mr. Booth, as an actor, ever uttered—are much more significant and much more touching—"The rest is silence!"

Edwin Booth lived in quiet, happy retirement at his home in the house of The Players, watched and cheered by his loving daughter and a few old friends, until, at last, early on the morning of the 7th of June, Death beckoned him away, and he passed to his reward.

THE REST IS SILENCE!



MR. BOOTH'S MOTHER.—FROM AN OLD PAINTING.



MR. BOOTH IN HIS ROOM AT "THE PLAYERS."—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HORACE BRADLEY.

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE YALE-HARVARD CREWS started for New London last Saturday, June 10th. They will begin final preparations for the great race of the 30th on much more even terms than they did in 1892.

Last year Yale sent an eight to New London that was fully prepared to do crew-work and crew-rowing. All the individual faults of the men had been eradicated before they left New Haven; they were rowing pretty well together, the men were all in good condition physically, and equal to almost any amount of work, and all that was left for the coachers and the men in the boat to do was to improve on that crew-rowing in order to make a fast eight.

This year Yale sends an eight to New London that has many individual faults and a limited amount of crew-rowing. There is a great deal more work left for the coachers this year than last, and it is strange that there is too, when it is remembered that last year J. A. Hartwell, the captain, had a lot of more or less green material to work on, while this year Captain Ives has five of the men who sat in the winning boat last June on the Thames. And this goes to show that a veteran crew is not invariably the easier handled. In fact, it is the exception where a veteran in a boat keeps his interest alive during the long period of ding-dong coaching; he is apt to work perfunctorily.

CREW-WORK DOES NOT BECOME good crew-work until the eight men seem to be rowing as one. Like a machine, they must all appear to be connected, if not physically at least mentally. They must all think alike, and think at the same time, and of the same thing, in order to produce that machinelike work and exactness.

This is what seemed to be the matter with the Yale crew when seen last at New Haven on the eve of their departure for New London. To the casual observer the work of the men looks smooth and to some extent finished, but the fact is it seems to be done with too much effort. Van Huyck, at 3, for instance, was swinging out of the boat to port and twisting himself on the finish, thus bringing his hands into his body in an awkward and unnatural way. Rogers, at 5, while rowing in good form, did not keep up with the speed of the boat, so that he seemed to drop behind. Ives, at 7, and Johnson, bow, were together.

THE OUT-BOARD WORK OF THE YALE CREW on the recovery is good. The blades all come out of the water at the same time, excepting that of No. 2, without splashing, and go back as cleanly, and are brought close to the water on the catch, all the blades losing their feather at the same time and dipping with the same bevel. But the in-board work of the recovery is not so good. No. 2 has a tendency to drop over in the full reach. No. 3 is slow in getting his hands away from his body on the first part. No. 7 moves much too lively for No. 6 to follow him closely. All this makes the recovery, so far as the in-board work is concerned, look slightly irregular. When all the men will move a little more in unison on the first part of the recovery, the effect to the eye will be much more pleasing, and the effect on the shell will, and must, inevitably be more speed. If the coachers and Captain Ives can remove those little and yet important faults, the work of the crew will be encouragingly better.

ON THE PORT SIDE OF THE BOAT, Messler, at 2, was slow, rowing a short stroke, and dropping over at the catch. This sends his oar into the air just before going into the water, making him take the water behind the others. Longacre, No. 4, is not in time. Paine, at 6, pulled a strong oar, and sat well up to his work, thus helping along 7 and 8. Stroke once in a while let his crew drive him, instead of remaining master of the situation, but as a rule 8, 7, and 6 were well together, while the rest of the men were slow or awkward, and seemed to stop out as it were.

In spite of these individual faults, however, the fact remains that the Yale boat travels well and at times fast. If the coachers can get all the men to swing together and pull alike, there is no reason why the crew should not turn out to be a fast one. The blades catch the water hard, and the stroke is pulled through with a vim and dash. It is altogether probable we shall see Yale get together, and once again start that "rowing machine" over the flagged course on the Thames.

THE HARVARD CREW HAS HAD a lively week. Early and late they have been worked, and several times put over the four-mile course at full speed, closely followed by the launch, and severely criticised by ex-Captain Perkins, who has put life and dash into his coaching, and stirred the crew up in such a manner as to have a good effect upon the motion of the shell. It no longer rolls from side to side, but is kept fairly well on its keel. There is still room for great improvement, but on the whole the progress has been satisfactory, and the advance, with the exception of the rowing of one or two of the men, gratifying to both coach and captain. On June 10th they went to New London, and the crew, with possibly the exception of bow, is practically settled. Burgess may keep his position in the bow, but he will have to put forth his very best efforts to do so. Strong as he is and plucky, as every one knows him to be, he wastes his strength, and by the unevenness of his stroke greatly impedes the progress of the crew. His heart and soul are in his work, but as yet he has not grasped the principles of good rowing. He stands out as an individual, and fails to adjust himself to the rest of the crew, and is not, strictly speaking, a 'varsity man, but he can make himself a better imitation of one if he can only correct a few of his worst faults.

STARTING WITH THE CATCH, his oar goes into the water with the wrong face to the blade; it cuts in too deeply and travels along with a wavering motion which indicates that he does not keep a firm, steady pressure upon his stretcher. On the recover, his oar waves about in the air, and is not tossed out gracefully and evenly. His body-work, especially at the finish of the stroke, is awkwardness itself. He is absolutely without dexterity in the management of his shoulders, and hunches them badly when they should be held firmly back. He pulls hard, but his efforts instead of being directed to pushing the shell ahead are expended in first raising the bow out of the water, and then forcing it down into it. In fact, as he is rowing at present, he is more of a hinderance than an aid to the crew.

JOHNSON, AT 2, HANDLES HIMSELF fairly well, and though not especially strong pulls an average even stroke. He needs a little more confidence in himself, and more determination to make the most of his natural abilities. While his watermanship is not first-class, it is yet better than Burgess's, and he is a much more effective man. Like Burgess, he fails to keep his weight on the stretcher, but his body-work is much superior. He apparently has some difficulty in following Newell, and as he begins to get tired physically he allows himself to pay less and less attention to his time.

Newell, at 3, is the least-effective man, for his strength and experience, of all the men in the Harvard boat. He and Burgess pull very much alike. Like Burgess, he forces the shell up and down in the water instead of ahead. He has always been noted for his great strength, his large muscles, and his endurance, but "chesting out" does not help to win a boat-race, and that is about all Newell is doing at present. He finishes his slide and with great strength pulls the handle of his sweep down into his lap, believing, no doubt, he has helped the boat along, when in truth his great efforts have tended to destroy the work of the other men rather than fit into it. He dips too deeply, and pulls too much with his arms. From start to finish of the stroke he labors without finish, with marked muscular effort, and in poor time. His rowing is very poor for a man who has entered upon his third season in the 'varsity, but fortunately he is beginning to wake up to the fact, and during the past few days has shown that he can row better. If he learns to help instead of retarding the crew, he may become a useful member, but at present he is holding them back.

DAVIS, AT 4, IS THE ONLY MEMBER of the crew who is pulling his oar through the water at the proper level and with steady pressure. There is generally a hollow behind and a mound of water in front of his blade. He pulls an easy, graceful oar, and a decidedly effective one, considering his build and strength. His back is weak, or at least he finds it hard work to sit up when he is not rowing. He may be interested in his work, but he never has the appearance of it.

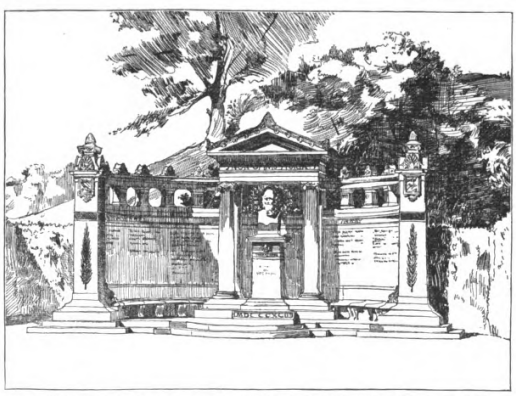
Fearing, at 5, is beginning to show the effects of hard work. He is a little overtrained, and has had to take a rest for a few days. His long reach and quick motions make him a hard man to follow, and were he not held back by the natural slowness of Vail in front of him, it is a question whether Davis could do so. As it is, in his endeavors to follow Vail he is forced to slow up and curtail his reach in order to keep time. He is rowing extremely well, considering the time he has been at it, and it is to be hoped that he will soon learn to depend less upon his arms and more upon his legs to push the boat ahead. At present he is not properly rigged. There is too much of an angle to his reach forward.

(*Continued on page 586.*)

THE BRYANT BUST.

AFTER many years the bust of William Cullen Bryant, the American poet, by Launt Thompson, is to be removed from its resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and mounted upon a handsome monument of white marble in Central Park. The monument and pedestal for the bust were designed by Architect Ernest Flagg, of this city, and will be erected from the purest Italian marble. The bronze bust of the venerable poet was designed and executed several years ago, before Mr. Bryant's death, by the sculptor-artist Launt Thompson. It was submitted to Mr. Bryant and his family, and by them declared satisfactory. It was also passed upon by the Board of Park Commissioners of that time, but was never erected, owing to the rule which will not allow any monument erected in the parks until five years after the person's death. Since the bust was executed it has occupied a niche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park.

The monument now to be erected will be placed in a location in Central Park to be determined upon to-day by the Park Commissioners. The money for its erection has been subscribed by Mr. Bryant's old friends and associates, members of the Century Club, of which Mr. Daniel Huntington is president and Mr. John Bigelow vice-president. The cost of the monument will be, exclusive of the bust, about $30,000. The inscriptions will consist of the titles of the poet's greatest works, and the names of the subscribers to the fund. The name of the poet is carved in the pedestal, underneath which is the word "Thanatopsis," the title of his greatest poem. Work will begin immediately after the site has been set apart by the Park Commissioners. A lack of space prevents mention of the subscribers' names in these columns.



PROPOSED BRYANT MONUMENT, CENTRAL PARK.—ERNEST FLAGG, ARCHITECT.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

BY the death of Mr. Edwin Booth, whose name as our most representative actor has been a household word in this country for many years, the contemporary stage has lost the last link, or perhaps, more properly speaking, the remembrance of the last link, which bound it to a school of actors and acting, of dramatic art and methods and theories of dramatic art, now passed away. Is it because we are less intelligent or more so, more cultivated or the reverse, that we seem no longer to care for or take any interest in that style of acting and plays in and by which Mr. Booth earned his acknowledged reputation as the first English-speaking actor of his time? It would be hard to say. Certain it is, Mr. Booth is the last of his line, as well as of his family, and there is none either able or apparently anxious to take his place. It was a much more difficult matter to be thought a great actor in the days when Mr. Booth earned his reputation than in these days, when scenery and the calcium-light have become such important factors in histrionic art. Besides difficulties of many kinds, Mr. Booth had also to contend with the presence and reputation of a father so great as to be still thought by many people to have been the greatest English-speaking actor that ever trod the boards, but his natural talents, his thorough training in a not too easy school, and his rarely attractive characteristics of mind and person speedily won for Mr. Booth, both in this country and abroad—where, on his second visit, he received an ovation—a position in the dramatic world which has not been attained by any other actor of his time. As a man Mr. Booth was characterized by a gentle, placid indolence, which, when not stirred by his art, led him to, as it were, saunter through life with easy-going and kindly indifference. For all his nonchalance of thought and demeanor, the fires of real genius burned within, and when aroused he was, as the world well knows, capable of the highest passion and emotional expression. At times he would dominate the audience and the players around him with the very majesty of genius, and sweep everything before him with uncontrollable enthusiasm. Equally happy and admirable in his domestic and social relations, Mr. Booth was ever the subject of the warmest regard among those he honored with his friendship and sympathy, and by his gift to his beloved profession of the house and collections which made the Players Club a possibility, has left an enduring monument not only of his love for his art, but also for his friends.

The summer season is certainly upon us with all its dulness, as the theatres last week presented practically nothing in the way of novelty. *The Isle of Champagne* served to introduce to the New York public a new aspirant for prima-donna honors in the person of Miss Ritchie, a young and very pretty lady, who, in spite of the most unpromising material with which she had to work, must be accredited with having made a favorable impression on her début, and can be looked upon as possessing not a little promise. Messrs. Herrmann and Kellar both exhibited some new tricks, and that is all. Promenade concerts by Mr. Anton Seidl and his orchestra took the place of the varied entertainment inaugurated at the Madison Square Garden the previous week, which, as might have been expected, disappeared, lost, engulfed, and swallowed up in the immensity of its surroundings. The Seidl orchestra seems to play in rather better form than when last heard here, and looked upon as promenade concerts, these entertainments are certainly above the average. The programmes are pleasantly varied, and, as is usual with Mr. Seidl, well-selected. Monday and Friday of each week are set apart as Wagner nights, Tuesday as "Request" night, and so on.

The news comes from London that on its first production Leoncavallo's much-talked-of opera *I Pagliacci* was received with a favor quite equal to that accorded to Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The general feeling seems to be that both works are of the same type—very interesting, very thrilling, full of incident and strong crude passion, with little psychological treatment, and almost primitive in their direct, forcible, almost savage truth and sincerity. Both composers have undoubtedly realized the modern dramatic tendency towards sensationalism, and have piled situation on situation, climax on climax, in a liberal if somewhat unfinished style. One critic speaks of *I Pagliacci* as a "shilling-shocker in glaring yellow colors"; another comments on the extreme art and skill in which comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand throughout the piece, so that there is an undercurrent of comedy in the tragic scenes, and in the most purely comedy situations there is a subsentiment of tragedy. Leoncavallo's melodies are spoken of as fresh, and, for the most part, original, but not entirely devoid of commonplaceness. It seems to be generally admitted that the scoring is excellent, and that whatever its faults, the work possesses the same kind of thrilling human interest that *Cavalleria Rusticana* does, although, as a whole, more cultured and refined than that work. To sum up, the consensus of opinion seems to be that *I Pagliacci*, while a highly dramatic and interesting work, can hardly be termed a great one, in that it fails in a measure to carry the conviction of its greatness; although it is full of go and strongly sincere and spontaneous, it never quite carries one beyond and away from a disposition to criticise. Like Mascagni's work, *I Pagliacci* shows the influence of the thought at least—and there is in some cases more than the thought—of other minds, but also proves its composer to be a thorough musician, possessed of great talent, even of genius and real dramatic feeling, and in so far holds out the greatest possible promise for future works by the same hand.

This latest product of what has been termed the modern Italian school of opera has been so much discussed and is exciting so much interest that a short summary of the plot may be of interest. The opera is in two acts, the scene being laid in Calabria at the Feast of the Assumption. During the prologue Tonio, a hunchback, the jester of a

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troupe of strolling players, steps before the curtain, and announcing himself as the "prologue" of ancient custom, foretells the story, showing "the sad fruits of love and passion." The curtain rises upon a picturesque scene at the entrance of the village, showing the travelling theatre, while to the sound of trumpet and drum the players come on. Canio, their leader, and Nedda, his wife (the Clown and Columbine), occupying the cart drawn by a donkey, and led by Peppe, the Harlequin. Canio is chaffed by the crowd concerning the attentions that the Hunchback pays to his wife, and his reply gives the key-note to what is to come. Should his wife deceive him, he says, he would be a very different man from the Pagliacco of the comedy, and the end would not be so pleasant. The Hunchback makes love to his mistress, and is laughed at, as her affections are bestowed upon Sylvio, a handsome villager, who now comes on to persuade her to fly with him. A passionate love duet founded upon a telling motive is partly overheard by the injured revengeful Tonio, who goes for Canio, and brings him up as Sylvio disappears. The husband overhears his wife make an appointment for that night with her lover, but does not see his face. Canio stifles his rage and decides to abide events, and the act ends with the outburst of his pathetic sorrow.

The assembling of the villagers for the Strollers' performance opens the second act. Sylvio is among the crowd. At first the comedy begins with a story of marital deception, which forms a strange repetition of what has actually happened previously. When Canio hears his wife making her midnight tryst in the very words used by her to her escaping lover, he can no longer restrain his rage, but declares himself an outraged husband bound on revenge. The spectators, thinking that the comedy is still in progress, warmly applaud the lifelike acting; Nedda tries to keep up the illusion, but Canio is in deadly earnest. He demands the name of her lover, and after Nedda has again and again refused to give it, his rage ultimately masters him, and he plunges a dagger into her bosom. Falling, with a cry for help, she involuntarily speaks her lover's name. Sylvio then rushes towards her, and is instantly stabbed to the heart by Canio; while the Hunchback, with a malevolent smile, turns to the crowd and says, "The comedy is over."

From the published accounts of the story of the new Savoy opera, *Jane Annie*, the book by Messrs. J. M. Barrie and Conan Doyle, the music by Mr. Earnest Ford, one would think that the stage of the Gilbert and Sullivan shrine had been turned into a sort of Kindergarten. The story of the opera deals with the thrilling complications developed from the conflicting emotions of Jane Annie, the good girl, and Bab, the bad girl, of a young ladies' seminary. With the remembrances of the delightful wit and originality of the *Professor's Love-Story* in mind, one is almost tempted to ask how Mr. J. M. Barrie could descend to such apparent puerility. The composer, Mr. Ford, is an Irishman, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music and of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The music of *Jane Annie* is said to be distinctly Sullivanesque, its chief faults being a lack of striking melody and variety, and a rather monotonous style of instrumentation — cardinal faults, one would think, in comic opera. The romantic music is said, however, to possess power, and the harmonization to be good throughout. As Mr. Ford is a pupil of Sir Arthur's, it is certainly natural that he should give evidence of that pupilship. As matter of fact, any musician at the present time who takes a simple rhythmic melody and treats it polyphonically with careful harmonization is accused of imitating Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The discovery which this gentleman made, and to which certainly the success of *Pinafore* and many others of his works was in a great measure due, was that a hymn tune or choral played in accelerated tempo is a most attractive thing. The very simplicity of the theme appeals to the uninitiated, and an educated musician has ample opportunity for showing his taste, skill, and refinement in the treatment of the accompaniment and in development. While the credit of the discovery is due to the discoverer, there seems no reason why that discovery should be absolutely reserved for his own special use, more particularly as the sources of his inspiration were in many instances common property. Why is it—the same old question coming up again—that an architect who goes to his authorities and reproduces well-known classical forms, with or without original variations, is praised and commended, while a musician, by the same token and for the same proceeding, is called a plagiarist, or a conscious and willing imitator? REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE FORD'S THEATRE DISASTER.

A SAD, serious, and inexcusable disaster occurred in Washington Friday morning, June 9th. The building, formerly Ford's Theatre, in which Abraham Lincoln was shot by an assassin, which has been used as an Army Medical Museum, and more recently as an adjunct of the War Department, fell in, and buried beneath the débris of roof, floors, ceiling, and furniture very many of the government clerks. There were of these twenty-two killed and fifty wounded. Nearly all of the wounded will probably recover. This was an old building, and it has many times been reported to be unsafe. It has been kept in use, however, because, in the first place, there was a sentimental indisposition to destroy the building in which occurred the Lincoln tragedy, and then Congress has never made any appropriation for other and more suitable quarters. It was deemed too unsafe for the repository of the books, papers, and specimens of the Medical Museum, but good enough to hold the four or five hundred clerks of a bureau of the War Department. These clerks belonged to the Pension Record Division of the War Department, and were employed in copying the army muster-rolls used during the war. Men had been at work for several days in the cellar of the ramshackle structure, excavating for an electric plant. It is supposed that these men undermined the walls, which slipped a little and let the floors in. Only the front half of the building gave way.

There was in the centre of the building an air and light shaft that ran through all the three floors. In front of this shaft the floors gave way; behind the shaft the floors stood intact. Otherwise the loss of life would have been almost beyond precedent. Those who were in the building say there was but one crash, and all the floors seemed to give way at once. Immediately after the crash there arose a dense cloud of lime and dust, which filled the parts of the building left standing and prevented those unhurt from knowing exactly what had happened. In a very short while after the accident men were at work taking out the wounded and removing the débris, so as to find the bodies of the dead. By five o'clock in the afternoon twenty-two dead bodies had been found and fifty wounded men taken to the hospitals.

Reports of the accident spread rapidly, and in a little while the crowd of persons attracted to the place was so great that the police had to be re-enforced by the military, a company of artillery coming from the barracks, and a troop of cavalry from Fort Myers. All work in the other departments was practically suspended, and the friends and relatives of the clerks of the division occupying the building crowded Tenth and the neighboring streets. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to fix the responsibility for the continued occupation of this unsafe building upon any particular officer. But in Washington all seem to agree that for eight or nine years past the building has generally been regarded as entirely unsafe and unfit for use as a working-place for any large force of clerks.

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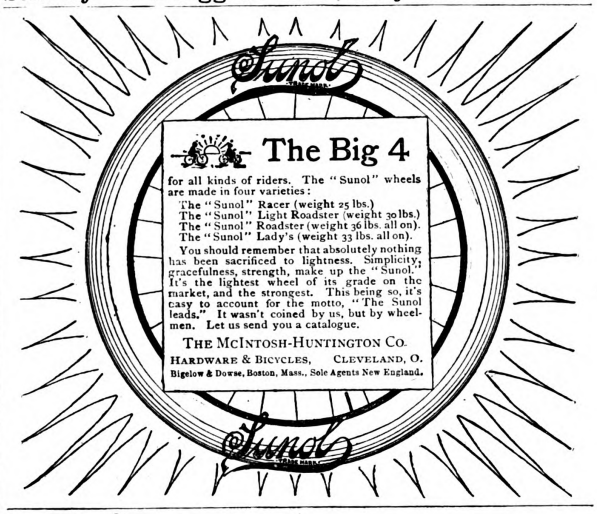
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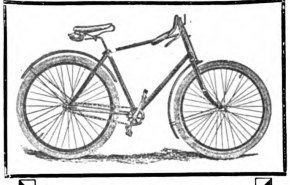
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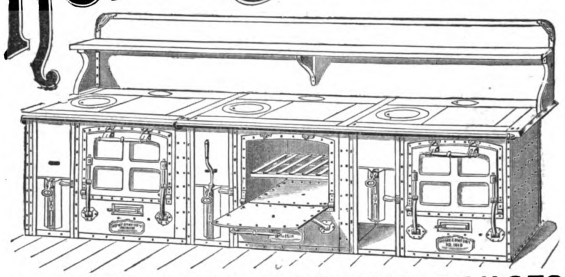
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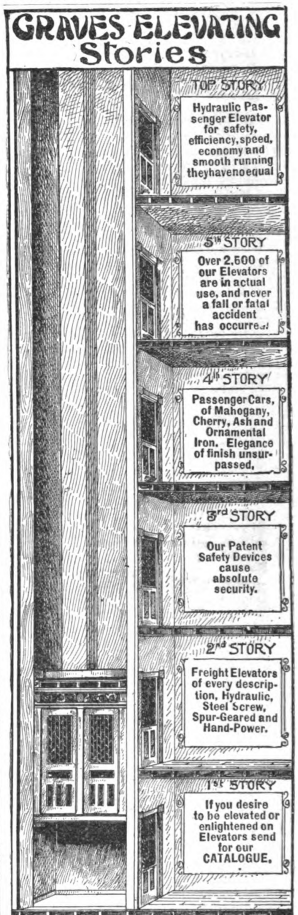
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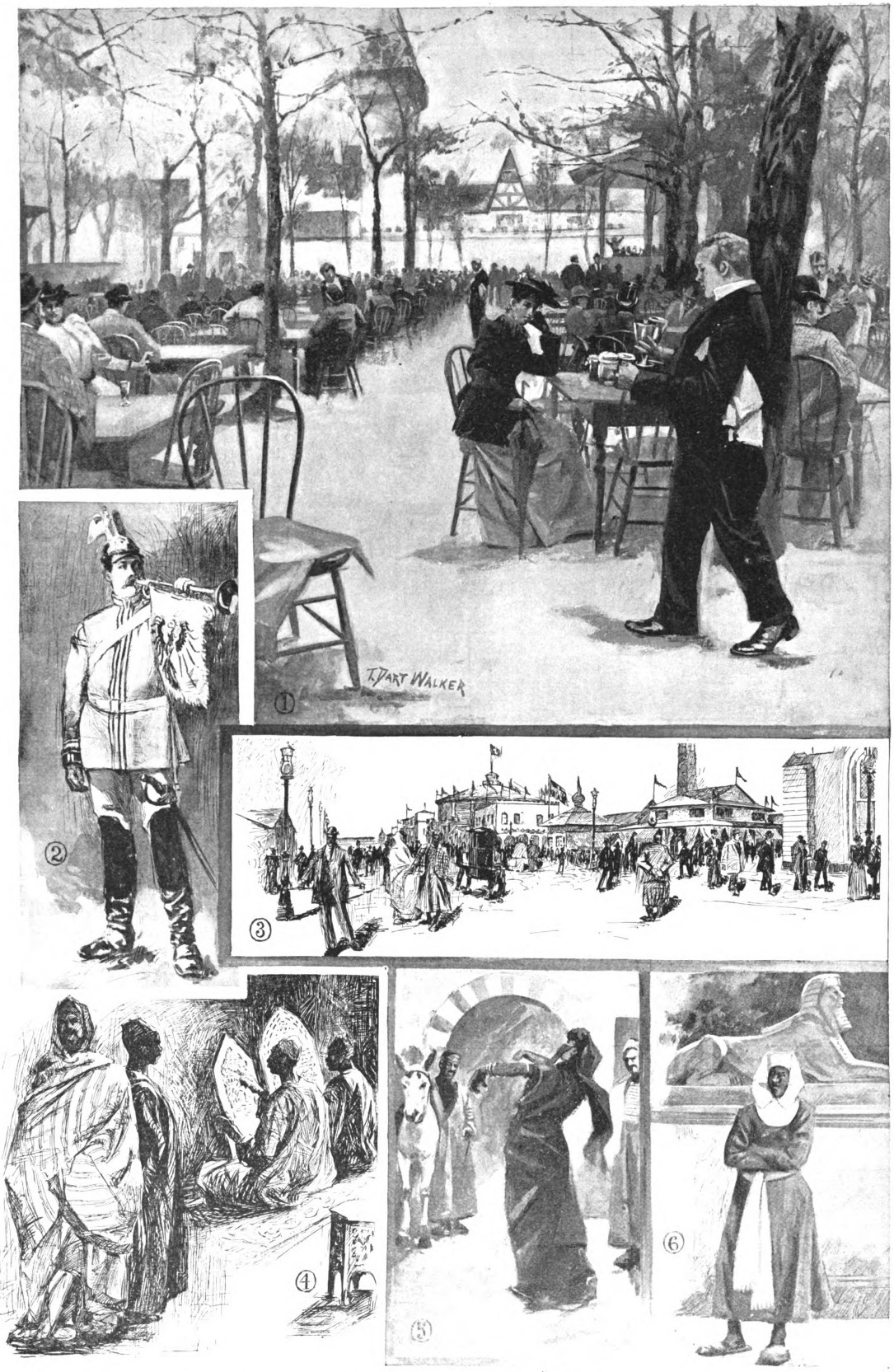
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN AND ABOUT THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.

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AMATEUR SPORT.—(*Continued from page 582.*)

Vail, at 6, is naturally slow, but during the past few days he has put more life into his work, and is getting into good condition to back up 7. His blade-work is not what it should be, but he has improved upon it greatly since a week ago.

WEEK BEFORE LAST THERE WAS EVERY INDICATION that Cummings had awakened from his long winter's nap and had made up his mind to properly fill the position of starboard stroke. But during the past week he has either become overtrained or else he has gone to sleep again. He is reproducing the old fault which has helped to defeat Harvard for so many years: he is not in time with stroke; he is behind at the catch, behind at the finish, behind on the shoot. Once in a while he does move with stroke, showing that he could, if he tried hard, do his work properly. His blade-work, also, is not what it should be. He does not keep his oar square against the pin, but allows it to slip away at times, making his pull a series of jerks instead of a steady sweep. He must improve considerably if Harvard is to have a fast crew.

Fennessy is fulfilling the promise which he gave early in the season, and is rapidly developing into a good stroke. His finish, however, is poor. He goes back too far, and finishes too close to his body. He should sit up better, and make the change to the recovery a little quicker. After he starts on the recovery he moves quickly enough, but he could save seconds of time and run the stroke up much more easily did he not have these faults. He does not take his oar out cleanly, but feathers under water, and consequently drags when he should move with life. A little extra effort on his part during the coming two weeks and he will make a name for himself at stroke.

TAKING THE WATER QUICKLY and getting in a good shove with their legs, the Harvard crew manages to start their shell instantly, and rapidly get a good headway. But as their speed increases, they seem unable to control themselves accordingly. They fail to catch her quick enough, and the consequence is that by the time their oars take the water they have lost nearly all, if not the whole, of the speed they have gained by the previous stroke. The shell shoots ahead during the stroke, glides along during the first part of the recovery, and then stops, while the eight men steady from their rush to the full reach and get ready to put their oars into the water. It is their inability to control the last part of the slide that is seriously impeding the progress of the shell during the recovery. It is their poor watermanship and inability to keep a firm, steady pressure on their stretchers which is causing them to waste pounds and pounds of strength on the stroke.

It has often been said that a good crew can gain as much on the recovery as on the stroke. It is practically true, for a poor recovery will ruin the best stroke that can be rowed. The quickness of the recovery should come at the first part, and the effect of eight men moving rapidly towards the stern is to send the shell ahead. There comes a time, however, when the eight men must change the direction of their motion and start back again. This change must be made quickly, but just before the change is made is the critical time. If they rush their slides at the end, as the Harvard men are doing, they are forced to stop themselves before they can change. When they stop they become deadweights, the shell rapidly loses headway, and they undo a part of the work they have already done. The Harvard crew must learn to steal out slowly the last part of the recovery, gathering themselves on their stretchers as they move, and getting ready for the change, which must be made quickly, with the least possible apparent effort.

AS YOU FOLLOW ASTERN OF THE HARVARD CREW, the oars on the port side are seen to take the water much better than those on the starboard. They are better together, and there is less splashing. The shell seems to be kept fairly well on her keel, but there is a marked tendency to roll as the men come to the full reach.

Following alongside, the individual faults which have been enumerated are well marked, and even at a distance one can notice that Cummings generally comes up a little behind stroke, and can see the labored efforts of Burgess and Newell. Near-by, one notices how, after only a few moments' rowing, the men are pressed for breath. Their mouths are open, and they plainly show that they have not yet learned how to prepare themselves on the recovery for the stroke which is to come. It is but another result of their method of rushing down the last part of the recovery. They have to take the stroke before they are ready for it; they grow confused, and their rowing soon becomes a series of short jabs at the water, for in their haste to catch up they begin to shorten the length of their stroke. They are unable to keep their stroke long, not because they do not know how, but simply because they do not yet understand how to take the most advantage of a good stroke after they have rowed one.

If the Harvard crew can learn, while at New London, to keep their oars squarely against their pins, and master the art of a slow recovery, Yale will find a crew worthy of their best efforts, and one which they will have hard work to defeat.

DESPITE REPORTS TO THE CONTRARY, recently exploited in some of the daily newspapers, the Cornell 'varsity shell is going much faster to-day than it was last year at this time. Some changes have been made recently: Krantz was taken ill, and his place filled by Robbins, of last year's Freshman crew; Collins, bow, has been replaced by Freeborn, also of last year's Freshmen. The general form of the men is not so good as it should be, though considerable improvement has been made in the past week. Though the boat moves very steadily and keeps on its keel, it still stops between strokes, the men getting away too quickly with their slides. There is not enough snap in the recovery, the hands are not shot away quickly, and the grip on the water has no vigor in it.

The chief fault in the blade-work is that they do not catch the water quickly, nor, Hager excepted, get the blades in squarely. Hager, however, cocks his oar, and is inclined to bury it too deeply. Most of the others, notably Hull, go to the other extreme, and are besides inclined to feather under water.

The Cornell Freshmen are doing well, considering the several changes in their make-up, owing to loss of men. Hamilton, who is now stroking, shows remarkable endurance and energy for so slight a man. The general work of the crew is worthy of more experienced oarsmen; it is full of snap and determination. Shaw and Howard are probably the best of the lot, and one or both will go to Minneapolis as 'varsity substitutes. The crew is doing well, and certainly every man is proving himself a sportsman, working in the face of the discouraging happenings of the current year. It is, indeed, too bad they cannot get on a race with either Harvard or Yale. The average weight and age of the three given herewith do not bear out the impression that Cornell boats are filled by older and heavier men: Yale Freshmen—average age, 19; weight, 173. Harvard—age, 19; weight, 170. Cornell—age, 19; weight, 159.

THE FRESHMAN RACES ON THE THAMES promise in results, from the present outlook, to be a repetition of last year. Cornell is much superior to Columbia, the latter's crew being considered the poorest the blue and white has turned out in a long time. Harvard has nothing to boast of, while Yale is reported to have quite as good a crew as last year, which is saying a great deal. This will leave Yale and Cornell so much ahead of their respective opponents that the New London week will be decidedly incomplete without a race between them. Every college man in the country wants to know what good reason there is to offer why Yale and Cornell Freshman crews should not meet at New London this month. The Cornell and Columbia race comes on the 20th, the Yale-Harvard-Columbia race could be rowed on the 24th instead of the 29th or the 26th, and the Yale-Cornell race on the 29th, the day before the Yale-Harvard 'varsity struggle. It is only a question of whether Yale will, for Cornell is willing.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CREW is not rowing as well as it should at this late day, and its work is not nearly so clean as that of Cornell's. The body-work is fairly good, but the men are unquestionably clumsy in handling themselves, and the workmanship of the crew is wretched, generally speaking, and particularly noticeable in the bow. The oars do not strike the water together, nor with the same bevel, while on the recovery they are "cocked" each one at a different angle and distance from the water; all this causes the shell to roll badly, and creates as much splashing as a side-wheel ferry-boat.

The arrangement of the men has been changed recently, and to good effect. Hollingshead has gone to bow; Barnes, stroke, Waters, 7, Wilson, 6, and Marshall (captain), 4, sat in the boat last year; Hollingshead was a substitute, and A. F. and J. H. Wagenhurts at 5 and 3 and Beck are new men, and without previous training. The experience with this year's 'varsity has demonstrated beyond a doubt how very essential is the Freshman crew to a university which hopes to support a 'varsity eight. There is plenty of power in the boat, and the men are working faithfully to correct their faults, but there must be a tremendous improvement if the Pennsylvania 'varsity crew hopes to finish nearer Cornell on Lake Minnetonka than it did on Lake Cayuga.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOWS held last week and the week before in New York and Philadelphia were the most successful affairs of the kind ever given in this country. It was the intention to comment on these shows at some length, but the death of Booth and the consequent claim on the space of the WEEKLY, besides the other demands on this department, have made only the briefest remarks possible, which is highly unsatisfactory to the writer, to say the least of it. Comment must, therefore, be confined to the New York show, as being the most important. Too much credit cannot be given to the handful of sportsmen who actually made this show possible, and who put their hands into their pockets to cover the deficit. People only began this year to realize what an encouragement to the breeder of American horseflesh this show is, and what a grand educator for the people it may be. There were twice as many spectators this year as last, and it did not require an experienced eye to observe how thoroughly the show, generally speaking, was enjoyed. The management was of the best, and every man and woman that purchased a ticket received more than their money's worth. The open air horse show in New York has come to stay. The people have just awakened to the pleasure it dispenses to spectators and the gifts to horsemen, and next year we shall see few empty seats on the grand stands.

AS FOR THE HORSES, the display was exceptionally good; all the classes were well filled, and the quality of entries far above last year. The saddle-horses and high-steppers were particularly good, but I must ask the judges of the former by what precedent they place Mr. Eugene Higgins's Lauderdale, a second prize winner in the ladies' saddle-horse class, and especially over Mr. Widener's Lady Preston, which is as superior a ladies' hack as may be conceived? And how is it so many entries get into this class that have no business in it? One sees horses that are pulling the very arms out of their male riders capering about. It would be interesting to have a definition from the judges as to what constituted a ladies' saddle-horse. And some of the riding! The wonder is several of the poor beasts did not refuse to show off at all, for the way they were handled. There was a fine display of hunters, but there should be some distinction made between horses that can simply get over a fence of respectable height and a hunter. For instance, will any one say Mr. Pepper's irascible but clever high-jumper, Maud, is a hunter? It does not follow that because a horse can get over a few bars it is a hunter. There should be a decided change in the present classification before the next show. Warwick, which I saw but once, seemed the cleverest and most natural jumper of all the entries. He went over the fences beautifully, drawing in his fore legs precisely like a deer. Certainly he outdid Mr. Collier's Majestic the day I saw him perform after the hounds.

THE JUDGES AND THE EXHIBITORS seemed to confound roadsters and trotters. The harness classes filled well, and brought out some beautiful horseflesh. The tandems and fours were very good. But again two queries are suggested for the judges' response, viz., why is not the *all-round* action of both horses in a tandem taken into consideration and an average struck, instead of being carried away by an unusual leader or wheeler? and, again, how can winners in a road four be candidates for honors in a park four? In these two classes different qualities are to be desired. In park fours Mr. Boudouine had really an easy win, for no other entry was within hailing distance, and all his horses were grand animals; but how the sluggish beasts Reginald Rives was driving got second only the judges can tell. They had no snap, no style, and were distinctly inferior to Mr. Carman's, who certainly was treated very shabbily by the judges, as in the road four he should have had at least a ribbon if not first. Instead of which the circus performance of Bates in rushing around the track evidently caught the judges as well as the gallery. It is desirable, of course, for road teams to be equal to a gallop, but that is not the only thing. Quality should count for something. When practically the same team wins a third in park fours, it's time some one took the judges aside, and whispered gently in their private ear.

PRINCETON PLAYED THE BEST GAME of the season on Saturday, but it was not good enough to keep Yale from scoring two runs to their none. Gunster's failure at third to hold a thrown ball let in one, and Speer earned the other by a long fly over the left-fielder's head for a home run. The features of the game were Woodcock's (Princeton) work (he caught out seven men in left field, made one single, and beat the ball to first once), and the pitching of Carter and Drake. Although Carter struck out 13 men to Drake's 4, the latter held Yale down to two base hits, while Princeton got four, and twice beat the ball to first on bunts. Drake never put up a better game, and Humphrey caught him without an error, and threw finely to second. Otto played brilliantly at short, but made two bad fumbles. Murphy plainly showed the lack of practice; twice he fumbled the ball, and he did not get to first during the game. The rearrangement of Yale's field strengthens it materially. Bliss at centre looks natural, and no better than he could be put there. Beal is a big improvement at second. Humphrey should be kept behind the bat. Princeton's fielding was brilliant, but not so steady as Yale's, their base running was better, though Gunster spoiled an otherwise clean record in this respect. Princeton had 7 men left on bases, and Yale 3. This makes Yale the winner of the series, but a third game will be played in New York on the 17th.

THE OUTCOME OF THE YALE-HARVARD game is very much more uncertain since Murphy has taken his old place on the Yale nine, and Highlands has got off probation and gone into the Harvard box. With Wiggin in the box it looked as though Yale would have the advantage, inasmuch as her batters could hit him, while it is doubtful if the Harvard batsmen could do as much with Carter. On the other hand, Yale's weak in-field meant that some of Harvard's best batters would be very apt to reach first on errors, if not on a clean base hit. Both teams are now strong where they were the weakest, and the contest will be exceptionally interesting. No team has yet been able to solve Carter's delivery for more than a few scattered hits; but Harvard is very strong at the bat, and has been able in every contest with other nines to bunch hits at some time in the game. But then they have not faced such a man as Carter. The chances are slightly in favor of Harvard, because her batsmen, besides being harder, are surer hitters, and her base-running is better. The Harvard-Brown game, Saturday, won by the former, 2–0, showed Highlands to be in form, as he struck out twelve men.

THE PENNSYLVANIA NINE MUST PLAY better ball than it has shown in its last games to take either of the coming games (on the 12th and 14th) from Harvard. It has not fulfilled the promise of the first part of the season, and shows such pronounced unsteadiness at times that it undoes all the previous good work. It won, or rather the pitcher Clarence Bayne won, the Princeton game on the 7th, score 4–2, but it was due more to the fact that the Princeton substitute pitcher was in the box than to any good playing on Penn's part, since they made five errors. Bayne pitched a strong, steady game, striking out eleven men and not giving a single base on balls.

In the game against Cornell on the 9th Pennsylvania again filled up the error column (5), and Bayne was not so effective as at Princeton. He struck out six men, and gave four first bases on balls. Priest, the Cornell pitcher, carried off the honors, striking out ten men, but also giving first base to four men. The game began well for Pennsylvania, but, as usual, they could not rise to the emergency when Cornell did some hard and timely hitting, while Cornell put up an all-round strong game, and made but one error, finally winning by a score of 7 to 5.

In the game on Saturday, Cornell won her third victory over Pennsylvania, 6–3, by hard hitting and good fielding, making only two errors, while Pennsylvania made six.

INSTANCES OF GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP in baseball appear to be the exception this season, and I therefore note with pleasure the action of Cornell in their game with the University of Michigan at Detroit on Decoration day, account of which has been sent me by a spectator in whose judgment I have full confidence. It was an exciting eleven-inning contest, finally won by Cornell, which was stronger in stick-work, and fairly earned the victory. The crowd naturally was in favor of the home team, and manifested itself in the usual manner; but the umpire was far more dangerous to Cornell's chances than the noisy but good-humored spectators. "Every close decision was against Cornell, and several others not at all close were so palpably unjust as to be the common remark of disinterested spectators."

Notwithstanding the crowd and the umpire, Cornell never once became rattled, and finally batted out the deserved victory. They acted like gentlemen and amateurs throughout the trying contest. The umpire was Michigan's selection, and, in fact, was the change pitcher of their own team; and certainly his work created suspicion as to his motives.

MISS CAHILL WILL NOT DEFEND her title to the singles championship at Wissahickon next week. She has now held the challenge trophy two years, and in her absence the title and cup go without further contest to the winner in singles of the tournament. That Miss Moore will make as strong a bid for the title as she did last year goes almost without the saying. With the experience of the past year and her (somewhat too much so) cautious methods, she should prove a strong opponent. Her recent defeat by Miss Mowry by a score of 6–4, 6–1 on the Berkeley Oval is significant, and should be taken into consideration in looking over probable winners. Should Miss Roosevelt play and show the form she did at Staten Island last autumn, the chances are more than even on her winning the tournament.

THE VAGARY OF LAWN TENNIS was evidenced at New Haven last week when Clarence Hobart wrested the New England championship from E. L. Hall—6–3, 5–7, 3–6, 8–6, 6–4. Only last week, in the Southern championship, Malcolm Chace defeated Hobart, and subsequently fell an easy victim to Hall's hard, steady play. Hobart has not shown such clever work for a couple of years as he did against Hall, and it looks as if he was getting back into his 1891 form. The match was brilliant from the beginning. Hobart tried to keep Hall at the back line, but the latter got to the net often enough to make his opponent play a better game than he did all last year in order to win, and his drives across the court were equal to the best Larned showed at Newport last year. Hobart made the most effective use of his particular stroke in sharp low returns.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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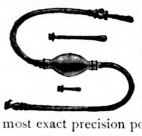
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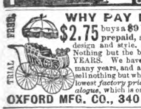
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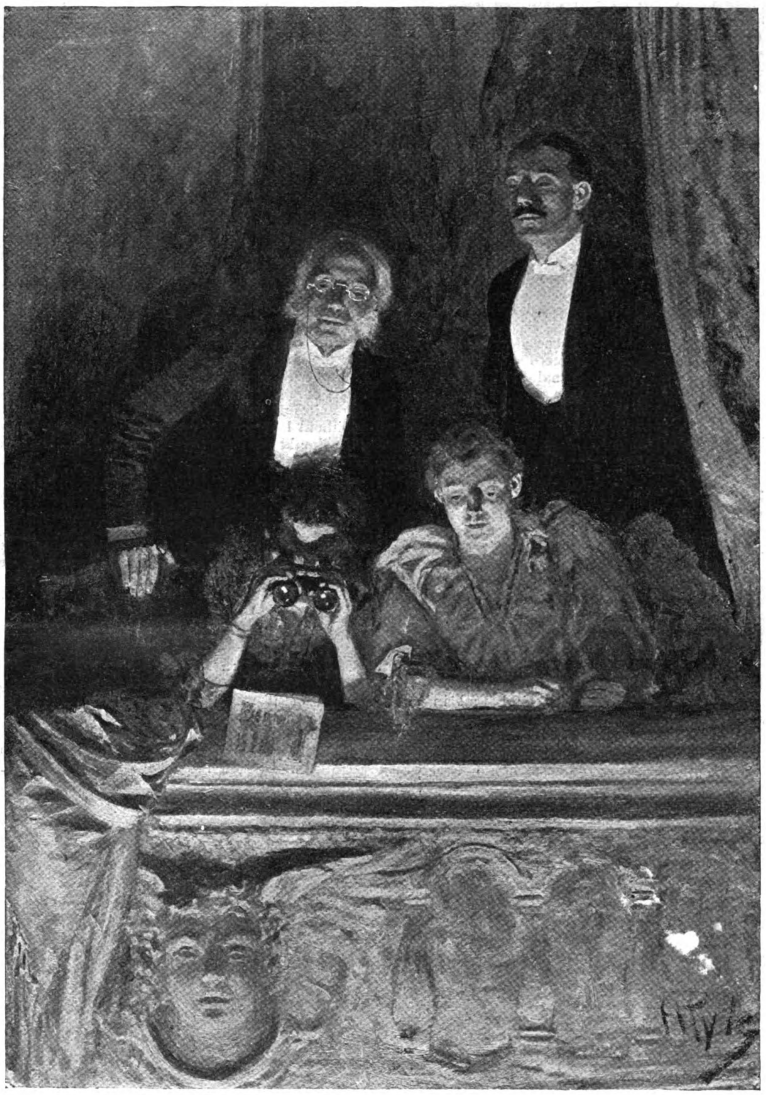
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1905. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.—A SKETCH IN OUTLINE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

TOM STAMFORD had just come from college. He was ambitious in the direction of journalistic life, and the immediate opening that presented was to do general hack-work for the *Liberator*.

The *Liberator* was a weekly journal modelled somewhat after the style of the *Spectator*, and Stamford's uncle Elihu, who was that sort of a rich man who takes an occasional pot-shot at a new venture, was a considerable stockholder in the paper. This gave Stamford some claim upon it; he wrote a good deal for it, and not all that he wrote was rejected.

In spite of the positiveness and sonorousness of its name, the *Liberator* was at that time leading a rather pallid existence. But it was new, it was spending money, and it was very hopeful of meeting the impact of solid experience and of surviving that encounter without going altogether to pieces. It was just then in what one might call the "cherry stain" state of existence, for the panels of the office were of stained cherry, the office rail was of stained cherry, the new and shining desks were of stained cherry, the revolving bent-wood seat on which the editor sat was of stained cherry, and the torture-seat upon which his contributors sat to hear the fate of their contributions was also of stained cherry. A paper with money and great expectations is very apt to start in this state of existence.

The *Liberator* was at that time in the opposition, and was very positive in its position. It used to advise the administration and the Upper and Lower Houses of Congress with an air of impartiality and restraint that conveyed the idea to the reader of a tremendous but suppressed motive power behind, which, if the editor only once dared to let it go, would smash, or at least seriously cripple, the Executive department of the United States.

Stamford at that time was a very young man. He also looked upon the *Liberator* through a rosy atmosphere of hope and of youth. He felt that it was destined to have a great future, and that by means of it he himself might also rise to a great future. So he used to write his bits and scraps of literary odds and ends, and a good many of these were published. He assumed an air of literary experience at that time, and used to speak of what he wrote as "stuff." "I ran down home last Sunday, and staid a couple of days to write up a lot of stuff for the *Lib*," or "I wrote a thousand words of stuff last night for the *Lib* about Salvini." (Salvini was just then the rage in Boston.)

One day when Stamford went into the office to inquire the fate of some one of his manuscripts he found Mr. Cadger, the editor, in a more expansive mood than usual. The editor began by saying, "I don't believe we are going to be able to use all this paper of yours, Mr. Stamford. You've gone unnecessarily into detail. Maybe if you'd cut it down to eight or ten hundred words we might be able to do something with it." He tossed it out upon the desk as he spoke, and Stamford picked it up, trying to look as though he did not care. Then Mr. Cadger resumed and lit the cold and dead end of a cigar that lay amongst the papers on his desk; then, tilting in his chair and cocking his feet up on the desk, he yielded himself to a general expansive impulse to talk. "The fact is," said he, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, and winking away the smoke that drifted into his eyes—"the fact is that you make the same mistake that all writers, particularly noviti-

(*Continued on page 594.*)

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THE EXTRADITION TREATY WITH RUSSIA.

THE extradition treaty recently concluded between the United States and Russia has called forth serious criticism in this country, mainly on account of the clause providing that the assassination, or attempt at assassination, or accessoriship to such assassination, accomplished or attempted, of the head of the government of either of the contracting countries shall not be considered as belonging to the class of political offences, and that persons presumably guilty of such crime in one country, taking refuge in the other, shall be extradited upon demand made in due form. Another clause is objected to, putting the forgery of public documents among the extraditable offences. It is argued that while an attempt upon the life of the President of the United States could hardly be prompted by any political motive, an attempt upon the life of the Russian Czar could not possibly be prompted by any other, and would therefore presumably always be a political act; that the accessoriship to such a crime or such an attempt would be construed in Russia as including every person belonging to, or having any direct or indirect connection with, any political organization or movement a member or adherent of which might, of his own motion, make an attempt upon the life of the Czar or any member of the reigning family, and that thus persons merely joining in an endeavor to transform Russian autocracy into a more liberal form of government, when eluding the clutch of Russian despotism and seeking refuge in the United States, might lose the benefit of a safe asylum here and have to be surrendered to his prosecutor. It is also argued that, inasmuch as a passport is a public document, and the treaty makes the forging of public documents an extraditable offence, and political refugees have to use—and always do use, especially in Russia—false passports to escape the police, every political refugee having availed himself of this necessary means of escape will have to be extradited by the United States to Russia on this ground. In other words, the leading republic on earth is said to bind itself by this treaty to aid the most despotic government on earth in suppressing liberal movements set on foot against it.

That this was not the purpose of those who made the treaty on the part of the United States, and that they would not have made it had they apprehended any such consequences, goes without saying. It may be added that they thought they had guarded the language of the treaty sufficiently to avoid any such consequences. In fact, it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that if under this treaty any case of such a nature should arise, the people of the United States would find some way practically to prevent or defeat the execution of the treaty. Nevertheless, we are of the opinion that such an extradition treaty should never have been made between the United States and Russia, and we are certain it would never have been concluded had its provisions, instead of being passed upon in secret, been subjected to public discussion.

It is needless to say that we abhor the assassination of anybody, Czars and Kings included; we abhor it whether prompted by political or any other motives. The cause of human liberty has never been furthered by the assassination of a monarch. We abhor, above all things, the ruthless ferocity of the dynamiter, who, if he does not aim at indiscriminate slaughter, at least risks it. As to the assassins of Russian Czars, they may be of different classes. If they come from the lower ranks of the people, they are usually killed on the spot. If they come from the ranks of the military aristocracy, they may in that country, whose government has felicitously been called "a despotism tempered by assassination," be among the honored servants of the murdered Czar's successor. This has happened in Russia more than once, and may happen again. In neither case will the extradition treaty with the United States be called into operation. But it is by no means unlikely that the Russian government may try to use it for the persecution of persons who, as agitators for liberal ideas, have made themselves obnoxious to the Russian autocracy, and whose continued activity in foreign parts that autocracy wishes to cut short. Attempts may be made to implicate such persons as "accessories" in some plot to murder the Czar, or to accuse them of having forged public documents, and thus to effect their extradition. That such attempts will meet with no practical success in the United States we firmly believe; but the United States ought never to have given the Russian despotism any pretext for making them.

Extradition treaties are to serve the beneficent end of facilitating the administration of justice in repressing crime and promoting public and private security, and may properly be concluded, as the Institute of International Law declared in 1880, "between states whose criminal legislation rests on analogous bases and which have mutual confidence in their judicial institutions." No well-informed person will pretend that this condition is satisfied by Russia even in a moderate degree. The most populous and important part of Russia, including the two great capitals St. Petersburg and Moscow and almost all the centres of wealth and intelligence, have been under martial law ever since the accession to the throne of the present Czar. Under the law relating to this "state of siege" all cases which the government wishes to deal with by summary process may be transferred from the civil to the military tribunals, which may sit behind closed doors if they please. The Governors, under that law, exercise substantially unlimited police power, issue "imperative regulations" concerning all matters touching the safety of the state, the violations of which they punish at discretion. They may make arbitrary searches and seizures in all buildings whatever, and send to Siberia obnoxious persons by mere "administrative process." They have behind them a penal code which punishes with death not only every criminal act, but "every evil intention" against "the life, the health, or the honor of the Emperor"; and "evil intention" shall be "regarded as an actual crime not only in cases where the guilty person has attempted to carry his intention into effect, but also in cases where he has taken part in such designs at the solicitation of another, or has formed or entered into a conspiracy having such ends in view, or has orally or in writing, by thought, proposal, or in any other way, entered into preparations looking thereto." This is the language of the penal law; and we maintain that with a country the spirit of whose government is expressed in laws punishing men with death for evil intentions, and that sends persons to Siberia without legal trial by mere administrative process, we should not only be very guarded in wording our extradition treaties, but we should have no extradition treaty at all.

This treaty is, no doubt, the offspring of a notion widely entertained in the United States that Russia has always been the fast and most useful friend of this republic, and that everything should be done to please her. We are very much in favor of maintaining friendly relations with Russia, but not under a feeling of extraordinary obligation. There is a legend that during our civil war Russia sent a fleet here under an understanding with our government that the Russian ships should join our forces in case of a rupture with England. We have never been able to discover any proof of this story. All we could find in substantiation of it was that "somebody knew somebody who heard Mr. LINCOLN say," etc. But we do not doubt that Russia would have been very glad to see Great Britain involve herself in a quarrel with the United States, for the simple reason that England's trouble is Russia's opportunity. And this is the key to the Russian friendship for this republic. Russia would not surprise us if she urged our government by all means to take the Hawaiian Islands, because American and English interests might then have a fair prospect of getting into collision on the Pacific. When Russian and American naval officers had a friendly carousal in New York Harbor on a recent occasion, united action against Great Britain was, as ever, the burden of the song. This is the extent of Russian friendship, and no more. But for the dreams of combination against England the Russian autocracy would gladly see the American democracy perish. Russian friendship, therefore, does not call for any sacrifice of principle or pride on our part. As to international companionship, the freest and most liberal nation in Europe is certainly to the great republic of America a worthier comrade than the most cruel and odious of despotisms. And as for our interests, if Russia were the master of Asia instead of Great Britain, we should find much less freedom of commerce there than while India is in the hands of England.

The Russian treaty having been duly signed and ratified, the President will have to proclaim it. But it contains a provision for its termination after six months' notice by either power, and this notice cannot be given on our part too soon.

A GOLD PREMIUM.

WHAT would happen if the Treasury gold gave out? The suspension of gold payments by the government in the near future is a possibility, even though not a probability. The Treasury gold reserve is small, and is subject to possible heavy drafts; the government may be compelled to resort to the payment of some of its obligations—perhaps the Treasury notes of 1890—in silver. What would the consequences be?

The first simple consequence would be a premium upon gold. Gold would not be supplied by the Treasury in exchange for other money, as it is now, and as it has been ever since the resumption of specie payments in 1879. The banks and other holders of gold would prefer to hold it for possible or actual need, and would pay to their creditors and would use in ordinary transactions legal-tender notes and other familiar forms of currency. Those who must have gold, such as importers, dealers in foreign exchange, persons and corporations having to make payments specified in gold, would have to bid for it at a premium.

But the extent of that premium would be a matter of uncertainty and of speculation. Not infrequently we are told that the suspension of gold payments by the Treasury would bring us at once to a silver basis, and to a premium upon gold corresponding to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver dollar and the gold dollar. The silver dollar is now worth, roughly, two-thirds of the gold dollar; that is, the premium would be 50 per cent., and gold would be worth 150. But it is certain that no change of this sort would occur. The gold premium would begin by being small—one or two per cent.—and its range at the beginning would be moderate. If it were expected that the Treasury would soon resume gold payments by getting possession, in one way or another, of a fresh reserve stock, the premium would be insignificant. If it were feared that the suspension would last, and if it should happen at the same time that there was a heavy export demand for specie or a heavy need of gold for other payments, the premium might rise higher. Its extent would be a matter of speculation, and to some extent would be affected by gambling operations, such as those which affected the price of silver in 1890, or now affect the current prices of stocks and grain. If the suspension proved definitive, we may be sure that a gold exchange would again be opened. Gold would be bought and sold for future delivery and on margin, and its price would be affected by rumors and corners and deals.

For a long time, however, it is certain that paper currency—whether greenbacks, Treasury notes, banknotes, or even silver dollars and certificates—would be worth as money more than the silver dollar is worth intrinsically. The currency would be at a discount as compared with gold coin, but it would be worth more than the silver coin. This anomalous monetary situation existed in Austria for a long series of years. There, too, the paper currency in circulation was nominally based on gold, but was irredeemable, and gold was at a premium. The paper was also rated in terms of a silver coin having an intrinsic value much less than that of gold. Not redeemable in gold, it was yet worth more than the silver, and this curious state of things is but now being put an end to in Austria by the resumption of specie payments on a gold basis. If the Treasury of the United States were to suspend gold payments, we should be in precisely the same situation. Even if the suspension proved definitive, and the gold premium became considerable, we should remain in that condition for a long series of years, until eventually the currency should so depreciate that the premium on gold corresponded to the difference between the intrinsic value of the silver and the gold dollar.

So far as the immediate effects of the suspension go, general industry would feel it little. Some of the opponents of the silver mania are perhaps disposed to exaggerate the direct consequences of the financial collapse. In the business world things would go on in the main very much as they have gone on. The Stock Exchange doubtless would experience a shock, and the professional buyers and sellers of stocks would be embarrassed. But the every-day business world at the outset would notice the change but little. All those who had to do with international trade would, indeed, be concerned at once. Importers would have to pay a premium on foreign exchange corresponding to the premium on gold, and exporters would get that premium. The disturbance here would be real and perhaps serious. But the great bulk of our exchanges is purely domestic, and to them the change would be of no great immediate concern. What the permanent effects on the general business community would be is another question. If the gold suspension proved definitive, if the issue of Treasury notes or other currency continued in undiminished volume, we should doubtless have in the end a tendency to a rise in prices, and very likely a new period of inflation and speculation, culminating in the inevitable crisis. But consequences of this sort work themselves out only after years.

The financial depression of the last few months has largely discounted the direct and immediate effects which the suspension might cause. Coming suddenly, or unexpectedly, a Treasury collapse would shatter credit, and might easily precipitate a crisis. The fear of a collapse has been a leading factor in bringing about the present situation; it has already produced those direct effects on general industry which the shock to confidence might cause. Prediction in matters of this sort is always hazardous; but crises are not likely to come when they have been expected and so are prepared for.

The real and serious evil of this first downward

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step would be moral rather than material. Public confidence would be shocked; the repute and prestige of the government would be rudely shaken. The failure of the government to maintain its standard would demoralize the public conscience, and set before debtors the spectacle of a failure to meet obligations to the letter at the place where we should have the highest example of honor and honesty. We may hope, indeed, that the change, if it should come, would stir the community to a vigorous demand for a new and sounder financial system, which might obviate once for all a recurrence of such a spectacle. But such a break-down would none the less remain an ineffaceable blot on the fair financial record which we have maintained since the resumption of specie payments.

A WASTE OF SEED.

THE Secretary of the Department of Agriculture appears to be a sensible man, and worthy of a seat in the President's cabinet. He will prove himself to be such a man if he succeeds in so reforming the work of his department that it will be looked upon by people with respect instead of merely tolerated with good-natured contempt. There are many legitimate fields for the officials and experts of this department to find employment in without engaging in the merely demagogical practices which have heretofore been common. Among these practices the most silly is that of distributing seeds among the constituents of each Congressman. This custom was started in a very small way many years ago, when the present department was a bureau of the Interior Department The bureau bought foreign seeds in small quantities, and asked expert farmers to test and report on them to see whether they would yield profitable crops in this country This was very proper. But the custom has grown entirely beyond such legitimate bounds, and now each Congressman sends out several bushels of seeds to his constituents, not in the hope that useful tests will be made, but as personal gifts to the voters who sent him to Washington. This serves no public purpose, and, further than this, it serves no useful purpose whatever When a farmer in the country gets a package of seed from his Congressman he treats the gift as a great joke, and in very many instances, indeed, never plants them at all. Since this custom began, and even before it grew to its present proportions, agricultural experiment stations were started in the various States. These are the places where strange and foreign seeds can be properly and intelligently tested. Indeed, to do this was one of the reasons for establishing these stations. All the seed needed for such places could be bought for one thousand dollars a year; by the present method something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is spent each year. This is so much money worse than thrown away, as the free distribution of seeds helps to confirm the idea, more or less prevalent in every neighborhood, that it is the function of the Federal government to make gifts to the people, to distribute largess, to give something for nothing.

If these seeds were esteemed to be worth anything by those who receive them, their distribution would be a serious wrong to the merchants who make a business of buying and selling seed. These merchants are in a legitimate and very necessary business, and the United States government should not interfere with their business. If the recipients of the seed distributed had any faith in the gifts of their Congressmen, the business of the seed merchants would be interfered with to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. This does not happen, because the farmers do not in the least value the Agricultural Department seeds, and therefore place no dependence on them. In every aspect the custom is wrong and foolish, and Mr. MORTON should recommend that no appropriation be made for it by the next Congress. There are doubtless many other directions in which money is wasted by this department, but here is one for which there can be no excuse whatever, and therefore the abuse should be abolished as soon as possible.

ELEVATED RAILROAD ETIQUETTE.

IT cannot be that the people in New York are rude and unamiable. There are so many instances on record of the contrary to this that it is impossible to conclude that the people of the American metropolis are other than polite in their manners and kindly and considerate in their feelings. When on any holiday occasion the streets of the city are much over-crowded with visitors and home citizens, it is universally remarked that the men and the women endure the discomforts of such occasions with entire good-humor, and even seem to enjoy them Under a harsher and less wise police administration than the present the crowds that lined the sidewalks to watch the passing show were not infrequently treated by the guardians of the public peace with a brutality that would have been uncalled for had these men and women been wild beasts which only force could control But when the people were left to themselves, and were assured that the police were forbidden to break heads with hickory sticks, they showed at once that they were and had always been not only capable of self-control, but full of amiability and consideration for the rights and comfort of others.

If the people of New York are not inherently rude and impolite, how can we account for the manners that prevail on the elevated roads? On these roads well-appearing men and gentle-looking women shove and push like the football players in a college match And yet these elevated railway contests are different from those between football athletes. An athlete is required by the unwritten laws of the game he plays to preserve at least a semblance of amiability, an appearance of courtesy Not so these elevated railway travellers. They scowl at one another with an aggressive fierceness that anywhere else would be the prelude to a fight. But we believe that these scowls rarely lead to actual blows between the travellers, who apparently understand that the pushing and shoving and the accompanying scowls are all mere matters of course—little things to be given and taken without protest and without redress.

The fact of the matter is that there prevails a peculiar etiquette on the elevated railways—an etiquette that reverses all that is customary in polite life everywhere else in the world, except perhaps in Africa, where a Hottentot lover woos his mistress by reducing her to insensibility by a blow on the head with a club. A New York man leaves his well-appointed home, gently bidding his family good-by; on the street as he walks to the elevated station he is the pink of courtesy and salutes his acquaintances with graceful punctiliousness—his whole bearing is that of a kindly and considerate gentleman. And this manner he preserves until the train he means to board approaches the station. Then all is changed, and the man of dignified port and courteous bearing elbows his way to the gate of the train very much as the stock-brokers do on the floor of the Exchange when prices are fluctuating with alarming quickness. In the train, if there be one vacant seat, this man, who at home would offer a chair with the air of a CHESTERFIELD and refuse to sit while any lady in the room remained standing, rushes ahead for that seat with as little regard for consequences or appearances as a bull in a china shop In his eyes and in his mind to get the seat is the one thing of the moment. If he miss getting a seat he scowls the "elevated railway scowl" on the more fortunate man, who scowls in response. Then till he reaches his destination he shoves and pushes and scowls and scowls. But he really means nothing by it, for before he has taken ten steps in the street his face resumes its placid expression, and he is his amiable self once more. And the women are not much different from what has just been described, except that they do not scowl; they only stare—stare with a pained look of disapproval. The primary cause of the adoption by polite people of this strange and contrary etiquette is the over-crowded condition of the railway trains, which both in the morning and the evening of every day are packed with four times as many people as they can hold in comfort and safety. When there shall be a happy solution of the rapid-transit problem in New York this etiquette will no longer prevail, and in that too-far-off time we may expect that even on the elevated railways the distinguished courtesy of New York drawing rooms will be resumed, and New York men and women will display at all times that polite consideration which now never forsakes them except when in or about to enter a car of the Manhattan Railway.

THINGS TALKED OF

To what are we coming in the matter of trials? Last Sunday one of the New York dailies contained statements of opinion—which had been extensively advertised—by a prominent clergyman, and by other presumably intelligent persons of some note, as to the innocence of Miss Borden, who at the time was on trial at Fall River, Massachusetts, on a charge of murder Another paper has announced that it has secured the services of twelve well-known citizens—one a woman, but four, we believe, lawyers, and one a minister—to pronounce on the guilt of the same lady. In this case, however, the amateur jurors are to have stenographic reports of the testimony. We do not quite see the utility of these proceedings, except to the newspapers in question, which secure undoubtedly the attention of some readers whom they would otherwise fail to attract. In the first instance mentioned, the opinions of men of reputation, given with a very imperfect knowledge of the facts, are far from being merely useless. They tend to destroy respect for the law and the courts among the thoughtless, while among sensible persons they tend to destroy respect for the authors of the opinions. And even in the second case referred to, surely any lawyer must know that an opinion based solely on written testimony is an uncertain one, and one which ought not, in the interest of society, to be made public. The legal system of investigating and punishing crime is not perfect, and the jury leaves much to be desired, but the fact that it is the established system is of immense importance, and men of standing, or even women, should be very careful how they discredit it or try to reform it in other than the ways provided by the laws themselves.

The patriotism of the Englishman, which is always tangled up with a variety of other and not always rational sentiments, has lately been deeply wounded by an insult offered to St. George. St. George, though a very mythical person age historically, and of most dubious virtue, has been from time immemorial the patron saint of England with all the privileges thereunto appertaining Recently Pope Leo has issued a letter nominating, so to speak, for the faithful, St. Peter to the "spiritual patronage" of England—an honor which in some degree is to be shared with the Holy Virgin. Now it is not to be denied that *quâ* saint, Peter is obviously of higher rank and more authentic claim to respect than George. But the Englishman—at least the Protestant Englishman—having for centuries accepted St George as a patron, without in the least knowing what the functions of a patron saint are or could be, feels hurt and a little angry and thinks he has been put upon But, since he cannot help himself, he will do as he always does with the inevitable—reconcile himself to it, and after sufficient time he will resent any interference with the new patron as warmly as he now resents the displacement of the old one.

The Vicomte de Montfort is a hard-headed Conservative of Normandy, Deputy of the Department of the Lower Seine, a veteran of African warfare, and an implacable foe of the policy of colonization for France He has the courage to make his fight precisely at the moment that General Dodds returns to Paris crowned with the laurels of his victory over King Behanzin of Dahomey He says plainly to the triumphant African fighter that after whipping the black king he ought to have withdrawn to the coast, and contented himself with establishing a strong post under the guns of the navy, when needed, from which colonization, so far as desirable, could be carried on gradually as the chances of trade offered. And he is right. At this moment France is facing very grave dangers in pursuit of the chimera of Oriental extension of territory and power. She is risking a serious quarrel with England in Siam; she is provoking the warlike races of Madagascar to revolt by harsh measures toward the Protestant missions and their converts, she is seeking a protectorate over Dahomey, if not annexation, as a move toward central Africa; and she is always inviting trouble over the Egyptian question. Yet nothing is more sure than that the French can make no gains in this business proportioned to their risks, if for no other reason than that they have no surplus population, and that their colonists inevitably get homesick. As the Vicomte maintains, the true policy of France is one of concentration and not of expansion, and this is really as patriotic as it is sensible.

The southern line of Kansas, the western line of Arkansas, and the little angle of the southwestern line of Missouri all lie along the border of the Indian Territory. This region, owing to its unorganized condition, its sparse population, and the character of the inhabitants, possesses no efficient civil government, and affords a refuge for bandits and marauders as desperate and lawless as the brigands of Sicily. Within the last month a bank in Arkansas has been robbed, and railway trains have been "held up" in each of the other States by men who have sallied from the Indian Territory, and have escaped thither. So far as the bank robbery goes, we suppose that every enterprise of the sort must depend on the general provision for the protection of property. But the railway robberies ought to be preventable. The booty is almost invariably in the express-car, and is frequently very tempting. It is incredible that the railway and express companies could not, if they choose, protect the property they are transporting. Steel cars, burglar-proof safes, and a regular guard, which need not be large, and which could be increased from the train hands were they properly armed and disciplined, would make robberies of this sort so difficult and risky that they would shortly be abandoned. There is no more valid excuse for the reckless management of these companies than there would be for not permitting brigandage on the Hudson River Railroad.

Early last month, in the little town of Muscatine, Iowa, the houses of three citizens were torn badly, and one completely destroyed, by some explosive, probably gunpowder. There were some eighteen persons in the three dwellings at the time—shortly after midnight—including a number of women, and their escape from death was very strange. One of the houses belonged to the editor of a prohibitionist paper, another to an attorney, and the third to a citizen, all of whom had been engaged in suits against liquor-sellers in the town. The crime, which was as dastardly as can be imagined, was generally and reasonably charged upon the liquor-sellers A reward of $10,000 was offered for the detection of the offenders, but, so far as we are informed, in vain. The prohibitionists are naturally very angry, and in their anger they denounce all who oppose prohibition, including Governor Boies. There they make a serious mistake. The crime was bad enough, and the guilty, if caught, should suffer the utmost penalty But a man may share the criminal's disapproval of prohibition without approving his crime. We may concede—what is true—that the liquor business is demoralizing in its tendency, and that the percentage of lawlessness is far larger among liquor-drinkers than among those who never drink liquor, but it does not follow that prohibition is the only, or even the best, preventive of the crimes to which liquor-drinking tends. Prohibition does not always work well. In some communities it does not work at all. To recognize these simple facts does not imply sympathy with cowardly scoundrels who seek to kill their opponents by blowing up their houses. There is room for temperance even in the fight against "Rum."

Colonel Ainsworth, who was in charge of the Bureau of Records in the old Ford's Theatre building in Washington when it tumbled down, was very nearly mobbed by the surviving clerks and their friends at the coroner's inquest. Two charges are brought against him One is that he is responsible for keeping the clerks in an unsafe building, and for making it more unsafe by the excavation under it, which finally caused its fall, the second is that his clerks did not dare to complain for fear of discharge. These are very serious accusations, and, if true, Colonel Ainsworth will be disgraced for life, whether punished formally or not. But two things must be clearly borne in mind before an opinion is reached. One is that Colonel Ainsworth promptly asked for a court of inquiry, though he knows that he has many jealous comrades among the officers who would constitute the court. A court of inquiry, moreover, is very different from a civil court. There is practically no limit to the scope of its investigation, and testimony is not excluded by technical rules. It is a most searching means of getting at the truth The second fact to be noted is that Secretary Lamont immediately issued an official notice to all concerned that no subordinate or employé should suffer in any way for having given truthful testimony in this case. The situation thus made for and by Colonel Ainsworth would be a very trying one for an officer not conscious that he is innocent. It is plain that in this instance particularly the accused must be held guiltless until proven guilty

The most grotesque piece of paternalism that this country has lately afforded—and the assortment is considerable—is a law of the State of Washington imposing a fine of $500 for the sale of cigarettes, cigarette papers, or cigarette wrappers The motive is laudable enough, being the protection of young boys from temptation in respect to cigarette-smoking. But the means must be conceded to be disproportionate to the end. In addition to which it must be said that the measure is absurdly impracticable, and could not possibly be carried out in any community where there was enough cigarette-smoking to make it desirable But now comes the Federal government—the grandpaternal, we suppose it may be called—with its inter-State commerce law, and pronounces the inhibition of the sale of cigarettes in the "original packages" brought from any other State unlawful So the small boy of Washington loses the protection of the law, and can indulge his unwholesome inhalation of nicotine without fear of the State courts or the majesty thereof.

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CHARLES W. DAYTON,
Postmaster of New York.—From a Photograph by Anderson.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

FORTUNATE indeed are the people of the Dominion of Canada in the class of public men whom the Queen has sent to preside over them since Confederation was established in 1867. One and all they have acquitted themselves well, both socially and politically, while several have been afforded opportunities of an indelible impress of their high character on the laws and institutions of the country. One of the most popular of the Canadian viceroys was the young Marquis of Lorne, a Scotsman of Scotsmen, whose achievements in many fields of honorable venture, with those of his royal consort the Princess Louise, have added considerably to Dominion prominence. Now another Scotsman takes possession in the person of the head of the Gordons, and, if we may judge from the reputation which he brings with him, his occupancy of Rideau Hall will not be long undistinguished. Of genial temperament and proved capacity for public affairs, Lord Aberdeen, though young in years, has added not a little to the traditional glories of the family. Born August 3, 1847, his lordship was educated at Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1871, and an M.A. in 1877. While at college he succeeded to the title as seventh earl, owing to the death of his eldest brother, George, whose romantic career as a seaman before the mast has oft been told. The unfortunate nobleman was serving on the American vessel *Hera*, on a voyage from Boston to Melbourne, when he was accidentally washed overboard and drowned before assistance could be rendered him.

Lord Aberdeen entered the House of Lords as a Conservative, but disagreeing with Lord Beaconsfield's government on a question of policy, has since become more and more closely identified with the Liberal party. For many years he held the office of High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland; but it was as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, during Mr. Gladstone's previous term of office, that his lordship displayed to the full those fine qualities of head and heart which have made his name respected and beloved, not alone by the Irish people, but by the many in every land who sympathize with their cause. His lordship has been ably seconded in his political career, as well as in his various philanthropic and religious efforts, by an energetic and devoted wife—Isabel Maria, youngest daughter of the first Lord Tweedmouth—to whom he was united in 1877. Five or six children have been born to them, the eldest of whom, Lord Haddo, bears a title not unfamiliar to old-time Parliamentarians. Lord and Lady Aberdeen having resided quite recently in Canada, in one province of which his lordship owns and cultivates large tracts of land, they will take their recognized places there—one at the head of the government, and the other at the head of society—with the feeling of perfect ease and satisfaction which comes from association with old and well-known friends. Rideau Hall, the government house at Ottawa, under whose broad mahogany many distinguished personages, including Charles Kingsley, Albert Bierstadt, H. M. Stanley, Bret Harte, E. A. Sothern, John L. Toole, Canon Farrar, Arthur Sullivan, and Henry Ward Beecher, have at various times, to use a new and popular phrase, stretched their "eminent legs," is by no means palatial in appearance, albeit a perfect mine of money has been expended upon it; but it is well situated, cozy in its inner recesses, and possesses in its surrounding domain extensive and well-kept drives, walks, and gardens. Here, on the Saturday "afternoons," after the vice-regal household has returned to the northern capital from its usual summer outing, may be seen almost every one worth seeing and knowing in and about Ottawa. If it is during the session of Parliament, many of the great legislators and statesmen, with their wives and daughters, will be there in either garden, rink, or ballroom, the place of resort being contingent on the weather, which is never very certain in Ottawa. In the winter season it is a very gay and animated scene indeed which presents itself on and about the skating rink and the toboggan slides at the government house. Here the local Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, meets on common ground the opposition Demosthenes, Mr. Laurier; here Mr. Costigan, the leader of the Irish Catholics, quite regardless of church or state, hobnobs with Mr. Wallace, the Grand Master of the Orangemen; here Sir Donald Smith, the great millionaire and the largest-hearted man in Canada, and Mr. Van Horne, the railway king, and Mr. Sanford Fleming, the learned Chancellor, and Dr. Lewis, the eloquent Metropolitan, find occasion to put their heads together touching some new scheme of benefit or advantage to the country; crowds of happy, well-dressed people abound—Cabinet Ministers, Judges, Senators, M.P's., civil servants, professional men, bankers, lumber kings, and merchant princes—they are all there; and conspicuous everywhere move their Excellencies, with the busy members of the staff, intent only on one object—that of making their guests thoroughly at home. On returning to the house, before separating for the day, dancing is indulged in; and here, when



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN,
The new Governor-General of Canada.

wraps and clouds are discarded, an opportunity is afforded the wayfarer of seeing something of the pretty women of the capital, both married and single. The new Governor-General will take up his residence at Ottawa in August, and he will doubtless meet with an exceedingly hearty reception from all classes of the Canadian people.

HENRY J. MORGAN, Ottawa.



ANDREW T. SULLIVAN,
Postmaster of Brooklyn.

For the Brooklyn post-office the President selected a man who had proved himself to be the logical successor to the position. Mr. Andrew T. Sullivan, now thirty-nine years old, was made cashier of the Brooklyn post-office eight years ago. When a Republican postmaster was appointed four years ago Mr. Sullivan was continued in office because of his capacity and knowledge of postal affairs. Just before his term expired the Brooklyn postmaster died, and his bondsmen requested that Mr. Sullivan be put in charge of the office until the affairs of the dead officer should be settled. As acting postmaster Mr. Sullivan gave such general satisfaction that the business men of Brooklyn asked that he be given the commission. Civil service reformers were much pleased that Mr. Cleveland should have made this appointment, which was really only a promotion. Mr. Sullivan is a native of Brooklyn, and was educated in the public schools of that city and the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York. He has been for five years chairman of the Civil Service Board of Examiners for the post-office. In politics Mr. Sullivan is a Democrat.

Colonel Jeremiah W. Coveney, the new Postmaster of Boston, is a veteran of the war, and since he retired from the army in 1864, on account of disabling wounds received at Spottsylvania in Virginia, he has been almost continuously in office. In the war he went out as Second Lieutenant, and rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel; when he returned to Cambridge, his native town, he was given a place in the Boston custom-house. He retired from the customs service to go to the Legislature, of which he was a member four times. He served also in the Common Council of Cambridge. During Mr. Cleveland's first administration Colonel Coveney was Surveyor of the Port of Boston. He held this till 1890. He was Governor Russell's Private Secretary for a time in 1891, and then Gas Commissioner. He joined the Democratic party in 1874, and has been active in its counsels in Massachusetts ever since. His friends credit him with suggesting the nomination of Mr. Russell, then Mayor of Cambridge, for Governor.

The successor of Mr. Field as Postmaster of Philadelphia is Mr. William Wilkins Carr, a man of distinguished lineage and high social position in his native city. He is forty years old, and was educated in the Philadelphia public schools and the University of Pennsylvania. He studied law in the office of George M. Dallas, and since his admission to the bar in 1876 has practised his profession with much success, besides writing several valuable law treatises. In 1888 he was Assistant United States District Attorney. He was a member of the last Democratic National Convention, and voted for Mr. Cleveland's nomination.



COLONEL JEREMIAH W. COVENEY,
Postmaster of Boston.

THE POSTMASTERS OF FOUR GREAT CITIES.

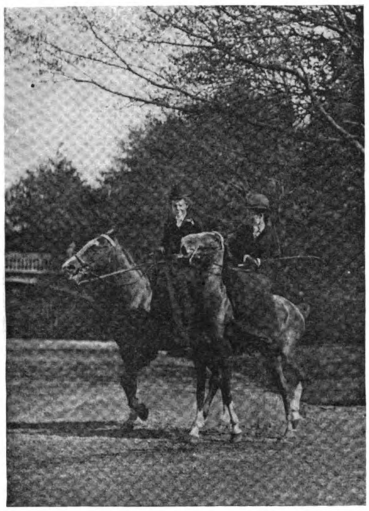
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed new postmasters in the four great cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston. The postal service comes nearer to the people than any other department of the government, and in no other officers of the United States are the people so intimately interested. It makes no difference how humble a man may be, he has some dealings with the post-office, which conducts a business with more individuals than any of the other national institutions. Compared with the postal service of some other countries, that in the United States is not very good. The English department is infinitely better than the American, for instance. But taking everything into consideration, the American service is tolerably good. It is handicapped by inadequate appropriations very frequently, and at other times by the policy of changing postmasters for purely political reasons.

For New York Mr. Cleveland has appointed as Postmaster to succeed Mr. Van Cott a well-known politician and a lawyer of respectable position, Mr. Charles W. Dayton, a member of Tammany Hall, but not at the time of his appointment one of the regnant chieftains of that organization. Mr. Dayton is a native of New York, and is forty-seven years old. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and studied law at Columbia College, being admitted to the bar in 1868. He has a considerable practice, and is a man of wealth. He has always been a Democrat, and until two years ago belonged to one or another of the organizations opposed to Tammany Hall. But in 1891 he became a Tammany man, and as such was prominent in the State Convention that sent delegates to Chicago with instructions to vote for the nomination of Senator Hill. It is understood that Mr. Dayton was not a candidate for the position, and was much surprised at his selection.



WILLIAM WILKINS CARR,
Postmaster of Philadelphia.

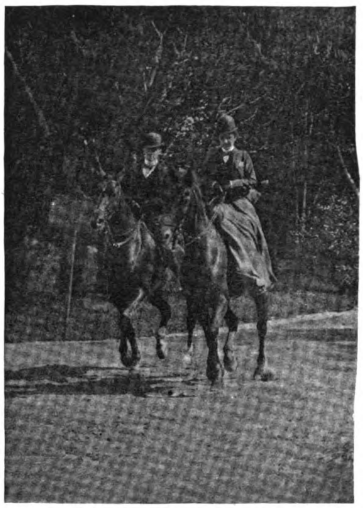
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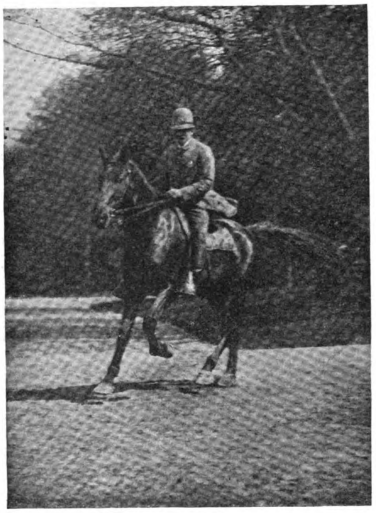
OUT FOR PLEASURE.



A RIDING-SCHOOL PUPIL.



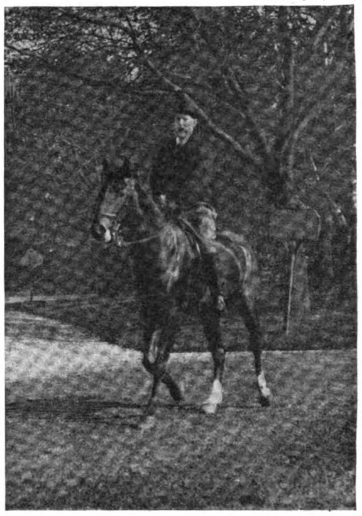
AN AFTERNOON JOG.



A PARK POLICEMAN.



A TYPICAL GROOM.



A SELF-INSTRUCTED RIDER.



A FIRST LESSON.



RIDING-MASTER AND PUPILS.

SNAP SHOTS ON THE EQUESTRIAN PATH IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 603.]

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STAMFORD'S SOPRANO.

(Continued from first page.)

ate writers, make. The trouble with you all is that you go out of your way to try to find something unusual and uncommon to write about, something that nobody knows anything about. Now the reader, as a rule, wants to read what he knows about, and not what he does not know about. For instance, the first thing that your reader turns to in a newspaper is the account of the charity ball which he or she attended the night before. Your reader wants to read that because he or she knows all about it, and such a one will pass over the account of the volcanic eruption in the Feejee Islands, such as we published last week, and the loss of ten or fifteen thousand lives, to read the account of that charity ball. Now here you have taken all the trouble to write up this village of half-breed Indians back of Cape Cod, and they have no kind of interest to the general reader. Now if I were a writer like you, Mr. Stamford, I wouldn't go so far away from home: I'd just work right here in Boston at something all the Boston people know about, and then, if you did hit it off in the right fashion, you'd find that all the Boston people would read about it."

So spoke Mr. Cadger, with a most oracular air. He had never made a success of himself; he had always stumbled over his own theories, and cracked his shins against the hard facts of life. Stamford knew that this was the case, and could not help thinking of it, but he listened to the other very respectfully, for he was an editor, and it is well to be good to editors. "Yes, I think I see what you mean," said he; "I don't know but what there's a great deal of truth in it." And then, as a sudden idea struck him, he said, "I tell you what I'm going to do, Mr. Cadger: I'm going down to West Newham. There's going to be a county fair down there, and I'll go down and write it up. That's something everybody knows about. Do you think you could use any such stuff in the *Liberator*?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Mr. Cadger, instantly scenting editorial danger, and as instantly withdrawing into his shell of editorial caution; "it altogether depends upon how it is done." Then he began fingering among the papers of his desk, and Stamford saw that it was time to go.

So Stamford went down to West Newham to see the county fair and to fly his art at realism. The accommodation train in which he went down to West Newham, after a great deal of backing and filling, finally stopped at the temporary platform of the fair grounds. Stamford followed the stream that emptied out of the cars and poured along the dusty road toward the great rambling board buildings fluttering with flags and streamers. Somewhere a band in the distance brayed with a far-away voice, and the swings and merry-go-rounds squeaked and squealed. There were grotesque brutish noises coming from the Agricultural Building, and a universal aroma of damp deal boards, of sawdust, and of trampled grass pervading the warm spring day. Stamford made his way to a little frame shanty labelled, rather grandiloquently, "Office of the Superintendent." Within was an atmosphere of cigar smoke. A lot of men were sitting around intently and seriously idle. They looked at Stamford with a rather bovine stolidness, and with a good deal of diffidence he introduced himself to them as the correspondent of the Boston *Liberator*. He had thought that they would have shown him some attention, but they did not. Indeed, it seemed to him that they felt him to be in the way, and they did not know exactly what to do with him. They gave him a ticket to the grand stand to see the races in the afternoon, and then he was left to take care of himself. He left the office feeling very lonely and deserted.

A little while later, in the Main Building, he met a stout motherly lady who was in general charge of the exhibit there. She was a Mrs. West, and her son had been to Harvard. Stamford remembered him indistinctly, and it served as a sort of bond of acquaintance to connect him individually with his surroundings. He was very glad of companionship in the strangeness of his surroundings, so he walked about and talked with Mrs. West whenever he found her disengaged, looking with aimless interest at the array of quilts and fancy-work and bread and preserves, and loaves of cake cut in half to show how light they were inside.

In one end of the great barnlike place there was a little space railed off like a pen, and somewhat raised from the floor. Here an organ company had an organ upon exhibition. There were seats arranged around for those who chose to listen to the occasional music that was played. The instrument was a sort of semi-pipe organ—a vocalion, it was called—and the man who played upon it was a teacher in the high-school and the organist at Holy Trinity Chapel. Mrs. West listened to him with evident pleasure, and then she told Stamford that Mary Estee was going to sing by-and-by.

"And who is Mary Estee?" asked Stamford.

"Mary Estee? Oh, she's our soprano—she sings at Holy Trinity Chapel. She is Professor Krimbaugh's favorite scholar. By-the-way, have you been to the Art Gallery yet? I want you to see the chrysanthemums that Nanny Dudley painted. She's studying in Boston this season."

Stamford, wondering who Professor Krimbaugh was, said that he had not been to the Art Gallery yet, but that he would go and see Miss Dudley's chrysanthemums. Before he went Mrs. West stopped him to say: "You must be sure and come back at eleven o'clock and hear Mary Estee sing. At eleven o'clock, remember."

Stamford did come back at eleven o'clock. He heard the grunting and growling of the vocalion as he approached from the distance, and he knew that Mr. White, the organist, was performing upon it. There was quite a little crowd gathered to listen. Stamford took his seat upon one of the wooden benches in front of the raised pen wherein the vocalion was enclosed, and by-and-by, after Mr White had played for a while, the West Newham soprano ascended the dais amid a rattling discharge of applause. She was dressed with a rather elaborate imitation of a real concert soprano, and there was something suggestively pathetic in the caricature. She sang a very ambitious number, was encored, and then sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Stamford knew really nothing about music, but he had heard singers sing, and he recognized that Miss Estee had really an exquisite voice, with an almost professional ring about it.

After the performance was over, he got Mrs. West to introduce him to the singer. He had not recognized how young and how pretty she was until he spoke to her. She could not have been over nineteen years old. She was excessively cold and reserved in her manner, and though Stamford was very well aware that that manner was assumed to cover her diffidence and her uncertainty of herself, he was overawed by it in spite of himself. Still, he talked with her for a while, with only partial success. "Indeed, Miss Estee," said he, for the twentieth time, "you have a magnificent voice, a superb voice;" and then he added, "you ought to go abroad and study."

"I've studied two years," said Miss Estee, "under Professor Krimbaugh."

"Oh!" said Stamford. He was silent for a moment or two, and then he began again: "I don't know anything of Professor Krimbaugh, but he can't give you what you could get abroad. Of course you'd have better chances in studying abroad, you know, than you have here. You can get better training there even than you could get in Boston. Yes! You ought to go abroad; that's what you ought to do. Art is in its infancy in this country, compared to what it is abroad. You might go to England. You know they teach music as well in England now as they do anywhere else. In fact, they have turned out some very great singers in England." He felt that he was talking of something that he did not know anything about, but what he said sounded well.

Miss Estee stood for a moment without making any reply. There was a very awkward break of silence. Then she saw a friend approaching, and her face lit up with a pleased light of recognition. She left him standing where he was, to join the young woman, which she did with a rather exuberant air of cordiality, and Stamford did not get another chance to talk with her.

Stamford did not make anything out of the county fair, and his trip resulted in nothing. He did not know how to begin writing about it, and even were he to begin, he knew he would not know what to say. But he thought a great deal about Miss Mary Estee, and the more he thought about her the more sure he felt that she had a magnificently superb voice. Why should she not go abroad and develop her voice, as he had suggested? Perhaps she might develop into a great singer. What a splendid thing it would be if he could only get his uncle Elihu and the girls interested in her—if they should send her abroad, and she should develop into a famous prima donna! He continued to build castles in the air about her at odd moments of his time. He fancied her to be an operatic queen, and himself intimate with her. He fancied her crowned with roses and the world at her feet. As for him—he would have made her all this. She would be no longer cold; she would be grateful, and he would be her friend.

When Sunday came he went out to take dinner at his uncle Elihu's. Mr. Elihu Biglow was very rich. He lived just outside of Boston, in one of those beautiful suburbs that are neither of the city nor of the country, but have all the delights and beauties of both. Stamford nearly always went down to Woodbridge on Sunday, attended service at St. Michael's, and then took a family dinner at his uncle's. The family consisted of Mr. Biglow himself, Miss Susan, and Miss Clara. Mr. Biglow was a shy, silent little man, always ill at ease, very quiet and retiring in his manner. Stamford often wondered how he had come to be rich, but then he had never seen him with his sixth ("business") sense aroused. Miss Susan was like her father, very silent and shy. She did not often venture anything beyond a timid commonplace, and she would sit with her hands folded in her lap listening attentively to what Clara said. Miss Clara was bright and "smart" enough for all three; indeed, she was bright to over-keenness, and perhaps for that reason was not so popular as she might have been; for people, as a rule, do not like to be made pin-cushions for witty sayings.

Clara laughed at Stamford when he told about his prima donna. She had studied music diligently, and she played the Sunday-school organ at St. Michael's and led the choir in singing. "Why, Tom," said she, "your swan's a goose, and nothing more. There's not a country town nowadays that does not have its soprano. They all have genius, too, and most of them study music. This girl you're speaking of—I'll venture to say, if you only knew it, that she's gone through a course of vocal training, just as they all do, under the instruction of some provincial teacher of vocalization."

Stamford, remembering Professor Krimbaugh, did not deny Miss Clara's assertion. "But her voice hasn't been properly brought out," he said.

And then Miss Clara laughed again. But though Miss Clara laughed, Stamford had, after all, said enough to interest the Biglows in Miss Estee. By tea-time they were all talking seriously about her, with only an occasional joke from Miss Clara, and before Stamford had left them the two young ladies had agreed to go down to West Newham the following Sunday to hear Miss Estee sing. They went, and they came back only less enthusiastic than Stamford had been. Then Uncle Elihu himself became interested. A great deal of negotiation and correspondence followed, and then the girl came down to Boston.

Her father came with her. He was cashier of the West Newham National Bank, where he had a salary very much smaller than his family. He was a colorless little man, dressed in dull black. He had a large nose and a thin face, and he made you somehow think of a mouse. It seemed to Stamford that the little man toadied to his uncle Elihu. He was disappointed in the girl herself; she did not look nearly so well now that she was brought down to Boston. In West Newham, where she belonged, her localisms did not appear nearly so local. Nevertheless, Miss Estee certainly had a fine voice. The Biglow girls took charge of her, and one day they took her into town. She sang before that eminent musician Dr Mortimer, with all the poise and assurance of inexperience and ignorance. Dr. Mortimer liked her voice very much indeed. He was an extremely quiet man and did not say much, but what he did say was of the very best and most encouraging.

During Miss Estee's stay in Boston, Stamford saw a great deal of her. The Biglow girls, who had her in charge, were both interested in her and amused with her. When she asked for a little more "chicking" at dinner, Miss Clara almost winked at Stamford. But it was only occasionally that Miss Estee made such lapses in Stamford's presence. She was very bright and quick-witted, and she did not often betray herself before him. She very well knew that she bristled with localisms and idioms, and whenever a stranger was present she hedged herself around with a silence that was almost resentful, and from which she looked out sharply and keenly whenever she suspected herself of having erred in something she had said or done. She must have talked with the Biglow girls more freely and unreservedly as she got better acquainted with them. Miss Clara used to repeat scraps of her conversation with a precision and accuracy that made Stamford laugh in spite of himself. "It's a shame," said he, helplessly, "to make such fun of a poor girl; she can't help her peculiarities."

"Dear me," said Clara Biglow, "I don't mean to make any naughty fun of her. I like her very much; indeed I do; but I can't help being amused when she 'wants to know!' or when she says to me 'do tell!'"

During the time that Miss Estee was in Boston before she went abroad she sang repeatedly at St. Michael's. At the conclusion of the first service at which she sang a number of the more prominent people of the rich and more than respectable congregation came up to thank her for her lovely voice. Stamford stood near her, holding her wraps; he felt almost an air of proprietorship that was very delightful. The girl received her ovation with an air of reserve and coldness under which the enthusiasm wilted, in spite of its initial warmth.

In the beginning of December Miss Estee went to Europe with a friend of the Biglows, and letters of introduction from Dr. Mortimer to some of the leading musical lights in London, and a check for a good round sum from Mr. Biglow.

For a time the Biglows heard every little while from Miss Estee. The letters they received were written in a precise, almost school-girlish hand, and her sentences were joined together with a great many "and's" and "so's." Clara used to read them to Stamford of a Sunday with a nasal intonation and a slurring of the "r's" into "ah's," very much like Miss Estee's own style of talking. So for a little while the acquaintance and the correspondence were kept up. Then the letters became more intermittent. Then came a letter saying that Miss Estee would have no more need of Uncle Elihu's monetary assistance, and that she had a position that would easily pay for her support and her tuition. Then came another letter; then a long interval of silence. Then came another letter, enclosing a check, returning the money that Mr. Elihu Biglow had advanced her; then a silence that was not again broken.

But Stamford heard of her once or twice, more or less indirectly. A friend of the Biglows, a Mrs. Walker, had met her in London. The young lady had been asked to sing at an evening company; Mrs. Walker had talked with her afterwards, and the girl had said that she was about going to the Continent. "She is very successful," said Mrs. Walker, "and she is very different from what I remember her here. So much more—what shall I say?—fine. Yes, fine—and polished." That was about the last time that Stamford heard of his *protégée*. Then she drifted out of his life altogether, and became only a remembrance.

Eight or nine years passed, and Stamford grew from his green unripe state to the mellowness of manhood. The *Liberator* faded out from its cherry-stain state of existence into that of painted deal and rough-cast plaster, and thence faded out and was gone from the world of letters. Stamford succeeded in his profession, and became the assistant editor upon the *New Era*, and it was a part of the whirligig of fate that Mr. Cadger should now bring contributions to him. "Ah, Mr. Stamford," said the ex-editor, "I knew you had the talent when you used to write for me in the *Liberator*, and I used to say that boy is bound to succeed." And Stamford laughed and was kind to him.

It was about this time that a singer developed very suddenly somewhere abroad. The first that the American world knew of her was that she was singing in London, and that all the world was talking about her. Her name was Marie d'Esti, and some familiarity in the sound made Stamford think of his own soprano, and laugh at his old ambitions, and wonder what became of her. Then D'Esti's manager brought her over to this country in a revival of Italian opera, and she was presented in New York with phenomenal success. One Saturday afternoon a lot of exchanges was brought into the office of the *New Era*, among others some illustrated weeklies. Stamford was passing by the table where they lay, when the front-page illustration of one of the papers caught his eye, and he stopped to look at it. It was an engraving, a portrait of Marie d'Esti, painted by Jasper. There was something very familiar about the face that struck Stamford at once, and he looked at it for a long time, with his head first on one side and then on the other. Suddenly recognition came almost like a flash. "By George!" said he, fairly speaking aloud; "by George! It is! Yes, it must be. By Jove!" Then he folded up the paper and stuck it in his pocket.

He still kept up his practice of taking his Sunday dinner at his uncle Elihu's, and the next day when he went out to Woodbridge he carried the illustrated newspaper with him. "Look here, girls," said he, after they had come home from church together, and he took the newspaper out of his overcoat pocket and opened it. "Here's a picture of Marie d'Esti. Do you recognize it?"

They did recognize her very quickly. Miss Clara emphasized the recognition with an almost breathless "Well, I never!" She looked very long and steadily at the newspaper portrait. "I never thought of it being her," said she. "Why, of course, that's just exactly who it is!" and then she said again, after a while, "Well, I never!"

That winter Marie d'Esti came to Boston to sing, and of course Stamford and the Biglows went to hear her upon her opening night. They hardly recognized her at first, but with the aid of the opera-glasses the identity was unmistakable. Her voice had been very extensively advertised, but it was all the advertisement claimed it to be—it was wonderful. It was not especially powerful, but it was supple and flexible in the extreme, her runs and trills being given with no apparent effort, and with all the ease and fluency of a singing-bird.

"Well, she has certainly learned how to sing," whispered Stamford. "Who would have thought that the county fair at West Newham would have produced this?"

"I tell you what I'd like to do," whispered Miss Clara in response. "I would like to go to the stage entrance and see her come out. I can hardly believe, even yet, it really is she."

So, after the performance was over, they went around and stood on the cold sidewalk at the stage entrance. A coupé—a dashing, brilliant affair—was waiting for the singer. By-and-by she came out, muffled in a loose white wrap and a suit of rich fur. She was under the escort of a gentleman of a distinctly foreign appearance, wearing mustaches waxed to points and a singularly man-of-the-world air. She was about passing the little group under the cluster of lights at the curb, when she looked up and saw them. Recognition came with a flash. She stopped for an instant. Then she snatched her hand from her escort's arm and came quickly to them.

"Oh," she cried, "I am so glad—so very glad to see you! I was going to write to tell you I was in Boston, but I can't tell you how busy I am. My secretary is sick, and I almost never write letters myself. But do come and see me, won't you? I'm stopping at the Hôtel Métropole." Then she turned suddenly to her escort, who all this time was standing aside with an infinitely gentlemanly air of fine reserve,

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holding some of the singer's wraps upon his arm. "Count," said she, "these are the ladies of whom I have so often spoken to you. Miss Biglow, Miss Clara Biglow, Mr. Biglow, let me introduce you to my husband, Count Stinitz. Count Stinitz, Mr. Stamford."

Her husband bowed in a general and affable way, and in an exceedingly gentlemanly fashion, to the Boston people, and then she took his arm again.

"Remember," said the singer, with a smile that was very beautiful, "I shall expect to see you at the Hôtel Métropole to-morrow. Good-night." And then she was gone.

The four stood for a while in the dark and silent street, dirty with the snow that had been trodden underfoot. Nothing could have exceeded the spontaneousness and cordiality of the singer's greeting; it was beyond measure warm and hearty, and she evidently meant that she wanted to see them. Nevertheless, there was about her an indescribable air of urbanity, almost of condescension—not in the least snobbish, not in the least assumed, but very plainly a manner that had grown upon her with the splendid growth of her fortune. They had none of them known before what a great personage a great singer was.

"Well," said Miss Clara, breaking the silence with a deep breath, "upon my word!" and Stamford burst out laughing.

"She did not write because her secretary was sick," said Miss Clara again, just as she was stepping into the carriage. "I feel as though we had all lived in a barn-yard and had hatched out a swan!" and Stamford laughed again.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a recent report of a committee of the House of Commons on the treatment of inebriates a list of recommendations was made for increasing the efficacy of the Inebriates Act. The act at present provides for the committal of inebriates to retreats at their own desire, and for their retention when once committed for not more than one year. The committee recommends among other things that the law be so amended as to provide for the compulsory committal of habitual drunkards to reformatory institutions, and for doubling the maximum period of permissible retention. The committee seems to take the novel ground that habitual drunkenness is not an unfortunate peculiarity, but is a disposition of such inconvenience to society that society has a right to cure it if it can. It would have a habitual drunkard's relations or friends, or persons interested in his welfare, empowered to apply for his committal, and it would make his property liable for his maintenance, and even for the support of his wife and family. The London *Times* thinks that these suggestions mark the beginning of a change for the worse in the conditions of inebriety. "One thing," it says, "may be considered as proved, namely, that the halcyon days of the habitual drunkard are drawing near to their close. He is no longer looked upon as nobody's enemy but his own, or as a convenient butt for merrymakers who are tending towards his own condition. People are beginning to realize that he is a curse and a nuisance, and that if he cannot be mended, he must inevitably before long be placed in some kind of permanent seclusion." Intending drunkards on this side of the Atlantic will please note the sentiments of the enlightened Britisher towards persons of their class, and take (or abstain from) measures according. There is no vital difference between the British and the American attitude towards drunkards, and no assurance that if it is found desirable in London to lock them up, it may not presently prove equally advisable in New York.

There is something comparatively novel, by-the-way, in the proposition that drunkards shall be held responsible for their drunkenness and treated for it. The remedies most in vogue among the temperance enthusiasts provide for shutting off everybody's grog, for fear the drunkards will get more than their share, and for locking up almost every one else connected with the rum traffic except the customer, who makes most of the trouble. Vicarious atonement is said to be the law of nature. Certainly it is popular, perhaps deservedly so. But there is such a thing as running even a good thing into the ground, and any contrivance that would help to make the drunkard carry the burden of his own drunkenness instead of imposing it upon his fellows would be entitled to be popular in the community.

One of the most outspoken and glaring objections to gardens is the trouble of watering the plants. This objection is serious enough when the garden is your own, and you are personally dedicated to the development of its floral life. But to be dedicated to another person's garden—a wife's, a sister's, even a mother's—is more trying still, and humanity habitually rebels at it. It will pay persons who are thus in servitude to some one else's plants to inform themselves how to determine whether a plant needs water or not. A Boston contemporary decries in a timely paragraph the practice of deluging plants with cold water after the very first hot day. Such treatment is bad for them, it says, since they need sunshine and warmth quite as much as water, and it takes more than a few hot days to dry the moisture out of the soil about their roots. As for grass, to water that too early is to encourage it in idle and thriftless habits. If left alone it will send its roots down deep, where they will find moisture in hot weather, but if constantly flooded the roots will stay near the surface and the grass will wither all the earlier. It is time enough to water grass when it actually begins to get brown.

No man of proper spirit can see a woman toiling with a watering-pot without offering to help her, but if he can convince her that her plants are better off unwatered he may ease his conscience without detriment either to his raiment or his state of mind. In small things, as in great, knowledge is power, and the knowledge of what not to do is at least as powerful as the other kind.

The *Tribune* spoke of Dr. Holmes's latest poem as "a religious lyric whose literary beauty is only surpassed by the noble spirit of true religion that breathes through every word of it"; but the *Sun* of the same date said of the same poem that it "is not as worthy of the spirit and genius of its author as it ought to be," and "not up to the mark of sacred poetry." Here is an interesting example of the differences of opinion that may obtain among expert judges as to the qualities of verse. It is matter of record that the editor of the *Sun* knows poetry when he sees it. But the *Tribune* is a journal of considerable literary pretensions and a large consumer of poetical matter, and might fairly be expected to know poetry almost as well as the *Sun*. Yet these two authorities are as distinctly at variance about the qualities of Dr. Holmes's poem as if it were a horse, or a robin's egg, or anything else the true inwardness of which has to be surmised from its outward appearance. There seems to be no such thing as a prompt and final settlement of the merits of a new poem, particularly if it is the work of a famous author.

If the Infanta Eulalia had a good time in Chicago, and it seems that she did, a large part of the credit of it belongs to her own indomitable purpose to have a reasonable share of real recreation stirred into her hard work. It may be said of the Infanta, without disrespect, that she "shakes up" remarkably well. She has proved herself able to enjoy all that has been enjoyable in her visit, and even competent to make her own plans and discriminate between sports. If her notion of having a good time has been to go out informally and see the fair, rather than to pose before the social celebrities of Chicago, it is not a preference that will damage her at all in the estimation of the majority of Americans. To eat off of Mrs Palmer's gold and silver dinner service at the Palmer House is a privilege, to be sure, but Eulalia can do that sort of thing at home, as she can also confabulate with swells to her heart's content, whereas she could not find a Columbian Exposition except at Jackson Park. She has chosen the experiences that are rare to those that are common, thereby showing a sort of discrimination that is very much to her credit.

One rare experience that she has had, and which she undoubtedly values, was her meeting with Chicago's accomplished Mayor. It is asserted that Mayor Harrison bought the only tall hat he ever possessed, and even had his hair cut, in her honor. Certainly he proved himself equal to the only occasion on which royalty and Chicago have met, and acquitted himself with such profuse and elaborate success as must have brought confusion to his detractors. It is the fashion to decry the Mayors of American cities, and to suggest that our democratic methods of choosing city officials are not adapted to put Nature's noblemen in the high places of municipal government. But the Infanta's visit has demonstrated that the Mayors of our big towns are good all-around men, and not easily flabbergasted by novelties.

It is not easy of belief, but it is true, that the Marquis of Caermarthen rose up in the House of Commons on the 29th of May and called attention to "the growing practice of carrying revolvers in the streets" of London. "The government," he said, "would ask the House to have patience, but meanwhile men were being shot in the streets day after day." The remedy he proposed was to prohibit the sale of revolvers, except to persons who could produce a license to carry them. Americans who visit London this summer must bear in mind that they are not at home, and be prepared to rush for cover when they hear firing.

Since an apparent deterioration in the work of a distinguished contemporary poet led a brother poet to conjecture that "some one was keeping him sober," a number of contemporary newspapers have been discussing the value of alcohol as a provocative of verse. It is believed that some admirable poems have been struck off under alcoholic inspiration. A number of poems have that reputation, anyway, and it was probably well earned. But it is most unlikely that any poet ever earned a considerable reputation by work done *in vino*. What is in the head is very apt to get into the verses, and grog in the head makes groggy verse. Rum sometimes stirs the imagination and suggests poetry by the ream, but good verse seldom gets written at the time. It may happen, though, that a man may have poetry and rum in him at the same time, and that both of them may work out; but in such cases the rum usually works out first, and the poetry afterwards. When drunken poets write good poetry they do it in their sober intervals. Yet it has been suggested that unless they had intervals they could write no poems, and unless they had rum they would have no intervals, but merely an unbroken stretch of barren mediocrity. That may possibly be true of some men, but if such there are they should go in for quality—for few poems and very good—since the cost of production in such cases is far too great to warrant a profuse output. E. S. Martin.

OUR NEW BATTLE-SHIP.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

Ten o'clock on Saturday morning, June 10th, was the hour fixed for the battle-ship's natal plunge, but long before that time Superintending Constructor Lewis Nixon, of the Cramp yard, was busy with his army of workmen. One by one the heavy shores supporting the great mass of steel were knocked away, and the process of "wedging up" the cradle began. Before the weight had been removed from the after keel-blocks, however, the *Massachusetts* plainly showed impatience for her bath, and when the young constructor turned to Mr. Charles H. Cramp and said, "All ready to saw off, sir," there was a crackling of timbers under the bow of the war-ship, and her shoe-piece parted at the first touch of the saw.

A cheer went up from the workmen below, another from the enthusiastic spectators, and down the slippery ways dashed seven thousand tons of steel, making a graceful bow with the stem as she touched her native element.

None save those who have watched a great battle-ship grow day by day from infancy to childhood can fully realize what "launching day" means to the naval architect. Upon his delicate calculations depends success or failure, and more than once as I saw Constructor Nixon's anxious face did I recall his words in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Speaking of the launch of a ship, he says, "An architect's heart is in his mouth until the vessel touches the water." A slight error as to the position of the centre of gravity, a fraction of an inch in the altitude of the keel-blocks, might mean the breaking of a vessel's "backbone" and a loss of more than a million dollars. Is it strange, then, that the marvellous success of the recent launch brought forth much enthusiasm from professional as well as non-professional spectators?

The *Massachusetts* is the second of our great war-vessels afloat, her sister ship the *Indiana* having been launched last February. These vessels merit more than a passing notice, for they are the only ones in the navy of the United States sufficiently powerful to cope with the first-rates of Europe. Sir John Colomb once said, "In all naval and military operations, both offensive and defensive, there is a golden mean, to neglect which is certain ruin." And our Navy Department in building the *Massachusetts* has evidently followed this maxim, for such a type seems to be an intelligent compromise between the modern high-sided cruiser and the low freeboard Monitor. The mission of battle-ships of this class is not merely to protect our sea-coast, but to act as parent vessel to a fleet despatched upon distant service—in other words, to carry the war into the enemy's territory.

Though the *Massachusetts* will have a displacement of only 10,000 tons, to that of 14,000 in the latest English designs, she is immeasurably superior both in battery and armor. The American's guns and gunners will fight behind armored turrets, barbettes, and shields, while the Englishman will be forced to work his battery in the open. Though the vitals of both will be protected by armor, the foreigners carry compound against our nickel steel, despite the fact that the superiority of the latter has been demonstrated upon more than one occasion.

Again, in most of the recently designed English ships their guns load in only one position. This necessitates their turning to and from this position after each fire—a very serious defect in a war-ship, as a shot from a rapid-fire battery might disable one of the larger guns. The battery of the American vessels loads in every position, which enables them to keep the muzzles of their guns always pointed toward the enemy.

The *Massachusetts* will carry a battery of four 13-inch breech-loading rifles, eight of 8-inches, four of 6-inches, twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, and two Gatlings. The 13-inch guns will be mounted in pairs on the centre line and in turrets protected by seventeen inches of steel. The 8-inch guns will be mounted in barbettes, protected by ten inches of steel, with sloping shields to cover both guns and gunners. The four 6-inch guns will be protected by five inches of steel. It will be possible to concentrate the fire of both the main and auxiliary batteries on either bow or quarter, and ammunition will be supplied through armored steel tubes.

The side armor of the *Massachusetts* consists of an 18-inch belt, which is placed three feet above and four and a half feet below the water-line. At each end of this belt are armored redoubts seventeen inches thick extending three and a half feet above the main-deck. The latter protect the turning-gear of the turrets and all the loading mechanism. In addition to this, the turrets will all be armored with seventeen inches of nickel steel.

THE "MONTEREY" AT SEA.

If the *Monitor* was described properly as a "cheese-box on a raft," it would not be out of place to speak of the *Monterey* as two cheese-boxes on a raft; but while the *Monitor* was an inspiration born of urgent necessity, the *Monterey* is the product of evolution, development, and careful thought and study. The *Monterey* is devoid of the structural weaknesses which made the Monitor class of vessels unseaworthy, particularly in the matter of the overhang, which presented to every ocean wave a target that could not be missed. The *Monterey*, being as yet the only vessel of her class in commission in the new navy, is naturally an object of much interest to all who believe in the duty of the United States to have a navy equal to that of any maritime power of the world.

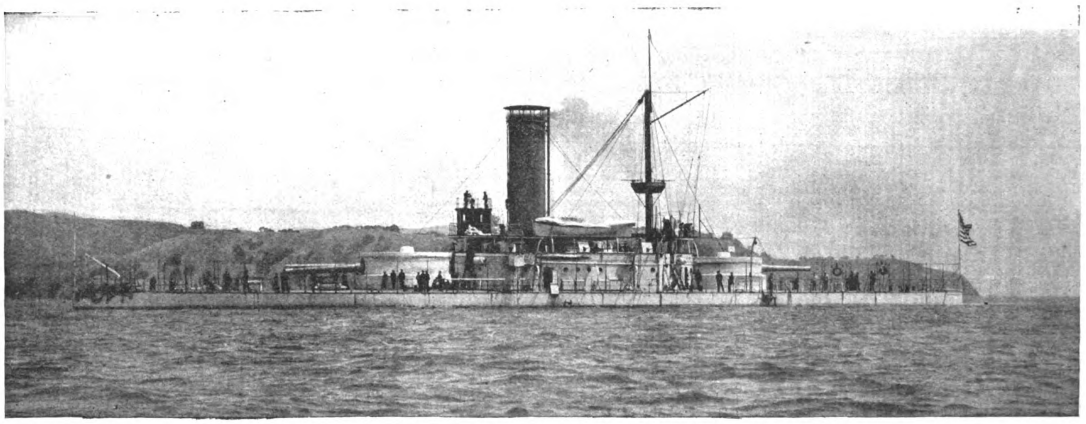
Before the *Monterey* was sent to sea for her trial trip under the direction of a naval board there were many dark and gloomy predictions as to the result. It was asserted that if she ever got a sea over her forward deck the weight of the water would swamp her, and she would go down as though on a toboggan slide; that her much-discussed Scotch boilers would leak so badly as to put out the fires; that if the 12-inch rifled guns were fired they would tear themselves loose from their carriages and wreck everything within reach; that their recoil would tear up flooring, crack deck beams, and possibly heel the ship so far as to make it impossible for her to get back to an even keel; and that the concussion would stun and deafen everybody on board, to say nothing of such minor casualties as shattering all the glass and crockery ware on the ship. These are only a portion of the prophecies of disaster which anticipated the *Monterey's* baptism in blue water.

However, orders had been given that the *Monterey* should go to sea, and that all her guns should be fired on the trip, no matter what might happen, so on the 28th of May, about 3.30 P.M., she weighed her anchors and left her moorings at Sausalito, on the northern shore of the Bay of San Francisco, where she had been lying since the previous day, waiting for the fog which hung over the entrance to the Golden Gate to clear away, so as to insure a correct departure, as the navigators call it. The ship moved slowly and steadily from her anchorage, and as she rounded Lime Point and was directed seaward she felt the first of the swell and surge of the broad Pacific. Due west went the *Monterey* until the bar was reached, and here the sea-going qualities of the vessel were first demonstrated. Instead of plunging bodily into the seas which were coming head on, and fighting her way through them by main strength, the *Monterey* rose to the waves as successfully as though she had been a light wooden ship instead of a mass of steel and iron. Her forward deck was all awash, of course, for nothing else could be expected from a vessel with such a small freeboard; but instead of carrying tons upon tons of water upon that deck, the vessel rose and shook herself clear of the water, as any well-constructed ship should do. The first plunge settled the question of the buoyancy of the *Monterey*, and one of the predictions of evil went to pieces then and there.

Still westward, across the bar and out past the Farallon Islands, steamed the *Monterey*, until seven o'clock, when the engines were slowed down and the ship kept under easy steam during the night, still pointed westward. The next morning was bright and clear, and shortly after daylight the course of the vessel was turned southward. Here was to be one of the crucial tests of the stability of the vessel. The change of course brought her into the trough of the sea, and now, if ever, she was to do the terrific rolling which had been threatened, and which was to wrench everything loose, from 12-inch guns to mess kids. The *Monterey* did roll, it is true, but the maximum heeling of the ship was a little less than twelve degrees, and the average roll, under conditions chosen to test the matter thoroughly, only about eight degrees, which established the vessel as a very stiff seaboat.

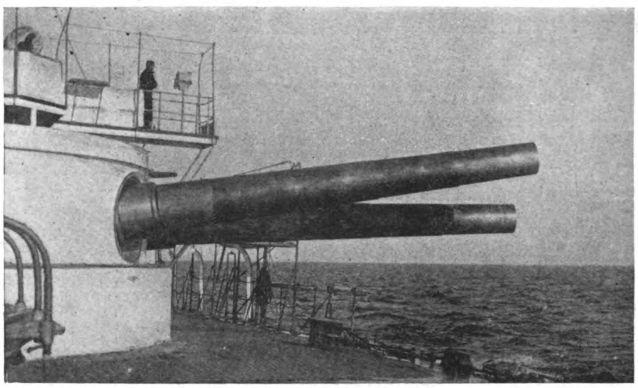
These tests having been made, the next thing on the official programme was to try the speed of the vessel. At

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THE UNITED STATES COAST-DEFENCE STEAMER "MONTEREY" AT ANCHOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. McDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.

nine o'clock A. M. a four hours' continuous run under forced draft began, the course of the vessel being southward and parallel with the coast. The four hours took her nearly sixty miles to the south, the log of the four hours' run being as follows: Maximum speed attained, 12.8 knots; total distance covered, 51 knots; average speed, 12.75 knots; maximum steam pressure, 157 pounds in engine-room, 160 pounds in fire-room; mean steam pressure, 150.2 pounds; maximum revolutions of engines per minute, 144; coal consumption, 9550 pounds per hour. It is unnecessary to say in this connection that the Scotch boilers did not leak and put out the fires, but, on the contrary, did just what they were expected to do. The speed attained surpassed all expectations, since it was known that the ship's bottom was foul with weeds and grass, which had effected a lodgement while the vessel had been lying at anchor at the Mare Island Navy-yard. After the four hours' test run was concluded there was nothing to do but to go on steaming, as the conditions of the trial trip required the ship to be kept at sea for forty-eight hours. Nothing of special interest occurred until the next morning, when Captain Howison, who was in charge of the Board of Inspection, and Captain Kempff, commander of the *Monterey*, determined to fire the big guns with the ship under way, instead of running in to an anchorage, as had been planned.



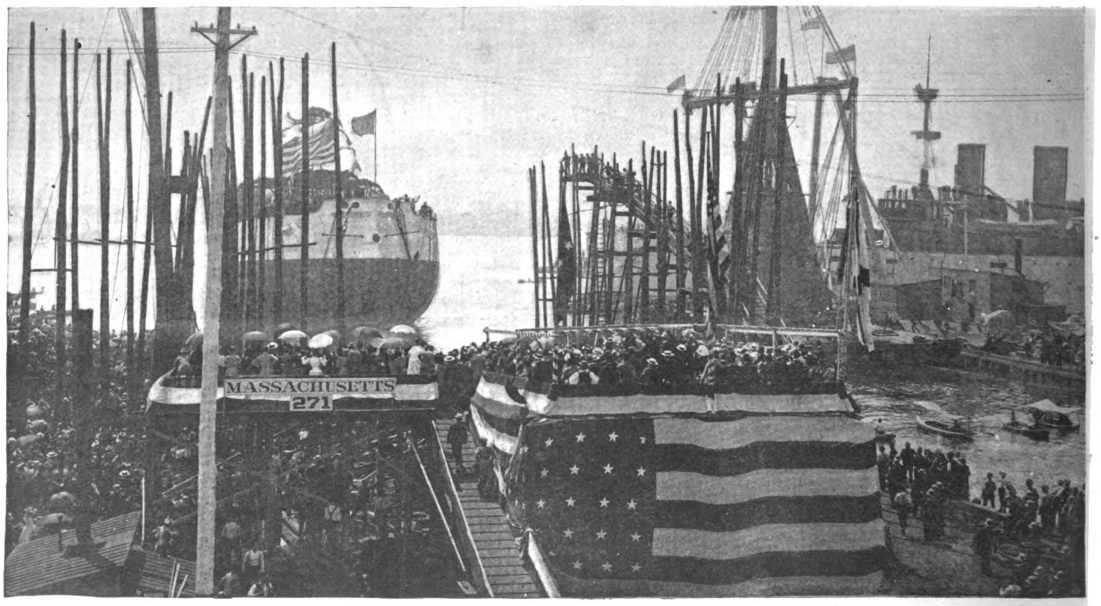
"BIG BETSY" AND "SISTER ALICE," THE 12-INCH RIFLES OF THE "MONTEREY."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. McDONALD & SON, SAN FRANCISCO.

When the orders were given to beat to quarters, it may be imagined that the moment was an exciting if not an anxious one. "Big Betsy" and "Sister Alice," the 12-inch rifles on the forward turret, are the heaviest guns in service, and neither had ever been fired outside the proving-grounds, just after their completion. Their discharge from on shipboard was purely experimental, and therefore attended with some apprehension and intense interest. The 10-inch guns in the after-turret were fired first, one with a charge of 200 pounds of powder and a 450-pound projectile, and the other with a full charge of 253 pounds of powder and a projectile of the same weight, and everything had passed off perfectly, so the order was given to load "Big Betsy." The charge of 335 pounds of powder and an 830-pound shell were fed to the marine monster, and then, while everybody held his breath, Lieutenant Nicholson, the ordnance officer of the *Monterey*, pulled the lanyard, and the deed was done. There was a mighty roar and a flash of flame, and the shell went hurtling westward, ricochetting once and again until it sank in the waters of the ocean. But where was the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds that was to accompany the discharge? There simply was none. The entire recoil of the gun, fired with a full service charge, was only 41½ inches, and there was not a piece of glass or crockery broken on the vessel, nor was a man injured or stunned in any way by the concussion. Another prediction had gone by the board, and "Big Betsy's" quality as a lady of force and discretion been fully established.

Then occurred the only unpleasant incident of the cruise, and it would not be worth mentioning had it not been misrepresented by an imaginative reporter. "Sister Alice" had been fired with a reduced charge, and when the gun was sponged and washed out after the first fire the chamber was not made perfectly clean, so that when a big shell was being put into the breech of the gun for a second discharge it stuck, and had to be extricated, and this was all the foundation for the story of the inefficiency of one of the 12-inch rifles. The story told by the same reporter of the motion of the turrets when the ship rolled was equally incorrect. The turrets are not armored yet, and when the 13-inch Harveyized nickel steel is in place they will be as firm and solid as the everlasting hills.

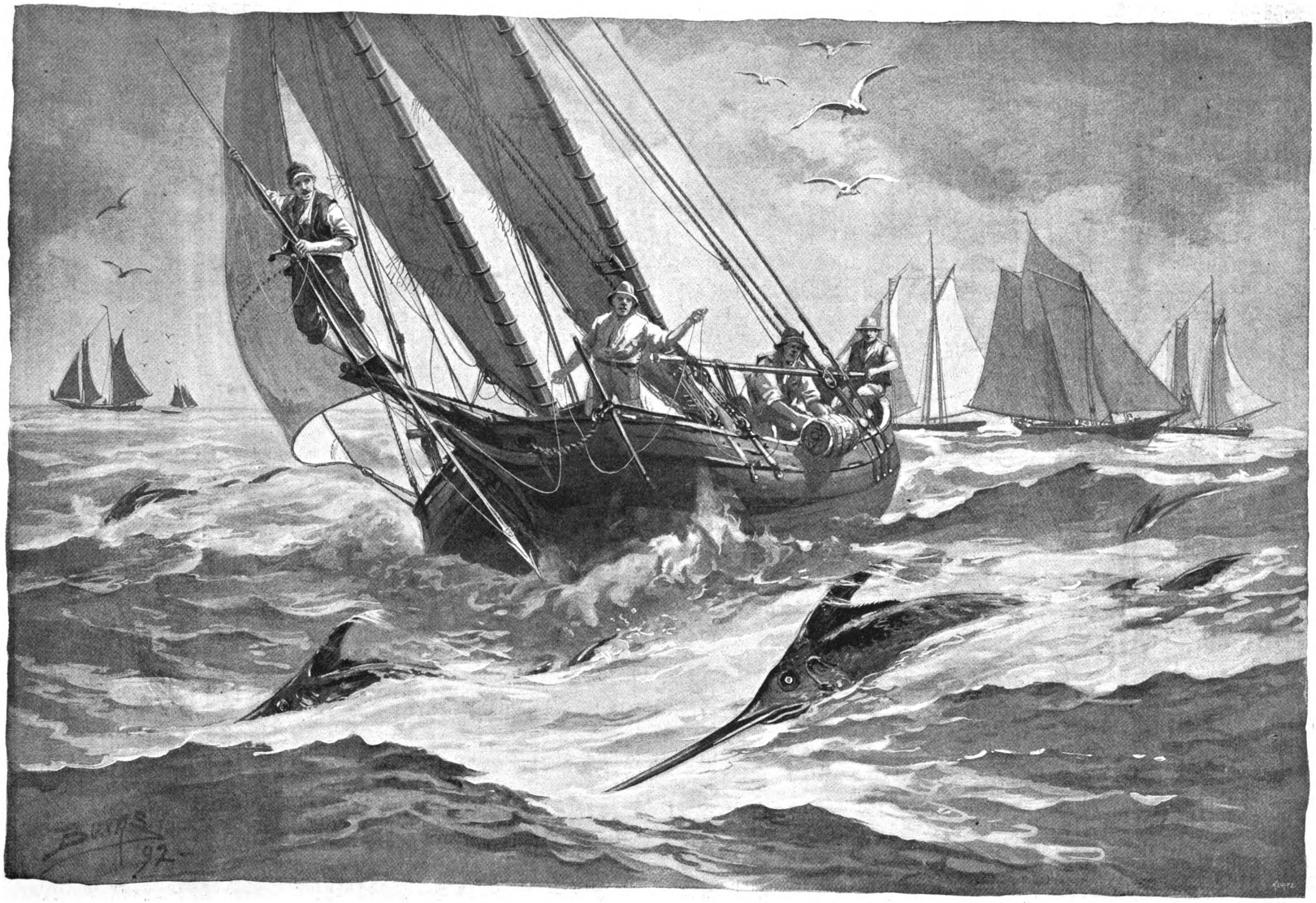
Such, in brief, is a sketch of the *Monterey's* first outing. The vessel returned to San Francisco the next day, and thence to the navy-yard, in such excellent condition in every respect as to be fit for active service, barring her lack of armor, at a moment's warning. Her cruise was not a long one, but it was complete and exhaustive, and entirely satisfactory in proving that there is no more formidable fighting-ship afloat than the *Monterey*.

MARCUS P. WIGGIN,
San Francisco.



THE LAUNCH OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS"—THE BATTLE-SHIP LEAVING THE WAYS AT CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILADELPHIA.

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SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 603.]

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THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

VII.

"WE have been expecting to see you out at the house again," she said to the young man, as they settled on the stairs. They were seated just below the landing. Her dress, trimmed with silver braid and little groups of flaunting bows, grazed his knees; he could number every stone in the rings that crowded her long thin fingers. "We didn't suppose a matter of eighteen miles would scare you."

"It don't. But you're never home."

"Oh yes, I am—once in a while. When you do favor us again, get a time-table for the next time after. I never heard of the 'Q.' charging anything for them."

"I will."

"Awfully sudden about Mayme, wasn't it?" she said, with a suddenness of her own. "I didn't suppose it was going to end like that—at least not right away. I dare say you have been noticing how cousin Frances looks at me every now and then. You might think *I* was the one to blame. She's been talking to mother about it to-night—and me. I guess I'm going home all right enough."

"Don't you want to?"

"Oh, I don't mind. But what's the dif.?—far as Mayme is concerned, I mean. She was bound to have him; she wouldn't have anybody else. It was their affair, wasn't it? Well, then, why not let them manage it?"

"I suppose so," assented George, dubiously.

"Her father won't see her, I hear. I'd like such a father. Her sister can't do anything with him."

"Her sister?"

"Yes; she's got about as much influence as anybody. Have you seen her?"

"Yes. Are *you* very well acquainted with her?" he asked.

"Not very. She belongs to the next older generation."

"How much older? Two or three years?"

"Twenty or thirty. She's about the same age as her mother. But more useful. Mayme thinks everything of her. She's a good, steady, plodding stay-at-home. She ought to have been let out and given a show; she's buried there. He makes her do lots of work."

"Her father?"

"Yes. She writes and figures a good deal of the time. She keeps the grocer's and butcher's books, for one thing. Mayme says she knows how to telegraph—they've got their own wire right to the house. When she wants dissipation she goes to her 'Friendly.' And she belongs to a club over there where they read papers and discuss. She was a good deal upset."

"Um," said Ogden, abstractedly. He recalled the girl's appearance, and her little ordeal of having to face a complete stranger at so distressful a juncture. Yet she had borne herself with dignity and composure; nor was he able to deny that she had been as perfectly courteous as her brief appearance permitted. Now that he understood, he had less cause for complaint against her brother, and none at all against her. He dwelt lingeringly on the idea of "a complete stranger." He did not feel that it would have been infinitely more trying to face a curious neighbor. He had begun to idealize the ordeal and the victim of it.

"A penny for your thoughts," he presently heard his companion saying. He came out of his study and looked through the stair rail at the little throng below. Two gentlemen had just come out of the dining-room.

"I was wondering who they were," he replied, at a venture.

"Who?"

"Those two."

The pair was followed by Walworth, whose pleasure it was to pour libations whenever the gathering of two or three together gave a pretext for that ceremony. One of the two sucked in his upper lip with due caution, and both united in a pretence—decent, but slight and futile—that the ladies knew nothing of these hospitable doings.

"That tall brown one is Mr. Ingles. Haven't you met him here before?"

She indicated a man of forty, whose face was shaven except for a pair of snuff-colored whiskers, and whose mouth made a firm, straight, thin line.

"Ingles? Arthur J.?"

"I don't know; I guess so. He owns the building—the Clifton."

"He's no dude," murmured Ogden to himself.

"Eh? Who said he was?"

"Oh, nobody. Who is the other?"

"That's Mr. Atwater—Mr. Ingles's architect. They're chums; were in college together. Isn't he the most fascinating-looking man you ever saw?"

"By Jove, he *is* distinguished, for a fact! Was he born—here?"

"Don't you think it's lovely for a man of his age to have gray hair—gray that's almost white? I shall do all I can to make *my* husband gray-haired before he is middle-aged!"

She laughed at her own audacity. He turned about and stared at her, and she laughed more heartily yet.

"And don't you like the twirl of his mustache? Or would you have preferred him with whiskers?—cut in a straight line right across his cheeks, with the corners near his mouth rounded off, but not too formally. And do you notice the bridge of his nose, and the air it gives him? And his eyes—wait till he turns around; there, did you ever see such a hazel? He seems to have everything—youth, experience, style, family. Why did you ask if he was born here?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Did I? I must have meant—is he going to die here?"

"Why not? You don't suppose that men of talent are going to leave Chicago after this?"

"Do you expect to provide them with careers?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't. We're on the crest of the wave, and we're going higher yet. From now on anybody who leaves us is likely to be sorry for it."

Ogden looked back at Ingles. He stood in a doorway, between Fairchild and Jessie's father.

"Is his wife here?"

"Oh, he isn't married, I don't believe."

"Not married?—Ingles, I mean."

"Oh! Yes, he's married."

"Is his wife here?"

"Dear, no; you have to speak weeks ahead to get her."

"He's the one, then," Ogden assured himself.

"Which one?"

"Her husband. Do you know her?"

"I've met her here." She leaned over the railing. "What are they all laughing about, down there?"

"Do you want to go and see?"

Mrs. Floyd and her sister had appeared in the doorway. Between them was a little girl of five; she had one hand in her mother's, and with the other she clutched a dilapidated doll. The child wore a guimpe and a prim little frock with puffed sleeves; she had long, smooth brown hair that turned thickly at her shoulders, and a pair of big, round, wondering brown eyes.

"It's Claudia," said Jessie Bradley. "Yes, let's go down."

Atwater had placed himself before the child, half crouching, half kneeling. He had the persuasive and ingratiating manner proper to a fashionable architect whose clients were largely women and wealthy ones, and he seemed willing enough to bring his batteries to bear on the tiny woman before him.

"Isn't it pretty late for dolly? Oughtn't she to be put to bed in her own little house?"

The child looked at him soberly. "She hasn't got any house."

"Hasn't got any house?" He glanced at her father. "'Oh, it is pitiful—in a whole cityful.' But if I were to say that I would make you one?" he went on; "one with four rooms. And windows in each room."

The child pondered, fixing a bashful look on his handsome face.

"Would there be stairs?"

"Yes."

"And closets? Mamma says we never have enough closet-room."

"That's right, Claudia," said Ingles, commendingly; "score the profession."

"Yes, closets, if you insist."

"And glass in the windows?"

"Yes. Dear me, they get more exacting with us every year!"

"And—and—" she rolled her eyes around the group, as if wondering whether any important detail had been overlooked—"gas-fixtures? Would there be one in ivery room, with four globes on it?"

"Perhaps."

"But don't charge the poor child a full commission on them," said Ingles, grimly.

"Ah!" murmured Atwater, with a world of meaning. "And if I were to promise to put a nice little red chimney on the roof—what would you say?"

The child clasped her doll firmly and looked down at the carpet. "I shouldn't know whether to belave you," she said, shyly.

There was a burst of laughter. "You dear little tot!" cried Mrs. Fairchild, gathering her up, on no very definite grounds, for a kiss. Her father laughed loudest of all, but her mother contracted her eyebrows in distress.

"That dreadful Norah!" whimpered the poor woman. "She must go."

"Don't dismiss your *bonne*," laughed Atwater, thankful for the diversion; "she'll produce a beautiful accent in time."

"Well, after that," said her father, "I think our little McGintums had better retire. Say good-night, Claudia."

"Not yet," said Ingles. "Not before she has learned that she may have her doubts about a contractor, perhaps, but about an architect—never. Remember that great truth. Good-night, my child. Won't you kiss me?"

He lowered his face, but Claudia drew back. "I don't like whishky," she said, solemnly.

"For Heaven's sake, my pet," cried Floyd, "are you trying to start a panic? There's Norah: go—go."

"Good-night, Claudia," called Atwater; "we won't forget your house. Upon my word, Ingles," he went on, rapidly, and with a face still slightly flushed, "I believe I shall have to reconsider that determination of mine I spoke to you about the other day."

"What's that?" asked Walworth.

"To give up sky-scrapers, and to do nothing but Colonial houses for the nobility and gentry. Sky-scraping is bad enough, but the demands of the modern house-builder are worse. Ingles, you're not as evil as I said you were; I'm sorry I ever called you a Philistine."

"Why did you do that?" asked Fairchild, amused.

"Because," answered Ingles, "I took two weeks to consider whether I could afford to let the Clifton have four good street fronts."

"Didn't you say," demanded Atwater, "that you wanted to put up an architectural monument that would be a credit to the town? Would an eighteen-story flank of bare brick have been a pleasant object? Or, rather, is it?—for you see that sort of business all over the city. Heavens!" he went on, "we're doing some horrible things here, but we are not the ones who are altogether to blame."

"Who says you haven't done well with the Clifton?" demanded Ann Wilde. Most of the ladies had retired from these masculine topics, and were huddled in a gossipy little group at the foot of the stairs; Ann had remained behind, as an owner of real property. "That system of elevators is the most magnificent thing I ever saw."

Atwater groaned. "That's all a building is nowadays—one mass of pipes, pulleys, wires, tubes, shafts, chutes, and what not, running through an iron cage of from fourteen to twenty stages. Then the artist comes along and is asked to apply the architecture by festooning on a lot of tile, brick, and terra-cotta. And over the whole thing hovers incessantly the demon of Nine-per-cent."

"A slap at me," said Ingles.

"It's enough to make you wonder whether Pericles ever lived. I doubt if he did," concluded Atwater.

"Are you the only sufferer?" asked his client. "How many of our sub-contractors failed?"

"Two."

"How many times were we set on fire by salamanders?"

"Three."

"How many drunken night-watchmen were discharged?"

"Four or five."

"How much of the tin-work did you condemn?"

"Lots."

"How many of the contractors suffered a penalty for overtime?"

"Too many."

"How many times did carpenters wreck plaster-work?"

"Fifty."

"How many times did plasterers ruin wood-work?"

"A hundred."

"How many men were killed or injured?"

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen!" cried Ann Wilde; "how horrible!"

"Then you don't encourage building," commented Bradley; "and Mr. Atwater wouldn't encourage young men to go into architecture."

"As engineers, not as architects," replied Atwater. "Or shall I say—as constructionists?"

"Good word," murmured Ingles.

"Thanks. I've got fifteen draughtsmen under the roof of the Clifton. When a new one comes, I say, 'My dear boy, go in for mining or dredging, or build bridges, or put up railway sheds, if you must; but don't go on believing that architecture nowadays has any great place for the artist. There won't be another fair until long after you are dead and gone.'"

"I think I've had one of your young men with me lately," Bradley said. "He told us that he had been designing labels out at the Stock Yards, but had been in your office before that. Art may cover a wide range, you see," he said, laughing.

"Yes? What is his name?"

"Brainard, I think. He was a dark young fellow. He looked a little dissipated, it seemed to me."

"That's the one," said Atwater. "Now there's a case. That boy's father has treated him shamefully. He might have been made something of. He had a decided taste for drawing, and hardly any other. I won't say he had any great ability, but that wouldn't have mattered so much with training. However, he had no training to speak of, and we couldn't use him. He hasn't got the slightest faculty for business; they wouldn't have made a teller out of him in twenty years. But that was what they tried to do, and when it failed—"

Fairchild gave a delicate little cough.

"You don't have to listen, Fairchild," said Atwater. "Neither does Mr. Pratt, unless he chooses."

Fairchild withdrew a little from the group and stood with his hands behind his back, while the toe of his boot moved the corner of a rug to and fro over the polished floor. Freddy Pratt held his place, but moderated his show of interest. Ogden followed this new recital with a curious concern.

"His father lost all patience with him," Atwater went on. "Naturally, such a father would with such a son. He's altogether out of the family now. Is he with you yet?" he asked Bradley.

"We had him for a while, but he was pretty irregular and unreliable—I never knew why until now. He was pretty shabby, too. I guess he was about grazing bottom most of the time. I never knew what Brainard he was."

"Anyway, he seems to have made a good try," said Ingles. "I suppose he'll live on post-obits now, and go to the dogs as fast as possible."

"If he's let go his hold lately," declared Atwater, "it's on account of his brother. Everything's done for him; he is just run right ahead. Do you know," he continued, dropping his voice and glancing aside towards Fairchild, "that Brainard has just pushed that Burt of his into the vice-presidency? Right over everybody. I don't see how Fairchild can stand it. And what could be better calculated to infuriate the other one—what is his name?—Marcus? I'd take to drink myself."

Ogden listened to all this, and was swayed accordingly. His brief, fluttering attempt to idealize Abbie Brainard ended, and he saw her only in the cold, garish light of crass reality that was beating down so fiercely on the rest of the family. He had been meditating on calling upon her at her father's house, moved by the kind of sympathy that anticipates an invitation, or does without one; this project he now determined to abandon.

VIII.

McDowell had not quartered himself on the twelfth floor of the Clifton—as distinguished from the eleventh or the thirteenth or any other—by a mere chance. He had not been influenced by any finicky consideration of light, prospect, ventilation, or nearness to the elevators. His sole reason for selecting room No. 1262 was that room No. 1263 was occupied by Arthur J. Ingles, the owner of the building.

Ingles occupied a very small room, upon whose door was his name—his name and nothing more—in very small letters. The next door beyond was lettered "Office of the Building," and this second room had communication with the first by a door between. None of these three doors, however, had as much interest for McDowell as the one between his own office and the private office of Ingles. This door was closed, but it was McDowell's dream and ambition to see it open. In his thoughts he constantly saw it standing ajar in an intimate and friendly fashion, while he and Ingles and other magnates of Ingles's ilk circulated through it freely and all did business together.

Up to the present time this door had never been opened, nor had McDowell ever had access to the other suite except by the farther door, through which tenants passed to request repairs or to pay their monthly rent.

Ingles was enough of a lawyer to be a real-estate man, and enough of a real-estate man to need to be a lawyer. He supervised the drawing of his own deeds and leases, and seldom took counsel in matters between landlord and tenant. As a landlord he had found it advantageous to divest himself of his soul by making the Clifton into a stock company; he himself held all the shares but five. He had an extraordinary faculty for keeping himself out of the papers; but this did not prevent McDowell from knowing that he was constantly engaged in enterprises of the first magnitude, and he felt that association with this great capitalist would be immensely to his own advantage.

But he had accomplished only one step that might be reckoned an advance: he had undertaken the financial arrangements connected with St. Asaph's choir. This was a large, well-trained body, and was provided with all the expensive paraphernalia of a "high" service. It included four or five tenors and basses who commanded rather good salaries, as well as an expert organist and an experienced choirmaster who commanded larger ones. The management had been by committee, and several of the pillars of the church, Ingles among them, had learned the difficulty of

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1902.

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"ISN'T IT PRETTY LATE FOR DOLLY?"

mediating between music, money, and ritualism. A member of a previous committee had delighted in translating and adapting Latin hymns for Christmas and Easter, and in putting his hands into his pockets now and then to make good a small deficit in the budget. Ingles and his compeers were ready enough to put their hands into their pockets, but they were glad, one and all, to escape the details of administration.

It was here that McDowell stepped forward; he cynically acknowledged that religion must be made to play into the hands of business, and he justified himself to himself by many good arguments. The details of the new dispensation were arranged in a downtown office. McDowell had tried to contrive that that office should be Ingles's own; but the meeting was held, after all, in another tall tower a block or two down the street, and Ingles himself was not present more than ten minutes. McDowell regretted this. He felt very well disposed towards Ingles. He would have done almost anything for him—for a commission.

But McDowell did not push this choir matter to the neglect of his own proper business. He was engaged at about this time with a new subdivision out beyond the South Parks. He had bought up a ten-acre tract, which he himself acknowledged to be rather low-lying, and which his rivals, with an unusual disregard of the courtesies of the profession, did not hesitate to call an out-and-out swamp. He had mended matters somewhat by means of a dam and sluice, which drained off a part of his moisture on to grounds lying lower still—other men's grounds; and on the driest and most accessible corner of his domain he had placed a portable one-story frame shanty which had already done duty on other subdivisions, and alongside of it stood a tall flag-pole which flaunted a banner with his own name and number on it. This tract, by-the-way, had absorbed some moderate portion of Ann Wilde's hoarded savings.

A week of rainy weather now and then would lay a complete embargo on McDowell's operations in this quarter. His plank walks would float off in sections; the trees along his avenues would sag deeply into the slush and would sway sidewise, in spite of their net-works of rusty wire; and the cellars of three or four unfinished houses that he had artfully scattered through this promising tract would show odds and ends of carpenters' refuse floating around in muddy water a foot deep. It was an appalling spectacle to one who realized the narrow margins upon which many of these operations were conducted, or who failed to keep in mind the depths that human folly and credulity may sound.

"Oh, it's all right enough," McDowell would say. "It's going to dry up before long."

Occasionally it did dry up, and stay so for several weeks. Then, on bright Sunday afternoons, folly and credulity, in the shape of young married couples who knew nothing about real estate, but who vaguely understood that it was a "good investment," would come out and would go over the ground—or try to. They were welcomed with a cynical effrontery by the young fellow whom McDowell paid fifty dollars a month to hold the office there. He had an insinuating manner, and frequently sold a lot with the open effect of perpetrating a good joke.

McDowell sometimes joked about his customers, but never about his lands. He shed upon them the transfiguring light of the imagination, which is so useful and necessary in the environs of Chicago. Land generally—that is, subdivided and recorded land—he regarded as a serious thing, if not indeed as a high and holy thing, and his view of his own landed possessions—mortgaged though they might be, and so partly unpaid for—was not only serious but idealistic. He was able to ignore the pools whose rising and falling befouled the supports of his sidewalks with a green slime, and the tufts of reeds and rushes which appeared here and there spread themselves out before his gaze in the similitude of a turfy lawn. He was a poet—as every real-estate man should be.

We of Chicago are sometimes made to bear the reproach that the conditions of our local life draw us towards the sordid and the materialistic. Now, the most vital and typical of our human products is the real-estate agent: is he commonly found tied down by earth-bound prose?

"You fellows," said Floyd to McDowell, during one of sister Ann's sessions, "are the greatest lot I ever struck." He spoke in a half-quizzical, half-admiring way, and showed some effort to handle the language with the Western ease and freedom of those to the manner born. "Do you know, when I had been here three or four months some fellows took me with them to the banquet of the Real Estate Board. Well, it was an eye-opener; I never saw anything like it. It was Chicago—all Chicago. Heavens! how the town was hymned and celebrated! It was personified—"

"That's right," said McDowell.

"—and glorified—"

"Of course."

"—and deified—"

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed?" cried Ann Wilde. "*I* haven't been around much yet, but you strike me as the most imaginative lot of people I ever saw."

"Whenever Chicago is involved," amended Walworth.

"Sure."

"How you idealize it!" cried Ann, enthusiastically. "How you—"

"It needs to be idealized—and badly," said her sister.

But McDowell's interests in the southern suburbs as well as at St. Asaph's were soon set aside by another matter; domestic interests claimed his attention.

His father-in-law had now passed some two or three months in Chicago. He had entered the city without any conception of its magnitude, and he had remained in it without rising to any conception of its metropolitan complexities. He had made a change that was too great and too late. He made but an ineffectual attempt to connect and identify himself with the great rush of life going on all about him. He came down town almost every day to spend an hour or more in McDowell's office, where he took a certain satisfaction in following out the intricacies of the local topography by passing a thin, blue-veined hand over McDowell's maps and his canvas-bound books of plats. McDowell treated him with considerable patience and with as much respect as was due to a man who had no great experience in real estate and little aptitude for learning. One day old Mr. Ogden, who apprehended the lake winds little better than the local "lay of the land," took a slight cold in returning home from the office; two days after pneumonia developed, and within a week he died.

George undertook the charge of such arrangements as recognized the old New-Englander as a dead man merely, and McDowell subsequently took charge of those which recognized him as a dead property-owner. First, the funeral; afterwards, the Probate Court.

A funeral is more disagreeable than a wedding, chiefly because its multifarious details make their demands with but a scanty notice in advance. All of these details George was now called upon to face and to dispose of.

He squared his jaw, set his eyes, put a cold, heavy paving-stone in place of his heart, and met these details one by one. It was a man's privilege.

Brower went with him to the undertaker's, and meditated between grief and rapacity.

"Be careful here," Brower said to him, in an undertone. They were in a room where sample caskets stood on end against opposite walls and were let down one by one for the inspection of purchasers.

"They always show the most expensive ones first. Don't look at these. You don't need to pay a hundred and fifty dollars. You can select a suitable one for eighty or ninety—perfectly good and no loss of respect."

"How about the outside box?" asked the man, in due course. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a high silk hat.

"Here," whispered Brower, "you'll have to take the most expensive. It's chestnut—fifteen dollars. Nothing else but plain pine for a dollar fifty. Shameful, isn't it?"

Brower arranged for the handles and the plates. He also met the family at the railway station next day, and saw the casket put on board the east-bound express.

He and George were walking slowly up and down the platform alongside the train, when a man in blue overalls leaned out of the door of the baggage-car and called to them. He held a paper in his hand.

"This ain't quite regular," he said. "Our road is pretty strict. The air-tight casket is all right for inter-State travel, but the doctor hasn't signed this certificate."

George turned on Brower with a look of anguish.

"Here!" cried Brower, stretching up his hand. "How forgetful of me! I'll sign it now. Go along, Ogden."

The man hesitated. "Not contagious?"

"Certainly not. Hand it down. Got a pencil? There! Here's a two. Take extra care."

The dead man's son paid for the music and flowers, his

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wife and daughter folded away his clothes, and his son-in-law undertook to see his estate through the courts.

"I don't believe you'd better pay the doctors and undertaker yet," he counselled. "Let them file their claims with the Probate people. It don't cost but a dollar, and if you pay without, you might be liable over again—you are on other claims. I'll keep a general eye on matters, of course, but questions will be coming up all the time. I don't know but what we'd better have a lawyer first as last. The Probate arrangements are different now from what they used to be—more expensive, for one thing Now there's Freeze & Freeze—they're as good as any, and they're right there in the Clifton, George, only five floors above you."

"Have we got to go into this thing right away?" asked George, as if in physical pain

"Oh no! Wait a few weeks—wait a month, if you like."

"Yes, we'll wait," he sighed.

McDowell made no opposition to his wife's suggestion that her mother now come and live with them. He had not anticipated his mother-in-law as a member of his own household, but he liked her well enough, and he generally treated her with a dry and sapless sort of kindness. Besides, he looked on domestic arrangements as a mere incident in business life, anyway George, who for some time had been anticipating a home with his parents, could not find an equivalent in a home with the McDowells, and he remained with Brower on Rush Street.

There was no will, the recasting and consolidation of the small estate had required too much time and attention to leave much for any thought of its redistribution Mrs. Ogden went into court at the proper time and qualified as administratrix. She was a figure-head, of course. She signed various documents at George's instance; George himself was guided by McDowell, principally; and McDowell got a point now and then from the attorneys. However, the legal labors of Freeze & Freeze on the Ogden estate were chiefly clerical; this did not prevent them from charging like chancellors and chief justices.

These charges and others were paid by McDowell, who began informally by giving checks on his own private account. He came to receive, too, most of the rents and other payments, which were more conveniently made to him in his own office than to George in the office of the bank. And since he paid the estate charges out of his own private account, it seemed natural enough that his own account (which was with the Underground) should receive the sums coming in. This arrangement came about gradually, without receiving any formal acquiescence, but George appeared satisfied with the business capacity of his sister's husband; while his mother was an inmate of her son-in-law's house, where inquiry and explanation were easily enough made.

These details, once in hand, appeared to give little hinderance to the course of McDowell's regular business. His acquaintances in his own line noticed its increasing spread, and agreed among themselves that he was flying a little high for a man of his limited resources. He had more work for the surveyors and sign-painters, and he presently added a clerk or so to his office force

Various small claims were filed in the Probate Court and were allowed. "I think," said George to McDowell, "that we'll use Kastner's rent for them. To-day is the third; he has been in, I suppose?"

"He'll have to be punched up," replied McDowell "It don't do to give them any leeway."

"He has always been prompt on the first," said George, somewhat annoyed.

The next morning he entered the paying-teller's pen for a moment, as occasionally happened. His eye chanced to alight on the balance-sheet that ran from L to Z

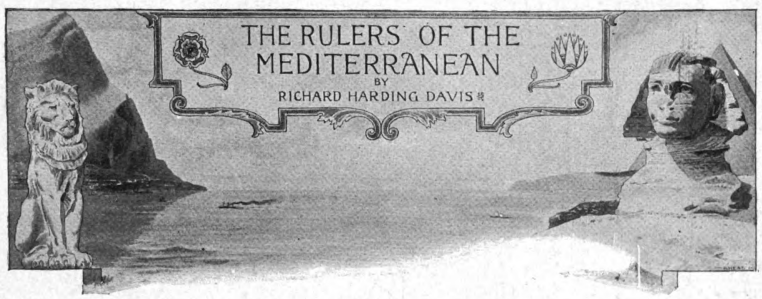
McAvoy, Louis M.	81 93
McCloud, Peters, & Co.	1187 25
McDowell, E. H.	0



"How's this, Jo?" asked Ogden. "What's the r with McDowell?"

"Pulled out yesterday," responded the payer, brief

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



III.—FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.

THERE are certain places and things with which the English novel has made us so familiar that it is not necessary for us to go far afield or to study guide-books in order to feel that we have known them intimately and always. We know Paddington Station as the place where the detective interrogates the porter who handled the luggage of the escaping criminal, and as the spot from which the governess takes her ticket for the country house where she is to be persecuted by its mistress and loved by all the masculine members of the household. We also know that a P. and O. steamer is a means of conveyance almost as generally used by heroes and heroines of English fiction as a hansom cab. It is a vessel upon which the heroine meets her Fate, either in the person of a young man on his way home from India, or by being shipwrecked on a desert island on her way to Australia, and where the only other surviving passenger tattooes his will upon her back and considerately dies. Long ago a line of steamers ran to the Peninsula of Spain; later they shortened their sails, as the Romans shortened their swords, and, like the Romans, extended their boundaries to the Orient. The line is now an institution with traditions and precedents and armorial bearings and time-hallowed jokes, and when you step upon the deck of a P. and O. steamer for the first time you feel that you are not merely an ordinary passenger, but a part of a novel in three volumes, or of a picture in the London *Graphic*, and that all sorts of things are imminent and possible. It may not have occurred to you before embarking, but you know as soon as you come over the side, that you expected to find the deck strewn with laces and fans and daggers from Tangier, and photographs of Gibraltar, and such other trifles for possible purchase by the outbound passengers, and that the crew would be little barefooted lascars in red turbans and long blue shirts, with a cumberband about their persons, and that you would be called to tiffin instead of to lunch.

A fat little lascar balanced himself in the jolly-boat outlined against the sky and held aloft a red flag until the hawser swung clear of the propeller, when he raised a white flag above him and stood as motionless as the Statue of Liberty, while the *Sutley* cleared Europa Point of Gibraltar and headed towards the East. Then he pattered across the deck and leaned over the side and crooned in a lazy barbarous monotone to the waves. The sun fell upon the boat like a spell and turned us into sleepy and indolent fixtures wherever it first found us, and showed us the white capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada of Spain to the north, and the dim blue mountains of Africa to the south. The deck below was scrubbed as white as a bread-board, and the masts and rigging threw black shadows on the awning overhead, and on every side the blue Mediterranean and the bluer Mediterranean sky met and sparkled and reflected each other's brilliancy like mirrors placed face to face.

For four days the sun greeted the *Sutley* by day and the moon by night, and the coast of Africa played hide-and-seek along her starboard side, disappearing in a white mist of cloud for an hour or so, and then running along with us again in comfortable proximity. On the other side boats passed at almost as frequent intervals, and at such friendly range that one could count the people on the decks and read their flag signals without a glass. The loneliness of the North Atlantic, where an iceberg stands for land, and only an occasional tramp steamer rests the eye, is as different to this sea as a railroad journey over the prairie is to the jaunt from New York to Washington On the second night out we see Algiers, glowing and sparkling in the night like a million of fire-flies, and with the clear steady eye of the light-house warning us away, as though the quarantine had not warned some of us away already And on the third night we pass Cape Bon, and can imagine Tunis lying tantalizingly near us, behind its light-house, shut off also by the quarantine that the cholera at Marseilles has made imperative wherever the French line of steamers touch By this time the twoscore passengers have foregathered as they would never have done had they all been Americans, or had there been 300 of them, and their place of meeting the deck of a transatlantic steamer instead of one of this picturesque fleet, upon which you expect strange things to happen.

When an American goes to sea, he reads books, or he calculates the number of tons of coal it is taking to run the vessel at that rate of speed, and he determines that rate of speed by counting the rise and fall of the piston-rod, with his watch in his hand; and when this ceases to amuse him he plays cards in the smoking-room or holds pools on the run and on the pilot's number The Englishman joins in these latter amusements, because nothing better offers. But when his foot is on his native heath or on the deck of one of his own vessels, he demonstrates his preference for that sort of entertainment which requires exercise and little thought. If it is at a country house, he plays games which entail considerable running about, and at picnics he enjoys "throw the handkerchief," and on board ship he plays cricket and other games dear to the heart of the American at the age of five. This is partly because he always exercises and likes moving about, as Americans do not, and because the reading of books (except such books as *Mr. Potter of Texas*, which, I firmly believe, every Englishman I ever met has read, and upon which they have bestowed the most unqualified approval as the truest picture of American life and character they have ever found) entertains him for but a very short period at a time

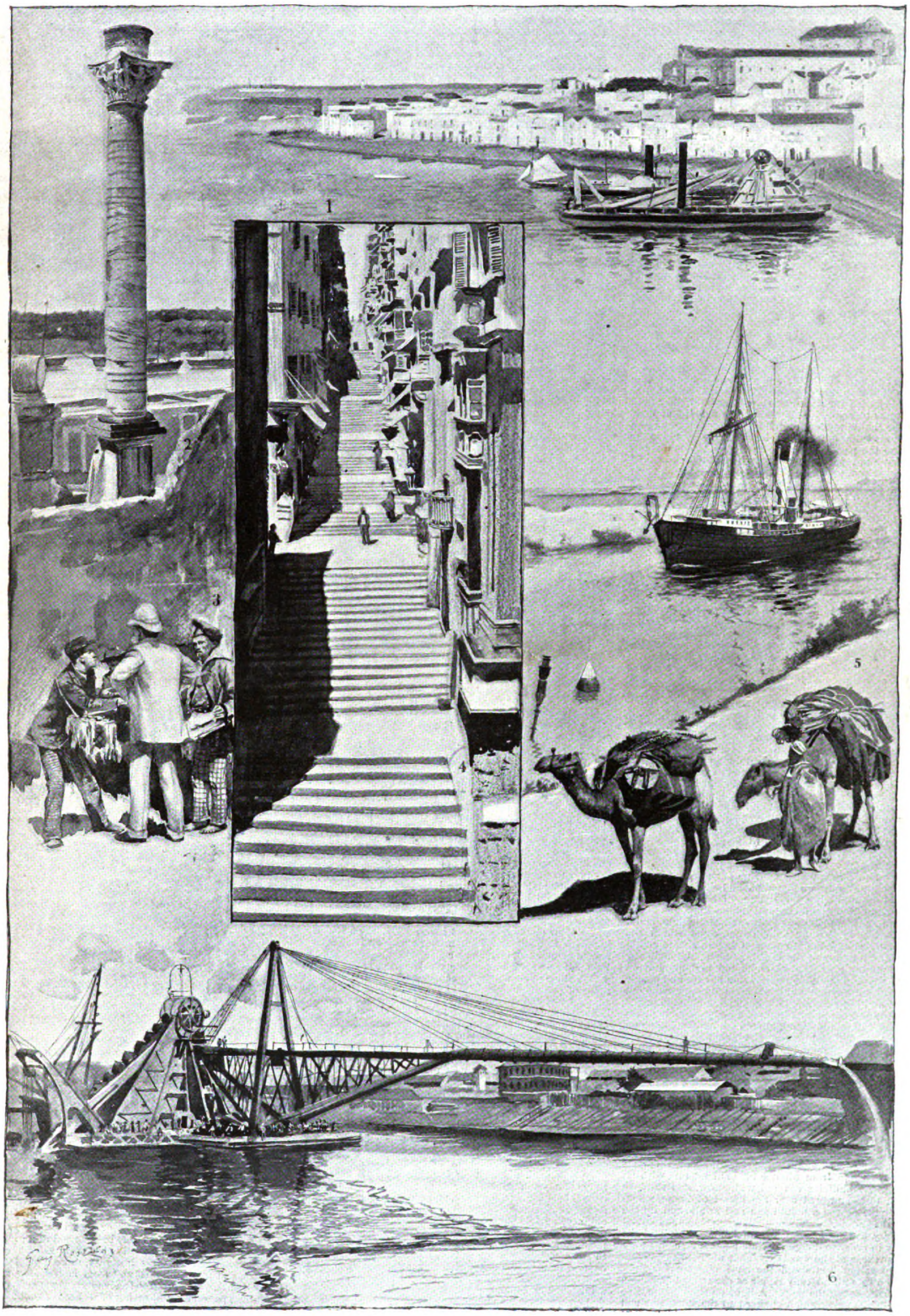
So a netting is placed about the upper deck for him, and he plays cricket; not only he, but his wife and his sister and his mother and the unattached young ladies under the captain's care, who are going out to India, presumably to be met at the wharf by prospective husbands There is something most charming in the absolute equality which this sport entails, and the seriousness with which the English regard it. We could not in America expect a white-haired lady with spectacles to bowl overhand, or to see that it is considered quite as a matter of course that she should do it by the member of the last Oxford eleven, nor would our young women be able to hold a hot ball, or to take it with the hands crossed and only partly open, and not palm to palm and wide apart. An American, as a rule, walks in order that he may reach a certain point, but the Englishman walks for the sake of the walking And he plays games, also, apparently for the exercise there is in them; games in which people sit in a circle and discuss whether love or reason should guide them in going into matrimony do not appeal to him so strongly as do "oranges and lemons," or "where are you, Jacob?" which is a very fine game, in which an early training in sliding to bases gives you a certain advantage. It is certainly instructive to hear a captain who got his company through storming Fort Nilt last year in the Pamir inquire, anxiously "Oranges or lemons? Yes, I know. But *which* should I say, old chap? I'm a little rusty in the game, you know." If people can get back to the days when they were children by playing games, or in any other way, no one can blame

The island of Gozo rose up out of the sea on the f day—a yellow rib of rock on the right, with houses an ples on it—and demonstrated how few days of wat necessary to rob one's memory of the usual look of a One would imagine by the general interest in them we had spent the last few years of our lives in ter in the arctic regions under huts of snow and ice. An the ship heads in towards Malta, and instead of dro anchor and waiting for a tender, glides calmly into w apparently its chief thoroughfare. It is like a Venice sea, and you feel as though you were intruding in a g man's front yard. The houses and battlements and parts lie close on either side, so near that one could biscuit into the hands of the Tommies smoking on the or the natives lounging on the steps that run from the doors into the sea itself. The yard-arms reach abov line of the house-tops, and the bowsprit seems to th havoc with the window-panes of the custom-house. W not apparently entering a harbor, but steaming dow main street of a city—a city of yellow limestone, streets, walls, houses, and waste places all of yellow stone. We might, for all the disturbance we are maki moving forward in a bark canoe, and not in an ocean st drawing twenty-five feet of water And then whe anchor drops, dozens of little boats, yellow and gree blue, with high posts at the bow and sterns like tho gondolas, shoot out from the steps, and their owners c for the proud privilege of carrying us over the few f water which runs between the line of houses and the sides.

There was at the Centennial Exposition the head of man cut in butter, which attracted much attention fro rural visitors. For this they passed by the women p on canvas or carved in marble, they were too like th thing, and they probably knew how difficult it is to butter into moulds. For some reason Malta reminds y this butter lady It is a real city—with real houses a thedral and streets, no doubt, but you have a feelin they are not genuine, and that though it is very cl done, it is, after all, a city carved out of cheese or b Some of the cheese is mouldy and covered with gree some of the walls have holes in them, as has aerated or Roquefort cheese, and the streets and the paven and the carved façades of the churches and opera-l and the earth and the hills beyond—everything which your eye can rest is glaring and yellow, with red roof to relieve it; it is all just yellow limestone, looks like Dutch cheese It is like no other place e that you have ever seen The approach into the can harbor under the guns and the search-lights of the for tions, the moats and drawbridges, and the glaring mon of the place itself, which seems to have been cut out piece and painted with one brush, suggest those litt fortresses of yellow wood which appear in the shop dows at Christmas-time. Of course the first and last th one has of Malta is that the island was the home of t der of the Knights of St. John, or Knights Hospit This order, which was the most noble of those of the d mediæval chivalry, was the band of warrior monks waged war against the infidels, who kept certain vow who, under the banner of the white cross, became ho and feared throughout the then known world Their quarters changed from place to place during the four dred years that stretched from the eleventh century, the order was first established, up to 1530, when Charl made over Malta and all its dependencies in perpetua ereignty to the keeping of these Knights. They ha sooner fortified the island than there began the nine m siege of the Turks, one of the most memorable sieges tory. When it was ended, the Turks re-embarked 10,0 the 40,000 men they had landed, and of the 9000 K present under the Grand Master Jean de la Valette the siege had opened, but 600 capable of bearing arn mained alive

The order continued in possession of their island the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Fr under General Bonaparte, took it with but little tr The French in turn were besieged by Maltese and En and after two years capitulated. In 1814 the island transferred to England. It now, in its monuments an memories, speaks of the days of chivalry; but presen mixed with these is the ubiquitous red coat of the B soldier; and the eight-pointed Maltese cross, which sug Ivanhoe and Sir Galahad, is placed side by side wit lion and the unicorn; the culverin has given way t quick-throbbing Maxim gun, the Templar's sword t Lee-Metford rifle, and the heroes of Walter Scott t

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FROM GIBRALTAR TO CAIRO.—Drawn by Guy Rose.

1. Brindisi. 2. Pillar of Cæsar at Brindisi. 3. Maltese Peddlers. 4. Street of Santa Lucia, Malta. 5. Approach to Ismaïlia. 6. Steam-Dredge at Work in the Canal.

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friends of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The most conspicuous relic of the French occupation is not a noble one. It is the penitential hood of the Maltese women—a strangely picturesque article of apparel, like a cowl or Shaker bonnet, only much larger than the latter, and with a cape which hangs over the shoulders. The women hold the two projecting flaps of the hood together at the throat, and unless you are advancing directly towards them, their faces are quite invisible. The hoods and capes are black, and are worn as a penance for the frailty of the women of Malta when the French took the place and robbed the churches, and pillaged the storehouses of the Knights, and bore themselves with less restraint than the infidel Turks had done. Malta retains a slight suggestion of mediævalism in the garb of the Capuchin monks, whose tonsured heads and bare feet and roped waists look like a masquerade in their close proximity to the young officers in tweeds and varnished boots. But one gets the best idea of the past from the great Church of St. John, which is full of the trophies and gifts of the Grand Masters of the Order, and floored with 2000 marble tombs of the Knights themselves. Each Grand Master vied with those who had preceded him in enriching this church, and each Knight on his promotion made it a gift, so that to-day it is rich in these and wonderfully beautiful. This is the chief show-place, and the Governor's palace is another, and, to descend from the sublimity of the past to the absurdity of the present, so is also the guard-room of the officer of the guard, which generations of English subalterns have helped to decorate. Each year a committee of officers go over the pictures on its walls and rub out the least amusing, and this survival of the fittest has resulted in a most entertaining gallery of black and white. The Order of the Jerusalem, or of St. John, still obtains in Europe, and those who can show fourteen quarterings on one side and twelve on the other are entitled to belong to it; but they are carpet knights, and wearing an enamel Maltese cross on the left side of an evening coat is a different thing from carrying it on a shield for Saracens to hack at.

Sicily shows itself for a few hours while the boat is continuing on its way to Brindisi; and as that day happened to be the 4th of March, the captain of the *Sutley* was asked to make a calculation for which there will be no further need for four years to come. This calculation showed at what point in the Mediterranean ocean the *Sutley* would be when a President was being inaugurated in Washington, and at the proper time the passengers were invited to the cabin, and the fact that a government was changing into the hands of one who could best take care of it was impressed upon them in different ways. And later, after dinner, the captain of the *Sutley* made a speech, and said things about the important event (which he insisted on calling an election) which was then taking place in America, and the English cheered and drank the new President's health, and the two Americans on board, who fortunately were both good Democrats, felt not so far from home as before.

You must touch at Brindisi, which is situated on the heel of the boot of Italy, if you wish to go a part of the way by land from the East to London or from London to the East. And as many people prefer travelling forty-eight hours across the Continent to rounding Gibraltar, one hears often of Brindisi, and pictures it as a shipping port of the importance of Liverpool or Marseilles. Instead of which it is as desolate as a summer resort in midwinter, and is like that throughout the year. There was a long broad stone wharf, and tall stucco houses behind, and banks of coal which suggested the rear approach to Long Island City, and the soft blue Italian skies of which we had read were steely blue, and most of us wore overcoats. We lay bound fast to the wharf, with a plank thrown from the boat's side to the quay, for the day, and we had free permission to learn to walk on streets again for full twenty-four hours; but after facing the wind, and dodging guides who had nothing to show, we came back by preference to the clean deck and the steamer chair. Desperate-looking Italian soldiers with feathers in their hats, and custom-house officers, and gendarmes paraded up and down the quay for our delectation, and a wicked little boy stood on the pier-head and sang "Ta-rara-boom-chi-ay," pointedly varying this knowledge of our several nationalities by crying: "I *say*, buy box matches. Get out." This show of learning caused him to be regarded by his fellows with much envy, and they watched us to see how far we were impressed.

There are two things which need no newspaper advertising and which recognize no geographical lines; one is a pretty face and the other is a good song. I have seen photographs for sale of Isabelle Irving and Lillian Russell in as different localities as Santiago in Cuba, and Rotterdam, and I saw a play-bill in San Antonio, Texas, upon which the Countess Dudley and the Duchess of Leinster were reproduced under the names of the Walsh Sisters. A good song will travel as far, changing its name, too, perhaps, and its words, but keeping the same melody that has pleased people, in a different part of the world. When the moon came out at Brindisi and hid the heaps of coal, and showed only the white houses and the pillar of Cæsar, a party of young men with guitars and mandolins gathered under the bow and sang a song called "Oh, Caroline," which I had last heard Francis Wilson sing as a part of the score of *The Lion-tamer*, to very different words. As the scene of *The Lion-tamer* is laid in Sicily, the song was more or less in place; but the contrast between the dark-browed Italian and Mr. Wilson's genial countenance which the song brought back was striking. And on the night after we had left Brindisi, when the crew gave a concert, one of them sang "Oh, promise me," and some one asked if the song had yet reached America. I did not undeceive him, but said it had.

After Brindisi the hands of the clock go back a few thousand years, and we see Cethdonia, where Ulysses owned much property, and Crete, from whence St. Paul set sail, with its long range of mountains covered with snow, and then we come back to the present near the island of Zante, where the earthquake moved a month ago and swallowed up the homes of the people.

The *Sutley* had been going out of her course all of the fourth day in order to dodge possible islands thrown up by the earthquake, and she was late. That night, as she steamed forward at her best speed, the level oily sea fell back from her bows with a steady ripple as she cut it in two and turned it back out of the way. A light on the horizon, like a policeman's lantern, which changed to the burnt-out end of a match and back again to a bull's-eye, told us that beyond the light lay the level sands of Egypt, almost as far-reaching and monotonous as the sea that touched its shore.

The force of habit is very strong on many people, and if they approach the land of the Pharaohs and of Cleopatra an hour after their usual bedtime, they feel no inclination to diverge from their usual habits on that account. When you consider how many hours there are for slumber, and how many are given to dances, you would think one hour of sleep might be spared out of a lifetime in order that you could see Port Said at night. There was a long line of lamps on the shore, like a gigantic row of foot-lights or a prairie fire along the horizon, and we passed towards this through buoys with red and green lights, with a long sea-wall reaching out on one side, and the natural reef of jagged rocks rising black out of the sea in the path of the moon on the other. Then black boats shot out from the shore and assailed us with strange cries, and men in turbans and long robes, and negroes in what looked like sacking, and which probably was sacking, but which could not hide the suppleness and strength of their limbs, climbed up over the high sides. These were the coal-trimmers making way for the black islands, filled with black coal and blacker men, who made fast to the side and began feeding the vessel through a blazing hole like an open fireplace in her iron side. Four braziers filled with soft coal burnt with a fierce red flame from the corners of the barges, and in this light from out of the depths half-naked negroes ran shrieking and crying with baskets of coal on their shoulders to the top of an inclined plank, and stood there for a second in the full glare of the opening until one could see the whites of their eyes and the sweat glistening on the black faces. Then they pitched the coal forward into the lighted opening, as though they were feeding a fire, and disappeared with a jump downwards into the pit of blackness. The coal dust rose in great curtains of mist, through which the figures of the men and the red light showed dimly and with wavering outline, like shadows in an iron-mill, and through it all came their cries and shouts, and the roar of the coal blocks as they rattled down into the hold.

Port Said occupies the same position to the waters of the world as Dodge City once did to the Western States of America—it is the meeting-place of vessels from every land over every water, just as Dodge City was the meeting-place of the great trails across the prairies. When a cowboy reached Dodge City after six months of constant riding by day and of sleeping under the stars by night, and with wild steers for company, he wanted wickedness in its worst form—such being the perversity of man. And you are told that Port Said offers to travellers and crew the same attractive features after a month or weeks of rough voyaging that Dodge City once offered to the trailsmen. In *The Light that Failed* we are told that Port Said is the wickedest place on earth, that it is a sink of iniquity and a hole of vice, and a wild night in Port Said is described there with pitiless detail. Almost every young man who leaves home for the East is instructed by his friends to reproduce that night, or never return to civilization. And every sea-captain or traveller or ex-member of the Army of Occupation in Egypt that I have met on this visit to the East has either smiled darkly when he spoke of Port Said or raised his eyes in horror. They all agreed on two things—that it was the home of the most beautiful woman on earth, which is saying a good deal, and that it was the wickedest, wildest, and most vicious place that man had created and God forgotten. One would naturally buy pocket-knives at Sheffield, and ginger ale in Belfast, and would not lay in a stock of cigars if going to Havana; and so when guides in Continental cities and in the East have invited me to see and to buy strange things which caused me to doubt the morals of those who had gone before, I have always put them off, because I knew that some day I should visit Port Said. I did not want second-best and imitation wickedness, but the most awful wickedness of the entire world sounded as though it might prove most amusing. I expected a place blazing with lights, and with gambling-houses and *cafés chantants* open to the air, and sailors fighting with bare knives, and guides who cheated and robbed you, or led you to dives where you could be drugged and robbed by others.

So I went on shore and gathered the guides together, and told them for the time being to sink their rivalry and to join with loyal local pride in showing me the worst Port Said could do. They consulted for some time, and then said that they were sorry, but the only gambling-house in the place closed at twelve, and so did the only *café chantant*, and, as it was now nearly half past twelve, every one was properly in bed. I expressed myself fully, and they were hurt, and said that Egypt was a great country, and that after I had seen Cairo I would say so. So I told them I had not meant to offend their pride of country, and that I was going to Cairo in order to see things almost as old as wickedness, and much more worth while, and that all I asked of Port Said was that it should live up to its name. I told them to hire a house, and wake the people in Port Said up, and show me the very worst, lowest, wickedest, and most vicious sights of which their city boasted; that I would give them four hours in which to do it, and what money they needed. I should like to print what, after long consultation, the five guides of Port Said—which is a place a half-mile across, and with which they were naturally acquainted—offered me as the acme of riotous dissipation. I do not do so, not because it would bring the blush to the cheek of the reader, but to the inhabitants of Port Said, who have enjoyed a notoriety they do not deserve, and who are like those desperadoes in the West who would rather be considered "bad" than the non-entities that they are. I bought photographs, a box of cigarettes, and a cup of black coffee at Port Said. That cannot be considered a night of wild dissipation. Port Said may have been a sink of iniquity when Mr. Kipling was last there, but when I visited it, it was a coaling station. I would hate to be called a coaling station if I were Port Said, even by me.

When I awoke after my night of riot at Port Said the *Sutley* was steaming slowly down the Suez Canal, and its waters rippled against its sandy banks and sent up strange odors of fish and mud. On either side stretched long levels of yellow sand dotted with bunches of dark green grass, like tufts on a quilt, over which stalked an occasional camel, bending and rocking, and scorning the rival ship at its side. You have heard so much of the Suez Canal as an engineering feat that you rather expect, in your ignorance, to find the banks upheld by walls of masonry, and to pass through intricate locks from one level to another, or at least to see a well-beaten towpath at its side. But with the exception of dikes here and there, you pass between slipping sandy banks, which show less of the hand of man than does a mill-dam at home, and you begin to think that Ferdinand de Lesseps drew his walking-stick through the sand from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and 20,000 negroes followed him and dug a ditch. On either side of this ditch you see reproduced in real life the big colored prints which hung on the walls of the Sunday-school. There are the buffaloes drawing the ploughs of wood, and the wells of raw sun-baked clay, and the ditches and water-works of two cog-wheels and clay pots for irrigating the land, and the strings of camels, and the veiled women carrying earthen jars on the left shoulder. And beyond these stretches the yellow sand, not white and heavy, like our own, but dun-colored and fine, like dust, and over it amethyst skies bare of clouds, and tall palms. And then the boat stops again at Ismailia to let you off for Cairo, and the brave captains returning from leave, and the braver young women who are going out to work in hospitals, and the young wives with babies whom their fathers have not seen, and the commissioners returning to rule and bully a native prince, pass on to India, and you are assaulted by donkey-boys who want you to ride "Mark Twain," or "Lady Dunlo," or "Two-Pair-of-Black-Eyes-Oh-What-a-Surprise-Grand-Ole-Man." A jerky, rumbling train carries you from Ismailia past Tel-el-Kebir station, where the British army surprised the enemy by a night march and took a train back to Cairo in three hours. And then, after a five hours' ride, you stop at Cairo, and this chapter ends.

SAFETY IN FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

Scores of so-called fire-proof buildings have been destroyed by fire, but it was claimed that they were storage-houses filled with combustible merchandise, and the occupants of our high apartment and hotel buildings are assured that even if their furniture and the wood-work used for casings, floors, etc., were set on fire, the flames would not spread or cause serious damage to the structure.

This confidence has been rudely shaken by the partial burning of a large "absolutely fire-proof" office building in this city, which proves that enough combustible material enters into the construction of almost all our "fire-proof" buildings to endanger the inmates in case of a serious fire. The law regarding fire-proof buildings in New York city reads as follows:

"They shall be constructed with walls of brick, stone, iron, or other hard incombustible materials, in which wooden beams or lintels shall not be placed, and in which the floors and roofs shall be of materials similar to the walls. The stair and staircase landings shall be built entirely of brick, stone, iron, or other incombustible materials. No wood-work or other inflammable materials shall be used in any of the partitions, floorings, or ceilings in any such fire-proof buildings."

So far the law is excellent and insures a perfectly fire-proof shell, which, if used for dwelling purposes and not for the storage of combustible goods, may be regarded as perfectly safe; but unfortunately the law continues, "excepting, however, that the doors and windows, the trims, the casings, the interior finish, when filled solid at the back with fire-proof material, and the floor boards and sleepers directly thereunder, may be made of wood."

It will readily be seen that thoughtless builders may, under cover of this excepting clause, convert every room into a lumber-yard, and this has been done to such an extent that many fine structures have virtually lost their fire-proof character.

If the occupant of an apartment in one of our first-class buildings will carefully examine the rooms he lives in, he will be startled at the quantity of inflammable material by which he is surrounded. The trim round the doors is much wider than and twice as thick as necessary, and is often surmounted by useless carved ornaments. The deep recess of the windows and the space under the sills are panelled with wood, heavy inside blinds are set in pockets lined with wood, and a casing is set round the window recess. With walls of the usual thickness in the lower floors of a so-called fire-proof building, at least 70 square feet of wood are used to trim, panel, and finish a window of ordinary size. All this wood is kilndried, filled with oil, and varnished. If once set on fire—and most fires start from a curtain—the blaze is so vigorous and the heat so intense that not only is every combustible thing in the room set on fire, but the glass cracks, the flame strikes the windows above, and another apartment is endangered.

The flooring of an ordinary room, say 12 by 18 feet in size, means 216 square feet of pine stuff set on wooden sleepers; this quantity is often nearly doubled by the use of an upper floor, and the danger is increased by having the floors oiled or varnished. If any one will take three or four feet of pine flooring and set it on fire, he can form an idea of the conflagration that would take place should the wood-work used in his apartment ever get fairly on fire.

But some builders, in utter forgetfulness of the fire-proof intent of buildings, have gone still further—they have actually wainscoted walls and ceilings with oil-filled and varnished wood! If the burning of the simple wood-work in the Temple Court office-building proved so destructive, what would be the fate of a heavily trimmed, double-floored, panelled, and wainscoted hotel in case of fire?

Another source of serious danger in most of our apartment and hotel buildings is the use of part of the basement for the storage of trunks and furniture. It is well known that no structure yet erected will resist fire if filled with combustible material. What the result would be if fire should ever get a full headway in a closely packed trunk and lumber room is a matter for thought.

The real danger in our best buildings comes from over-confidence in their fire-proof quality. A structure with iron beams and walls, partitions and floor arches of brick or fire-proof blocks, seems so incombustible that we lose sight of the fact that the burning of even a comparatively small amount of material inside the rooms may create so intense a heat as to turn the building into a vast crematory. How little fire will suffice to endanger iron beams is often shown. The burning of a lot of flimsy scenery on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-house brought down the supposed fire-proof roof of that magnificent structure; and car rails in the open street have been seen to curl from the mere reflected heat of burning houses.

All that is required to secure safety from fire in our best buildings is so to reduce the amount of combustible stuff used or stored in each room as to render a fire, if it should occur, easy to control. Tile or concrete floors, such as are used in Italy, and have lately been introduced in some buildings in this city, are not only absolutely safe as regards fire, but make the rooms less draughty, more equable in temperature, and free from dust and from moths, ants, and vermin of all sorts, which breed so freely under wooden floors. Wainscoting, panelling, and casing of all kinds should be avoided, especially around windows, where a small moulding to cover the joint around the frame is all the wood-work that should be allowed.

The trim, base, etc., should be made as light as possible, and in closets wood-work should be entirely dispensed with. Wood-work ornamentation is entirely out of place in a fire-proof building, and can easily be replaced by metal, stucco, or other fire-proof material. If all unnecessary wood-work

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is avoided, less than one-tenth of the combustible material generally used will suffice to finish apartments, and the rooms can be made quite as attractive and far purer and more healthful.

No room inside of a fire-proof building, especially in the basement, cellar, or lower floors, should ever be used for the storage of trunks, furniture, or other combustible material. A light iron structure outside the building, or, better still, on the roof, would answer the purpose of a storage-room admirably, and be entirely free from danger.

It will be urged, and justly so, that with the constant watchfulness exercised in all first-class buildings, and with the facilities provided to fight an incipient fire, the chances of a serious conflagration are exceedingly remote. So far no fire that we know of has ever got sufficient headway in a first-class fire-proof building used for dwelling purposes to do more than burn the furniture and wood-work of the rooms where it originated, and we have every reason to hope that it never will. But people living on a twelfth or fourteenth floor do not like to contemplate the possibility of danger, and some changes should be made in our otherwise excellent law limiting the amount of combustible material used in fire-proof buildings.

I cannot end this paper without touching on a subject most repugnant, but which should certainly be brought to public attention. I refer to sham fire-proof buildings—buildings that not only do not comply with the law for the erection of fire-proof structures, but which have no fire-proof qualities whatever, except, possibly, a veneer to deceive the eye, and yet are covered with signs advertising them as absolutely fire-proof.

I sat, some days ago, in a theatre—a fire-trap, in a block of old buildings, with wooden floors and lath and plaster partitions, and on the programme this place was advertised as "absolutely fire-proof." When—and the thing must happen sooner or later—some unfortunate is lured into such a death-trap and roasted alive, what verdict short of "wilful murder" can be found against the landlord who allowed the insertion of the advertisement?

HORSEMANSHIP IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THERE are to be seen in the bridle-paths and other roads of Central Park as many styles of riding as there are racial types in the metropolis, and besides these there are many more styles of a nondescript character which defy more definite classification than that known in the sporting world as "go as you please." Ten or fifteen years ago there were not nearly so many riders in the Park as now, nor was the horsemanship so good as at present. A critic competent to pass judgment in such matters, and without knowledge of what kind of riding was to be seen a decade and a decade and a half ago, would be likely to say, after spending an afternoon by one of the Central Park bridle-paths, that in his opinion horsemanship never could have been worse than it is now. But it was—it was infinitely worse. Fifteen years ago it was the rarest kind of a thing to see a rider of genuine accomplishments. Occasionally one would see a man who had obtained some notion of rough riding in the army during the war, and occasionally, also, there would be a man from the South who rode with the skill of much practice, but with no idea whatever of good form. Now, if a spectator will take his stand near any of the more frequently used bridle-paths, he will be apt to see in half an hour at least one young gentleman who rides excellently well, and in the course of an afternoon such a spectator is likely to see a score of young men and maidens who manage their horses with ease and skill, and sit their saddles with the graceful security which indicates long and intelligent practice, and that gift for the art without which supreme mastery is never quite obtained. But the great majority ride pretty badly, and to classify them one has to guess at what each is trying to accomplish.

There are to be seen in Central Park half a dozen definite styles among the good riders, and among the poor horsemen many riders who are evidently attempting these various styles. We see the English park seat, the English hunting seat, the American military seat, the military styles of both Germany and France, and every now and then a dashing fellow who has evidently learned to ride among the cowboys of the West. Each of these styles is admirable in its way, though probably it will be conceded by most persons that in the park the park seat and style are to be preferred. In this seat what we understand by form amounts to more than it does even in the military styles. Park-work is not expected to be so rough as hunting, and therefore the stirrups are let down a hole or two more than when the saddle is adjusted for the hunting-field; but it is not what would be called a long stirrup, to which only the tip of the toe will reach when the leg is straight. There are men who ride in Central Park with their stirrups so lengthened, but they are usually mounted on "racking" or single-foot horses, and the gait is as smooth as a housewife's rocking-chair. The park rider's stirrup is short enough for him to get a good grip with the bent knee and still have his foot in the stirrup on a level, that is, with the heel and toe at the same elevation. And then this skilful park rider keeps his feet parallel with his horse, his elbows well in, but not glued to his side, and he does not balance himself by tugging on the reins. Of such as these there are scores who frequently ride in Central Park. But they are nearly all quite young fellows—either lads whose chins are innocent of bristles, or young gentlemen who are well on the callow side of thirty. To be sure, one occasionally sees a man whose waist has lost its early slimness, and whose years are evidently on the thither side of forty, sit his horse with consummate skill even in the Park bridle-paths, but this is so rarely the case that when such men are met with they have to be noted as exceptions to the general rule. Ten and fifteen years from now this will probably not be the case, for very many of these graceful young fellows who now trot and canter so easily along the roads will have become real men without having parted with all the nimbleness of early youth.

Of the riders who really seem to be trying to ride in any particular style probably nine out of ten endeavor in ways more or less crude to acquire this park seat. I think I have discovered why so few of them attain any degree of success. In the first place, I think it most improbable that any man who takes to riding after he has reached manhood will, or indeed can, ever become a very accomplished rider. The knack has to be acquired at that period of life when bones and muscles are pliable, and can be adapted to whatever necessary requirement. A very great many of the Central Park riders never straddled a horse till after reaching manhood. From such, of course, we could not expect the very best and most accomplished riders to be made, but these gentlemen would without any doubt ride much better than they do were it not that they are incorrectly taught. A man, say of twenty-five or twenty-eight, finds himself well enough provided with funds to keep a saddle-horse. He is ignorant of horsemanship. He therefore very naturally goes to a riding-school for instruction, and very naturally, too, believes every word the riding-master tells him, while he does all he can to imitate the seat and bearing and manner of the master into whose hands he has fallen. This is very proper in the novice, and his course in so acting shows him to be a man of sense. But here is the difficulty—the master in nine cases out of ten does not himself know how to ride in anything like correct form. If a man begins to learn the art of riding at a time when the chances are greatly against his ever becoming really accomplished, how much are these chances reduced when his teacher is ignorant, and the model he copies hopelessly bad! That I believe to be the real reason that the generality of Park riders are so awkward in their seats, and so cruelly hard upon the unlucky hacks who do them service. Of all the men who trot or canter along the bridle-paths of Central Park without showing that they are in constant fear of tumbling off, the riding-masters of the various riding-schools are, in my opinion, the very poorest horsemen so far as good form is concerned. Notice the reproduction of the photograph of the young lady and little girl with a man riding between them. Now there is a typical riding-master, with the back of his legs against the saddle, his toes turned out, and his balance secured by a tight clutch on both curb and snaffle. That is certainly a most admirable seat to be imitated by pupils, and copied as nearly as may be by ignorant admirers!

Then there are others who have taken no lessons, but try to ride by the light of nature. If such a man have latent talent and he exercises some intelligence he is really likely to do much better than with the assistance of a riding-master who would put him in the wrong road. There may be riding-teachers in New York who are really masters of the art, and it may be due to the instruction of such that we see so many of the younger generation who know what they are about when in the saddle. But the majority of them, as they appear in the Park with their pupils, ride with no better form than a mill-boy would display in taking a cart-horse to drink from the pond. For poor form on horseback, next to the riding-teachers, the grooms seen in the Park must be awarded the medal. Some of these men may ride very well so far as sticking on is concerned, but they are, as a rule, hopelessly ungraceful, and appear to have no other idea than that of sticking on. The groom's idea of good horsemanship appears to be to clutch the horse with the back of the calf of the leg, rise in the stirrup, and preserve a balance by holding a tight rein. There is a picture of such a rider in this paper. A well-trained horse ridden half a dozen times by such a groom would be wellnigh spoiled, and the horse's education would have to be gone all over again. But the grooms are not the only riders who appear to think that the chief function of bridle reins is to assist the rider in retaining his seat on the horse. The riding-teachers appear to put the reins to the same improper use, and also about nine out of ten of all the men and women seen riding in the Park. I used to think, before I had made many studies in Central Park, that the Southern darky, with his careless and happy-go-lucky method of going "lickity-split" whenever he got astride of a horse, was about the poorest rider in the world. But I have amended this view, and I now believe that as a horseman he ranks above both the New York riding-teacher and the New York groom. I saw a typical negro boy cantering beside a Park policeman, and a comparison of his seat with those of the riding-master and groom convinced me that even the negro rides with more correct form, and therefore with more ease, than either of the others. And the Park policemen, by-the-way, are very much at home in the saddle, and they are also very severe critics of the riders who frequent the Park. I had a talk with one the other afternoon while the photographs were being taken to illustrate this article. He did not know the names of the men and women he saw so frequently, but he had a value, established by long observation, to put on the skill of each. There was one horseman whose riding he particularly admired. He described the horse, the man, and his dress with so much minuteness that there was no difficulty in recognizing the dashing figure of an eminent clergyman, who when he took holy orders felt no call whatever to give up those manly sports and exercises which contribute towards a healthy body and a wholesome mind. But the policeman expressed a regret that the reverend doctor could not find a more shapely horse to carry his weight than the ragged and rawboned beast that now does service. The mounted policemen are not the only critics among the Park officials. There was one old fellow in a blue uniform, which indicated, I believe, that he had something to do with the reservoir, and with him I had speech.

"Ah, it's a pity, it is," he said, "that Mr. and Mrs. Rickity-Rick don't come along and have their pictures took."

"Rickity-Rick? that is a queer name," I ventured to say.

"Well, that's not their real name; that's the name I give 'em, because they always ride rickity-rick," and while saying this the old man spread his legs apart and bounced up and down as though the imaginary saddle beneath him were of India-rubber, and he also of some other very elastic substance. "It is always the same with 'em," he added—"always rickity-rick."

Among the notable riders in Central Park and along the Riverside Drive is a man as conspicuous in his way as the clergyman alluded to and "Mr. and Mrs. Rickity-Rick." This is a tall slender man, a little past fifty years in age. He looks on horseback to be more than six feet tall. His horse is a shapely black, somewhat more than sixteen hands high, and with flowing tail. The rider sits very erect in the saddle, his legs perfectly straight, and his down-reaching toes just touching the stirrups. A perpendicular line drawn from the stirrup would pass up his leg, and through his thighs, body, and head. To one unaccustomed to such a seat it really seems marvellous that this gentleman should ride with so much ease and apparent security. But he really seems a part of his horse. Always when I have seen him he has been riding in a slow trot. He does not sit rigidly on the horse, and yet he does not rise to the gait. Of its kind it is perfect riding, and it is likely that this gentleman was an officer in one of the armies of continental Europe. In the Park and on dress parade this kind of riding is admirable, but how would it be in the hunting-field or in a cavalry charge? Lord Cardigan, he who led the famous charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, adopted such a seat and stirrup in the hunting-field in England, and met his death by ignominiously tumbling over a stone wall.

Then there is another distinct type not before mentioned. This group is made up of stout gentlemen from thirty-five to sixty-five, who have been advised to ride so as to counteract a tendency to corpulence. They bump along with much patience and suffering—suffering that their horses must share to a very large degree. Of these there is one man I have seen on the streets in New York any time these fifteen years past. He is a distinguished lawyer, and was a soldier of note during the war. When he walks on the street he is a well-set-up fine figure of a man, but slightly disposed to over-stoutness. I have no means of knowing whether he enjoyed his seat in his saddle at the head of his regiment in the days of the war, but I am very certain that now he does not like his canter in the Park even a little bit. He rolls in the saddle, with lots of daylight always between him and his horse; on his handsome clean-cut face there is a look of intense suffering. When he pulls his horse up from a canter, and during those two or three seconds of trotting before the horse comes to a walk, the gallant lawyer seems about to emulate the example of Antæus, and get renewed strength by embracing Mother Earth. My friend the mounted policeman said that these men rode like bags of meal. In this I think he is entirely wrong, for bags of meal not more securely fastened on a horse than these riders would surely either fall off or burst.

In one of the pictures will be seen that of a gentleman who has evidently not been instructed by riding-masters, but has acquired his skill by practice and the exercise of intelligence. He is to be seen almost every day, and he evidently enjoys his ride thoroughly. His form in the saddle is not as finished as that of some of the younger men, and probably he would not acquit himself as well in the hunting-field, but he is a notable instance of the self-instructed rider who has learned how to ride with ease to himself and his horse. Of the ladies I do not feel competent to speak. Some of them evidently ride with ease and comfort, but the majority appear to keep their seats merely by hanging on to the pommels and to the reins. Ten years from now the visitor will probably find in Central Park as good horsemanship as that which is now the rule along Rotten Row in Hyde Park. Even now the average is better than that seen in the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne.

THE POETS.

THERE'S never a robin that pipes of spring,
  Nor a stream that runs and leaps,
Nor a bee that dreams on drowsy wing
  O'er a perfum'd petal's deeps,
    But has its rhymes and runes;
      Its rhymes and runes,
      Its subtle tunes,
    Whose rhythm in silence sleeps.

There's never a star that spins in space,
  Nor a leaf that falls to earth,
Nor a billow that wrinkles the ocean's face,
  Nor a rain-drop brought to birth,
    But has its rhymes and runes;
      Its rhymes and runes,
      Its mystic tunes,
    Of sweet, unfathom'd worth.

There's many a soul that throbs in time
  With the robin, the leaf, or star,
That may not voice the silent rhyme;
  But some can hear afar:
    And they, yes, they have rhymes and runes,
    And they can sing the mystic tunes,
  For they the poets are. W. J. HENDERSON.

SWORD-FISHING OFF NANTUCKET.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

IT would not do to call a sword-fish a mackerel glorified, but look at his body, minus his sword, and the resemblance to the Scomber family is marked. In all the seas the weapon he carries, that prolonged snout, gives him his name. The sword-fish is in Italian "pesce-spada," in Dutch "zwaard-visch," and the Spaniard calls him "espada." French fishermen know him as "espadon."

The sword-fish carries a weapon, and knows how to use it. Whether he is pugnacious or not cannot be determined, but there are sword-fish fishermen who insist that he is eager to attack. There is nothing like a litigation to prove a fact in natural history, and so in 1864, when the good ship *Dreadnaught* arrived in London, having been struck by a sword-fish, the court held that the vessel and cargo had been damaged to an amount represented by $3000, and the insurance companies paid that much because *Xiphias gladius* had made a hole through copper sheathing and oak planking.

The range of the sword-fish is a wide one, from Jamaica to Cape Breton. On the European coast it is found from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Just at this present date sword-fish frequent our coast from Montauk Point to the Georges Bank. The first appearance seems to be about the 25th of May.

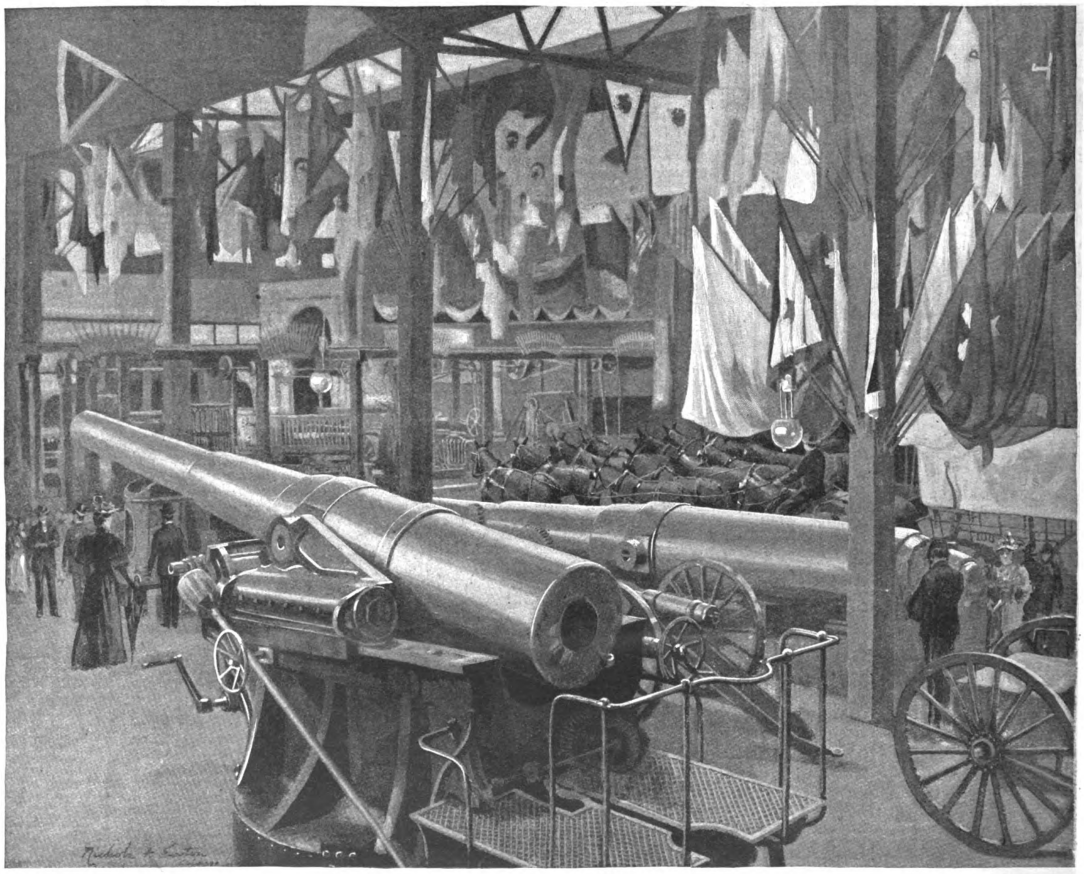
The presence of the sword-fish means that he is in the waters in quest of food. What he wants is a fair share of the menhaden and mackerel. Like the bonito, the sword-fish is a predaceous fish. When he flies through the seas he has a way of exposing his high dorsal fin and the upper lobe of his tail, and when eager in pursuit will show a great deal of his body, exactly as Mr. Burns has drawn it. The speed of the fish is wonderful, and Professor Owen described the blow it would give with its sword as the equal of a swivel-shot.

As to the maximum weight of the fish authorities differ. An exceptionally large fish will weigh five hundred pounds. The average sword-fish will turn the scales at two hundred pounds. The pursuit of the fish as practised by the Nantucket fishermen is the most exciting of sports. A day when there is a smart breeze with fairly smooth water is selected. There is a man at the mast-head who has a keen vision, and at once signals the presence of the fish. The skipper, who is the cleverest of men, takes his station at the bowsprit, standing on a small platform called the "pulpit." The harpoon is known as "a sword-fish iron"; sometimes it is called a "lily-iron." It is a harpoon with a detachable head, and fastened by a socket to a hickory pole sixteen feet in length. The pole is secured by a light line to the vessel, so that it cannot be lost. The harpoon weighs, wood and iron, eighteen pounds. The harpoon is not thrown, but pushed or jabbed into the fish. The skipper always strikes at a point under the dorsal fin. The fish being struck, the iron becomes detached from the pole. As may be seen in the illustration, there is one man with a line in his hand, and another ready to throw overboard a float, which is an empty keg. The wounded fish may carry off one hundred fathoms of line, but cannot escape. Generally a small boat is lowered, and the sword-fish killed with a lance. The flesh of the sword-fish is excellent.

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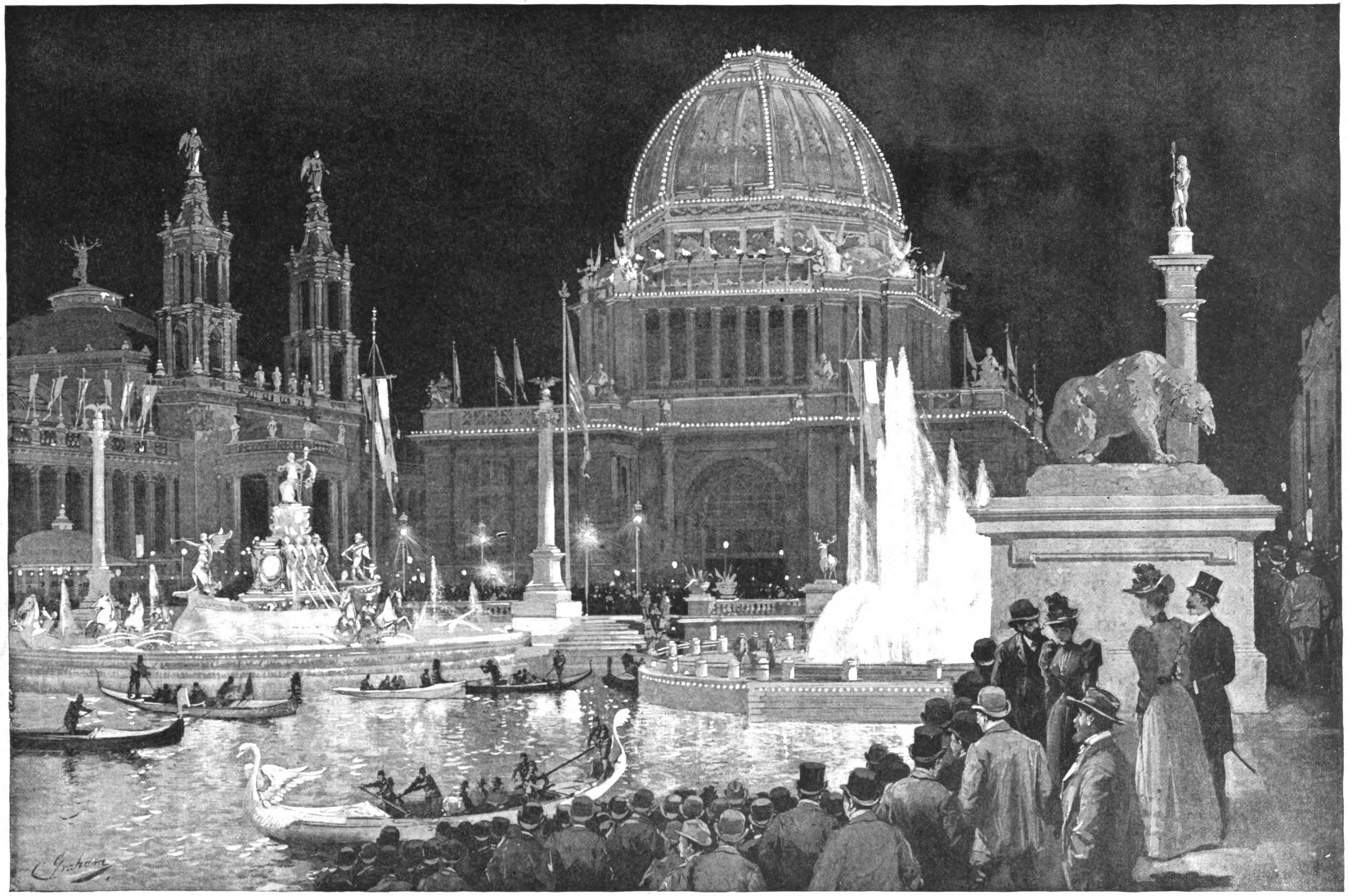


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE TERMINAL STATION.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—BIG GUNS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, GOVERNMENT BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GRAND COURT AT NIGHT—ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF MACMONNIES'S FOUNTAIN AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

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IMPORTANT CONVENTION IN CANADA.

THE LIBERALS TO MEET AT OTTAWA THIS WEEK.

It shows the difference in the forms of government which prevail in North America that while political conventions occur in the regular order of events in the United States, in Canada an assemblage of party representatives of this character is unusual, and hence an occurrence of great significance. The government of the people finds its earliest initiation in the United States in the choice of delegates to a body unrecognized in law, yet which has the power of creating law-makers. In the neighboring Dominion, while in fact the government quite as completely springs from the people, the practice has never yet prevailed whereby an unofficial expression of the people's wishes is made by a body voluntarily chosen, without authorization of statute, and having no real legal power to enforce its behests.

Hence the assemblage in Ottawa, Canada, during the present week, of the chief representatives of the great Liberal party of the Dominion from regions covering a stretch of country reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is an interesting occasion. It is an occasion of peculiar interest to the people of the United States, because the chief topic for discussion at the Convention will be the policy which shall animate the party, should it control the reins of government, in its relations with this country. Upon the wisdom which shall guide the conclusions of the Convention in this respect will depend the ability of the party at the next general Parliamentary election, soon impending, to secure control of the government. This control would result in a complete reversal of policy from that which, under a Tory administration, has for so many years prevailed in the Dominion. Instead of commercial hostility, restriction, isolation of one part of the continent from the other, and practical belligerency toward the United States, the desire of the new Liberal government, should it obtain power, would be of precisely opposite character. It would have for its policy the closest possible commercial relations between the United States and Canada and the utmost freedom of trade. A practical commercial union, if not in name, certainly in effect, would then be possible, long preceding and perhaps preventing the political union which so many hope for, but which is impossible in the present generation. Practically, so far as trade and profit are concerned, it would immediately bring about an equal result.

It will therefore be realized how important are the consequences to this country of the assemblage of the Canadian delegates which takes place in Ottawa this week. While the trade between the United States and Canada has hitherto been insignificant, and there is in the public mind a lack of apprehension of the importance of the Canadian question, nevertheless there are forces at work which make it more than ever incumbent upon this people to watch closely the trend of events in a country which is the largest and nearest customer for manufactured goods, the greatest source of supply for raw material and food products, and which affords to the coming generation an opportunity of profit in development equalled only by that which within their own borders their parents enjoyed. It will be realized, therefore, that the meeting at Ottawa is full of significance, and it is remarkable that it has not hitherto attracted more attention from both press and people of this country.

The Dominion has been governed since 1878 by the Tory party on the lines of what is known as the National Policy. These lines are rigid in their protectionist character, and in that sense resembled the principles which animated the Republican party in the control of the United States until recently. A reciprocity of trade having many years ago been found impossible, a reciprocity of tariffs was supposed to be the next best thing, and Sir John Macdonald's play upon these words epitomized the policy that has up to this time dominated the Dominion in its relation to this country.

Not only in relation to the tariff has the Canadian policy been one of commercial hostility, completely shutting out all American manufactures that it was possible within the Dominion to produce, but with respect to all other points of contact the same spirit of reprisal has prevailed. In relation to the fisheries, for instance, the policy has been belligerent and exasperating to the last degree. Still awaiting the settlement of a question unsettled for half a century, and greatly calculated to disturb the repose of both nations, between the two English-speaking nations of the world peace only is preserved by the constant annual payment by the United States of license or tonnage dues by American fishermen that make it more than ever difficult to set aside this practical admission of the justice and legality of Canadian claims to exclusive rights of enormous value. Equally so with regard to the laws relating to railway transportation, wherein bonding privileges through Canada by rail for a few quintals of fish are denied by the Canadian Tory government to American fishermen, while Canada enjoys at the hands of the United States privileges for the bonding of merchandise and produce to and from and through Canada in proportions so vast that to deny them would bankrupt the entire Canadian railway systems. So, too, in the relations of the Bering Strait question. The attitude of Canada has brought about the great assemblage in Paris of the court now arbitrating the points at issue, and the display of an amount of forensic ability rarely equalled in the history of diplomacy.

Meantime Canada languishes in the continental race; her development is arrested, and the exodus continues to this country of her youngest, the healthiest, the most vigorous, and the most adventurous of her population. Her debt, national and provincial, increases, her debt-paying power diminished, her canal and railway interests depending on this country are imperilled, and, last and worst of all, by the operation of the United States McKinley tariff, as the logical outcome of the reciprocity of tariffs, the Dominion is practically shut out from her natural markets. This has caused enormous loss to the vast majority of the people who have been hitherto dependent upon the United States for the absorption of what they produce. The decline in two years in exports of agricultural products to the United States has, in the bulkiest of articles and in the aggregate of the largest amount, equalled nearly seventy per cent., which in a country sustained by agriculture is an enormous proportion. Notwithstanding the increased trade with Great Britain, the loss to Canadians by their exclusion from the United States market has been very great. Had the agricultural section of the McKinley bill been specially framed for the purpose of spreading ruin over the largest possible area of the continent outside of the United States, among the classes most numerous and the industries most vital to the development of that area, it could not have taken a shape more exacting or more exasperating. The result is that among the majority of Canadians included in the five great classes of Farmers, Fishermen, Lumbermen, Miners, and Shippers, there is the greatest dissatisfaction at the existing conditions of trade between the two countries. The present Tory government, having inaugurated the national policy of reprisal, of isolation, and hostility to the United States, are blamed for the rigid retaliation of the McKinley bill. The demand is therefore imperative for a tariff reform in Canada, so as to get in line with the amended policy of the United States desired by the people in the election of Mr. Cleveland. The Tory party are feeling the pressure of this demand at every point, and are especially harassed by an important defection of an adherent exceedingly able and aggressive in the person of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, who has been before designated as the wisest and ablest of Tories.

It is under circumstances such as these that representatives of the Liberal party assemble in Ottawa to decide on a policy for the future, and which by submission to the people at the coming general Parliamentary election will beget their approval, and enable them to obtain power. It will be admitted that the circumstances of their opponents in the Tory ranks are such that unless there be the greatest mismanagement or ill luck in the formation of that policy the Liberal chances for victory are uncommonly good. Hence the most intense anxiety prevails among those who apprehend the dangers of the hour that no mistake should be made.

The defeat at the last general election of the Liberal party on the question of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States has made it seem difficult for the leaders to insist upon the continuance of the particular form of appeal to the people. The election in the United States of the Democratic party has in the mean time relegated reciprocity as a Republican makeshift to the position of a back number, while the administration has made no demonstration of its tariff policy sufficient to give the Canadians the slightest clew as to what they may expect. Except on the general principles that the mandate of the American people last November meant the breaking down of barriers, the enlargement of markets, free admission of raw material, and cheapened food products, no expression exists by which the Canadian government can be guided. Yet this broad expression will suffice for general guidance, and it may be depended upon that a general policy will animate the Liberal party such as will respond in the largest degree to the expressed wishes of the American people.

The chief cause for the defeat of the Liberal party at the last Canadian election was the skilful use by the Tories of the cry of disloyalty to British connection, supposed to be involved in the desire for closer trade relations with the United States. The impression conveyed by the opponents of unrestricted reciprocity was that the commercial union thus created between the two countries would certainly lead to a political union between them. This impression in the public mind was confirmed by the admission on the part of the Liberals that as a price for the free entrance of Canadian products into the United States there should be an equally free admission into Canada of American manufactures of every name and nature, which implied a discrimination against British goods that seemed eventually fatal to British connection. The Liberals argued with great force that Canada should not be sacrificed to the interests of a few British manufacturers, and if the price to be paid for the free use of the American market was a discrimination against English goods, they were willing to pay it, because the loss to Canada was infinitely greater than the gain to Britain. Even in the face of this cry of disloyalty, and with the whole question greatly misapprehended, the Liberals made great gains, and reduced the Parliamentary majority by which the administration was sustained from seventy to twenty votes. It is true that the by-elections since held have restored the ministry to its former strength, and that the Tories will go into the next electoral contest as powerful as before. Nevertheless, great changes have taken place since the last election. The object-lesson taught by the McKinley bill as to the logical folly of restriction has been bitterly learned, while the results of a protective policy in a small country like Canada have been manifestly disappointing even to its most ardent advocates. The disloyalty cry has largely disappeared, because it is shown that if a real annexation sentiment grows at all, it is because of discontent and discouragement, and that a free-trade relation with the United States would completely dissipate any supposed existing desire for political union. Meantime, also, the American people have, by a mighty mandate, demanded a reversal of the commercial policy hitherto prevailing, and the Liberals therefore encounter conditions far more favorable for success than those which prevailed at the last election.

It will be interesting to observe how they will meet these changed circumstances. If they should boldly adopt a policy of tariff reform, applicable to the whole world, resulting in a reduction of revenue, that would demand the most rigid economy of administration, and seek by direct or different forms of taxation some method of bridging the deficiency in revenue, they will be simply irresistible in their appeal to the country. A new and changed policy of government of half the continent, especially in its relation to the other half occupied by the United States, may therefore result from this assemblage. ERASTUS WIMAN.

PRIVATE GALLAGHER'S DISTINCTION.

FOR fifty-eight out of the sixty days that elapsed between the paymaster's bi-monthly visits to the post, Private Gallagher was the best soldier in the command. When he marched on guard it was ten to one that he would be selected as "orderly for the commanding officer," an honor always given to the smartest soldier in the guard. The sleeve of his dress-coat was a mass of service and war chevrons; on his breast he wore the sharpshooter's cross with two bars, and the Congressional medal of honor, won by his cool valor many years before in Arizona, when, finding himself cut off with a wounded captain and four cartridges by three Chiricahua Apaches, he shot the three dead before they could pull a trigger. Service and war chevrons he had galore, but his sleeve was bare of the non-commissioned officer's stripes; and the reason of it lay in the occurrences of the two eventful days of the above-mentioned sixty. The ink of his signature on the pay-rolls was not dry before Private Gallagher was on his way to the adjacent town, there to exchange the crisp bills of the paymaster for the vile whiskey of the "Bucking Broncho" saloon. That night at check roll-call Gallagher was reported absent, and again at reveille; and next morning when the patrol sent after him marched into the post, the smart soldier of the day before would never be recognized in the battered and inert form that was carried into the guard-house.

Remonstrance and reprimand had first been tried by all the officers, from the Colonel down to the last graduate from the Point. Then the wheels of military justice were set to grinding, and again and again Private Gallagher stood up before garrison or summary courts martial to plead "guilty, sor," to the charge that, in the soldier's code, covers a multitude of sins—"conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." At last the Colonel's patience gave out. One morning when, after a pay-day spree, Gallagher, looking as spruce and soldierly as if he had never seen the inside of a guard-house, knocked at the door of the Colonel's office, and announced, "Private Gallagher reports as commanding officer's orderly, sor," he was told that the next offence would bring him before a general court martial. Now a general court martial for a soldier with Gallagher's record of "previous trials and convictions" meant nothing less than dishonorable discharge from the army.

One afternoon, as the paymaster's ambulance and escort were disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust on their way to the railway station, Lieutenant Barker, the senior lieutenant of Gallagher's company, was hurrying towards the barrack for the daily drill, wondering how many men would be suffering from that tired feeling, the bacilli of which seemed to be generated in the air by the mere presence of an officer of the pay corps at the post. For the first few moments of the drill Barker noticed nothing unusual, save a smile of far-off beatific content on Private Gallagher's face, and an inclination, hastily corrected, to execute "fours right" at the command "Fours left!" These vagaries the lieutenant was disposed to overlook, not wishing to be the means of bringing the old soldier before the general court with which the Colonel had threatened him. But matters grew worse as the drill went on. Finally, when Gallagher began to show a contempt for the interval between files of the new drill regulations, and his preference for the old "shoulder to shoulder" formation by leaning heavily against his neighbors in ranks, the lieutenant lost his patience and exclaimed, "Sergeant Murphy, take Gallagher behind the barracks and drill him there by himself!"

At the end of a half-hour Barker brought his company to a "rest," and proceeded to the barracks to see what success Sergeant Murphy and Gallagher were having with their evolutions *à deux*. The picture that met his eye was not encouraging. The sergeant had evidently given the thing up in despair, while Gallagher was sitting upon the steps of the porch, his head between his hands, in an attitude of complete collapse.

"Well, Gallagher," inquired the lieutenant, "what's the matter with you now?"

"Oi'm sick, sor," replied Gallagher, screwing up his face into an expression of mortal agony.

"That story will hardly do," said Barker. "You're not sick; you're drunk."

"Indade, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk, sor."

"But I see plainly that you are, Gallagher."

For a moment the old soldier knit his brow in an apparent struggle to give fit expression to a great truth that was stirring in his brain; then, in a triumphant voice, he exclaimed, "No, lieutenant, oi'm not dhrunk; oi may be lyin', but oi'm not dhrunk."

And Private Gallagher was never tried by general court martial, for Lieutenant Barker is still trying to fathom the full meaning of Private Gallagher's distinction.



MR. HAMMERSTEIN has again embarked upon the troublous sea of opera—this time comic, coupled with ballet—and presented this week the *Talisman*, the latest opera from the pen of M. Planquette, of *Cloches de Corneville* fame, in connection with *Versailles*, a grand spectacular ballet. A first-class production in all respects was promised by Mr. Hammerstein. It will be remembered that similar promises were made in regard to the season of opera in English perpetrated at the Manhattan Opera-house earlier in the season. This same season should have taught Mr. Hammerstein a lesson that it takes money to make money, and that great cry and little wool, a pretentious production of rather less than average excellence, is not calculated to secure notable results in any way. Although *Nell Gwynne* was a charming work, which received scant justice when done in this country at the Casino, the two latest specimens of M. Planquette's art heard in this country, *Paul Jones* and *Captain Therese*, are not of a kind to inspire great hopes as to the *Talisman*, which, however, is reported to have been well received in Paris. Occasion will be taken to refer to this production later. Within a very few days the Casino will be put up for sale at auction—another and inevitable step in the *dégringolade* which has been steadily going on there for some time past. Comment is needless; the facts speak for themselves. There was a time when under proper management the Casino might readily have been made, in a way at least, the Opéra Comique of this city and country; but that time and that opportunity have vanished. New men and new measures are needed to bring about a result which is certainly desirable for New York as a metropolitan city, and now that the Casino reign is practically at an end, what is to take its place? As a result of the recent litigation the management has once again come out ahead of the stockholders, who, when the general wind-up occurs, are likely to come out at the very small end of a very small horn.

The annual summer theatrical interregnum and present dulness in things dramatic will not this year remain long unbroken, as, according to present indications, next season will start in very early. A number of August openings are promised. At the Standard that one of Mr. Frohman's company which lately appeared in *Jane* will open the season with a new comedy from the pens of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, entitled *Fanny*, which, it is said, is built upon the same lines and general plan as *Jane*, and is intended to be a *replica* of that most amusing piece. Mr. Sothern will begin his annual season at the Lyceum early in August with a new piece as yet not announced, and the original French company will produce the celebrated musical pantomime, *The Prodigal Son*, at Daly's Theatre, and give us the real Simon Pure original of the many "Prodigalities" which have appeared on the dramatic stage since the success of that piece. It is rather curious, and speaks well for Mr. Daly's lack of prejudice and liberality, that he should allow another company to appear at his own theatre in a piece in which his own company had a distinct and dismal lack of success. *The Prodigal Son*, as interpreted by the artists who

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created the parts, is certainly one of the most delightful and original theatrical entertainments which have been offered to the public in many years, and should prove a revelation to the American public as an exemplification of the art of pantomime—an art which lies at the basis of all acting, and of which both American actors as a class and the American public are wellnigh entirely ignorant. The piece, as interpreted by this company, put up originally to fill an interregnum of two or three weeks at the Bouffes, ran for over two years, and became at once the rage in London when produced there. It will be interesting to notice from this production whether the previous lack of success of the piece in this country is to be attributed to our national lack of artistic appreciation or to the deficiencies of the company which originally presented it here.

On the 27th of this month, if proposed arrangements are carried out, Mr. Daly will open his theatre in London with an address by the eminent dramatic critic Mr. Clement Scott and a brace of familiar plays, and will then certainly experience something like the feelings of a general who has effected a lodgement in an enemy's country. Should Mr. Daly procure and successfully produce in London an original American play, in the proper sense of the term—that is, one not merely by an American author, but one dealing with a typical American subject, readily recognizable as such—he will have done as much for American dramatic art in England as he has now done for Mr. Daly; for up to the present time, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* and *The Banker's Daughter*, which were Anglicized for the occasion, no American play has ever succeeded in making in London any decided or lasting impression.

But, after all, why Mr. Daly's theatre in London, except as a matter of personal and managerial pride and enterprise? Would we not look upon it somewhat in the light of an intrusion, to say the least, if an English manager of equal eminence were to come over here with a purely English company and settle down in our midst with the obvious intention of remaining foreign? Would we be likely to accord to such a manager or such a company as cordial a reception as has hitherto been accorded to Mr. Daly in London? Naturally it would be best for the English-speaking stage to recognize no purely national boundaries; but here an inevitable national feeling, more strongly marked in England than even in this country, steps in to re-establish the dividing lines. If Mr. Daly's new enterprise should succeed to any appreciable extent in obliterating these he will have done much for international dramatic art.

Reports which come to us from Vienna indicate the falsity of previous rumors to the effect that Verdi's *Falstaff* had not been well received there. As a matter of fact, the opera has been received with the utmost favor by Viennese critics, although one, the eminent Dr. Hanslick, seems to think that the popularity of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* will interfere somewhat with the general acceptance of the work by the public. Maurel, who thought better of his previously expressed intention and appeared in the title-rôle, made an immense personal success, and the Viennese public is at present wild over him, to the great disgust of the other eminent and local baritone, Herr Reichmann. A recent important operatic production abroad was that of *Phryne*, styled in the bills "an antique comedy, with light music, by Camille Saint-Saëns," which was produced with much success at the Opéra Comique recently. Miss Sibyl Sanderson took the rôle of the beautiful Phryne of the familiar legend, but at the critical moment—in the trial scene where the fair frail one is paratory [illegible] before the eyes of will spread it through the [illegible], afterwards enter, [illegible] the lovely On the other hand, [illegible] beauty was said manlike [illegible] the events of the evening, was taken by a statue. An eminent critic characterizes the opera as being of a delicious and refreshing archaic simplicity, full of grace and delicacy, light, facile, and melodious. One hardly, it is said, recognizes the classical hand of Saint-Saëns in the dainty, florid, frolicsome score. Another critic remarks, apropos: "When on reviewing the majestic profundity of the *Valkyrie* one finds one's self face to face with an amiable little work like *Phryne*, one is astonished to find that the German ogre has not yet quite devoured French art. The traditional French *chanson* still holds its place beside the philosophic and inward Lied; there are still people who can and will write French music in France." The *Valkyrie* at the Grand Opera-house, *Phryne* at the Opéra Comique, and both enormously successful—surely extremes meet in a most surprising way. Further news from Paris is that Adolph Adam's opera, the *Toreador*, is shortly to be revived at the Opéra Comique, and that the celebrated Russian composer Cæsar Cui is now in Paris making arrangements for the production at the Grand Opera-house of his operatic work, *The Filibusters*.

A musical event of most unusual and notable interest was the first production in this country of Leoncavallo's much-discussed opera *I Pagliacci* (the Clowns), by the company directed by Mr. Hinrichs, which marked last week, from a musical stand-point, with a white stone. The story of the opera and some account of the critical estimation in which the work is held abroad were given in this department last week; it will therefore suffice now to say that for once expectation was not disappointed, and that, taken as a whole, *I Pagliacci*, as regards what it actually achieves and even more in what it promises, must be considered one of the most important bits of operatic work done since Wagner. While one is inclined to doubt whether *I Pagliacci* will achieve the immediate popular success obtained by its prototype, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, there can be no question that in broad emotion, directness, sincerity, and self-evident truth to nature, *I Pagliacci* cannot fail to impress not alone the amateur and critic, but also the general public. As a composer, Leoncavallo is essentially cosmopolitan, and, as seen in his work, impresses one as a man of large ideas, broad sympathies, much innate refinement, and nobility, and lofty aims. If *I Pagliacci* be not a really great work, as has been said, and one which perhaps just misses being absolutely convincing, it is nevertheless a work of great musical beauty and power, and one wherein the originality and marked promise exhibited by the composer give ample grounds for the greatest hopes for his future. *I Pagliacci* is a music-drama in the true sense of the term, in that words and music form a complement to each other, and are indispensable parts of a dramatic whole.

Although the *leit motif*, properly speaking, is not used at all, the treatment of the score is Wagnerian in spirit; and while distinctly original—markedly so, indeed—the composer to a certain extent reflects the thought and experience of those who have gone before him in a thoroughly eclectic spirit. There is less of well-defined vocal melody in the score than one would have expected from an Italian; and the composer appears at his best when not, as in some cases, with evident intent seeking an effective tune. The production as a whole, while evidently perfunctory as regards *mise en scène*, was certainly adequate enough to enable one to justly estimate the work, and reflects much credit on Mr. Hinrichs, who conducted with great intelligence and appreciation, and on Messrs. Campanari and Montegriffo, who as Tonio and Canio respectively, both vocally and dramatically, exhibited real power. That Madame Kronold-Koert was hardly convincing as Nedda was in a measure due to the fact that the composer has made his principal female character a heartless coquette, who enlists neither the sympathy nor the interest of the audience. It is to be hoped that further opportunities of hearing this most interesting work will be afforded us in the near future; meanwhile, one acknowledges with pleasure a debt of gratitude due to Mr. Hinrichs.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

THE nineteenth annual session of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine A.·. A.·. O.·. N.·. M.·. S.·. for North America was held in the city of Cincinnati, beginning Monday, June 12th. The Order, which dates from the time of Mohammed in the East, was founded in this country in 1871 by the actor W. J. Florence and Dr. Walter M. Fleming. Mecca Temple, in New York city, was the first lodge instituted in America, and the Order has grown so that now there are 65 Temples and nearly 25,000 Nobles. The Syrian Temple, Oasis of Cincinnati, where the Imperial Council met, has been organized a number of years, and is presided over by William B. Melish, who was one of the originators. Mr. Melish, whose portrait is given herewith, has been a member of the Imperial Council since 1886, and was elected Illustrious Imperial Potentate of North America in 1892. His successor to the latter office is Thomas J. Hudson, assistant postmaster at Pittsburg, who was chosen June 14th. The preparations made by the local Nobles of the Order were elaborate and extensive, and many of the visiting Shriners were accompanied by their wives. The first day was devoted to the escort and reception of visiting Temples, concluding with the opening of the Syrian Temple's "Well in the Desert" at the Grand Hotel in the evening. The Imperial Council met in secret session at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on Tuesday and Wednesday, while the other Nobles were entertained by the reception committee of the Syrian Temple. On Tuesday evening all the Nobles were reviewed in parade by the Imperial Potentate, and a large number participated. The uniform consisted of evening dress, with Oriental fez and the jewel of the Order, which is a tiger's claw mounted in silver and suspended from a silver cimeter. The route of the procession led from the Grand Hotel to the Music Hall, a distance of twelve blocks. After the review a special entertainment was given in the latter place, called "The Secret of the Sphinx," to which only the Shriners and the ladies accompanying them were admitted. The street decorations along the avenues where the parade was held were particularly striking. In addition to the bunting and house decorations, more than ten thousand glass globes of all colors lined the street on either side, lighted by gas. Several arches of gas jets were also erected along the line of march, and the Syrian Eagle and appropriate words of welcome in brilliant lights added to the display. Fireworks at different points heralded the arrival of the procession, and the affair was altogether most successful. Elephants and camels were led by the Nobles, and gave an Oriental coloring to the caravan. Temples from all parts of the country were represented, and immense crowds witnessed the affair. About 3500 Nobles were in line, headed by Great Sheik Hickenlooper. Wednesday, June 14th, was also given over to the entertainment of the guests while the Imperial Council was in session, ending with a farewell reception at the Grand Hotel and a summer-night fête at the Zoölogical Gardens.



WILLIAM B. MELISH,
Past Illustrious Imperial Potentate of North America.—After a Photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

OUR RAPID, TRANSITORY EXISTENCE,
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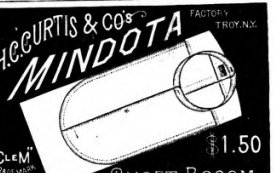
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TRANSPORTATION TO THE FAIR.

THOSE who visited the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia seventeen years ago will remember with anything but pleasure the struggle that had to be made to go to Fairmount Park from the city, and to get back towards nightfall. Many ways of going to the great show had been provided, but they were entirely inadequate every day of the six months that the exhibition lasted. The fair site at Jackson Park is farther from the centre of Chicago than the Centennial site was from the heart of Philadelphia; besides this there is a very reasonable expectation that the visitors at Chicago will greatly exceed those in Philadelphia in numbers during the months to come. The increased distance and the increased numbers necessary to provide for combined to make the transportation problem more difficult of solution.

In a previous article in this paper I touched upon another factor of the problem—the carrying of passengers by water. The water route, unless the boats be over-crowded, is the pleasantest way to go. The fleet of boats, of which the great whaleback steamship *Christopher Columbus* is the flag-ship, has a capacity to take to and from the fair 15,000 passengers an hour. The boats are chartered to carry even greater loads, so it is probably safe to say that 15,000 an hour can be taken with comfort. Of the railways running to Jackson Park, the one with the most ample facilities is the Illinois Central, which runs along the front of Lake Michigan well into and even beyond the centre of the hotel district. During the building of the fair this was almost the only means of getting to Jackson Park, and the accommodations were most shockingly bad. The cars were dirty, and either too hot or too cold. This road has eight main tracks passing the grounds. Four of these are used to take passengers to and from the park, and the capacity is said to be 30,000 an hour each way.

The next most important route is by the elevated road—the Chicago and South Side Rapid Transit Company. This road runs a five-car train every two minutes, and has a capacity of 20,000 per hour. The cable-cars of the Wabash Avenue lines run to the Fifty-seventh Street entrance at intervals of one minute, and it is estimated that this line has a capacity of 15,000 per hour. The State Street Cable Line also has a capacity of 15,000 per hour, and runs on two-minute intervals. Mr. George H. Wheeler, the president of the South Side Cable System, says that each of the cable lines during the rush hours of morning and evening is able to handle 20,000 persons. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Northern Pacific run trains to the terminal station inside the grounds, and these two roads are able to carry 5000 passengers an hour.

Within the park there are terminal facilities for 35 trains of 14 cars each, and the through lines from North, South, East, and West can land the passengers who wish it within the grounds. Steamers will also land passengers within a few minutes' walk of the Fifty-seventh Street entrance, and these boats will probably have a capacity of 10,000 an hour.

It will be seen, therefore, that by the various methods of getting to Jackson Park, and according to the estimates of the officials, 125,000 persons can be taken back and forth each hour.

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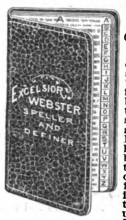
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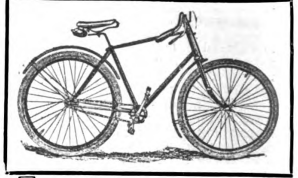
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AMATEVR·SPORT

IT IS NOT OFTEN we give space to the letters of this nature that are received, but the one printed herewith sounds the keynote of the modern situation so distinctly, and is so thoroughly sportsmanlike in its tone, that we cannot resist the temptation to publish sentiments with which this department is so entirely in accord.

June 14, 1893.

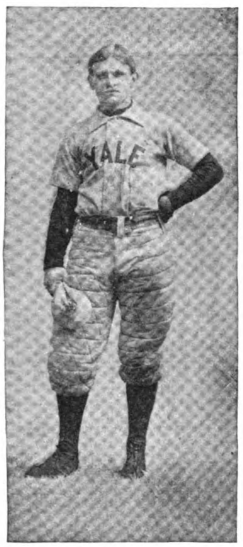
MY DEAR SIR,—Let me thank you for what you said in the last WEEKLY about the Harvard-Princeton game. It is difficult to understand how a company of young men, receiving the best education the country affords, can invite six or seven thousand persons out to see them play a game, and then keep them waiting while they wrangle. The professional players who lay no claim to breeding would not dare do such a thing.

Every year these unseemly wrangles occur, and they disgrace us. Last year Yale and Harvard could not play a third game, and this year they have barely agreed to a third game. The schools follow suit, and Exeter and Andover cannot play together.

The true sportsman, it seems to me, should be actuated only by the desire to arrange a meeting and a friendly trial of skill. His chief anxiety should be that the meeting should be on absolutely equal terms, and that no suspicion, or possible suggestion of advantage, should adhere, at least to his side. Eagerness for the meeting should so possess the teams, crews, and nines, that questions of detail should seem impertinent to them.

Instead of this, they fill the newspapers year after year with accounts of their contemptible schemings for advantages of dates, grounds, etc. Instead of scorning the idea of going into a contest with an advantage, they plan to get it, and the public opinion of the college applauds. If one gentleman asks another to his house to play a friendly game, will he not give him his choice of light, or cue, or what not? Would he not deem himself ill-bred if he took the advantage in any such particular? Why does not this law apply to the aggregated gentleman in college athletics? Why should he feel bound to become a sharper and a trickster?

Yours truly, —— ——, Harvard '75.



LAURIE BLISS,
Captain Yale Nine.

NOR COULD THE LETTER HAVE COME at a more timely moment, when the two nines of the preparatory schools—Exeter and Andover—have finally agreed to disagree after a season's wrangling. That these schools should be unable to come to a sportsmanlike understanding on the baseball situation, after fighting over it for several weeks, shows unmistakably what the baneful example of the universities will do. Boys at school invariably tread in the footsteps of the older boys at college—good, bad, or indifferent. The example set at college is certain to have its influence at the preparatory school. This is why such stress is always laid in this department on the necessity of keeping all college sport honest and clean. If the boy sees unfair and unsportsmanlike measures resorted to in the university football or baseball game, you may be sure he will introduce the same at his school, and *per contra*, if boys at their preparatory school countenance dishonesty in their sport, they will spread it through the ranks of whatever college they afterwards enter.

On the other hand, if the boy sees that all such unsportsmanlike conduct is discountenanced, he will take the lesson to heart and act accordingly.

The school is the place, above all others, where the seeds of sportsmanship should be sown. Every teacher in such schools, every head-master, and every father has a responsibility in this direction, the gravity of which is second to none.

The boy who is honest and sportsmanlike in his baseball and football is the one who will be honest in his profession. A man or boy dishonest in sport need simply the opportunity to be dishonest in his business.

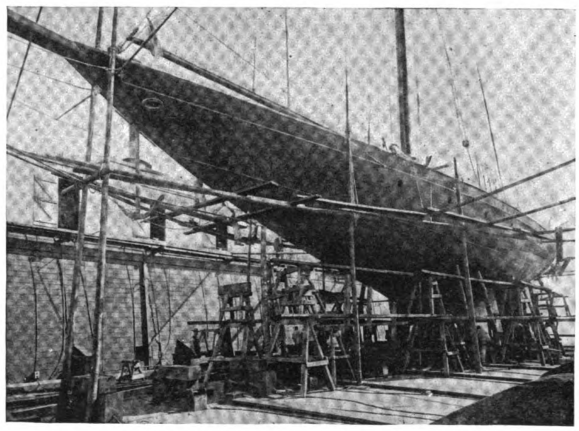
This wrangling over dates would be stopped if university faculties and school head-masters forbade a game between the belligerents for say a season.

ALL THAT NOW REMAINS of the college baseball season is the struggle between Harvard and Yale, and this promises to be more than usually exciting and evenly played. Though both Harvard and Yale have been defeated, yet the game each has put up proves beyond a doubt that the championship rests between them.

Harvard began with the best material a university ever had in one season. All her men were tried and able ball-players, and Captain Frothingham's work consisted in chiefly getting them to so understand one another that team play would result. Harvard has not shown the team play one would expect, and most of her games have been won by a series of strong individual efforts, and not by that careful combination which would put them in the lead of all college teams.

Yale, on the other hand, began with rather a forlorn hope, and had it not been for the master work of Carter in the box would not be Harvard's true rival to-day. Only one or two experienced players, such as compose Harvard's nine, were to be had, and the new men found it hard work to keep up the pace expected of them. Yale had to develop a whole team, and Harvard's nine simply needed practice; so, at the start, Harvard had a clear advantage. But whether this advantage will be apparent on the 22d, when the teams meet for the first time this year on Holmes Field, is very doubtful. In Carter lies Yale's strength, and this much cannot be said of Highlands. Harvard's strength is in her batting and base-running, and if Carter can check these, Yale's chance to win is good. Yale will probably not try to hit the ball hard, but, as last year, be content in making Highlands not only pitch every ball, but also field every ball.

With Rustin on third base, and he will be there when his team meets Harvard, Yale has a strong in-field, and her outfield compares favorably with anything Harvard can produce, yet Harvard's men have had more experience, and may play better ball at critical moments. If Yale succeeds in winning the series, it will be a triumph of good pitching and dash over what ought to be the best team in the college league; but the chances must be considered slightly in favor of Harvard, because of their surer hitting and sharper running.



ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL'S "NAVAHOE."
Gone to England to sail for the Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

HARVARD HAS SHOWN IN THE GAMES of last week that her team is not only retaining but increasing its strength. The University of Pennsylvania series was captured without much difficulty—the first game, 10–4, the second, 14–8—and in each the Harvard batsmen proved their superiority over those of any other college team in sure hitting. In the first game they hit Bayne, who is one of the cleverest pitchers of the day, at will, making seven singles in the first two innings. On the other hand, Pennsylvania, which has at times batted heavily, could not hit Highlands at all.

The first few innings of the second game demonstrated how far short of their proper form men can fall when they start in with the idea that it is all over but the shouting. Highlands's work was poor; he was wild, and Pennsylvania batted him all over the field. Highlands is an uncertain man, and it is his condition on the day of the Yale-Harvard games that will cut a very large figure in the result. He has yet to prove himself equal to the emergency in a close, exciting Yale game. His hitting is stronger than ever this year, and his stick-work in the last Pennsylvania game brought in five runs. Mason is also doing fine stick-work, and pushing Hallowell on base-running.

On the 15th, won from the Vermont University team, 12–2, but not against its star pitcher, Pond, although he was good enough to strike out Highlands. Harvard did some heavy hitting, and stole bases in rapid succession.

Yale's was beaten on the 18th 4–3 by this Vermont team, but they had their crack pitcher, Pond, in the box. The defeat rather emphasizes the lesson learned last year—that Pond and Kinsella are too good a battery to trifle with if they care about winning. Davis's eight bases on balls and inability to hit Pond told the story. These defeats take that unquestionable superiority from Yale's baseball honors which characterizes her football prowess.



L. G. FROTHINGHAM,
Captain Harvard Nine.

PRINCETON DESERVES her third place in the race, for the last games played have been good ones, though her form at first was disappointing. The greatest victory was in winning the series from the University of Pennsylvania, whose strong team has made anything but a game finish. By yielding to Cornell and Priest's clever pitching, Pennsylvania must be classed below the Ithaca team, although at the beginning of the season it looked as if the nine would finish much nearer the leaders. Cornell ends the season with an excellent record. Out of nineteen games played, fifteen have been victories, defeating University of Michigan twice; Lehigh, twice; Williams, twice; Georgetown, once; and Pennsylvania, three straight. Brown has not played either Pennsylvania, Cornell, or Princeton, but they have shown form that would put them ahead of both Cornell and Pennsylvania, and it would have to be fought out with Princeton. Brown has won a game from both the Harvard and Yale nines, while Princeton has lost to both. A game between Brown and Princeton would be a very interesting and close one.

THE AMHERST NINE IS CLOSING its season at a great pace, which had it got into at the time of the Williams game might have saved them the lead in the New England College League. As it is now it looks as if, after all, they would carry off the pennant. On the 7th they put up a great game against Brown, winning by score 6–2. Gregory, the Amherst pitcher, did fine work, holding Brown's heavy batters down to one hit until the seventh inning.

On the 9th and 10th the team and Colby's masterly pitching defeated Dartmouth, by the scores 6–3 and 5–3, and pu.



C. J. BARR,
Captain Cornell 'Varsity.



WALTER S. THOMSON,
Captain University of Pennsylvania Nine.



HARRY L. K. SHAW,
Captain Cornell Freshman.



FRANK CRAWFORD,
Captain University of Michigan Nine.

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the New Hampshire nine out of the race. At the same time Williams was winning an errorless game, 8–6, from the Yale Law School team. Williams is playing a strong game, and Hollister's work in the box is far better than it has been for the past two seasons. The games in this league have been well contested, and show fully as much team-work as the larger university nines. The playing of Williams and Amherst has been all that their *alumni* could ask. Amherst in particular has done well against Harvard and Yale. She won a decided victory over Yale, 5–1, with Carter in the box, and came near winning from Harvard. Stearns, the captain of the Amherst, is one of the best second-basemen of the season.

This complimentary comment on Amherst was written before the game with Brown, which was the most miserable exhibition of fielding ever given on the Providence grounds. Amherst made 12 errors, of which its short-stop made 5, and its crack second-baseman, 2. Brown had no difficulty in winning, 10–1.

IF THE FIRST PAGE of this department had not already gone to press we should be tempted, after the miserable ball-playing on Saturday, to cut out the paragraph giving Princeton third place. Captain King and his men may certainly feel they have achieved distinction—that of giving the most wretched exhibition of fielding any college nine ever gave in this city. Yale beat them easily, 14–7, and that, too, with a substitute pitcher, Carter retiring after the fourth inning, at which time the score was 7–0 in Yale's favor. With the exception of a brilliant catch by Payne, Princeton's playing was wretched. They made *fourteen* errors, Otto and King dividing the honors with 4 and 3 respectively. Instead of being the recipients of a dinner in the evening the team should have had a good sound lecture from its graduate advisers. There is no disgrace in defeat after honest effort, but Princeton did not do its best on Saturday, and by just such work is giving Harvard and Yale cause for consideration of a dual arrangement.

Yale played an excellent game—Arbuthnot doing especially well at third, and Murphy giving promise of getting into form before the Harvard game. With the exception of the sixth inning, when Beall, Speer, and Kedzie bunched errors, and Princeton made four runs in consequence, their play was steady. Such a break against Harvard would certainly lose the game.

THE POLO SEASON, which opened May 27th with the Association Cups tournament at the Country Club of Westchester, was started off brilliantly by the Independence team, and has been kept brilliant by that team ever since. Not for several years has there been such interesting play, and never was so pat an illustration provided for polo men of the necessity of developing the second-class men in order to maintain the club standard of play, of the value of team-play, and the advantage of widening the intervals between important match games. All these subjects are familiar to the readers of this department, as many a paragraph has been written on them. Sportsmen who are really interested in the advancement of the game in this country will thank Messrs. George Lord Day, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., George P. Eustis, and Benjamin Nicoll, who constitute the Independence team, for the lesson they have given their polo associates in these first few weeks of the season. They have shown what intelligent team-work and practice will accomplish, and, more than all, laid absolutely bare the great weakness of our club teams, viz., the dependence on a few cracks.



PHIL KING,
Captain Princeton Nine.

POLO WILL NEVER GET BEYOND its present standard over here until the policy of big I and little you ceases to be the dominating one on polo-club fields. In two or three clubs particularly there are players who appear to believe themselves possessed of a heaven-born right to absorb all the attention of the spectators during a match. Team-play under such conditions must suffer greatly. This same egotistical spirit unfortunately does not stop on the field nor confine itself to an occasional individual; it seems to be carried into the very club councils, and raises up the cry, Anything to win—to the deuce with the development of polo. Knowing of this sentiment, it is easy to understand what has prompted the vigorous protest recently made at the Association meeting against the further playing of the Independence team. The Meadowbrook Club misses Mr. Hitchcock's brilliant work and steadying influence; the Morristown Club cannot replace Messrs. Nicoll and Day, and Myopia has developed no one able to play Mr. Eustis's position.

These protesters care nothing for the improvement of polo itself. They consider nothing but their own selfishness. They want to win—quite a natural desire, to be sure—but instead of buckling down to the game and developing men—and there are plenty of them—and playing a *team* game, they do the baby act, and protest against men who have beaten them, and shown good sportsmanship and a proper conception of the way the game may be improved. If the Independence team had not been the victor in its matches, there would probably not have been a whimper against their playing. A very large number of the polo men around New York need an infusion of sporting blood in their veins.

THE FIRST MATCH FOR THE ASSOCIATION CUPS brought Independence and Meadowbrook together on the grounds of the Country Club of Westchester, and the former administered its first in the series of object-lessons it has continued giving on the value of team-work. Meadowbrook played Bird, Collier, George Eustis, and Roby, and made a poor showing, earning but one goal throughout the three periods of twenty minutes each. In the game with Rockaway, the latter team comprised Cheever, Tower (A. C.), L. Francke, and R. La Montagne; and Meadowbrook, Belmont, Bird, R. D. Winthrop, and J. L. Kernochan, which, substituting Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., for the latter, is the regular team it has been playing for several years. Yet, notwithstanding that fact, it could not win from Rockaway even with Keene and Cowdin missing, and the match went to the Cedarhurst players, 11 goals to 7½. Neither Belmont nor Winthrop is playing up to form, nor up to his present handicap. They want practice badly. Bird has put up a strong game this season, and Kernochan improved in his play, but his efforts are all confined to individual work, and he could make himself infinitely more valuable if he would pay some attention to team-play. Cheever always rode well, but this year, being mounted on Cowdin's ponies, he is doing better than ever, and hitting the ball in much improved style. Both Francke and La Montagne are also playing good game, for this early in the season. In the Meadowbrook match Rockaway played very good polo, but in their next contest, against Independence, Tower got a tumble which laid him up, and the team with a substitute went to pieces and could not make a single goal, while their opponents got 14.

IN THE FINAL FOR THESE CUPS Independence met Country Club of Westchester, and had somewhat of an easy win, earning 10 goals, allowed ½, to Westchester's earned 4 and allowed 2. It was not a very good game, Day and Nicoll playing in the poorest form they had shown in the tournament, while the Country Club had in a substitute, Reynal, whose forte is not polo, and lacked Potter's strong work at back.

The entries in the Philadelphia Country Club tournament last week for the Kuhn Cup brought out, besides the home team, that of Country Club of Westchester, which won the cup last year and year before, and the Independence.

Philadelphia and Westchester met in the first day's play, and on-lookers thought it one of the hottest games ever seen on the club grounds, until the one later in the week between Westchester and Independence, and then they declared it tame. Philadelphia played Altemus, Conover, H. C. Groome, and McKean, Westchester putting Bates, Havemeyer, Beeckman, and Potter on the field. Furious riding was the feature of the afternoon, and Philadelphia held its own well in this respect, but was much behind in team-play. Conover and Altemus are new men on the team, and have much to learn; the latter is a hard rider. Groome did the best all-round work, but the men should practise together; they need it. Havemeyer played a fine game, and Bates filled his position well. Beeckman was doing good work until a collision, and afterwards he was somewhat at sea. Potter gave the Philadelphians an exhibition of how valuable a back can be. Westchester won by 4 goals.

SATURDAY'S GAME, HOWEVER, WHEN THE KUHN CUP was won from Westchester by Independence, was the most notable match not only of the week, but of the season, up to date. Independence gave Westchester 3 goals, and in the first twenty minutes made up their handicap and 1 goal over, the score at the end of that period standing: Independence, 4 earned goals; Westchester, 3, allowed by handicap. Afterwards the play was more even, and although Independence constantly had the ball in the Westchester territory and got shot after shot for goal, the ground was hard and rough, and there was always a bunch of men and ponies around the goal-post, so that, although there were a number of attempts at goal which only missed by two or three inches, it was very difficult to score. During the other two periods they only scored 1 more goal than Westchester. That is to say, Independence scored 8 and Westchester 7. One of Independence's goals was very close, and although the referee allowed it, Westchester thought otherwise, and in order to avoid all possibility of dispute, Independence agreed not to consider it a goal, which made the score for the second and third periods 7 goals each, and the total at the end of the hour—Independence, 11 earned goals; Westchester, 7 earned goals, and under the handicap, 3.

Westchester, individually, played as good polo as Independence, but their team play was much inferior. Westchester No. 1, Bates, hit, if anything, better than the Independence No. 1, Day, but did not stick so closely to his position. Havemeyer, the Westchester No. 2, played a brilliant game throughout, and there was absolutely no criticism to be made on him, yet he was unquestionably outplayed by Hitchcock, who also did very brilliant work. At No. 3 neither Eustis nor Beeckman was quite up to the mark. Of the two, Beeckman was decidedly the better. At No. 4, Nicoll outplayed Potter, keeping his position better, and hitting surer and harder, the chief advantage being in the way he stuck to his position.

SURELY ILL LUCK HAS FOLLOWED the *Navahoe*. Early Monday morning she was in collision with a pilot-boat off the Georges, in a fog, and she now lies at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, her topmast gone, mast sprung, rigging carried away, forward frames and plating bent. She arrived there under sail Thursday morning, having made slow time after the accident under small sail and with light wind. A gang of men immediately began to remove the damaged plating, and nearly a week must elapse before she will be able to start again. It is discouraging to Mr. Carroll after the delays to which he has already been subjected. Up to the time of the accident the *Navahoe* had been doing some great work, having run off forty-eight miles in three hours and fifty minutes—a fine burst of speed, and Captain Barr speaks of her in terms of high praise.

Mr. Carroll certainly has had his share of misfortune, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the trip may be as successful as up to the present time it has been unsatisfactory.

The impression is gaining ground that the *Navahoe* has a good chance to win on the other side, notwithstanding the large margin by which the Watson boats are beating *Iverna;* and indeed there seems to be no reason to assume that our opponents have advanced more rapidly than have our own designers. The British designer has clung to the keel-boat, upon which he has so often depended in the past; while America holds fast to the centreboard, which has heretofore proved worthy of the trust; and if *Valkyrie, Britannia,* and *Calluna* are faster than the *Thistle* and *Iverna,* it is just as certain that *Navahoe* is an improvement over *Volunteer,* and it is not unlikely to prove true again that a fast centreboard boat is faster than the best keel.

TWO OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP defenders, *Vigilant* and *Pilgrim,* have been launched the past week, and very probably by the 1st of July we shall know something of the capabilities of each. The Rogers' syndicate boat, *Colonia,* had her first trial on the 12th, and a very satisfactory one it proved to be, for in a light wind she went through the water quietly and swiftly and proved to be fast in stays. She is very like the *Navahoe,* but has begun her career more auspiciously.

The Stewart and Binney boat *Pilgrim* went overboard Monday the 12th, and was immediately towed to Brooklyn, where in a dry-dock she is at present receiving her 17-foot fin. She is 120 feet long over all, 85 feet l. w. l., 23 beam, draught of hull, 5 feet; fin, 17 feet; total draught, 22 feet. She is very buoyant, and looks every inch a racer with her small displacement and fine under-water body. She has no keel, but instead the 17-foot fin and two smaller fins, one of which is about 7 feet deep, and will act as a centreboard. Probably there is greater interest in what this curious craft will do than in any other of the new boats.

The *Vigilant,* the Morgan-Iselin New York syndicate yacht launched on the 14th, probably comes second in public interest as to her possibilities. She has been built, literally without regard to cost, of steel and Tobin bronze, the latter metal constituting the keel. It gives her a marvellously smooth bottom, and yachtsmen are anxious to see how great a difference it makes in her speed. She is the largest of all the cup-defenders, being 130 feet length over all, 85 feet water-line length, beam, 26 feet; draught, 14; and will carry an immense spread of canvas, as may be imagined from the fact of her having a 98-foot boom. She is a big-bodied boat, with rather full water-lines, but a characteristic Herreshoff bow.



C. J. MARSHALL,
Captain U. of Penn. Varsity Crew.

There is left now only the Paine boat, and all the prospective cup-defenders will be in the water.

The English yachts have been chiefly engaged the past week in colliding with one another. *Valkyrie* seems to hold the lead.

THE MOST PROMINENT features of the New York Yacht Club's regatta last Thursday were the disappointing showing of J. Rogers Maxwell's new schooner *Emerald,* and the astonishingly good work of that sterling two-sticker *Iroquois.* That this schooner, by no means built for a racer, should cross the finish-line only about 40 seconds behind *Lasca,* an up-to-date (built last year) racer, shows just how good a boat Mr. R. N. Ellis owns. This year she is chartered to Mr. Iselin, and therefore not eligible to the N. Y. Y. C. races. It was *Emerald's* first race, but as she has just been built with an idea of being a flier, something better than nearly eight minutes behind *Lasca* was expected. *Lasca* did better work than last year, and was well handled.

Other than these features, the regatta was uninteresting, and only a small number of spectators turned out. All interest is centred on the cup-defenders, and until they appear yacht-racing is likely to be tame.

THAT THIS IS TRUE the schooner-race of the Corinthian Yacht Club (of New York) on Saturday proved beyond a doubt. What should have brought out at least a dozen two-stickers actually attracted only four—*Ramona, Dauntless, Yampa,* and *Coronet. Iroquois, Emerald,* and *Lasca* were entered, but the first two failed to appear for one reason or another, and Mr. Brooks, who was on hand, naturally had no desire to accept a prize on a walk-over with *Lasca. Emerald's* absence was especially regrettable, since the strong wind and rather heavy sea would have given her an excellent opportunity to show what she could do. It would have been a great day, too, for *Iroquois,* which is considerably at home in half a gale, or a whole one, for matter of that. As it was, the race turned out to be considerable of a fizzle because of the stupid interpretation by the captains of the *Dauntless, Yampa,* and *Coronet* of the sailing instructions plainly set forth on the Regatta Committee's circular. The *Dauntless* did get on to the right course after a time, but not until the *Ramona* had secured such a lead that the affair had become a procession rather than a race.

AS THE DAY OF THE YALE–HARVARD boat-race draws near, the probability of a close hard struggle becomes the more apparent. Harvard is doing infinitely better work than last year at this time, while Yale's eight has not yet reached the form of last year's winning crew. There is not that confidence in the Harvard, nor that dejection in the Yale quarters that reports would make us believe. At least I saw no material signs of it on the Thames last Saturday, and there is no occasion for it on one side or the other. The Harvard crew has improved considerably since it went to New London. Fennessy is setting a good stroke and holding it. Cummings has bettered his work considerably, and although not yet a perfect time-keeper, is doing good enough to warrant the belief that there will be no break this year between stroke and 7. Vail has had stomach trouble, and is just back in the boat. Fearing is in good shape again, and every man now is in the best of physical condition and spirits. Both Newell and Burgess have improved their form, and though neither will ever make a graceful oar, they are strong and can last. The crew is reported to have been doing some very fast work, but the nearest verification I could get was a half. I timed them in 2.43 with a strong tide, which is certainly not remarkable.

THE YALE CREW I SAW at work Saturday evening certainly did not look as though it were the cause of very much disquietude at Gales Ferry. There was evidence of work yet to be done by the coachers. No. 2 was still a bit slow, and 4 not certain on his time, and 3 is getting his hands away better from his body. But the blade-work was clean, the oars going in and coming out of the water together, the catch hard, the stroke rowed straight through, and the shell kept on going between strokes. This is where the Yale crew is superior to Harvard. Harvard is doing more work forward of the pin than ever, and sitting up well on the recover. They get in a powerful drive with their legs, but have not yet mastered the recover well enough to keep the boat from a perceptible check between strokes, nor do they pull the stroke straight through so well as Yale. If they can perfect these in the next ten days Yale will have a close call, if not defeat, for there is a lot of strength and go in the Harvard boat even now. Yale men say their eight do not hold their form after a half-mile or so. This seems improbable, and would be curious for a veteran crew, as well as disastrous, and cannot be commented on until next week, after following them several days. Goetchius will row.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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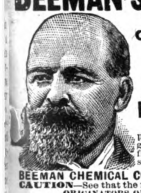
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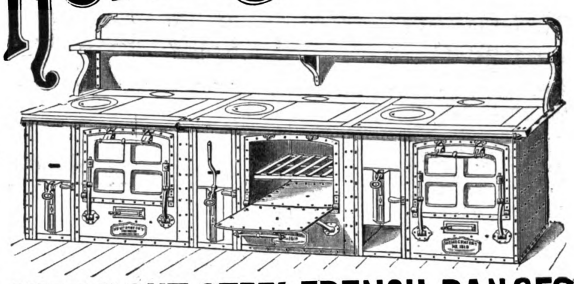
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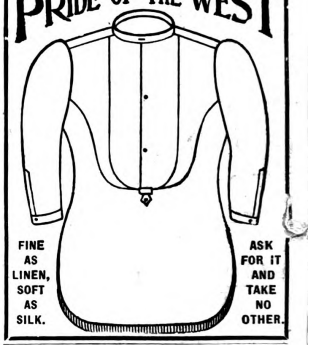
was the preference of Charles Lamb.

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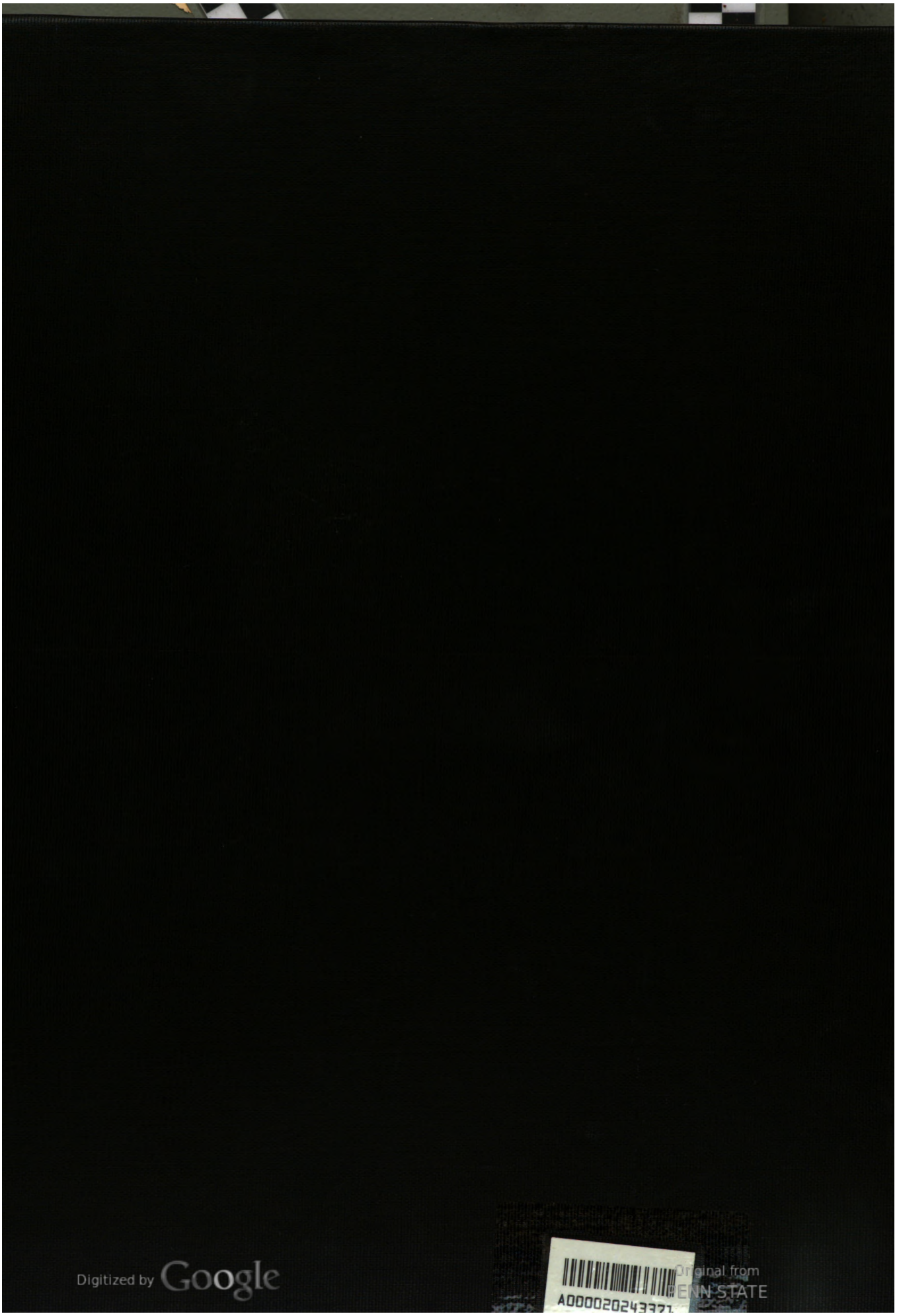
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